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VOL. 34.—No. 1. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1856. {PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.}

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CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.*

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

(*Concluded from page 831.—Vol. 33.*)

After dinner, I generally smoked a cigar with Rossini. For some little time, he has cultivated the noble art of smoking, having been compelled, on account of his health, to give up taking snuff, a practice of which he was almost passionately fond. As he one evening offered me a regalia, with a magnanimity repeated every day, he observed:

"These cigars were first made for Ferdinand VII, after whom they are named."

"The King was a man of delicate taste," I replied luxuriously drawing from the cigar a thick cloud of smoke.

"He used to smoke all day long," said Rossini. "On the occasion of my making a short trip to Madrid with Aguado, I had the honour of being presented to him. He was smoking, when he received me, in the presence of the Queen. His exterior was not extraordinarily attractive, or even clean. After the interchange of a few phrases, he offered me, in a most friendly manner, a cigar already nearly smoked away, but I declined with a bow and did not accept it. 'You are wrong to refuse,' said Maria Christina in a low voice, and good Neapolitan; 'it is a mark of favour that does not fall to every body's lot.' 'Your majesty,' I replied in the same manner (I had known her formerly in Naples), 'in the first place I do not smoke, and, in the second, I would not, under the circumstances, answer for the result.' The Queen laughed, and my *audacity* was attended with no evil consequences."

"It was, at any rate, a mark of favour that had its drawbacks," I observed.

"The freer from any drawback was the condescension evinced towards me by Don Francesco, the King's brother," continued Rossini. "Maria Christina had already given me to understand that I should find in him an ardent admirer, and recommended me to go to him immediately after my audience with the King. I found him playing, and with only his wife. I believe that one of my operas was lying open on the piano. After a short conversation Don Francesco turned towards me, in the most friendly manner, and said he had to beg a particular favour of me. 'Allow me,' he said, 'to sing the air of Assur to you, only dramatically.' Rather astonished, I sat down to accompany him on the piano, and was not quite sure what he meant, when he proceeded to the other end of the room, struck a theatrical attitude, and then, to the great amusement of his wife, began to sing the air with all kinds of movements and gestures. I must confess I never witnessed anything like it."

"How you are to be envied, maestro!" I exclaimed. "Not only did you have Pasta and Malibran, but even a descendant of Henry IV, to interpret your works. But this excursion of yours to Madrid was the cause of your composing your *Stabat Mater*, was it not?"

"I composed it for an ecclesiastic, a friend of Aguado's," replied Rossini. "I did so merely from a wish to oblige, and should never have thought of making it public. Strictly speaking, it is even treated only *mezzo serio*; and, in the first instance, I got Tadolini to compose three pieces, as I was ill and should not have been ready in time. The great celebrity of the *Stabat Mater* by Pergolese would of itself have been alone sufficient to prevent my setting the same text to music for public performance."

"Do you think so highly of Pergolese's *Stabat Mater*, then?" I inquired. "It is true that I never heard it performed, but, on looking through it, I found I was more pleased with certain details than with the work as a whole."

"I once heard it performed in Naples, and it produced an admirable impression," said Rossini. "But there must be two good voices; they must sing it well and even elevate, by nobleness of expression, certain antiquated passages. The original simple instrumentation must be retained, too. Lately it was given by large choruses, and with modern instrumentation somewhere or other, but where I do not know—that is a very great mistake."

"It always appeared to me," said I, "that Pergolese enjoyed a celebrity which was rather exaggerated. He died young, it is true. There are plenty of persons, too, who confound him with Palestrina, and who know as little of the one as of the other. Is there anything in the *Serva Padrona*, so often mentioned?"

"O, yes," replied Rossini, singing me a number of motives out of that old opera, without entering into further explanations.

"There is a certain amount of sensitiveness in Pergolese's compositions, I must allow," I resumed; "and I must say that, the more I advance in years, the more I incline to what is simple and expressive. This is a remarkable fact!"

"Not at all remarkable," replied the maestro; "the feeling will grow on you more and more."

"Youth should properly be the season for sensations of this description," I replied.

"In youth," said Rossini, "we like and do a great deal, because it appears new and unusual. But the heart is developed in domestic life, and in love of children, in more mature years—you will find I am right."

"I am quite willing to believe it, my dear maestro!" said I. "The great influence that our mode of life, and those by whom we are surrounded, exerts upon us, even as artists, will be denied by no one."

"I, at least," said Rossini, "was always dependent, in the highest degree, upon external influences. The different cities, in which I wrote excited me in different ways; I adapted myself also to the peculiar tastes which predominated among the audiences of this or that place. For instance, in Venice they could never have enough of my *crescendo*, and I, therefore, scattered it about, although I myself was tired of it. In Naples, I was able to lay it on one side. The people there did not even like it."

"Have you been present, as a calm spectator, at many representations of your works?" I inquired of the maestro.

"Behind the scenes, I have been so often enough, but never in the front of the house," replied Rossini.

"Never?" I exclaimed.

"I had a lesson in this particular, which spoilt my taste for it," answered Rossini. "One evening I was invited, in Milan, to go to a friend's house, to a *Ricotto*. It was rather too early, and, as we passed the Scala, where my *Pietra di Paragone* was being performed, my host dragged me, almost in spite of myself, into the pit. A trio—one of the best pieces of the opera—was just being sung, but my neighbours, far from being edified by it, amused themselves by abusing me and my music in the most strenuous manner, not giving me credit for a single redeeming point. I did not feel any inclination to receive any further lessons of this description, for, in such cases, you may take the part of any one, yourself excepted."

"The *Pietra di Paragone* has played rather an important part in your life then, for if I am not mistaken, you are indebted to it for your exemption from the conscription," said I.

"Certainly. I was singled out to be a soldier, and there was no possibility of getting off, as I was the proprietor of a house. But what a proprietor! My castle brought me in forty lire annually. But the success of this opera rendered the general, commanding in Milan, favourably inclined towards me—he applied in my behalf to King Eugene, who was absent at the time, and I was left to a more peaceable occupation."

"But one which is, perhaps, not less wearing," said I.

"A *fiasco* is not a cannon ball," replied the maestro, "and there are plenty of people who grow old at the business."

CHAPTER XII.

One day, as I was playing something to Rossini, he begged me, as usual, to play one or two of Bach's fugues.

"These accursed fugues!" he subsequently exclaimed, in a comically-angry manner. "When I was at the Liceo, in Bologna, I became acquainted with the overture to the *Zauberflöte*. My head became so full of it, that I determined on attempting a similar *opus*. I set to work, wrote a fugued overture, and had it copied out and played. But, when I heard it, I was so furious at the effect of my patchwork that I tore up the score and parts into a thousand pieces, in presence of my schoolfellows and audience.

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[*] Translated expressly for *The Musical World*.

"That was a most hasty step, maestro," said I. "The work would have afterwards been a great source of amusement to you."

"A man has always something better to do than to busy himself with past follies," answered Rossini.

"Talking of these fugues," I observed, "reminds me of your Raimondi, lately deceased. He must have been a perfect wizard. To write two oratorios, which could be performed *after* each other and *next* to each other, and simultaneously, was of itself wonderful, supposing there was not even any confusion."

"He was really very skilful in such artifices," said Rossini, "and tried his hand at the most adventurous combinations. On the other side, his theatrical music was bad and wearisome, and it was only with his last work, [illegible], that he was at all successful. While I was in Naples, I procured for him an appointment in the theatre, in order to give him an opportunity of earning something—he had to superintend and arrange the *ballet music*—a melancholy occupation for a real musician. He subsequently obtained an honourable post in the Liceo at Palermo, but did not get on well too long anywhere."

"A passionate lover of music, in Cologne," said I, "applied to Raimondi after the performance of his oratorio in Rome, and inquired whether it were possible to obtain a copy. Raimondi demanded the *bagatelle* of 60,000 francs. Its success must have turned his brain."

"I should not be surprised if it had," said Rossini, "he had never possessed two piasters at one and the same time, and never obtained such a triumph before."

We were interrupted by a most graceful French lady, who was introduced to the maestro, and, in the course of conversation, thanked him enthusiastically for all the hours of enjoyment his music had already procured her. It is true that such scenes occurred every day, but the warmth with which a great many persons gave utterance to their feelings was, at times, something really touching.

"In spite of your being used to this sort of thing, maestro," said I, "the manner in which people meet you here must be highly agreeable to you."

"Marks of attention which come from the heart have certainly something satisfactory about them," said Rossini.

"It must be confessed," observed I, "that the French possess, in the highest degree, the gift of manifesting their respect for celebrated men in the most amiable manner."

"Certainly," replied the maestro, "if they would but make one a few less compliments, and speak to a man less about his own works. But this is a thing they cannot give up, from persons of the highest rank down to the *concierge*. I think I never met a Frenchman who did not ask me which of my operas I liked best. You can guess how little I am the man to enter upon a discussion of this kind. The French are friendly and appreciating, but, at times, somewhat too kind."

"Do you prefer the Italian fashion?" I inquired.

"In Italy, the people are distinguished by a noble indifference," answered Rossini; "but, on this side, also, you may be too kind."

"You certainly have no cause for complaint either on this side of the Alps, or on the other, maestro," said I, laughing, "and yonder comes also a proud son of Albion, who adores you—he was telling me yesterday about the evening he first heard your music, and saw you, and the tears stood in his eyes the while."

"I have experienced from Englishmen," said Rossini, "marks of attention which are not to be met with every day. For instance, I shall never forget the behaviour of the Duke of Devonshire towards me."

"What did he say, maestro?" inquired I.

"On my way to London, I was stopping for a day in Milan," said Rossini. "The Duke of Devonshire happened to be there also; and an acquaintance of mine, who was about going to see the Duke, would not be contented until I accompanied him, although my travelling costume was not adapted for figuring in the drawing-room of an English nobleman. The Duke, a great lover of music, overwhelmed me with politeness; we dined together, and after dinner I sang him two or three songs."

"That was a bad time for doing so," said I.

"According to what singers say," replied the maestro, "it was; but I must confess I have never sung more willingly and better than after a good dinner. But to return to the Duke—I must add that he gave me the most powerful letters of recommendation, which were highly serviceable to me in London. He, himself, was not in England during my stay there."

"All you have hitherto related is but very natural, my dear maestro," said I.

"A little patience, *mio caro*," continued Rossini. "Twenty years had elapsed since the period in question, without my having again met the Duke. One morning, very early, I go to the market at Bologna. You must know that there is nothing like the market at Bologna. It is impossible to form any conception of the store of various productions garnered up there, and one of my favourite occupations was to lounge about the place. To my great astonishment, I perceive, stuck in the middle of the square, a gentleman, very comfortably smoking his cigar. I approach nearer; directly he perceives me, he stretches out his hand, in a most friendly manner, to shake hands with me. It was the Duke of Devonshire. 'I am very glad that I have seen you here; I intended calling on you in an hour or two,' said he; 'I know your residence and your habits.' We chatted good-humouredly together for some hours. I accompanied him to his hotel, and he subsequently paid me the visit he had announced. 'I am still greatly in your debt,' said he, on taking leave, 'and up to the present time have found no opportunity of taking my revenge.' With these words, he handed me an extremely valuable snuff-box. It was most assuredly far less the costliness of the present, than the uncommon attention on the part of the donor, which afforded me great pleasure. To pay a supposed debt, and in such a way, after the lapse of twenty years! and it was not he who was under an obligation to me, but I to him."

"That depends upon how you look upon the matter," said I. "At any rate, the behaviour of the Duke was that of a nobleman, in the best acceptation of the word. But it is fated that we shall not chat uninterruptedly to-day: yonder comes an elegant *pianiste-compositeur*, who has certainly got his eye upon you."

"I only trust that he does not wish to play me a *fantasia* on motives from my own operas," said Rossini; "for nothing in the world wearies me so much as jingling of this description; added to which, you are expected to express your thanks, at the conclusion, for the honour done you."

The storm that threatened the maestro passed quietly by. It was, however, the last evening he spent at Trouville. On the following morning he left the place. I accompanied him to his carriage, and, although I was to see him again in a few days in Paris, my heart felt moved, as he drove off.

"I expect you on Friday to dinner, *caro Ferdinando*," he called out to me.

"Friday and every other day," exclaimed Madame Rossini.

I returned home with half-melancholy, half-agreeable feelings of having spent one or two weeks that for me were memorable ones. May the reader of these pages of reminiscences—far too fragmentary, as I now perceive at their conclusion—obtain from them some slight notion of one of the most genial and amiable men of the present century, one who, besides all his other pre-eminent qualities, possesses the highly laudable virtue of being extremely well-disposed towards the author of these pages.

COVENTRY.—On Friday evening the 21st, the Choral and Instrumental Society gave their first concert for the season in St. Mary's Hall, which was crowded. This society consists of the union of what till recently were *two* societies, and the amalgamation into one, under the presidency of Mr. [illegible], and the conductorship of Mr. Chater, augurs well for music in Coventry. The programme contained selections from the *Messiah*, and various similar pieces. The vocalists were Miss Amelia Hill and Mrs. Paget. *Encores* were awarded to Mrs. Paget in Hatton's "[illegible] Moon," and to the chorus in "Down in a flowery vale." Bishop's glee, "Blow gentle gales," was also well sung. The band (led by Mr. [illegible]) played several overtures.

ERFURT.—Mr. Sterndale Bennett's overture, *Die Waldnymphe*, was performed by the Erfurter Musikverein at their last concert, and gave universal satisfaction.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 832, vol. 33.)

Our modern music has, to a certain extent, been developed out of naked harmony. It has been determined according to the endless abundance of possibilities, presented to it out of the changes of the fundamental tones, and of the accords springing from them. As far as it remained entirely true to this its origin, it worked only deafeningly and bewilderingly on the feelings, and its most motley manifestations in this sense only offered a source of enjoyment to a certain sifting of the musical understanding of our artists themselves, and not to the layman ignorant of music. The layman, directly he did not affect musical understanding, attached himself, therefore, to the shallowest surface of the melody, as presented to him in the purely sensuous charm of the vocal organ,[*] while, on the other hand, he exclaimed to the musician:—"I do not *understand* your music; it is too learned for me." In opposition to this, with harmony, considered as the purely musical pre-supposing foundation destined to co-sound with the poetic melody, there is absolutely no question of an understanding in the sense according to which it is at present understood by the learned special-musician, and not understood by the layman; the attention of the feelings should not be at all directed to its effect as harmony, in the execution of the melody; but, as it would even *silently* pre-suppose the characteristic expression of the melody, though, by its absence, it would render endlessly difficult the comprehension of the expression, nay, would necessarily only unlock it to the musical scholar who would have to imagine it for himself—the sounding consonance of the harmony should render an abstract and diverting activity of the artistic musical understanding not requisite, and present, in a manner easily and quickly intelligible to the feelings, the musical purport of the melody, as one immediately recognisable, and to be grasped without any disturbing effort.

If, up to this point, the musician constructed his music, so to say, out of harmony, the tone poet will, at present, only as if for the purpose of rendering it recognisable, add to the melody presupposed by the verbal verse the other necessary, purely musical condition, already contained in it, however, as co-sounding harmony. The harmony is already contained, although, so to say, unuttered, in the melody of the poet; it pre-supposed, completely unobserved, the expressive significance of the tones which the poet intended for the melody. This expressive significance, which the poet unconsciously had in his ear, was already the fulfilment of the condition, the most recognisable utterance of the harmony; but this utterance was for him merely one of thought, and not one as yet sensuously recognisable. With the senses, the immediately receptive organs of the feelings, he communicates, however, for his redemption, and he must, therefore, present to them the melodic utterance of the harmony with the condition of this utterance, for an organic work of art is only that which at the same time includes the presupposing and the presupposed, and communicates it with most recognisable perception. Hitherto absolute music gave harmonic conditions; the poet would only communicate the presupposed in his melody, and would therefore remain as unintelligible as the musician, if he did not render completely manifest to the ear the harmonic conditions of the melody justified by the verbal verse.

But the *harmony* could be invented only by the *musician*, and not the poet. The melody which we have seen the poet invent out of the verbal verse was, as harmonically presupposed, a melody rather *found* than *invented* by him. The conditions for this musical melody were of necessity in existence before the poet could find it as one well-presupposed. Before the poet could find it for his redemption, this melody was presupposed by the musician out of the power most peculiarly his; he presents it, as harmonically justified to the poet, and *only melody, as rendered possible out of the essential attributes of modern music, as the melody redeeming the poet, and satisfying as well as exciting his impulse.*

The poet and the musician resemble, in this respect, two travellers, setting out from one *and the same* starting-point, each in an opposite direction, to proceed without resting directly forwards. At the opposite point of the earth, they come together again; each one has been half round the planet. They now question each other, and each communicates what he has seen and found. The poet tells of the plains, mountains, valleys, meadows, men and animals with which he has met in the course of his distant wanderings across the mainland. The musician has traversed the ocean, and speaks of the marvels of the sea, where he was often on the point of sinking, and the depths and monstrous shapes of which filled him with voluptuous terror. Both excited and irresistibly determined, by their reciprocal accounts, to learn also for themselves what is different from that which they have seen, in order to convert into real experience the impression received only by their fancy and imagination, again separate, each for the purpose of completing his wanderings round the entire earth. At their first starting-point they finally meet once more; the poet, also, has now traversed the sea, and the musician made his way over the mainland. They do not separate any more, for both now *know* the earth; what they formerly in presageful dreams, pictured to themselves as fashioned in this or that manner, has now become known to them according to its reality. They are one; for each knows and feels what the other knows and feels. The poet has become a musician, and the musician a poet; at present *both* are perfect artistic men.

At the point of their first meeting after each had travelled half round the earth, the conversation of the poet and the musician was *that melody* which we have at present in our eye—the melody whose utterance the poet formed out of his most inward desire, but whose manifestation the musician presupposed out of his experience. When they pressed each others' hands, on saying a new farewell, each had a notion of what he had not yet experienced, and it was precisely for the sake of this convincing experience that they again parted. Let us first consider the poet, as he makes himself master of the things experienced by the musician, and which he now experiences himself, only guided by the advice of the musician, who has already sailed across the sea in his bold ship, found the way to the mainland, and accurately communicated to the poet the sure routes. In the course of this new wandering we shall see that the poet becomes exactly the same as the musician does during his wanderings, previously described to him by the poet, over the other half of the earth, so that the wanderings of both are to be regarded as one and the same.

When the poet now sets out in the immense plains of harmony, in order to obtain the proof, as it were, of the truth of the melody "related" to him by the musician, he no longer finds the pathless tone-deserts, with which the musician met, on his first journey, but, to his astonished delight, meets with the marvellously audibly delicate, and yet gigantically and strongly joined fabric of the sea-ship, that the wanderer over the sea created for himself, and on board which the poet now goes, that he may be safely borne by it on his course over the waves. The musician had taught him the handling and management of the helm, the property of the sails, and all the strange apparatus, discovered with such cleverness, for a safe voyage through wind and storm. At the helm of this ship, so bravely sailing through the waves, the poet, who previously had been obliged to measure toilsomely foot by foot mountain and valley, becomes conscious with joy of the power of man, which is capable of everything; as he stands upon the lofty deck, the waves, however high they may heave, seem to him the faithful bearers of his noble destiny, that destiny of the poetical intention. This ship is the powerfully-realising instrument of his most extended and most mighty will; with the most ardent and grateful love he remembers the musician who invented it from out the deep danger of the sea, and now surrenders it up into his hands;—for this ship is the surely-bearing overpowerer of the endless billows of harmony—it is the *orchestra*.

Harmony of itself is only a something *thought*; it becomes first really perceptible to the senses as *polyphony*, or, to speak more accurately, as *polyphonetic symphony*.

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[*] The reader will recollect the "*Knife of the Castrato*."

The first and natural symphony is afforded by the harmonic consonance of a homogeneous polyphonetic tone-mass. The most natural tone-mass is the human voice, exhibited according to sex, age, and the individual peculiarity of beings endowed with voice, of various compass and manifold colour of sound, and, through the harmonic co-operation of such individualities, becomes the most natural manifester of polyphonetic symphony. This symphony was invented by the *Christian religious lyrical art*; in it, polyanthropeity * appeared inclined to an expression of feeling, the object of which was not the individual desire as manifestation of a personality † but the individual desire of the personality, as endlessly strengthened through the manifestation of exactly the same desire, through a mutual participation of perfectly equal concomitances and this desire was the yearning for dissolution in God, the personified highest power, in the result formed of but of the desiring individual personality itself which as it were, encouraged itself to this raising of the power of a personality proved to be, in itself, null, through the similar desire for mutual participation, and through the most intimate harmonic blending with this mutual participation, as if to draw from a common, congenial power, the strength that was wanting to the null separate personality. The sense of this desire was destined however, to become manifest in the course of the development of Christian humanity, and that, too, as the purely and individual personal purport of it. As purely individual personality however, was no longer attaches his desire to God, as something only imaginary, but realises the object of his desire into something real, and actually existing, the attainment and enjoyment of which is to be rendered practicably possible for him. With the extinction of the purely religious spirit of Christianity disappeared also, a necessary signification of the polyphonetic church-songs, and with it the peculiar form of their manifestation. Counterpoint, as the first movement of pure individualism to be expressed with greater and greater clearness, began by biting to pieces, with sharp corroding teeth, the simple symphonetic vocal web and made it more and more visibly an artificial consonance, frequently difficult to maintain, of individual manifestations, inwardly disagreeing.—In opera, finally, the individual freed himself completely from the vocal union, and manifested himself entirely without obstruction, as a pure personality, alone and independent. Where dramatic personalities took part in a song for several voices, this occurred—in the operatic style, properly so speaking—for the sensuously effective strengthening of the individual expression, or—in the truly dramatic style—as, the simultaneous manifestation, brought about through the highest art, of characteristic individualities continually asserting themselves.

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* *Vielmenschlichkeit.*

† *Persönlichkeit.*—"Personality" i. e., "personage," "person,"—we suppose.—TRANSLATOR.

(To be continued.)

THE BAND AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—A correspondent is desirous of information about the orchestra under Mr Hullah's direction. The following is a list of the members:—*First Violins*—Messrs. Blagrove (principal) Baetens, Clementi, Colchester, Doyle, Kelly, Le Jeune, Streather, Tolbecque, Zerbini. *Second Violins*—Messrs Watson (principal) W. Blagrove, Calkin, Goodban, Hopkins, Le Jeune, Marshall, Newsham, Perry, F. Watson. *Violas*—Messrs. Bolleau, Reynolds, Trust, Ward, Webb, Westlake. *Violoncellos*—Messrs. Lucas (principal), Aylward, Calkin, Pettit, Reed. *Double Basses*—Messrs. Howell (principal) Mount, Reynolds, Severn, * * * *. *Flutes*—Messrs. Rockstro, Chapman. *Oboes*—Messrs. Nicholson, Horton. *Clarionets*—Messrs. Maycock, Bedderley. *Bassoons*—Messrs. Baumann, Hobbs. *Horns*—Messrs Mann, Stock, Rae, Kielbach. *Trumpets*—Messrs Zeiss, Ward. *Trombones*—Messrs. Webster, Horton, Winterbottom. *Serpent*—Mr Standen. *Drums*—Mr Horton. *Organist*—Mr E. J. Hopkins.

BRUNSWICK.—The Singacademie gave an admirable performance of Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, last week. They intend executing *Idomeneo* in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth-day.

MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 819, vol 33.)

WE take leave of Anna in the air "Non mi dir, bello idol mio" (Tell me not, beloved, &c.,) the only one in the whole opera, in which Mozart finds himself at open variance with his poet. Da Ponte believes in Anna's marriage and Mozart knows that it is impossible; Da Ponte lets her turn her eyes upon the future and the musician translates this hope into a melancholy reminiscence of the past. Where is the lofty heroine of the first act, the goddess of the sextet, where that voice whose slightest accents woke in us a tragic fever, which summoned up the tempest of the orchestra, commanded the invisible powers, and like a chosen one ascended to the starry crown of glory to the skies! Alas! that voice has scarcely the strength left to heave a sigh. How very different the recitative "Crudele! ah no mio bene" from the two first, what a weariness of life what exhaustion is expressed in the instrumental figures despite a text so full of tenderness and hope! The andante of the aria consists of the same figures with the recitative, which seem to be the voice of the person and which, transferred to the voice-part, produce a song all the more mournful, that this mournfulness conceals itself under a cheerful guise. "Calma, calma il tuo tormento" (Calm thy anguish,) says the inconsolable Anna, while she endeavours to console the poor Ottavio. At first she says it to him in a pretty firm tone, but as she tries to say it again, that mournful touch of the violins, which was scarcely perceptible in the recitative and was suppressed by force, breaks through all resistance and developes itself in a series of remote keys, loaded with flats, which by degrees impart to it the character of the darkest melancholy and lead to the wonderful conclusion of the andante upon a hold. Mozart has abandoned the positive and actual sense of the text. "Calma, calma il tuo tormento," and given it the future and conditional sense contained in the second member of the sentence "se di duol non vuoi ch'io mora," (If you would not have me die of grief,) an anomaly which proves clearly enough the difference of views between the poet and the musician.

This want of unity continues and grows still more prominent in the allegretto: "Forse un giorno il cielo ancora sentirà pietà di me" (Perhaps one day heaven will yet feel pity for me). The poet said to himself, as he wrote this text, "Here is the flame newly kindled." He deceived himself. This was but the last blazing up of a flame when its fuel is consumed, and the precursor of total darkness. For so the music lets us understand it. The allegretto is a soaring into the unknown regions where peace dwells, peace which the soul forefeels and yearns for in its sufferings. It is a sublime farewell, in which are mingled certain hurried recollections of a life full of love, of innocence and virgin poesy, which a day has destroyed and withered in its bloom. This lofty elegy is spoiled somewhat by elegant roulades, which are as unfitting here as those in the air "Il mio tesoro" were in their right place. All we can say is, that Mozart had to show some favor to a singer who had shown so much to him. La Saporeti was only a little provincial prima donna, modest and without much assumption, but at the same time a good musician. She was willing to sing Donna Anna just as the master wrote it, provided he would compensate her on the other hand by a few roulades intermingled with a high *staccato*, at the end of her rôle. The *staccato* was probably her strong point. Could one refuse such reasonable conditions! Two lines too much in a score of five hundred pages, that were an excellent bargain for the composer. Fancy what would have become of the opera of operas, had Mozart had to deal with the high singing and scale-dashing powers, who are in the habit of dictating to the maestro with detailed exactness the whole course of their arias, very much as his excellency the ambassador plans out with his head cook the bill of fare for a diplomatic dinner.

THE FINALE.

Allegro assai, in D 4-4 time. The first scenes of the finale have been censured as being weak in music and empty in regard to action. But the objectors have forgotten that they are only preparatory; and as a preparation we regard them as the happiest invention. The poetic thought in them is admirable. Most of the acting persons have taken leave of the spectator; the nobler tendencies and feelings in them have vanished. The hero of the play remains alone, clinging to nothing but the roots of egotism, like a tree stripped of leaves and bark. One last attachment, increased through all that should destroy it, knocks yet once more at this door, whose threshold soon shall be overgrown by the weeds of oblivion. This last tie breaks like all others, against the impenetrable, hardened heart of stone. In the meantime it has grown late; there are no more unseasonable visits to be dreaded; after the gastronomic pleasures of a supper and voluptuous music, one can go to bed to sleep in peace and in the morning wake to new enjoyments. To bed indeed, but in the grave; to sleep, but not to wake again.

After so much driving round and so many nocturnal adventures, one would think that Don Juan, when he came home, would have been somewhat fatigued. But as he was indefatigable, and moreover a philosopher always bent on taking enjoyment, under whatever form it offers itself, by way of offset to the enjoyments that have miscarried. The present on the whole has been a lost day. The numbers on the list remain as before; on the other hand Giovanni has brought home an excellent appetite—*un barbaro appetito*, as Leporello expresses it. Luckily the supper that had been ordered on the occasion of Zerlina's wedding is found still untouched—luckily, since neither ball nor wedding came to a good end. To fill up the measure of the fortunate coincidence, the musicians, who had been so suddenly interrupted in the middle of the dance, have not yet gone away; they have retired to the side-board, where they have been richly provided with eatables and drinkables. Everything coincides so happily, that, when the master of the house comes home, he lights up the hall and finds the supper brought up and the orchestra ready. It did not require so much to banish even all recollection of the late apparitions; for the most ideal trait in Don Juan's character is an utter indifference to both past and future. He belongs to that anomalous class of men who live for the present moment. With him what is no longer as what is not yet is pure chimerical abstraction.

The finale commences in a lively, brilliant manner. From the full orchestra festive sounds ring out, exhorting to full justice to the dishes and the flagons. "Già la mensa è preparata!" (The table is already prepared.) As soon as Giovanni has seated himself at the table, the musicians begin. These gentlemen, with whom we have already made acquaintance during the ball in the first act, are up to the fashionable taste and know all the musical novelties. They play, without troubling themselves much about the transitions, a string of favourite pieces, taken from the operas that were in favour in the year [illegible]. Was not this an exceedingly happy thought, a most instructive lesson in an opera, which will last as long as music itself lasts, to insert these reminiscences of ephemeral productions, which the fashion placed above *Don Juan*? Would anybody now remember those melodies, those shadows of a past enjoyment, if Mozart had not used them here as table-music, as light pieces perfectly suitable for gastronomic pleasures, in spite of the proverb that a hungry stomach has no ears? And while this music plays on, they eat, and laugh, and drink. Leporello praises the musicians and the cook; he smuggles a piece of fowl off to one side, and the master, who pretends not to observe the theft, commands him with his full cheeks to whistle. To make this foolery as entertaining as it would have been flat without music, Mozart had the courage to borrow one of the arias out of his own *Figaro*.

But already the cock has crowed for the third time. Some one comes up the stairs. Who can it be so late at night, that has not yet been in bed, or has already risen again before the dawn? It is Donna Elvira. The musicians, who know the ways and customs of the house, take themselves off the moment that they see a lady appear, and the dramatic orchestra begins an allegro assai in B flat major, 3-4 measure. Never was Elvira more noble and more touching than in this scene. She comes no more to beg Don Juan's sympathy and pity; for his own sake she conjures him, on her knees, and with an irresistible expression: "Ah! non deridere gli affanni miei" (Ah! do not deride my sorrows.) That voice would have hastened the repentance of the fallen angel Abaddona. It would have converted Faust more certainly than Margaret's tears. And Don Juan? Stronger in heart and logic than Faust, and possibly the peer of Mephistopheles, save that the body of the latter as a demon in human form is a poor joke, Don Juan feels, by reason of this very difference, surprised. "Io ti deridere!" (I deride thee!) No, indeed, he thinks no more of that, of laughing at this lady who never seemed to him before so beautiful; and that is just what spoils the case. For one sees that Elvira's eyes, so moist with tenderness and sparkling with inspiration, her graceful kneeling posture, her white shoulders, her fine, well-rounded arms, upraised in supplication, already in advance destroy the impression of her speech. In the want of all other society nothing can come more apt to Don Giovanni's wishes than to detain her, now that she happens to be with him, although he had not expected her. His cold coarse manner is changed into a sort of gallantry. The "cosa volete" (What do you want?) with which Elvira was received on entering, was an incivility; the "che vuoi mio ben" (What is your wish, my love?) which after a short scrutiny and a moment of reflection he addresses to her sounds almost tender. Hereupon he adds, passing one arm around her waist: "E se ti piace, mangia con me" (If you please, eat with me.) His unworthy response is rejected with horror. Ha! if she is going to assume *that* tone toward him, Giovanni will show her how much will be gained by preaching morality to the people at three o'clock in the morning. Sermon for sermon he also can preach to her: "Vivan le femmine! viva il buon vino! sostegno e gloria d'umanità!" The philosophy of Epicurus and the poesy of Anacreon are blended in this melody, which in a few periods comprises the perfect libertine, the debauchee by temperament and by system. There he is, you have him before your eyes, carelessly stretched out in the arm chair, his glass held up like a banner, with the expression of voluptuousness in his eyes, of the most impure joy in his heart, proud and self satisfied, wrapped in his imperturbable egotism, opening the flood-gates, without thinking of those who may be drowned. He fears nothing, troubles himself about nothing; he drinks, he loves, he sings, he enjoys; he is the best fellow in the world! "Vivan le femmine! viva il buon vino!" He is picturesque in this scene, as in nearly all in which he appears.

(To be continued.)

IMPROVEMENTS IN PIANOFORTES.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER.—Dec. 20, 1855.

(Before Baron Martin.)

Harrer v. Dreaper.

This was an action brought by plaintiff, formerly a pianoforte manufacturer, carrying on business in Bloomsbury-street, to recover compensation of defendant, a pianoforte manufacturer of Liverpool, for inventing certain improvements in that instrument which defendant had patented. There were other claims not material.

Plaintiff had been lately in defendant's service, and whilst so employed had suggested the improvements in question, but which defendant alleged were of his invention, and worked out under his direction by plaintiff.

At the conclusion of plaintiff's case, the learned counsel withdrew from the case, and a verdict was accordingly returned for defendant, thereby establishing his right to the originality of the improvement.

MUNICH.—Shakespeare's *Tempest*, compressed into three acts, by Herr Dingelstedt, and with new music by Herr W. Taubert, was produced with great success on the anniversary of the king's birth-day. The scenery, dresses and appointments were all new, and no care or expense had been spared to render the performance as worthy as possible of the great poet.

HANOVER.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been successfully produced.

RUGBY.—The School Choral Society gave their annual concert in the Great School room on Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Walker. The selection of music included choruses from *Acis and Galatea* and *Alexander's Feast*, and some of Mendelssohn's part songs. The room was filled by an audience among whom were several old Rugbean scholars, who appeared greatly interested.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Who was the real composer has long been a *quæstio vexata*. Madame de Créquy, the centenarian, in her *Recollections of a French Marchioness*, speaking of it as having been sung in the chapel of St Cyr for Louis the Fourteenth, says the words (French) were composed by Madame de Brinon and the music by Lully. The words as follow were:—

Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi,
Vive le Roi!

Que, toujours glorieux,
Louis, victorieux,
Voie ses ennemis
Toujours soumis!

Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi,
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi,
Vive le Roi!

The marchioness adds that "A German of the name of Handel carried the air away with him to Paris, and with an eye to his own interest, presented it to King George of Hanover. *Messieurs les Anglais* ended by adopting it as their own, and producing it as one of their National Airs!"

According to an article in a French journal, *La Mode*, (July 21st, 1831) the Memoirs of the Duchess of Perth (sold in London for £3,000,) contained many details of the Court of Louis XIV., as well as an account of the establishment of St Cyr. Her Grace mentions the tradition handed down at St Cyr that Händel, on a visit to the superior, obtained permission "to copy the air and words, and immediately afterwards offered it to George the First as his own." A declaration, signed by four nuns of St. Cyr, confirms this.

France, Germany and Denmark have claimed it. England also, and not without justice. But it has been assigned to different periods. Some maintain it was composed by Dr Rogers in the time of Henry the Eighth prior to the Reformation; others attribute it to Henry Carey, a natural son of the Marquis of Halifax, who died in 1743. The late Duke of Gloucester once asked Dr Burney whether he believed that "God save the King" was composed by Carey? The Doctor replied that he knew the words were not written for any King George, and that the earliest copy with which we are acquainted began, "God save great James our King." But which King James? It has been said by Jacobites that it was composed for James the Second; but this will not stand. In a work entitled *An Account of the National Anthem*, by Richard Clark, it is proved from the Ancient Records of the Merchant Tailors' Company that it was composed in honour of James the First, the Music by Dr John Bull, the words by Ben Jonson, (or, as the Merchant Tailors' book have spelt it, Johnson.) It was written at the special request of the Merchant Tailors' Company on the occasion of a sumptuous entertainment given to that monarch on "Thursday, July 16th, 1607," to congratulate him on his escape from the "Powder Plot." There is also proof in the same archives that Dr John Bull was rewarded by that company for the music he had composed. In Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College* (published in London 1740) we read, "There is extant a large number and variety of Dr Bull's pieces in manuscript, &c.; and then follows a catalogue of his compositions.

There never was mention of a second tune of this name; and Dr Bull having lived and died in the reign of James the First, it must have been composed for that monarch. Bull died in 1622, King James in 1625. Händel was born in 1684, and died 1759. So that Madame de Créquy is not correct in charging Händel or England with appropriating "God save the King."

London Sacred Harmonic Society.—The *Messiah* was given on Monday, the 24th December. The hall was full in spite of the rain. A Miss Whitham took the *soprano* solos, for the first time, with success. Miss M. Wells was the *contralto*. Messrs. Perren and Lawler were the gentlemen; and Miss Cox and Miss Gilbert gave their aid. Mr Surman conducted.

An Heroic Musician.—Among the wounded at the storming of Sebastopol, was a musician, who received a shot in the knee, and was under the necessity of having his leg amputated in consequence. As usual, preparations were made for binding him down, in order that he might not be able to move.

"What are you doing, doctor?" enquired the wounded man.

"I must take off your leg, and it is, therefore, necessary that you should be bound down," replied the doctor.

"I will never consent to such a proceeding," exclaimed the musician. "You may tear my heart from out my breast, but I will never consent to be bound down. If you have a violin, bring it me."

A violin was brought. After tuning it, the wounded man said:

"Now, doctor, you may begin."

The operation, which lasted about thirty minutes, now commenced, and the patient played his violin the whole time, without a single false note or the slightest change in his features! (!)
—*Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung.*

Dr. Saphir and the Imperial Theatres of Vienna.—In allusion to the new regulation, withdrawing from the members of the public press the privilege of "free entry" to the Imperial theatres, Dr Saphir says:—"I am in a continual state of dread lest the management of some or other of the theatres should hit upon the idea of depriving journalists of the right of 'free exit' as well, and forbid them to leave the theatre after the first scene, or the first act. This would be a most barbarously cruel regulation! The expression 'free entry,' by the way, is altogether incorrect. A well-educated literary man no longer goes to the theatre of his own free will, but only when he is obliged to do so by his paper, or professional avocations."

Berlin.—People are far too busy with making their purchases, and arranging their Christmas-trees to devote much time to music during the present week. As a natural consequence there is nothing new to report in the Musical world. At the Royal Operahouse the repertory is composed of old, though good, operas, while concerts are for the moment abandoned. The only exceptions are such regularly recurring and long established events as the *Sinfonie-Soiréen*, which calmly pursue the even tenor of their way regardless of Christmas or any other festive season, and whose admirers would sacrifice all the *Christbäume* in the universe for one symphony by Haydn. At the last of the aforesaid *Sinfonie-Soiréen*, the following was the programme, which must certainly have satisfied the most ardent admirer of classical music:—Symphony in D major, Haydn; overture to *Faust*, Spohr; overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; and the Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven. Prince Carl, who was present at the funeral of the late Czar Nicholas, at St Petersburgh, brought back with him the mass performed on the occasion. Last week he had it likewise executed by the Königliche Domchor, under the direction of Neithardt.

Genius.—"Seek not to know what is Genius. If thou hast it, thy feelings will tell thee what it is. If thou hast it not, thou never wilt know it. The Genius of the Musician subjects the universe to its power. It draws its pictures by sounds. It expresses ideas by feelings, and feelings by accents. We feel in our hearts the force of the passions which it excites. Through the medium of Genius *pleasure* assumes additional charms, and the *grief* which it excites breaks forth into *cries*. But woe to those who feel not in themselves the spring of genius, its expressions convey no idea. Its prodigies are unknown to those who cannot imitate them. Wouldst thou know if thou art animated with one spark of that bright fire? Run, fly to Naples, and there listen to the master-pieces of *Leo, Durante, Jomelli, Pergolese*. If thine eyes are filled with tears, thy heart palpitates, thy whole frame is agitated, and the oppression of transport almost to suffocation, take up *Metastasio*, his genius will inflame thine own, and thou wilt compose after his example. These are the operations of genius; and the tears of others will recompense thee for those which thy masters have caused thee to shed. But if thou art calm and tranquil amid the transports of that great art; if thou feelest no delirium, no *ecstacy*; if thou art only moved with pleasure, at what should transport thee with rapture, dost thou dare ask what *genius* is? Profane not (vulgar man!) that name sublime! What does it import thee to know what thou canst never feel?"—J. J. Rousseau, *to a young Composer.*

THE VOLUME FOR 1855

IN a few days will be ready, handsomely bound in cloth *The Musical World* for 1855, containing,—Richard Wagner's Opera and Drama, Vols. 1 and 2—Review of the History of Music before Mozart—Conversations with Mendelssohn and Rossini, &c., &c. Price 20s.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1856.

Subscribers are requested to forward the payment of at least One Quarter in advance. Those who have not paid their Subscriptions up to Christmas will no longer receive the Paper, unless remittances are forwarded immediately for the Quarter now due.

THE MUSICAL WORLD FOR FRANCE, AND OTHER COUNTRIES VIÂ FRANCE.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation the postage of all Newspapers addressed to France, and other Countries *viâ* France, must in future be paid in advance.

NOTICE.

SEVERAL complaints having been made by subscribers of the irregular delivery of the *Musical World* in London, the Publishers beg again to state that they have no control whatever over the circulation of the paper in town. The sale of the *Musical World* in London is entirely in the hands of the News Agents, to whom all complaints on the subject must be addressed. The Publishers beg to remind subscribers who do not receive the paper regularly that their easiest remedy for this neglect, is to transfer their orders to other newsvenders.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. T. B. (Belgravia).—*Our correspondent's desire will soon be satisfied. Nevertheless the publication of the work he denounces so severely was imperative. Fair play demanded it.*

INQUIRER.—Dwight's Boston Journal of Music *is by many degrees the best and the most impartial.*

A LISTENER.—*Jenny Lind never sang in* The Messiah *before in London. It was in the Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool, just before her departure for America (in 1850), that she made so profound an impression in Händel's great work.*

A YOUNG MUSICIAN.—*Application should be made, direct, to Herr Kapellmeister Ferdinand Hiller, Cologne.*

PIANIST.—*Broadwood and Sons beyond all comparison.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5TH, 1856.

OUR daily contemporary, *The Morning Advertiser*, seems to have musical no less than political and victualling notions peculiarly its own. A recent article on Madame Goldschmidt's performance in *the Messiah* (*Morning Advertiser*, Jan. 1.) may be pronounced unique. The description of the "Pastoral Symphony"—as the instrumental movement which precedes the recitative, "There were shepherds," is called—surpasses anything of the kind we remember to have read.

> "The Pastoral Symphony—that wondrous combination of sounds which tells us, even were we ignorant of its intent, and of the sublime and simple genius of its author, of the pattering of the summer shower and the rattle of the storm, while the rapt auditor is placed by the fairy chords amidst flowery meads and the trill of birds—was listened to with an earnest impatience as forming the prelude to Madame Goldschmidt's first vocalization."

Mr. Macfarren should find a corner for the above in the next edition of his remarkable essay, which henceforth will hardly be regarded as complete without it. George III. is reported to have said to Handel that, while listening to the Pastoral Symphony, he could see the stars shining—which, though perhaps a trifle far fetched, may be apprehended by an imaginative spirit; but the "pattering of the *summer shower*" and the "rattling of the *storm*" are pure discoveries of *The Advertiser*. Madame Goldschmidt's "first vocalization," too, is forcibly depicted.

> "This, as all the world knows, is the unaccompanied recitative, 'There were shepherds abiding in the field,' with its sequence, the *instrumentally aided* 'And lo! the Angel of the Lord,' the third recitative 'And the Angel, *with its genial and delightful chromatic effects in the accidental G sharp*; and the fourth of the remarkable series, 'And suddenly,' with its charming accompaniments, and yet more charming simplicity."

Here we are reminded of another point which has escaped all previous commentators upon Händel's masterpiece. The "quaint and delightful chromatic effects *in the accidental G sharp*," we must own, had escaped our own observation, as well as that of the commentators; but the next time we go to hear *The Messiah* we shall be on the look-out for them. The criticism upon Madame Goldschmidt's execution of her "first vocalization" deserves to be cited, as curious and not hyperbolical.

> "We are not prone to deal in hyperbole, and shall, therefore, not trust ourselves to express, in what we might suppose suitable terms, our opinion of these wondrous specimens of musical elocution; they were, however, but foreshadowings to the general ear of the Nightingale's first air, 'Rejoice greatly.' Clear, pure, and intense *with the echo of the silver trumpet, the reverberation of the hill, and the undulation of the water*, 'Rejoice greatly' was even at the risk of an imposition on the facile nature of the Swedish syren, redemanded. The encore was promptly acceded to."

Only one objection can be made to this, viz.—that it is not true. There was no encore at all to impose upon "the facile nature of the Swedish syren." However, "*dormitat Homerus.*" Our non-hyperbolical contemporary, lulled to sleep, possibly, by the "reverberation of the hills and the undulation of the waters" of his own lively fancy, may have dreamed of the encore, and when writing his notice of the performance described his dream. He most likely continued asleep until the end of Madame Goldschmidt's next piece, and dreamed that this was not encored, which is unfortunate, since it was encored, although our critic ignores the circumstance.

> "'Come unto Him,' the *soprano* adjunct to Miss Dolby's admirably sung 'He shall feed his flock,' was an inspiration of the highest order; to the glory of the notes was added the simple and effortless interpretation of the score, and the skilful art of concealing art, which leaves the critical ear no longer in doubt as to whether mere training or teaching can make a singer in the best sense of the word. This felicitous spontaneous outpouring closed Madame Goldschmidt's portion of Part I."

The deduction drawn from Madame Goldschmidt's application of the *ars celare artem* is original. We have always been taught to believe that the *ars celare artem* was only the property of the best trained artists, but perhaps this enthusiastic reporter is a convert to the logic of Dogberry, who says—"To be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature."

The nap seems to have been indefinitely prolonged through the second part of the oratorio, and to have brought with it another dream of an encore.

> "The *tenderness* of Madame Goldschmidt's *voce velata*—for in her lower notes there is certainly that defect of quality—fully compensates

for any want of instrument like clearness by the *added delicacy and pathos which that very imperfection confers* "How beautiful, was as if an angel sang the glad tidings of the gospel of peace. Again a repeat was asked, and the demand complied with"

How unfortunate that "How beautiful are the *feet*" should not have been either re-demanded or repeated! Two such bright dreams of encores to have turned out false, and one dream of an encore to have been equally delusive! *N'importe.* We have ample compensation for this in the knowledge of the hitherto unsuspected advantages of additional tenderness, delicacy, and pathos, belonging to the "*voce velata.*" How can this fact have been so long concealed from our Crivellis, Manuel Garcias, and Sir George Smarts! We live and learn.

From another passage it would seem that *The Morning Advertiser* remained asleep until the very end of *the Messiah*, and dreamed yet another dream, which, like its predecessors, did not come true. In alluding to the last of Madame Goldschmidt's songs—"If God be for us,"—our critic glides into the following sombre strain of reflection.

"*It was strange to see, however, the contretemps made by a large proportion of those present, who, when Madame Goldschmidt had closed the beautiful passage, with its florid and chromatic writing, to the word* 'justifieth,' *rose, almost as if with one accord, and by their unintentional interruption compelled Madame Goldschmidt to pause, and Mr Benedict to lead off* 'Worthy is the Lamb.'"

This would have been a *contretemps* indeed, but it is about as authentic as the *chromatic* writing upon the word "justifieth." Madame Goldschmidt sang the air right to the end, and sang it gloriously—which those who were awake can hardly have forgotten. "Worthy is the Lamb" was "led off" by Mr Benedict (whose "conductorship," says the *Advertiser* "on the whole was worthy of his *talented* fame") just exactly at the proper time, neither sooner nor later.

This fourth and last dream was the strangest during the entire nap. Daniel himself would have been puzzled to explain it, and if Daniel would have been puzzled, how much more *The Musical World!* We give it up.

Our formidable contemporary, *The Sussex Express*, sets us right upon a matter in respect of which, it seems, we have been labouring under a delusion. The *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* informed its readers, some time ago that the Goldschmidt concerts were a speculation on the part of Mr Mitchell who paid the "Nightingale" the small sum of £500 for each performance. Upon inquiry, however, we discovered (or believed we had discovered,) that our respected *camarade* of the Rue de Richelieu had been misinstructed. We accordingly took the trouble to "*relever*" his statements, and to reveal the "absolute" truth (or what we believed to be the "absolute" truth) for the benefit of the musical world at large. In this revelation we made it clear (or thought to make it clear) that Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt Lind was the real speculator and Mr Mitchell merely her *chargé d'affaires*, with contingent interests. It would appear however that we were floundering about in a sea of error. What we did (or fancied we did) for the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, our formidable contemporary the *Sussex Express* has now done (or fancies he has done) for ourselves. Thus speaks the oracle of the south eastern shores and downs of this one favoured country :—

"There are a variety of statements abroad in the papers as to the terms of this vocalist's engagement with Mr Mitchell. *The Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* says that Mr Mitchell has engaged Mdlle. Jenny at the rate of £500 for each concert; but the *Musical World* says that the paper is out in its reckoning—that the speculation is not Mr Mitchell's, but Madame Goldschmidt's own, and that Mr. Mitchell has simply undertaken the direction of it. Now we will just give our readers the information that has come to our knowledge in this matter, and we have it from a quarter on which we can place reliance. Mr. Mitchell has engaged Madame Goldschmidt and her husband for twenty weeks and for that period they are to receive £20,000, on the condition that they perform at three concerts in each week. We have also heard that an eminent musical firm offered to give Mr. Mitchell £5,000 for his engagement."

Be it so. The "eminent musical firm" which offered Mr Mitchell the tempting bait of £5 000 "in the hand" (better than £50 000 "in the bush") was, no doubt, Cramer Beale and Co. The fountain whence the *Sussex Express* derived its information was, no doubt, situate at the corner of North street, Brighthelmstone, where it is patent to the universe that no less a man resides than Frederick Thomas Beale, Esq (may he live a thousand years!) Thus armed, the *Sussex Express*, our formidable contemporary can go forth to the war (of words) without dread or hesitation

But there are two sides to a question, as there are two corners to North-street, Brighthelmstone, and two (or more) parties to a covenant. Now we all know, who know anything that Mr Mitchell (may he live a thousand years!) keeps his own counsel and unfolds his plans to no one. In this he shows wisdom. We may, therefore, appeal, without flinching, to our readers, and put it to their common sense, whether it is likely that Mr. Mitchell (who is inscrutable) should have disclosed his urgent private affairs to a rival and magnanimous speculator like Frederick Thomas Beale, Esq. !—and if not to Frederick Thomas Beale, Esq., to the editor of a newspaper, even of the vast importance and circulation of the *Sussex Express?* We put it to our readers, we appeal to their common sense.

Under these circumstances, and in the teeth of the *Sussex Express*, *we reiterate our former statement* that the speculation is Mad. Goldschmidt's own, and that consequently the £20 000 is a *canard*, and the £5,000 of the "eminent musical firm," another. [A *canard* means a hoax]

A FOREIGNER'S COPYRIGHT

The discovery which we long since made, that the French International treaty enables a native of any country to obtain a copyright in England, has now become generally known, and is being turned to useful account by foreign authors and English publishers. An instance of this was noticed in the *Athenæum* of last week. Signor Ruffini, an Italian author of some popularity, has written a new book entitled "Doctor Antonio." Wishing to secure a copyright in England, he has first published his work in the English language in Paris. After complying with all the French law he becomes entitled to a copyright in France, and there by virtue of the convention of 1852, is in a position to secure a copyright in England. The words of the convention on this point are as follows: "The authors of works of Literature or Art, to whom the laws of either of the two countries do now or may hereafter give the right of property or copyright, *shall be entitled to exercise that right in the territories of the other of such countries, for the same term and to the same extent, as the authors of works of the same nature, if published in such other country, would therein be entitled to exercise such right*; so that the republication or piracy in either country of any work of literature or art published in the other shall be dealt with in the same manner as the republication or piracy of a work of the same nature first published in such other country."

In other words, any author possessing a copyright in France, no matter what may be his country has the same privileges as to copyright in England, as a French subject.

It may not have been the intention of the framers of the convention to give it this universal application, but the enactment we have quoted is unmistakeable, and while it remains unaltered, every one has a right to avail himself of its protection.

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.

The fourth concert took place on Monday (New Year's Eve), when Exeter Hall was as brilliantly attended as at the second and third. The oratorio was *The Messiah*.

Although perhaps, the most unequal of Mad. Goldschmidt's performances, this was, nevertheless the one which revealed the highest and the largest variety of beauties. That, on the whole, the soprano music in *The Messiah* was never before sung with such impressive earnestness and general excellence as by this gifted lady, may be set down as a fact not to be denied. Strange to say, the least absolutely affecting points occurred in songs which ordinary singers have generally made the most effective:—"But thou didst not leave," and "How beautiful are the feet." In neither of these did Mad. Goldschmidt do herself justice. Too anxious to make effect, she lost sight of their simplicity; and the unimpeded flow which gives the charm to their melody was not there. But the delivery of the recitatives, beginning with "There were Shepherds," was sublime; and "Come unto him" (the soprano verse of "He shall feed his flock") was more exquisitely pure than almost anything to which we have ever listened in the shape of oratorio singing. *Divine* is the fittest epithet to apply to such an unparalleled performance. We forgive (in fact we rather liked) the interpolated B flat, and the lovely shake at the end. "Rejoice greatly" pleased us less. It was hardly marked by that spirit of exultation which Mad. Goldschmidt knows so well how to express, and which is the essential characteristic of the music—an outpouring of fervid joy and gratitude for the coming of the world's Saviour. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was crowned with beauties of an elevated order; but there were, on the other hand, some petty and tormenting changes, that occasionally interfered with the harmony and suspended the "*suspensions*" of which Handel is so prodigal in his accompaniments. Where there are "suspensions," or where there is a new position of the chord, or a special harmony to every note in a bar, it should be a golden rule with singers, not only not to alter the notes, but not to *add to or detract from their duration*. The last air, "If God be for us," was again a glorious example of chaste, devotional singing, and crowned the triumph of the consummate songstress and musical declaimer. Mad. Goldschmidt, as usual, raised the enthusiasm of the audience "*à maintes reprises*," as the old French Chronicles say; and "Come unto Him" was encored with acclamations.

Miss Dolby sang the *contralto* music as well as it could possibly be sung. Still although we are aware that Mr Macfarren has given excellent reasons for assigning "But who may abide" to a *contralto*, we cannot help thinking it better suited to a bass. Mr Lockey and Herr Reichardt shared the tenor, and Messrs. Thomas and Lawler the bass, music between them. They all sang their best; but, since it was Herr Reichardt's first appearance, we must pay him a compliment, apart, for the deep feeling and artistic correctness which he imparted to the tenor music of the second and finest part (the *Passion*) of Handel's immortal masterpiece.

The band and chorus, under Mr Benedict's admirable guidance, were all that could be wished.

The next "*Lind*" concert takes place on Monday evening, in the Hanover Square Rooms. There will be *no orchestra*; but, *en revanche*, we shall hear Herr Otto Goldschmidt play the pianoforte.

M. JULLIEN'S TOUR.—During the past fortnight M. Jullien has visited Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford and Birmingham, in all of which populous towns his concerts have been immensely successful.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS NOT AT WINDSOR.—Mr Charles Mathews, according to *The Sunday Times*, was to act at Windsor Castle on the 24th. Mr Kean, however, received a communication from him stating that he (Mr Mathews) is expressly forbidden by Mr E. T. Smith to perform at Windsor, in consequence of the royal patronage being withheld from the theatre of which he (Mr Smith) is the lessee and director.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Herr Friedrich Unger's Classical Chamber Concert took place at the Town Hall, on the 13th inst. The following was the programme:—

Part I.—Quintett (Op. 74 D minor) Hummel; Sonata Concertante Pianoforte and Violin, (Op. 115 A flat) Spohr. Part II.—Grand Trio, (Op. 70, No. 1, D major) Beethoven; Solos, Violoncello, (Romance) Kummer; (L'Innocence, Notturno) Lidel; Solos Pianoforte, (Nocturne, Op. 27 D flat) Chopin; (Finale Lucrezia Borgia) Kullak.

Herr Unger may not have the ease and power of a master, but he must have devoted considerable time to the study and practice of his instrument to have acquired the facility he exhibits. Herr Steingraber, a violinist of repute, was viola; and Mr Wood, principal of the Concert Hall, contra basso. Of MM. Baetens and Lidel, as first violin and violoncello, we have frequently spoken. The result was a very agreeable concert. The room was tolerably well filled with an audience amongst whom we noticed most of the resident pianists, Madame Szczepanowski, Messrs. Hallé, Hecht, J. Thorne Harris, R. Andrews, etc.

The third "Classical" concert took place at the Town Hall on Thursday evening.

EXECUTANTS.—Pianoforte, Mr Charles Hallé; Violins, Herr Molique, and Mr Carrodus; Tenor, M. Tolbecque; Violoncello, Mr. C. Lucas.

The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Quartet, Violin (in C No. 6), Mozart; Sonata, Pianoforte and Violin (in C minor, op. 30 No. 2), Beethoven.

PART II.—Quartet, Pianoforte (in F minor, No. 2, op. 2), Mendelssohn; Duet, Two Violins (in G minor), Spohr; Melodies—Pianoforte, Barcarola, "Frühlings-Glaube," "Erlkönig," Schubert and Liszt.

The room was not as crowded as at the first and second concerts, although well attended. Mr Lucas and M. Tolbecque were new to these concerts, but both were successful. MM. Molique and Hallé were in fine play. The violin duet of Spohr was splendidly executed by M. Molique and his pupil, Mr Carrodus, a young and already distinguished artist.

A concert was given at the Town Hall on Saturday evening, when Mr J. Thorne Harris's new setting of the 103rd Psalm for solo voices and chorus, with full orchestra, was given. Miss Milner, Miss Newbound, Herr Reichardt, and M. Guilmette, were the principal vocalists. The chorus numbered some four-and-twenty voices, and the orchestra about as many players. On the whole the performance was successful. Three songs were encored—the first, for tenor, "Gracious is the Lord," sung with great expression, by Herr Reichardt; the second, for contralto, an *arietta*, entrusted to Miss Newbound, a young and promising singer (pupil of Mr. Spark, of Leeds), who made her first appearance in public; the third, for bass, "The days of man are but as grass," well delivered by M. Guilmette. The choruses were effective. The only thing against the second part was its length. Miss Milner (who is married, we hear, to Mr H. C. Cooper, the violinist, but professionally retains her maiden name) sang Pacini's "Sommo cielo" extremely well, Mr Cooper playing the violin *obbligato*. Herr Reichardt sang Beethoven's "Adelaida" (accompanied by Mr J. Thorne Harris on the piano) with such genuine feeling as to elicit an unanimous encore, in answer to which he substituted a short German *lied*. He afterwards sang the *aria* from *Les Huguenots*, with viola *obbligato* ("Ah più bianco"), some of the leading artists of the profession assisting in the orchestra.

MANCHESTER.—TESTIMONIAL OF RESPECT TO MR. JAMES EATON, TEACHER OF MUSIC.—On Friday, December 28th, the members of the drawing classes belonging to the Mechanics' Institution, gave their annual *soirée* in the institution, Cooper-street. A selection of glees and madrigals was sung by a party of ladies and gentlemen, under the conductorship of Mr James Eaton; after which Mr Naysmith, on behalf of the members of the classes, presented Mr Eaton with a handsome quarto copy of the poetical works of Longfellow, with the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr James Eaton, by the members of the drawing classes of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, as a slight acknowledgment of his kindness in rendering valuable services at several of the annual *soirées* of the above-named classes.—*December 28th, 1855*."

Manchester.—On Monday (Christmas-eve), Mr. Banks's second subscription concert was given in the large Lecture-Hall of the Bury Athenæum. The gallery was crowded and there were about 600 in the body of the hall. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. George Cooper, and Mr. Weiss. Leader, Mr. C. A. Seymour; conductor, Mr. D. W. Banks. The band was selected chiefly from the Concert-Hall, Manchester, and, with the chorus, numbered about 150 performers. The first part was *Judgments and Mercies*, a sacred cantata, by Mr. Richard Hecking, jun., Mus. B. of Oxford; the second was Händel's *Judas Maccabæus*.

Melbourne, (29th *Sept.*)—Lola Montes is here; she came last from San Francisco, and has appeared several times at the New Theatre Royal. She commenced with a drama, in five sections, containing the principal phases in her life. We find her as danseuse—courtesan—circle—politician—traveller. The piece was not very attractive and dropped. It was not more successful in Sydney. She afterwards produced the *tarantella* called, in order to enlighten the natives, the "Spider's Dance." The *Argus* pronounced it "indecent," and the "respectables" wouldn't go. Lola may have overacted her part, but without that I can easily conceive that an ordinary ballet exhibition would take the uninitiated a little by surprise. There is a good deal of stage talent of various kinds in Melbourne just now. Mr. G. V. Brookes' ever-fine delineations of Shakspeare satisfy our public. Miss Fanny Cathcart, his heroine, has been shut up by an injunction, in imitation of "Lumley v. Wagner"—probably to be followed by an action in emulation of "Lumley v. Gye." In the opera line we are gaining strength. We have Catherine Hayes and a native of Tasmania—Madame Carandini. There is also a tolerable tenor and another basso—Mr. Gregg. Numerous German street bands improve our musical talent.—*Correspondent of the Times.*

Bradford.—Mr. Charles Ollivier, secretary and manager of St. George's Hall, was presented on Saturday morning with a testimonial, in recognition of the efficient manner in which he has discharged the duties of his office since the opening festival of 1853. The testimonial consisted of a gold watch, with appendages, and a purse containing 110 sovereigns. The presentation took place in the saloon of St. George's Hall.

Ibid.—The *Messiah* was performed at St. George's Hall on Monday night. The band and chorus numbered 300. The principal vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Madlle. Mathilde Rudersdorff, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Inkersall, and Mr. Hinchcliffe. The conductor was Mr. Burton, and the leader Mr. Bowling. Mr. Hill presided at the organ.

Ibid.—On Friday evening M. Jullien gave his orchestral and vocal concert, in St. George's Hall, to an audience of 1,500 persons. The orchestra comprised about seventy instrumental performers. Madame Gassier was the principal attraction of the evening, and more than fulfilled the expectations entertained of her vocal powers. She made her début in Bradford about three months ago, and on that occasion made a great sensation. In the first part, Madame Gassier sung the rondo from *La Sonnambula*, "Ah! non giunge!" with extraordinary brilliancy. This was redemanded. In the second part, she introduced Venzano's *valse*, "The Forest Fairy," which was also encored. A selection from Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, arranged by Mr. Alfred Mellon; Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, and the *andante* from his A major symphony; a movement from Bach Albert's Swiss symphony; and the *scherzo presto* from Beethoven's symphony in A major, were also given. The solo performers, Messrs. Koenig, Arban, Reichert, Collinet, Hughes, Lazarus, &c., all sustained their reputation. M. Jullien's "Fall of Sebastopol" was introduced; "Partant pour la Syrie," and the National Anthem were received by the audience upstanding. The concert, which concluded with the lively galop, "Vive l'Empereur," was in every point of view successful.

Greenock.—The *Philharmonic Society's* concerts for 1855 closed on Friday evening, after a season of six weeks. Limited as the orchestra was, the overtures and selections were given with effect, while the classical music was performed with the carefulness which such masters as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn demand. At the opening season that corps was perfectly novel to subscribers, but its frequent repetition greatly advanced the musical taste of the audience. The performances of Mr. Cooper, the English violinist, have been greatly admired. Miss Milner, the *mezzo soprano*, always a favourite, has still further improved since the season of 1854. Mr. Blagrove, as accompanist, gave general satisfaction. Mr. Hausmann's violoncello solos were as popular as ever. Mr. Kessler (second violin), Mr. Webb (tenor), and Mr. Schmidt (flute), have all rendered excellent service to the concerts. On the whole, the present series of performances have been decidedly successful.

Greenock.—The Philharmonic Society's last concert for the season took place on Friday, the 21st instant. The series has been well attended and has given great satisfaction.

Gloucester.—(*From our own Correspondent*).—The theatre opened here on the 26th of December, with an operatic troupe, consisting of Misses Harland and Adams, Messrs. Herberte, H. Corri, Dussek, Young, &c. *Fra Diavolo*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Love Spell*, *Ernani*, *The Sonnambula*, *No Song no Supper*, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, *Maritana*, and *Cinderella*, have been represented, and, taking into consideration the various drawbacks incidental to our theatre, the performances, on the whole, have been very creditable.

Chorlton-on-Medlock.—On the evening of Christmas Day, the members of the Manchester and Salford Harmonic Society gave a performance of Händel's *Messiah*, in the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor-street. The principal vocalists were Miss Whitham, Mrs. Winterbottom, Mr. G. Cooper, and Mr. Delavanti. The band was led by Mr. C. A. Seymour. Herr Siemers played the harmonium, and Mr. Henry Walker conducted.

York.—The Choral Society gave their annual Christmas concert on Wednesday, the 19th December, in the Festival Concert Room, which was well filled. The 1st part consisted of a selection from Handel's *Messiah*; the second a selection of songs, duets, glees, &c. Among the best performances we may mention "The people that walked in darkness," "Rejoice greatly," "Cease your funning," with variations, "Sebastopol is won," and the glee, "What phrase sad and soft." The vocalists were Miss Whitham, Messrs. Coultas, Smith, Wilson, and Lambert. Mr. Hopkinson conducted with ability.

Heaton Norris.—On Saturday, the 23rd of December, the organ recently erected in Christ Church was opened by Dr. H. Spencer Harrison, of Pendlebury, assisted by a double choir. The organ formerly stood in St. Peter's church, Manchester.

Blackburn.—On the 3rd instant, the following individuals competed for the vacant office of organist to the parish church:—Messrs. Jopson and Robinson, of Blackburn; Mr. Greenwood, Burnley; Mr. Watson, Masham; Mr. Dean, Lancaster; and Mr. Marsh, Inverness.

Glasgow.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Mr. Julian Adams gave a concert of Scotch music in the City Hall, on the 21st ult.; at which pipers and reel players assisted, and competed for two prizes offered by Mr. Julian Adams—a gold medal, value £15, and a purse with five guineas. An orchestra, composed of musicians from various parts of Scotland, led by Mr. Archibald Menzies, played from memory various pieces of Scotch music, and Mr. Julian Adams performed several compositions on the harmonicon and concertina. Vocal pieces were sung by Miss Gray and Mr. Milne, accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss J. M. Ross. The competition of the pipers caused great excitement. Donald Dune, the piper who led the 93rd Highlanders at the battle of the Alma, opened the performance by playing a number of national airs on his bagpipes. He wore on his breast the Queen's silver medal, and his appearance was the signal of a regular outbreak of Scotch feeling. There were ten competitors. The gold medal was awarded to Archibald Munro, of Edinburgh; and the purse of five guineas to Lawrence Ritchie, of Ruchill. The judges were selected from five gentlemen amateurs who were present.

Liverpool.—M. Jullien, who appears in the provinces this year with a more numerous and effective orchestra than usual, gave the first of his concerts on Thursday night, the 27th ult., at St. George's Hall, before a large and fashionable audience. The concert gave complete satisfaction, the singing of Madame Gassier and the new "Sebastopol Quadrille" being the most noticeable points of the performances. M. Jullien gave his second and last concert on the 30th, with equally brilliant success.

Amateur Musical Society.—We hear that the Amateur Musical Society intends to give a concert in aid of the funds of "The Cambridge Asylum for the widows of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the British army," towards the end of the present month. Her Majesty, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family have honoured the undertaking with their patronage, and several of the most distinguished officers in the service are exerting their influence towards a successful result. This, coupled with the power the Amateur Musical Society itself possesses, and with the programme the committee will be sure to bring forward, must undoubtedly be the means of realising a handsome sum to the excellent charity in whose favour the concert is to be given.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—Haydn's *Creation* was performed last night with Mad. Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Thomas as principal singers. The hall was very full. It was the first appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves since the recess.

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FOREIGN

PARIS.—An *opera-bouffon*, in two acts, the libretto by M. Henry Trianon, and the music by M. Théodore Labarre (the harpist) entitled *Pantagruel*, was produced at the Grand-Opéra, on Monday week. The characters were distributed among MM. Obin, Boulo, Belval, Marié, Kœnig, Sapin, Pissarello, Mesdames Poinsot and Laborde. The opera was well put on the stage. The Emperor and Empress were present. Owing, however to the opinion of subscribers that the Grand-Opéra was not a fitting arena for *opera-bouffon*, *Pantagruel* was withdrawn, although it had been announced for repetition on the following evening. At the Opéra-Comique *Les Saisons*, an opera in three acts, *libretto* by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier, music by M. Victor Massé, has been produced with success. MM. Battaille, Delaunay-Riquier, Couderc, Sainte Foy, Lejeune, Mdlles. Caroline Duprez, Lemercier, Lagier, and Lemaire are the executants. The Emperor and Empress were present at the first representation. At the Théâtre-Italien Mdlle. Virginie Boccabadati has made her *debut* with tolerable success in *La Sonnambula*. Mdlle Poza played Lisa, M. Mongini Elvino, and M. Angelini Rodolpho. The ball, given at the Opera for the benefit of the poor of the eighth *arrondissement* was brilliantly attended and produced 80,000 francs.

LEIPSIC.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Some time ago, at the theatre, Mozart's *Figaro* was given with more than usual success. Mdlle. Neubold, as Cherubino, obtained great applause. She is becoming a favourite with the public, which she well deserves, since, every time she appears, a marked improvement is visible both in her singing and acting. The house was but scantily attended although *Figaro* has not been given for some years. On the 3rd ult., Madame Schumann (Clara Wieck) and Herr Joachim gave a *soirée* at the Gewandhaus, and fully justified their high artistic reputations. The first of the annual quartett *soirées* came off on the 8th ult. Madame Schumann performed Beethoven's grand sonata in B flat, Op. 106, with wonderful success. On the 13th ult., the Gewandhaus programme embraced:—

PART I.—Overture, *King Stephen*, Beethoven; Aria, *I Montecchi*, Mdlle. Parisotti, from Rome; Concerto violin, Vieuxtemps, performed by Concertmeister Dreyschock; Canzonetta, with pianoforte accompaniment, sung by Mdlle. Parisotti, Wichmann. PART II.—Overture, *Die Hebriden*, Mendelssohn; Duetto, *Semiramide*, M. Ellers and Mdlle. Parisotti; Symphony (No. 3), C minor, Spohr.

Mdlle. Parisotti, from Rome, appeared for the first time, but she did not make any impression. She still has much to learn before she can be fit to sing at public concerts. Herr Dreyschock was loudly applauded in the concerto by Vieuxtemps, and the orchestra was, as usual, excellent. At the eighth concert, Madame Schumann performed one of her husband's latest productions—*Introduction* and *Allegro Appassionato*—concertstück for piano with orchestra. She also played Beethoven's E flat concerto. This lady is the favourite of the Leipsic connoisseurs. She was heartily welcomed, and her performances elicited the most extravagant applause. (I hear, from one of the Gewandhaus members, that Dr Schumann's malady has lately become much worse. He employs his whole time in drawing maps.) The rest of the eighth concert comprised the overture to *Oberon*, *aria* from *Figaro*, sung by Madame von Holdorp, duetto from ditto, by the same, with Herr A. Ellers, and Schumann's C major (No. 2) symphony. Madame Holdorp possesses no particular merit as a singer, which was proved by the unsatisfactory manner in which she sang the *aria*. The orchestra again left nothing to be desired. A concert was given by A. Ritter von Adelburg, at the Gewandhaus, on the 16th, but with no success. Much had been anticipated from this violinist, who comes from Vienna, and even the "local critics" had written well of him in advance. The audience, however was greatly disappointed, and pronounced Herr V. Adelburg to be nothing better than a mere "fiddler." The king's birthday was celebrated at the Conservatoire on the 7th inst. The hall was crowded, and some of the pupils performed various *morceaux* from classical composers. Among others, was Mr. E. Sidney Smith, from Dorchester, violoncello. On the same day the theatre was illuminated, and Weber's *Jubel* overture was played by the band. Mdlle Franke, representing Saxonia, before the commencement of the play came forward and recited a prologue written by Theodor Apel for the occasion. The play given was, *Ein Deutscher Krieger; or, a German Warrior*. Mendelssohn's *Antigone* has been brought out at the theatre with great success. *Linda di Chamouni* has also been given. As a proof that Englishmen residing here take some interest in music, I may mention a private *soirée* given at the rooms of Mr Charles Rowland, a young student. Those invited were chiefly members of the opera and theatre orchestras. Singing was the ornament of the evening. Among other pieces, Mdlle Neubold sang a romance by C. Voss, and enchanted her hearers with her pure fresh *soprano*. She also sang a trio from Kreutzer's opera *Das Nachtlager*, in which she was assisted by Herr Marloff, first tenor at the theatre, and music director Hentschel. Herr Hentschel is composing an opera from which we heard some pieces.

P.S.—Last evening I went to the theatre to witness the first performance of the *Zauberrosen*, the music of which is by a certain Kiel. The house was crowded, but the audience were evidently not satisfied either with the piece or the music. The first act was commencement of the plot, the second is almost wholly occupied with *ballet*, and the third is nothing more than a moving panorama, the machinery of which, by-the-bye, was in very bad working order, insomuch that it was pronounced "langweilig" (tedious) by most of the audience. The idea of this Rhine panorama is pretty, and it was well painted, but, in consequence of bad management, it made a bad effect. The music was well played, and the *corps de ballet* gained abundant applause. On the whole, however, the result was far below expectation.

MILAN.—(*From our own Correspondent, Dec. 26.*)—Having on a former occasion remarked upon the difficulties with which foreign artists in Italy have to contend, owing to the vanity and jealousy of the "natives," I think it may not be amiss to send you the account of the "whereabout" of some of your compatriots who are now pursuing their career in this part of the world.

Albertini Baucardé (formerly Miss Aitcheson) *unquestionably* one of the most finished artists in Italy, has a very lucrative engagement at the Grand Opera at Verona. Fanny Gordosa (the Miss Bothel of the Royal Academy of Music) is engaged at Mantua, having sung at several theatres during the year, with success. Ellen and Susan Kenneth are secured for Nizza. The two sisters Alexander are gone to Genoa. Elisa Ottavi (formerly Miss Frazer, now Mrs Harris, wife of the artist) comes out at the Carcano here, on the first night of the Carnival, in *I Lombardi*. Madame Lemaire (an Englishwoman whose maiden name I forget) is gone to an engagement at Corfu. Julia Leoni (a Mrs Johnson) has just made a successful *début* at Malta. Catherine Crichton remains with her parents at Florence, resting from her studies at present, by the advice of the Maestro Romani. This completes the list. You will see that they are all female voices. We have no English male singers, I believe, under engagement at present in Italy. Henry Haig, the tenor, and Alfred Durand, the barytone, who have been studying here, left a few days ago for England. Elliot Galer and Walter Bolton of the Academy are pursuing their studies under the well known Maestro Lamperti. And now a word or two about the Scala, and the present Carnival. When the great leviathan opened its doors last Christmas, the theatre was under the direction of Signor Borrachi, a gentleman who, according to his own account, was predestined to resuscitate its bygone glory like a phœnix from its ashes. He knew the "ways," and only wanted the "means." Signor Borrachi, in his letters to the journals, talked about the apple that fell upon the head of Newton,—and "the light seen by Galileo!!!"—and inferred that the wonderful results of those phenomena would be nothing compared to the advantages derived from his own administration of "La Scala." The Italians were taken in. They thought that for once, they had got the "right man" in the "right place," and the *nobili* (my "nobs") raised a very large sum, in shares of 1000 zwanzigs each (to be returned at the end of two or three years,—or when the great work was achieved), which with the government subvention and an unusual number of subscribers, the new *impresario* must have started with nearly 800,000 zwanzigs (about 25,000*l.*). Nevertheless the Borrachi "system" did not equal the "Newtonian." The "apple" did not descend on the right head (some think it fell into the wrong pocket), the "light" (in this case a Will-o'-the-wisp), suddenly went out; and the *impresario* vanished likewise—leaving the "nobs" minus their 1800 zwanzigs, and most of the artists—in fact, *all the working class*—minus their salaries for some weeks. To avert the distress which must have necessarily resulted, the chief members of the orchestra undertook to continue the performances to the end of the carnival season, and with great exertion and considerable sacrifices a certain degree of success attended their efforts, which was mainly owing to their bringing out *Il Profeta*, upon preparing which the ex-manager, it must in justice be confessed, expended a very large sum of money, previous to his failure.

This season, the theatre is to be opened by the same association, viz., forty of the chief members of the orchestra—who have called to their assistance, as *chief director*, the Cavaliere Maestro Alberto Mazzucato. Falstaff thought there was "great protection in numbers"—but I fear the "council of forty," as they are called, will want unanimity, and, in default of that, success. Mazzucato is one of the heads of the *conservatorio* of Milan—a man of musical attainments and experience—modest (too much so for an *impresario*) and a gentleman. How far, therefore, he is suited for the task he has undertaken remains to be seen. The following is the programme for the season:—

L'Ebreo, by Apolloni (a new composer; an opera recently brought out at Venice with *great* success); *Marino Faliero*; *Giovanna di Guzman* (the *Sicilian Vespers* of Verdi); *Rigoletto*; *Elnava*, by Apolloni (a new opera to be expressly written for La Scala); *Giovanna Gusula* (new opera by Rossi); and *Il Profeta*.

The last, however, I am well informed, will not be tolerated any more in Lombardy, in consequence of the objections of the papal authorities—thanks to the "Concordat"—that precious donation of the young hope of Austria to his thrice to-be-envied people.

BERLIN.—The concerts of the Tonkünstlerverein have been resumed for the winter. The concert given last Saturday in Stöcker's Rooms was highly interesting and fully attended. The programme consisted of two fugues, by J. S. Bach, arranged for four hands; a sonata for the pianoforte, by Herr Pfeiffer, executed by the composer himself; a fantasia, by Herr J. Stahlknecht; a trio, by Herr A. Stahlknecht; and several songs of Herr H. Dorn, sung by Herr von d. Osten.

VIENNA.—Herr Ernst Pauer has arrived here, but proposes stopping only a few days. It is his intention to give, during his short sojourn, a concert, at which he will produce his grand symphony already successfully performed in London.

BRUSSELS.—The unexpected engagement of Mdlle. Alboni at the Cirque has quite delighted the opera-going public. The great and popular *cantatrice* made her *rentrée* in the *Barbier de Séville*, and has since sung in the *Favorite*. She has met with wonderful success in both operas, but her performance of Rosina, in the *Barbier*, gave the greatest pleasure. The public found Mdlle. Alboni as incomparable a vocalist as when they last heard her—her voice as pure, fresh, powerful, rich, and flexible as ever. She has had an immense success.

PHILADELPHIA.—A new oratorio, called *The Cities of the Plains*, from the pen of Mr. F. T. S. Darley, an American (who had already written another entitled *Belshazzar*), was produced here early in December by the Harmonic Sacred Music Society. A correspondent of *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Boston), whose signature is "Veritas," gives a very interesting account of the oratorio and its performance—an account which occupies nearly three columns, in the number for December 15, of our excellent transatlantic contemporary, whom we love in spite of his frequent abuse of us. We are glad by the way to observe that the amateurs and critics of Boston are not quite so mad in their appreciation of music as some of their brethren in the "Empire City."

REVIEWS.

No. 1.—"TROIS POESIES," pour le piano, composées par Francesco Berger (Op. 17).

No. 2.—"ROMANCE ET IMPROMPTU," pour le piano, par Antoine Rubinstein (Op. 26).

THE *Trois Poesies* of Herr Berger—Op. 17—(No. 1) are simply three little songs without words, whose only fault is their extreme brevity. The first (in G)—"*Barcarolle*"—is graceful and unaffected; the second (in E minor)—"*Monologue*"—has something of Chopin's dreaminess (on a small scale); the third and best (in D)—"*Chœur Rustique*"—is animated, and what is more, possesses character. They are all easy, and at the same time well written for the instrument. But why "*Poesies*"? We are getting sick, and so is the world, of these hyper-romantic and unmeaning designations.

Herr Antoine Rubinstein has dedicated his "*Romance*" and "*Impromptu*"—Op. 26—(No. 2) to Her Highness the Princess Marie of Wittgenstein. They are small matters for all that. The "*Romance*" (in F) is a pretty song without words (Felix Mendelssohn—you have many sins to answer for!) or rather *duet* without words, since there is a tune for the right hand and a tune for the left, with dispersed chords in the midst, and a bass part to boot—all of which go very well together. Though not new, moreover, and evidently after the type of Henselt (whose songs without words are easier to imitate than Mendelssohn's), there is an air of freshness about it. The "*Impromptu*" (in A minor) is a sort of *toccata* in semiquavers, very quick, and very dry. The object of this bagatelle seems to be to show that the common chord of E flat, and its inversions, may be used in the key of A—which Dr. Crotch used to describe as the "Neapolitan sixth." Towards the end Herr Rubinstein, in a couple of slow bars, carries us even into E flat, and then back again to A minor—with a sort of knowing air, as who should say, "There's a new point for you!" Nevertheless, it is as old as the hills. Even the members of the Society of British Musicians have worn it to shreds. Both pieces are well written—the only exception occurring just two bars before the end of the first, where half a chromatic scale, in the bass,—after the manner of the "future" music, or the rhapsodies of M. Liszt,—will make polite ears ache and polite eyes stare. Herr Rubinstein was many years ago in England, and will be remembered as a "young Russian pianist," with great execution and a tendency to thumping. He is now one of the "lions" of the *new school*—a regular "fire-eater." Heaven prosper him!—and Brahms, too.

"SACRED SONGS," with pianoforte accompaniments. No. 25.

The present number of the Messrs. Ewer's rich and varied collection of sacred songs—"Oh! Lord, be merciful" ("Miserere mei Domine")—is drawn from Martini's musical adaptation of the 56th Psalm. The voice part (suited to a *contralto*) is flowing and tuneful. The accompaniment for the most part is florid. Although, more than probably, it will please the many, we cannot detect any elevation of style in this song, and assuredly no indication of that plaintive character which would be best calculated to impart correct expression to the words. The feeling indeed is generally much more jubilant than contrite. Talk of the "Cujus animam" in Rossini's *Stabat Mater* indeed! This "sacred" setting of Martini beats it hollow for irrelevancy.

No. 1.—"THREE ITALIAN SONGS"—composed by Charles Salaman.
No. 2.—"GIA LA NOTTE," serenade—ditto.
No. 3.—"KATIE"—ditto.
No. 4.—"OH! I HAVE LOVED THEE!"—sonnet—ditto.
No. 5.—"THERE I MET A STAR"—sonnet—ditto.
No. 6.—"OH! IF THOU WERT MINE OWN LOVE"—ballad—ditto.

From this collection of vocal pieces—all good, sensible stuff,—showing the hand of an able and conscientious musician, with a feeling for his art equal to his capacity of exercising it—we need select the Italian songs (Nos. 1 and 2) as the happiest. No. 1 includes three songs. The first, a canzonet in F—"Trova un sol mia belle Clori"—is a setting of some capital words by Metastasio, and a good setting too. Melody at once so graceful and expressive cannot fail to please. The second—"In sento che in petto"—another canzonet in G minor, with Metastasio again for the poet, is full of tenderness, and contains a charmingly quaint point at the end of each verse, where the original key is briefly resumed from that of E flat, after a rather long (but well considered) transition. The third, and we think the best—"Come qual fior alivete"—is an *arietta* in D minor, to some verses by Count Pepoli (author of the *Sonnambula*). The style of this is passionate, and there are some excellent points in the harmony, among which we can only instance the interrupted cadence (page 5, line the last), where the harmony of B flat defers, with the best possible effect, the anticipated *reprise* of the original key. These songs are respectively dedicated to Mr. Charles Doranges, Mad. Schott, and Miss Laura Temple Bowdoin. The dedications are worth the having.

No. 2, "Gia la Notte"—a serenade in B flat, again to some poetry of Metastasio—is even more elegant and highly finished than any of the three we have reviewed. The melody and the harmony are equally attractive; and the florid accompaniment to the second couplet, based upon the same chords and progressions as are found in the first, lends a graceful variety to the whole. We strongly recommend this very pleasing *arietta* (which is dedicated to Mad. Chiara Vennatelli of Rome) to such of our concert singers as profess to entertain a predilection for good music.

The English songs are also good in their way, though scarcely so genuine as the others. The ballad of "Katie" (No. 3) is a quaint and not inexpressive setting of one of the lyrics of Miss Eliza Cooke. The two *songs*—"Oh I have loved thee" and "There's not a fibre" (Nos. 4 and 5)—are both to be commended, as well written songs, without a vestige of common-place in either of them. The anonymous poetry to which the first is set would not dishonour the name of Byron; while the last (dedicated to Mrs. Sartoris) is almost equally happy in some nervous and forcible lines, on the not very new subject of passionate love, from the pen of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler. Mr. Salaman has evidently striven his utmost to give appropriate expression to each, and has succeeded in producing two compositions wholly different in feeling, although both are *chansons d'amour*. No. 6—"Oh if thou wert mine own love"—another ballad (dedicated to Lady Knatchbull), with love once more for a theme, is equally to be praised for an unhackneyed treatment of a hackneyed subject, both on the part of the musician and the poetess (Miss Mary Louisa Boyle). The melody of this ballad, intended for a contralto voice, is remarkably elegant.

"HOW THEY SOFTLY REST"—canzonet—by T. Richard Matthews.

This is a setting of one of Longfellow's translations from the German. Every one knows Klopstock's lines on "The Dead;" but every one does not know how much the American poet has beautified them in his version. The music to which Mr. T. R. Matthews has wedded them is extremely melancholy. Mr. T. R. Matthews will probably retort that the theme demanded it; and we shall not attempt to arraign his logic. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, we do not like his music. It is neither more nor less than 16 bars of chords, with a rest after every two bars, which, before the song is half over, renders it infinitely tiresome. Besides, the progressions of harmony are sometimes vague (as in bars 3, 12, 13, 14); while the melody, if melody it can fairly be entitled, is occasionally queer—as where (in bar 12) a G sharp rises very oddly to a C natural—that is, very oddly considering the harmony to which it is allied.

"La Harpe"—Mélodie Variée, Pour le Piano. Par Albert Jungmann. Op. 62.

If there is anything more than commonly intolerable it is an imitation of the harp upon the piano; and this is the sole aim of the very common-place *morceau* before us. The "melody" consists of an unmeaning succession of dispersed chords, and the variation of an equally unmeaning series of arpeggios, with the theme disposed chiefly (Thalberg wise) for the convenience of the right-hand thumb. We are sorry, in short, to be compelled to advise Herr Jungmann that his Op. 62 (*opera 1*) is nothing better than rubbish.

No. 1.—"TELL ME HEART WHY SO DESPONDING?"—song—words by Grace Stirling—music by Giulio Regondi.
No. 2.—"SAD IS MY HEART"—words by Grace Sterling—music by William Spark.

The song of Mr. Regondi, "Tell me, heart, &c." (No. 1), has great merit, since it not only avoids common place but attains refinement. We may suggest, however, that the transition into E major from D major (page 5), on the words, "their mission is rubbing," is forced and unnatural. This is the only spot in a composition charming in every other respect.

Mr. Spark's "Sad is my heart" (No. 2), is a very pleasing ballad; but does not the opening recall the subject of the *allegro* in a certain *cavatina* of Benedict and De Beriot, which the late Malibran sang so often and so well?

The verses of Miss Grace Sterling, who officiates as poetess both to Mr. Regondi and Mr. Spark, are (not to pun) remarkable for their sterling grace. They will bear indeed (as Herr Wagner might say) to be "contemplated narrowly" and "examined soberly."

LEEDS.—The *Messiah* was performed by the Recreation Society under the direction of Mr. Spark, on Saturday evening. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, Mr. Elcande, and Mr. Farquharson. The orchestra was led by Mr. Haddock. The concert was numerously attended.

MYDDELTON HALL, ISLINGTON.—An evening concert was given on Monday last, conducted by Mr. Blagrove. Among the vocalists were Madame Constantini, Miss Shooks, Mr. George Perren, Signor Vantini, and Signor Verona; and, among the instrumentalists, Miss Lambole M. Taylor (concertina) and Mr. H. Harrold Thomas (pianoforte).

MADAME RISTORI AT TURIN.—The Turin public have exhibited a *bizarrerie* difficult to account for. It would seem they were jealous of the admiration their gentle Desdemona had excited in strange lands. While the companions of Mad. Ristori's late tour were overwhelmed with acclamations she was received on her entry with profound silence. On the fourth night, however, in the tragedy of *Mirra*, the audience were more enthusiastic than ever, and, notwithstanding the affected contempt of the Turinese for the judgment of foreigners, the representations of Mad. Ristori were never followed by such crowds as now.—*Galignani.*

TURIN, *Dec.* 26.—The Carnival was inaugurated here last night by the opening of the Royal Theatre with the *Cenerentola*, in which Sig. Belletti and Mdlle. Brambilla did their utmost to save the rest of the company from popular condemnation. The ill-success of the opera is likely, however, to benefit Mad. Ristori, who is now playing at the Carignano Theatre, and who has not hitherto met with that enthusiasm from her own countrymen which she received at Paris. Last night she appeared in the character of Mary Queen of Scots, in Schiller's play (translated by Maffei); and the audience was both numerous and enthusiastic, notwithstanding the royal and all other theatres were open at the same time.—*Correspondent of The Times.*

MAGDEBURG.—A grand performance of the *Messiah*, in the Johannis Kirche, which was brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, took place lately under the direction of Herr Rebling.

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Royal Academy of Music, Jan. [illegible], 1856. J. GIMSON, Secretary.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT LIND at Exeter Hall.—Mendelssohn's Elijah.—Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that Mendelssohn's oratorio of ELIJAH will be repeated at Exeter Hall, on MONDAY EVENING, [illegible], in which Madame Goldschmidt will sing the principal soprano part. The chorus and orchestra will consist of more than [illegible] performers. Conductor, M. Benedict.—Prices of admission: [illegible] (numbered and reserved) [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] The tickets will be appropriated according to the order of application, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Application for tickets to Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

W. E. HOLMES'S PIANOFORTE CONCERTS.—W. E. H. [illegible] respectfully announces his intention of resuming his Pianoforte Concerts, assisted by his professional Pupils. The following works will be performed, many never this country and others rarely performed [illegible] [illegible], in A flat [illegible], in B flat [illegible] in A minor [illegible] in A flat [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] in E [illegible] pieces in G and D minor [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], "[illegible] and [illegible]," and F sharp minor [illegible], F sharp minor [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], Whispering [illegible], "Fairy [illegible]," [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] W. H. Holmes [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Liszt, &c. Further particulars will be duly announced.—[illegible], [illegible]-street, Marylebone, Jan. 7, 1856.

HAVE YOU TRIED ARTHUR GRANGER'S STATIONERY YET? It is the cheapest in the World. Manufactory 308, High Holborn, near Chancery-lane; [illegible], Holborn-bars, City; 10, Fitzroy-terrace, [illegible].

J. and J. ERAT, patent harp and pianoforte manufacturers, [illegible], Berners-street, Oxford-street, have always on hand an assortment of second-hand INSTRUMENTS. Repairs of all kinds attended to. Harps and pianofortes for hire, strings, and every requisite always on hand.

PIANOFORTES.—OETZMANN and PLUMB beg to inform Music-sellers and Professors that, in consequence of their having made great improvements in the manufacture of their instruments, substituting machinery for manual labour, and taking advantage of the new Patent Steam Drying process, are enabled to offer to the Trade superior Pianofortes in Grands, Semi-Grands, and Cottages, in a variety of woods and designs, at considerably reduced prices. Illustrated Lists sent on application, or a visit to their Manufactory will prove the great advantage secured. 56, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. Manufactory, Chenies-street, Tottenham-court-road. Alexander and Co.'s Harmoniums at trade prices.

PIANOFORTES.—PARIS EXHIBITION.—THE FIRST-CLASS PRIZE MEDAL for Pianofortes (the only one awarded to English exhibitors) has been given to Messrs. [illegible], of 18, Soho-square. By the unanimous decision of the Musical Jury they were also entitled to the award of a GOLD MEDAL OF HONOUR. Messrs. [illegible] received the GREAT EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL in 1851, and their Pianofortes have been pronounced by Thalberg, Benedict, [illegible], [illegible], and other eminent Pianists, "unsurpassed by those of any other maker." Grands, Boudoir-grands, Cottages and Semi-cottages, in great variety, at strictly economical prices. To be seen at most of the principal music warehouses of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Price Lists post free. Warerooms, 18, Soho-square, London.

LA SONNAMBULA for CONCERTINA SOLO, by George Case. Complete, price 4s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

LA SONNAMBULA for FLUTE SOLO by Clinton. Complete, price 3s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR for FLUTE SOLO by Clinton. Complete, price 3s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

NORMA for FLUTE SOLO, by Clinton. Price 3s. 6d., complete. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

LA SONNAMBULA for the VIOLIN, complete, is published this day, price 3s. 6d., forming No. 1 of Boosey's Violin Operas, to be continued every month.—Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

RIGOLETTO for CORNET and PIANO by Thomas Harper, is published this day, price 5s. forming No. 1 of the Cornet Miscellany, to be continued every month.—Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

PURITANI for CONCERTINA and PIANO by George Case, is published this day, price 2s. 6d., forming No. 13 of the Concertina Miscellany, published every month.—Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

FACTS FOR PHYSIOLOGISTS.—It is a singular fact that in this enlightened age and country the treatment almost universally adopted by the Faculty in cases of Dyspepsia (indigestion), is the result of false theory, indicating a lamentable ignorance of the Physiology or functions of the Stomach, and Digestive Organs, and in most instances only tends to establish the evil [illegible] is intended to remove. The Secretary of the Nottingham Botanic Institute will have pleasure in forwarding free to all applicants the extraordinary [illegible] Remedy [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The Medical Reform Society [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], fee, or [illegible] for this [illegible] [illegible] that those who may be signally benefited by it, will forward to the Society's statement of their case, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the great movement in favour of Medical Reform.—Enclose directed envelope to the Secretary, Botanic Institute, Nottingham.

[illegible]
ORLD

MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(*Continued from page 6.*)

"L'UOM DI SASSO."

Convinced by this last trial that there is no hope left, Elvira resolves to flee for ever from the place of corruption; a sort of cloud spreads over the orchestra; the lamps of the supper table grow pale and go out one by one; Elvira utters a fearful shriek and rushes out at a side door. Don Juan, who has heard this shriek, orders Leporello to go and see what is the matter. The same nebulous crescendo accompanies the steps of the messenger. Leporello bounds back, repeating Elvira's cry in another chord of the diminished seventh. "Che grido [illegible]!" (what infernal noise!) What is the matter then? speak, speak, speak, wretch! Giovanni's questions seem quite calm; but why are they repeated in such rapid succession? Is it that he already feels a presentiment of the reply?

F major 4-4, allegro molto. Ask no more nonsense now from Leporello. The time for that has passed for him, as for his master; and may the hisses of the whole parterre greet the ignoble actor who from this time forward shall allow himself the smallest joke! An impersonator in the opera must be governed in his play entirely by the music, and the music here expresses the very agony of terror. "Ah! signor, per carità non andate fuor di qua." (Ah! sir, for charity's sake, do not go away from here.) Leporello utters these words pantingly; the inflections of his voice would fain modulate themselves after a convulsive terror, whose inward motion shifts incessantly; but the modulation meets with an invincible resistance. Whatever harmony appears, that obstinate F of the bass cuts short its course and hurls it back, overwhelmed with dissonances. It is like that straining of the chest, which one feels after running oneself out of breath, and which cuts short every syllable as soon as one attempts to speak. This song, broken up as it is, forms a very characteristic melody, in which the alternation of natural and chromatic notes spreads a fleeting, opaline colouring, a something half real and half fantastic, like the first vague intimations of the marvellous in a ghost story. At length Leporello recovers the free use of speech; but the thundering footsteps, which he has heard upon the stairs, still hammer in his brain, as if his skull were an anvil. Terror has made a sonorous machine of it, which by a physiological law mechanically repeats back the measured noise that has taken possession of the seat of sensation. "Ta, ta, ta, ta," and when his master bids him express himself more clearly, he answers with a new "ta, ta, ta, ta," which is no joke, but a proof that Mozart has penetrated into the mysteries of the human organization. The door trembles with the strokes from the orchestra. Dear master, do you hear it? Open! But this time the too faithful servant's limbs refuse to move. Open, I tell you! He could kill the wretched fellow, sooner than he could start him from the place. All that he can get out of him is long-drawn sighs, interrupted by the now redoubled blows. Open! but no, there is nothing to be done with this wretch. We will open ourselves. An almost total darkness now reigns over the stage; there is only left the light of two wax candles, which, as if to their own sorrow, burn in their silver candlesticks upon the supper table. Giovanni seizes one of them, and with his drawn sword in the other hand, strides resolutely to the door, which he pushes open with his foot. An illuminated stream of air puts out the candle; the scene becomes faintly coloured with some bluish streaks; zigzag lightnings flash across the Gothic windows, and the muffled roll of subterranean thunder is heard. In the depth of the scene the gigantic shape of the Commander becomes visible, white, immoveable, surrounded by a ghastly halo. Andante 4-4, D minor.

At this apparition one would think that the divine wrath, which had been gathering and accumulating drop by drop in the places of eternal mystery, and it had at last reached the edge of the cup, was now at the appointed signal running over, and with fearful inundation spreading all the terrors of the last judgment over the spectators. How was it possible for any mortal head, without bursting or becoming crazed, to bring forth to the world these chords, which unsettle and sweep everything away with them, which weigh upon the soul like the whole weight of human woe, combined into one crushing tone, like the consciousness of the most ruinous and irreparable catastrophe, like the realization of those presentiments and shapes which one avoids with so much horror! Here the allegorical and ever more transparent veil, which covered the human action of the drama, is rent asunder; here the fable, the libretto ceases. This is the visitation in person, which every one of us expects in his own time, this visitation, the only palpable reality, the only infallible certainty our life affords. We, like Don Juan, have got to open the door to it, and God grant, that the terrible singer may have something else to bring before [illegible] concert!

At the appearance of the spectre, Don Juan starts back involuntarily; but almost instantly recovering himself, he marches with measured steps to the other end of the stage, throws away his sword, and takes the attitude of one determined to brave all. The paleness of his face is nothing but the reflection of the deathly apparition upon the features of the living beholder; the soul is not pale. He knows that he is lost, lost for time and eternity, but he resolves not to sue for mercy. Unrepentingness to the end will be the last and highest triumph of his pride. He may fall, but it shall be like the colossus of Rhodes, without bending the knee or sinking the head. Such must we conceive the situation between two speaking persons, who alone in the whole wide poetic universe could hold such a parley and conduct it to the end. This is the second duel between Don Juan and the Commander; but both have changed their weapons. This time the old man fights with lightnings, and Giovanni has nothing to oppose him but the astounding energy of his own perverse will.

We have heard an abstract of this scene in the andante of the overture. Frightful and imposing as was the instrumental allusion to the event, it becomes feeble in comparison with the actual representation. Instead of the perfect minor chord with which the overture begins, here chords of the diminished seventh form the commencement, employing simultaneously all the force of twenty orchestral parts, and followed by a harmony of sublime choral melody. The octaves of the wind instruments are here supported by the voice of the phantom, which transforms the vague and mysterious awe into a thundering terror, and the marvellous twilight into a nocturnal day lit up by supernatural fire. The hitherto wise and sparing use of the trombones has given the composer this invaluable advantage. These trombones, used so lavishly in our day, would not have sounded like the summons to the last judgment if Mozart had not reserved them for the especial and exclusive accompaniment of death, if, eager to avail himself of their effect before, he had put them in requisition through the whole piece.

(*To be continued.*)

MISS MILNER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Allow me to correct an error which appeared in your paper last Saturday in the notice of Mr. Harris's concert, written by your Mr. [illegible] correspondent. It was to the effect that "Miss Milner is married to Mr. H. C. Cooper, the violinist." This is not the case. Miss Milner is apprenticed to me for a term of years; consequently I make all engagements for her. We naturally perform very often at the same concerts. This fact has doubtless given rise to the above report. I am sir, your obedient servant, Henry C. Cooper.

Pomfret, Jan. 8th, 1856.

Twelfth Night in Brittany.—Brittany is one of the few districts in France where ancient customs are religiously observed. On Twelfth night an enormous cake was presented at the theatre of Rennes. Twenty cooks, in the costume of the olden time, distributed it among the audience, and the one who drew the king received a *brioche* (cake) of ten pounds weight.

Henwood v. Dezaren.—In our report of this case last week, it was stated that the improvements claimed by the plaintiff had been suggested by him while in the service of the defendant. This was incorrect, as was proved by the evidence which followed.

Google

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from p. 5.)

If we now look steadily at the Drama of the Future, as we have to represent it to ourselves as the realization of the poetic intention designed by us, we shall nowhere find room in it for the exhibition of individualities occupying so subordinate a position towards the drama, as to allow of their being employed, for the purpose of rendering the harmony polyphonetically perceptible, only by participating musically and symphoniously in the melody of the principal personages. With the compression and strengthening of the motives, as well as of the acts, we can only pay attention to those participators in the action who, out of their necessary individual manifestation, exercise at all times a decisive influence upon it—that is to say, therefore, personalities which again require for the musical manifestation of their individuality the symphonetic assistance of several voices, that is, an *interpretation* of their melody, but which can in no way—except in rarely occurring cases, perfectly justified and necessary for the greatest intelligibility—serve for the mere harmonic justification of the melody of another person. Even the *chorus* hitherto employed in opera, will, according to the significance attributed to it there, in the most favourable cases have to disappear in our Drama; for even the chorus is productive of a truly convincing effect in the drama, only when the mass-like manifestation is completely abolished. A mass can never interest, it can merely perplex; individualities which can be accurately distinguished are alone able to rivet our attention. To attribute also to a more numerous circle of subsidiary personages, when necessary, the character of individual participation in the motives and acts of the drama, is the necessary care of the poet, who everywhere struggles for the clearest intelligibility of his arrangements; he does not wish to conceal anything, but to unfold everything. He wishes to unlock for the feelings, with which he communicates, the entire living organization of a human action, and only attains this by everywhere presenting to them this organization in the warmest and most spontaneous manifestation of its parts. The subsidiary personages of a dramatic action must appear to us as if the especial action and the person engaged in it were represented as towering above those around them, because, in their connection with these subsidiary characters, they are shown exactly on the side that is turned towards the spectator, and under the illumination of precisely such and such a light, falling in a particular way. Our feelings, however, must be so determined for these subsidiary characters, that we should not feel hurt at the supposition that an action and the person engaged in it, if shown to us, would possess the same strength and power of exciting interest, if we looked upon the scene of action on another side, and illuminated by another light. The subsidiary personages must in fact be so presented to our feelings as to enable us to attribute to every member of the whole number under different circumstances to those actually determined in such and such a manner the capability for motives and acts which would captivate our sympathy quite as much as those which, in the case supposed, are first offered to our contemplation. What the poet places in the background retires merely with regard to the spectator's necessary point of view from which he would be unable to look over a too richly membered action, and to which consequently the poet presents only the one easily comprehensible physiognomy of the matter to be represented. The making the subsidiary characters a mere lyrical moment, would necessarily and indisputably degrade them in the drama, because such a course must inevitably assign a completely false position to lyrical poetry itself in the drama. The lyrical effusion in the Drama of the Future—the work of the poet who communicates out of the understanding to the feelings—must most decidedly grow out of the motives compressed before our eyes, and must not expand without motives from the very first. The poet of this drama does not wish to advance out of the feelings to their justification, but to give the feelings themselves that are justified by the understanding; this justification takes place before our own feelings, and is determined out of the will of the acting personages into an involuntarily necessary obligation, that is, potency; the moment of the realization of this will, through involuntary necessity, into potency, is lyrical effusion in its greatest strength, as a flowing-out into deed. The lyrical moment has, therefore, to grow out of the drama, and to be conditional on it with an appearance of necessity. The dramatic subsidiary characters can, therefore, not appear unconditionally in the garb of lyric poetry, as they have done in our operas, but they must, also, be raised to lyrics, and that, by their participation in the action, for which they have to convince us, not as a lyric mass, but as a clearly distinct assemblage of independent individualities.

It is not, therefore, the so-called *chorus*, nor even the principal acting personages themselves, that the poet employs as musically symphonising tone-bodies for rendering perceptible the harmonic conditions of melody. In the very height of lyrical effusion, with the perfectly conditional share of all the principal persons of the drama, and the subsidiary characters around them in a common expression of feeling to the tone-poet alone is offered the polyphonetic vocal mass, to which he can confide the task of rendering perceptible the harmony; but even here it will still be his necessary task to manifest the share of the dramatic individualities in the outburst of feeling, not as a mere harmonic support of the melody, but—especially also, in the harmonic consonance—to cause the individuality of all concerned to render itself recognisable in a decided and moreover melodic manifestation; and it is precisely in this that his highest capability, afforded him through the state of our musical art, will have to be proved. The state of our independently developed musical art presents him, however, with the immeasurably capable organ for rendering the harmony perceptible; an organ which, besides the power of satisfying the pure want, possesses, at the same time in itself, a capability of characterising the melody such as was altogether denied to the symphonising vocal mass, and this organ is precisely the orchestra.

We have now to consider the *orchestra* not only as the overpowerer, as I before designated it, of the waves of harmony, but as the overpowered flood of harmony itself. In it, the element of harmony presupposing for the melody is out of a moment of the mere rendering this condition perceptible, subdued into a characteristic and accordingly co-operating organ for the realization of the poetic intention. In the orchestra the naked harmony becomes out of a something merely thought by the poet, for the benefit of the harmony and, through the equal mass of singing tone in which the melody appears, and not to be realized in the drama, something completely real and especially powerful, by the help of which the perfect drama is, in truth, first to be effected by the poet.

The orchestra is the realized thought of harmony in its highest and most life-like mobility. It is the condensation of the members of the vertical accord into the independent manifestation of their affinitive inclinations towards a horizontal direction, in which they extend with the freest capability of motion—a capability imparted to the orchestra by its creator, the rhythm of the dance.

In the first place, we have here to recollect the important fact that the instrumental orchestra, not only in its power of expression, but, also, most decidedly in its *tone-colour*, is something quite distinct from the vocal tone-mass. The musical instrument is, to a certain degree, an echo of the human voice, of such a kind that we still perceive in it only the vowel merged in the vocal tone, but no longer the consonant deciding the word. In this separation from the word, the tone of the instrument resembles that primitive tone of the human voice which was first condensed with the consonant into a real vowel and in its combinations—with regard to the verbal language of the present day—becomes a particular language possessing only a relationship of feeling, but not of understanding with actual human language. This pure language of tone, completely freed from words or remote from the consonant development of our own language, has furthermore gained from the individuality of the instruments, by means of which alone it could be spoken, an especial individual peculiarity, which is determined by the character—to a certain extent, co-sounding—of the instrument, in a manner similar to that in which verbal language is determined by the co-sounding consonants. We might designate a musical instrument in its determining influence on the peculiarity of the tone to be produced upon it, as the *co-sounding root-like initial sound* represented, for all tones to be realized upon it, as the *uniting alliterative rhyme*. The relationship of the instruments to each other might easily be determined according to the similarity of this initial sound as the latter was manifested, so to say, as a softer or harder utterance of the same consonants primitively common to them all. We possess, in truth, families of instruments, to which a primitively equal initial sound is peculiar, and this sound is graduated according to the various character of the members of the family only in a manner similar to that in which, for instance, in verbal language the consonants P, B, and W* are graduated; and, just as in the case of W, we furthermore are struck with the similarity to F, the relationship of the families of instruments might easily be discovered in a very extensive range, the accurate arrangement of which, as well as the characteristic employment of the members in their collocation according to *resemblance* or *difference*, would necessarily present the orchestra to us, according to a far *more individual power of speech* than is the case even at present, when the orchestra is far from being known, according to its significant peculiarity. This knowledge, however, cannot certainly be ours until we assign the orchestra a more intimate share in the Drama than we have hitherto done, it having hitherto been employed mostly as a luxurious ornament.

The speciality of the power of speech possessed by the orchestra, and which must result out of its sensuous peculiarity, we reserve for a final consideration of the effectiveness of the orchestra. In order to approach this consideration with the necessary preparation, we must for the present, establish in the first place the following principle: *the complete distinction between the orchestra, in its purely sensuous manifestation and the equally purely sensuous manifestation of the vocal tone-mass*. The orchestra is quite as distinct from this tone-mass, as the instrumental consonant, mentioned above, from the verbal consonant, and, therefore, as the sounding tone, presupposed and determined by both. The consonant of the instrument determines once for all, *every* tone to be produced upon it, while the vocal tone of language obtains, even out of the more changing vocal sound, a constantly different and endlessly manifold colouring, by means of which the tone organ of the voice is precisely the richest, most perfect, and especially the most presupposed organ [illegible], and in comparison with which the most manifold mixture imaginable of orchestral tone-colours must appear poor—a fact certainly of which those persons can have no experience who hear the human voice employed by modern singers, who omit all consonants, and retain only the one vowel they like best, in imitation of the orchestral instrument, and consequently treat further the said voice as an instrument, by executing for instance duets between a soprano and a clarinet, or a tenor and a French horn.

If we chose to leave entirely out of consideration the fact that the singer to whom we refer is a man artistically representing man, and arranging the artistic outpourings of his feelings according to the highest necessity of becoming one, the purely sensuous manifestation of his verbal singing tone, in its endless individual manifoldness, as it proceeds from the characteristic change of the consonants and vowels, would be presented to us as an organ of tone not only by far richer than the orchestral instrument, but as something completely *distinct* from it, and this distinction of the sensuous organ of tone determines, once for all, the entire position the orchestra has to assume towards the representing singer. The orchestra has to render perceptible the tone as well as the melody and the characteristic execution of the singer. In the first place, as one well presupposed and justified out of the inward sphere of musical harmony. The orchestra obtains this power as a harmonic tone-body severed from the vocal tone and the melody of the singer, but voluntarily and for its own sake, as a manifestation to be independently justified, sympathisingly making itself subordinate to the singing tone, but never by the attempt to mingle really with it. If we cause a melody sung by the human voice to be so accompanied by instruments, that the essential portion of the harmony contained in the intervals of the melody is omitted from the harmonic body of the instrumental accompaniment, and its place supplied, as it were, by the melody of the singing voice, we shall instantly find that by such a course the harmony is precisely imperfectly, and the melody precisely, not perfectly justified harmonically, because our ear perceives the human voice, in its great distinction from the sensuous tone-colour of the instruments, involuntarily separated from them, and thus finds presented to it only two different points, an harmonically imperfectly justified melody and a defective harmonic accompaniment. This extraordinarily important fact, that has not yet been logically considered, is capable of enlightening us as to a great portion of the inefficiency of our system of operatic melody up to the present time, and also of giving us a lesson on the manifold errors into which we have fallen, concerning the development of the singing melody with regard to the orchestra, and this is precisely the proper place for us to learn this lesson.

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEWS.

"Popular Music of the Olden Time.—A collection of ancient songs, ballads, and dance tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England; with short introductions to the different periods, and notices of the airs from writers of the 16th and 17th centuries. Also a short account of the Minstrels." By W. Chappell, F.S.A. The whole of the tunes harmonised by G. A. Macfarren.

Four numbers of this important treatise are now before us, and these are enough to give some notion of what the work will be when finished. Mr. Chappell's labours in the cause of early English music are of great value, and justly entitle him to a place by the side of our Percys and Ritsons, who did so much to vindicate the poetical sentiment of our ancestors, and its influence upon the popular mind. Mr. Chappell's task, however, has been a double one, since music was so inseparably connected with poetry in those times, when instrumental composition was in its infancy, that a consideration of the one naturally involved a consideration of the other. Happily, his education and predilections stood him in good stead, and he was equal to his work.

The account of the minstrelsy from the Saxon period to the reign of the first Edward is full of interesting matter, and condenses within a brief space a multitude of historical facts, all bearing upon the high esteem in which music and its professors were held, even (and more especially) in the rudest times. A consideration of those pages which glow with praiseworthy enthusiasm, suggests comparisons by no means honorable to the present age. Princes and potentates, now-a-days, are not apt to court minstrels, however they may affect a love of music and practice [illegible] themselves. The man whom the king delighteth to honour is not at present a fiddler. Mr. Chappell is one of the most ardent believers in the wealth of our primitive national melody. We believe, indeed, if it depended upon him, he would undertake to prove that every good tune of origin unknown was, in sober truth, *genuine English*. He has, at any rate, done good service in relieving other nations of their unwarranted claims to many melodies which, by the most painstaking research, united to remarkable ingenuity, an uncompromising spirit, and well sustained faith in the ultimate result, he has traced to the fountain head.

It is not our intention, at present, to write an essay upon Mr. Chappell's valuable book (which twelve more parts are required to complete), nor even, properly speaking, to review it. We merely wish—reserving "narrower contemplation" for a future occasion—to call attention to the fact of its appearance, and to recommend it to all our readers as one of the most remarkable literary productions connected with the history of music, and combining with an honest desire to arrive at the truth, an amount of rare and varied information which could only have been obtained through long years of close and unremitting exertion.

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* V.

No. 1.—Andante du Concerto (en Sol Mineur, op. 25), pour le pianoforte avec accompagnement d'orchestre, composé par Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, arrangé pour le piano seul, par H. Ferdinand Kufferath.

No. 2 and 3.—Romance et Etude Brillante, pour le piano, composées par S. W. Waley.

Mr. Kufferath's arrangement of the slow movement from Mendelssohn's first concerto (No. 1), is skilfully done; but we have a strong objection to such perversions of a composer's intention. Mendelssohn arranged his own symphonies, overtures, quartets, etc., for four hands on the pianoforte himself; and had he considered a similar reduction of his concertos, or any part or parts of his concertos, for one or two performers, he would have undertaken it, or referred it to be undertaken under his own superintendence by one of his disciples. (Instance Herr Rietz in the case of the three arranged quartets, op. 44).

The *Romance* in D flat (No. 2), by Mr. Simon Waley is a graceful example of the "Song without Words;" but it would have been improved, because it would have been made less monotonous, had the triplet form of *arpeggio* in the accompaniment been abandoned at the episode which begins in B flat minor (page 4). The same objection applies to the well written *Etude Brillante* (No. 3) in A flat—although in a less degree since this assumes the toccata character with a direct purpose.

No. 1.—"Farewell to Days of Gladness" (Un Addio), English words by George Linley. Sung by Miss Dolby. Music composed by Alfredo Piatti.

No. 2.—"Si vous m'aimez"—Romance. Paroles du Chevalier de Chatelain. Chantée par Miss Dolby. Musique composée par Charles Lüders.

No. 3.—"The Meadow Gate"—Ballad. By Charles Swain, Esq. Dedicated to R. Bond, Esq., 12th Lancers. Music by Alberto Randegger.

No. 4.—"The Battle Field." Song for a deep voice. Composed by Ernst Pauer.

No. 5.—"Three German Songs for a Deep Voice." The English words adapted by John Oxenford, Esq. No. 1. "I ask no more." No. 2. "The Huntsman." No. 3. "The Greenwood." Composed, and dedicated to C. Andreae, Esq. by Ernst Pauer.

Signor Piatti's "Farewell ye days of gladness" (No. 1), with English and Italian words, is an elegant trifle, and well suited to the register of voice (*contralto*) in which it is written. It has, however, no distinguishing point to call for notice.

The Romance with French words of Mr. Lüders, "Si vous m'aimez," is of a graver character. It is vocal and expressive. This also is a *contralto* song.

"The Meadow Gate" of Mr. Alberto Randegger (No. 3), whoever that musically-named gentleman may be, is clever and engaging, although not strikingly original. The accompaniment is well written, and the words of Mr. Swain are unaffected and pretty. But why select the key of D flat for such a trifle? Was it to prevent it from enjoying a wide circulation among the young ladies of the "drawing room" genus?

"The Battle Field" ("Auf der Wahlstatt") of Herr Pauer, written for "a deep voice," in the sombre key of B flat minor, with German and English words, is rather gloomy than animated. It is clever, nevertheless; and the harmony is musicianlike enough to atone for the bareness of the melody.

The three German songs (No. 5) by the same composer, are of a much higher stamp. The first—"I ask no more" ("Was brauch' ich mehr"), in C—is a little like Mendelssohn, but none the worse for that. The melody is beautiful, and the accompaniment admirably written. If we are not mistaken we had the pleasure of hearing this song from the mouth of Madame Pauer at one of the concerts of the Amateur Society. The second—"The Huntsman" ("Der Reiter") in F—is not *quite* so good, though remarkably spirited and well "made," as the German musicians say. It has character, too, and character which expresses the sentiments of the words. On the other hand it is far less purely *vocal* than its predecessor and the accompaniment, moreover, is difficult. This also, if memory does not betray us, was introduced by Madame Pauer at the same amateur performance. The third song—"The Greenwood" ("Im Wald") in A flat—is perhaps the most finished of the set. Here, again, we have glimpses of the Mendelssohnian light; but, we repeat, they are welcome. When not *slavishly* copied, nay, parodied, as by many, we do not object to find the style of the greatest composer of his day exercising its just influence on the musical mind. It *should* be so, indeed. The English versions of the German words have been effected by Mr. John Oxenford with extreme felicity—which from him, however, is nothing new.

KING HENRY VII.'s MUSICAL EXPENSES.

From Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

In the privy purse expenses of Henry VII., from the seventh to the twentieth year of his reign there are many payments relating to music and to popular sports, from which the following are selected:—

1492.—*February 4th.* To the childe that playeth on the records [recorder] 1l. *April 6th.* To Guyllim for flutes [flutes] with a case, 3l. 10s. *May 8th.* For making a case for the kinges suerde, and a case for James Hides harp, 1l. 0s. 8d. *July 8th.* To the maydens of Lambeth for a May 10s. *August 1st.* At Canterbury. To the children for singing in the gardyn 3s. 4d. 1493.—*January 1st.* To the Queresters (choristers) at Paules and St. Steven 13s. 4d. *January 6th.* To Newark [William Newark the composer] for making a song, 1l. *November 12th.* To one Cornysshe for a prophecy, in rewarde, 13s. 4d.

Probably William Cornish, jun., composer, who belonged to the king's chapel, and was the author of a poem, called "A Treatise between Trouth and Informacion." He was paid 13s. 4d. on Christmas day, 1502, for setting a carol.

Nov. 30th. Delivered to a merchant, for a pair of organnes, 30l.* *Dec. 1st.* To Bassett, riding for the organ player of Lichefeld, 13s. 4d. 1494.—*Jan. 6.* For playing of the Mourice [Morris] Daunce, 2l. *Nov. 30th.* To Burton, for making a Masse, 1l. *Nov. 29th.* To my Lorde Prince's Luter, in rewarde 1l. 1495.—*Aug. 2nd.* To the women that songe before the king and quene, in rewarde 6s. 8d. *Nov. 2nd.* To a woman that singeth with a fidell, 2s. *Nov. 27th.* To Hampton of Wourcestere, for making of Balades, in rewarde, 1l. 1496.—*April 23rd.* To Hugh Denes, for a lute 13s. 4d. *June 25th.* To Frenchman, player of the organes, 6s. 8d. *August 5th.* To a Preste that wrestelid at Cecester 6s. 8d. *Aug. 12th.* To the quene's fideler, in rewarde, 1l. 6s. 8d. 1499.—*June 6th.* To the May-game at Grenewich, 4s. 1501.—*May 21st.* For a lute for my lady Margaret [the king's eldest daughter then about twelve years old, afterwards Queen of Scots] 13s. 4d. *Sept. 30th.* To them that daunced the mor' [morris] daunce, 1l. 6s. 8d. *December 4th.* To the Princesse stryng mynstrels at Westminster, 2l. 1502.—*January 5th.* To one that sett the kinge's clavycordes, 10s. 4d. *February 4th.* To one Lewes, for a morris daunce 1l. 13s. 4d. 1504.—*March 6th.* For a pair of Clavycordes, 13s. *March 8th.* To John Sudborough, for a songe, 1l. 1505.—*July 25th.* To the gentylmen of the kinges chapell for to drinke with a bucke, 2l. *August 1st.* For a lute for my Lady Mary, 13s. 4d.

There is also a great variety of payments to the musicians of different towns, as the "Waytes" of Dover, Canterbury, Dartford, Coventry, and Northampton; the minstrels of Sandwich, the shawms of Maidstone; to bagpipers, the king's piper (repeatedly), the piper of Huntingdon, &c.; to harpers, some of whom are Welsh. And there are also several entries, "To a Walsheman for a ryme;" liberal presents to the poets, of his mother (the Countess of Richmond), of the prince, and of the king; to "the rymer of Scotland," who was in all probability the Scotch poet, William Dunbar, who celebrated the nuptials of James IV. and the Princess Margaret, in his "Thistle and the Rose," and to an Italian poet. All these may be seen in Excerpta Historica (8vo, 1833) and, as the editor remarks—"To judge from the long catalogue of musicians and musical instruments, flutes, recorders, trumpets, sackbuts, harps, shalmes, bagpipes, organs, and regals, clavicordes, lutes, horns, pipers, fidlers, singers, and dancers, Henry's love of music must have been great, which is further established by the fact, that in every town he entered, as well as on board the ship which conveyed him to Calais, he was attended by minstrels and waits."

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[*] A *pair* of organs, means a *set* of organs, *i.e.* an organ. A pack of cards was formerly called a pair of cards, and we still say "a pair of steps"—"up two pair of steps."

PROVINCIAL.

Manchester.—(*From our own Correspondent*).—The fourth concert of the Classical Chamber-Music Society took place at the Town-hall on Thursday evening. The executants were—pianoforte, M. Charles Hallé; violin, Herr Molique; violoncello, Signor Piatti. The programme was as follows:

Part First.—Trio (in E flat, op. 70), *Beethoven*. Sonata—pianoforte and violoncello—(in A), *Beethoven*.

Part Second.—Trio concertante (MS.) (in F, op. 52), *Molique*. Solo—violoncello—"Souvenir d'Ems"—Romance, "La Fiancée"—Caprice—*Piatti*. Miscellaneous Selection—pianoforte—Sérénade (C sharp minor, op. 56), *Heller*. Mazurkas, *Chopin*.

This concert was the best of the season. It was the first appearance of Sig. Piatti. The trio and duet of Beethoven were both performed in masterly style. Herr Molique has paid the society the compliment of writing a trio expressly for it, and dedicating it to M. Hallé. This gave special interest to the second part of the concert. At the end of the performance, Herr Molique was unanimously recalled. Sig. Piatti's solos were both loudly applauded. The short pianoforte selections were given by M. Hallé with his usual skill.

Ibid.—The following critique of the new cantata by Mr. J. Thomas Harris is extracted from the *Manchester Courier*:—

"The opening movement of Mr. Harris's cantata, the 103rd Psalm, consists of a short but essential introduction containing the germ of the motive afterwards used for each purpose, particularly the subject of the second trio. The instrumentation is full and contains plenty of work for the brass, especially the trombones, of which very free and effective use is made throughout the Cantata. The vocal portion commences with a contralto solo, interspersed with chorus; the opening phrase occurs frequently in varied form, and appeared to be felt by the performers, as well expressing the fervent sentiment of the words, 'Praise the Lord, O my soul.' We next have a trio, in two parts, the first in 3-4 time in G major, the second is in what is termed common time. This change illustrates the words (3rd and 4th verses of the psalm) besides giving variety to the movement. No. 4 is a fugued chorus; the subject is proposed in the minor mode after an introduction in the major, and the first part is completed by a coda in sustained chords; the subject is then re-introduced in the major with new treatment, the chorus closing with fragments of the subject by augmentation, the *tempo* being accelerated. In the soprano solo (No. 6), 'The Lord is full of compassion,' the instrumentation is the principal charm; the horns are used with happy effect, and the wood instruments keep up a kind of reciprocal conversation, in a manner that cannot fail to make an impression upon a musical audience. The manner in which the chorus, No. 8, is brought up at the close of the recitative, No. 7, is one of the best points in the cantata. The introduction of a chorus between a recitative and aria gives a novel, and, in this instance, a very striking effect. The second part of the work demands a great contrast with the first, and is delicately accompanied chiefly by the wood instruments. The bass solo is highly dramatic, though not so much so as to destroy its sacred character; the dramatic feeling arising from the colouring being principally imparted by the instruments only. The introduction of the three trombones and the drums *sotto voce* has a fine effect, particularly from the contrast with the string accompaniment and occasional touches from the horn and wood instruments, employed in the preceding movement. The trio No. 12 appears to be one of the best pieces in the cantata, but requires to be heard several times in order that it may become familiar. It is written in canon, relieved by a short tenor solo, after which the canon is reversed, the soprano leading. The concluding chorus is elaborately worked out; the subject of the fugue is of moderate length, and after the usual treatment and some effective [illegible], it is employed in a *stretto* leading to a coda in which all the voices and instruments combine to give the concluding words with due effect."

Worcester.—Mdlle. Nau and Mr. St. Albyn have been singing in *Norma*, *Don Pasquale*, *The Syren*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and other operas at the theatre, with fair success. The orchestra was under the direction of Herr Mayer Lutz. Mr. Thomas, of our cathedral choir, had the honour of being selected as one of the principal singers at a performance of music before her Majesty the Queen, on New Year's day at Windsor Castle. Mr. Thomas has also received an appointment at St. Paul's Cathedral, London. He has resigned his stall in Worcester Cathedral, and we believe, Mr. Bennett, of Cambridge, will be appointed to fill up the vacancy.

Liverpool.—Madame Lind-Goldschmidt made her first appearance in Liverpool, since her return from America, at the Philharmonic Society's Hall, on the 4th instant. The room was crowded in every part, notwithstanding the high price of admission. The reception of Madame Lind was enthusiastic. The *Messiah* was the oratorio selected for performance, and Madame Lind's reading of the soprano part fully justified the high eulogium passed upon it, after her performances at Exeter Hall, by the London press. The audience were greatly excited and pleased. We hope soon to hear her again in so magnificent a work as the *Messiah*. Madame Lind visited the Blind School on Sunday evening last, and sang several anthems to the resident pupils, who were greatly delighted with the treat afforded them. The second appearance of Madame Goldschmidt was on the 7th instant, when a Miscellaneous Concert was given. The first part of the programme consisted of the Overture to *Der Freischutz*, Mozart's aria, "Il Re Pastore," sung by Mad. Goldschmidt (the *obbligato* violin part by Mr. Thomas); a part song by Bennett (old Bennett—not Sterndale); the air of Peter's, from the third act of *L'Etoile du Nord*, sung by Mr. J. Robinson; the madrigal from Macfarren's *Charles the Second*; and the air from *Beatrice di Tenda*, "Ma la sola," sung by Madame Goldschmidt. The second part introduced Mr. Otto Goldschmidt in Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor with orchestra. Mr. J. Robinson then sang John Barnett's song "The Bridge," and Madame Goldschmidt some mazurkas by Chopin, arranged for voice and piano by her husband. Mr. Benedict's part song, "Sweet, lovely, chaste," which followed, was encored. Mr. J. Robinson gave songs by Lindpaintner and Hatton; and Madame Goldschmidt the ballad of "John Anderson, my jo," and the Swedish "Echo Song," which caused a great excitement. The concert terminated with the march from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*.

Leeds.—A concert was given last Saturday evening in the Leeds Music-hall, under the management of the Leeds Recreation Society, by the blind musicians from the Wilberforce Institution, York. The hall was fully attended. The concert pleased very much, no less than nine encores being awarded during the evening. Mr. Turner accompanied and played a *Lied ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, and two other solos on the pianoforte. Mr. W. J. Pritchard, the blind organist, played two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* on the organ, and a popular *fantasia*. The concert concluded with the National Anthem.

Ryde.—A concert in connection with the Ryde Philharmonic Society was held at the Town Hall on the 4th instant. Mr. Mulloway presided at the pianoforte. Upwards of 400 persons were present. The vocalists were the Misses Gutteridge, Mr. R. Jarvis, jun., Mr. Oldfield, Mr. Gobell, Mr. Michin, and Mr. H. Austin. The instrumentalists, Mr. Brooks (harp) and Mr. Austin (cornet). The concert gave general satisfaction.

Barnsley.—On Friday evening, the 4th instant, the annual concert of Miss Morley took place in the Mechanics' Hall. The vocalists were Miss Milner and Miss Blendon. The orchestra was composed of the members of the [illegible] Union. Miss Morley was the pianist, and was greatly applauded for her performance in a quintett by Beethoven. Mr. Burton, of Leeds, was the conductor.

Newcastle.—The first of a series of three concerts has been given in the Assembly Rooms, Orange-street. Mad. Amadei, Miss Lucy Escott, Mr. George Tedder and Sig. Onorati were the principal vocalists; Mr. Victor Collins was the violinist, and Mr. Wesley pianist and conductor.

Musical Instruments in Barbers' Shops.—"In the sixteenth century a lute or cittern, or some such musical instrument, was part of the furniture of a barber's shop, which was used then to be frequented by persons above the ordinary level of the people, who resorted to the barber either for the cure of wounds, or to undergo some surgical operation, or, as it was then called, to be 'trimmed'—a word that signified rather cutting and curling the hair; these, together with letting blood, were the ancient occupations of the barber-surgeon. The setting of fractured limbs was practised by another set of men called bone-setters. The musical instruments in the barber's shops were for the amusement of waiting customers, and answered the end of the newspaper of the present day."—*Sir John Hawkins.*

Schwerin.—Herr von Flotow (the composer of *Martha* and *Stradella*) has entered upon his functions as Intendant of the theatre, to which office he was lately appointed by the Grand Duke.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Madame Deligne-Lauters has put an end to her engagement with the Théâtre-Lyrique, and has started on a provincial tour in Brittany, where she intends giving a series of concerts. This young *artiste*, who made so favorable an impression in M. Gevaert's opera of *Le Billet de Marguerite*, will be a great loss to the Théâtre-Lyrique, the rather that it had just lost its main prop and support, Madame Marie Cabel. Madame Miolan Carvalho (from the Opéra-Comique) has been engaged and will make her *début* on the 26th instant in the new opera of M. Clapisson. Mademoiselle Pouilley who appeared at the Opéra-Comique twice towards the close of last year, has also been engaged, and will succeed Madame Marie Cabel in the part of Jaguarita, in M. Halévy's last opera.

Mademoiselle Moreau-Sainti, whom report claims to be young, pretty and gifted, with a good *soprano* voice, has been engaged for the Grand Opéra at Paris. She sang last week at a concert given by M. Fould at his official residence, and was much applauded in some selections from the *Vêpres Siciliennes*.

The dramatic events of the week may be summed up in a few words. At the Grand-Opéra Madame Tedesco has made her *rentrée* in the part of Fidès in the *Prophète*, supported by M. Roger as John of Leyden. At the Opéra-Comique the benefit of Madlle. Mira, with M. Roger as Georges, and Madame Ugalde as Anna, in *La Dame Blanche*, and M. Ancel and Madlle. Lefèvre in the afterpiece of *Un Monsieur et une Dame*, attracted a numerous audience, notwithstanding the advanced prices of admission.

The directors of the Bouffes Parisiens have opened their new theatre in the Passage Choiseul, and crowds have been attracted to see the *bouffonnerie chinoise*, *Ba-ta-clan*, words by M. Servières, music by M. Offenbach. The Italiens have announced *Mathilde de Shabran*, and the Théâtre Lyrique a new work by Clapisson for the *début* of Madame Miolan-Carvalho. In the meantime, the last mentioned theatre has produced a piece in one act entitled *L'Habit de Noce*, the words by MM. Dennery and Bignon, and the music by M. Paul Cuzent. At the Odéon, a comedy in three acts, in verse, by MM. Henry Murger and J. [illegible], has been performed with success. The Gymnase commenced the new year with two new pieces, *Le Fil de Ma Femme*, by MM. Fournier and Meyer, and *Je dîne chez ma Mère*, by MM. Decourcelle and Thiboust. Mdlle. Laurentine, in the part of Sophie Arnould, in the latter piece pleased greatly. The Vaudeville has added to its *répertoire* a farce by MM. Delacour and d'Ardenne called *Cinquante-cinq francs de Voiture*. Madame Doche has signed a new engagement at this theatre, and will most likely appear in the new three-act play announced to be shortly produced.

VIENNA (30th Dec.)—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* was given yesterday for the first time, and met with "prodigious" success. The pieces which were already known to the public from the opera of *Vielka* were the overture, three airs in the first and second acts, the conspiracy chorus, with a part of the *finale* in the second act, and the famous "flute air" in the third act. The solo parts were better given in London and Paris, but the choruses and marches were perfect. The *maestro*, who was obliged to appear on the stage some fifteen or twenty times, was vociferously applauded.—*Times Correspondent.*

The *Star of the North* was, if possible, more successful at the second than at the first representation. Their Majesties were present on both occasions. Meyerbeer, who appears to be far from well, was obliged to appear some twenty times. May it be asked why his *Kreuzfahrer* (*Crusaders*) has entirely disappeared from the stage.—*Times Correspondent.*

[We suppose by the *Kreuzfahrer* is meant *Il Crociato in Egitto*.—ED.]

BERLIN.—The year 1856 has been worthily inaugurated at the Royal Operahouse by Mozart's *Don Juan*. The second concert of the Frauen-Verein, for the benefit of the Gustav Adolph Stiftung took place in the rooms of the Singacademie last Saturday. The soloists were Mdlle. Johanna Wagner, Herren Laub and Taubert. The principal pieces in the programme were a Sonata in E by Beethoven, for violin and pianoforte, performed by Herr Laub and Taubert; an *adagio* and *rondo* of M. Vieuxtemps, played by Herr Laub; and the 23rd Psalm, by Herr Taubert, sung by Mdlle. Wagner. Jähn's Gesangverein lent its aid on the occasion, and executed the 130th Psalm, by Kelsch, a chorus from Dr. Spohr's oratorio, *Die letzten Dinge*, and the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The king was present.—Another youthful prodigy has been introduced to the public, in the person of a boy of fourteen, Carl Tausig, a pupil of Dr. Franz Liszt. He made his first appearance here at the concert of Stern's Gesangverein, played a *polonaise* by Chopin, a *Concertstück* by Mr. Henry Litolff, and a composition of his own.

HAMBURGH.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The opera season is successful. Herr Carl Formes, Madlle. Michal, a Swedish singer, and Madame Palm-Spatzer, are the principal artists. Madame Palm-Spatzer has been enthusiastically applauded as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, and Formes, as Marcel, well maintained his reputation as the first *basso* in Germany. Madlle. Michal has a sweet voice, but is unfortunately a very indifferent actress.

ANTWERP.—The Theatre Royal had a narrow escape on the night of the 3rd instant. *La Muette de Portici* had been performed in the evening, and it is supposed that a spark from the eruption of Vesuvius, with which the opera concludes, had been thrown upon one of the curtains, where it smouldered for some time. About one o'clock the fireman on duty gave the alarm. The engine attached to the theatre was at once brought into play, and as there was fortunately a good supply of water, the flames were extinguished in a few minutes, and without doing any material damage.—*Etoile Belge*, Jan. 8.

VENICE.—The carnival will be inaugurated at the Theatre la Fenice by the opera of *Don Sebastiano*, sung by Cortesi, Pancani, Guicciardi, and Cornago. Mdlle. Plunkett will be the star of the *Ballet*, and for her especially *Gualtiera* will be produced. The Theatre Apollo will produce *I Puritani*, with Noemi de Roissy, Ottavini, and Dell' Armi.

BARCELONA.—Madame [illegible] has been singing in the *Trovatore* with great success, and also in Bellini's *Norma*. [illegible] was seconded by Signori De Vecchy (tenor), Fiori (barytone) and Rodas (basso.)

DESSAU.—The opening of the new theatre has been postponed until next October, the builders not having advanced as rapidly in their labours as was expected. The theatre will, when completed, be one of the most elegant in Germany.

LIFE OF THE LATE COLONEL SIBTHORP.

BY A FRENCH JOURNALIST

(By ? M. JULES LECOMTE.)

"Colonel Waldo de Laerde Sibthorp, whose death we recently announced, was not, as was generally supposed, member for the city of London, but sat in Parliament as representative of Old Sarum. As his name denotes, he was of French origin, which accounts for those affectionate feelings towards our country of which he so frequently met with in his speeches and writings. At the age of fifteen he entered the Royal Navy and had the good fortune to share the glories of the greatest naval action of modern times, Navarino, where he was wounded in the left eye. Feeling that the navy was not his vocation, he joined the Indian army. In the dire slaughter field of Ferozeshah, and the taking of Whitler by assault he greatly distinguished himself. After the Sikhs had submitted he entered the service of the King of Oude, and commanded the irregular horse. At the head of these troops (irregular horse marines) (sic) he again distinguished himself, and received from the East India Company the greatest honour which they have to bestow, the Maharajah's golden monkey. Ten years had lapsed since Colonel Sibthorp's return to this country, when he was at once called by the unanimous appeal of his fellow citizens to represent them in Parliament. During his political career he displayed his varied acquirements, enlivened by brilliant wit and pleasantry, and the utter absence of prejudice—he was a liberal Tory. He appears to be much regretted by our neighbours, whose journals teem with tributes to the memory of deceased. His enormous fortune reverts to his nephew, Mr. Chisholm Anstey, who is at present a Common Councilman and East India Director. Colonel Sibthorp's family originally came from Dieppe.—*Translated from the Constitutionnel.*

THE VOLUME FOR 1854.

The Publishers have the pleasure to announce that they have been able to complete a few copies of the Volume of the *Musical World* for 1854 which includes the biographies of Mozart and Mendelssohn, and the sketches of Braham, Sims Reeves, and Clara Novello. This Volume will be ready in a few days, bound in cloth, price 20s. uniform with

THE VOLUME FOR 1855

Containing:—Richard Wagner's Opera and Drama, Vols. I and 2—Review of the History of Music before Mozart—Conversations with Mendelssohn and Rossini, &c. &c. Price 20s.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD FOR FRANCE, AND OTHER COUNTRIES VIÂ FRANCE.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, the postage of all Newspapers addressed to France, and other Countries vià France, must in future be paid in advance.

NOTICE.

Several complaints having been made by subscribers of the irregular delivery of the *Musical World* in London, the Publishers beg again to state that they have no control whatever over the circulation of the paper in town. The sale of the *Musical World* in London is entirely in the hands of the News Agents, to whom all complaints on the subject must be addressed. The Publishers beg to remind subscribers who do not receive the paper regularly that their easiest remedy for this neglect, is to transfer their orders to other newsvendors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. A. B.—*We have no intercourse with Librettists, or should be happy to assist our correspondent. His letter about the Cologne Music School is an advertisement.*

D. L.—(*York*). *We have received no notice whatever of the York Choral Concert.*

Mrs. M.—(*Mablethorpe*). *We shall be able to answer the question in our next number.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON: SATURDAY, January 12th, 1856.

Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli was married on Saturday (this day week) to Baron Vigier, and in accordance with a previous understanding between the family of M. Vigier and her own—without which the marriage would never have taken place—she has renounced the stage entirely.

Now that Mad. Cruvelli has taken leave of the profession, we may reasonably hope for a suspension of hostilities on the part of her many and bitter enemies. We are not alluding to the scurrilous and indecent twaddle of M. Jules Lecomte of the *Indépendance Belge*, whose last *Courier de Paris* (not the only one by many) might be appropriately bound up with the *Adventures of Faublas* or the *Baron de Felsheim*, which it rivals in all other qualities but those of wit and style. It appears indeed, that such erratic stimulants are indispensable to the Walloons, Flemings and Brummagem Frenchmen who make component parts of the Belgian populations, and who would sooner renounce their beer than the *olla podrida* of scandal and filth supplied hebdomadally by the ready Parisian to the foot columns of their most widely circulated newspaper. Nor are we thinking of the trash contributed by MM. H. de Villemessant, Jouvin, Villemot, &c. to the columns of that edifying and very moral journal, *Figaro*, which our vivacious allies are in the habit of swallowing at the *cafés* of the Boulevards and the *estaminets* of the Batignolles with their *petit verre*, or "*chopine*," on Sundays. Such slanderous stuff, it seems, is as necessary to the Gascon as the lucubrations of the *causeur* in the *Indépendance* to the Flanders appetite. We wish both Paris and Brussels joy of their digestions.

What we have a right to expect, however, now that Mad. Cruvelli has retired into private life, is that she may be spared any further continuance of those attacks from graver pens which (especially in England) have followed her with a pertinacity and always increasing virulence from the year 1851, when she first appeared in *Fidelio* at Her Majesty's Theatre, until the present moment. The unscrupulous enmity of writers who simply help to dishonour the republic of letters was of little account, since its exhibition had no public weight, and might without danger be passed over in contempt. But the fierce and studied opposition of critics eminent for respectability, and who enjoy the publicity afforded by organs of the highest reputation, is quite another affair. Among the most constant of these in their opposition to Mdlle. Cruvelli, not only as a public artist but as an eccentric "Lady," has been a contributor to *The Athenæum*. No matter where "the Lady" (the capital "L" is not ours) was singing, *The Athenæum* was sure to assail her. No matter how she sang, the same hard measure was dealt out to her. We should have thought it quite enough in a London journal to animadvert upon Mdlle. Cruvelli's London performances, or at least that the writer might be content to show up her Paris failures when he himself was in Paris to witness them, as in the instance of the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, that signal *fiasco* which was repeated no less than fifty times, and brought more money to the Académie than any fifty representations (failures or triumphs) previously on record—which can be seen and proved in black and white. But no. This would have been insufficient. When *The Athenæum* was not in Paris and a success of Mdlle. Cruvelli was announced by foreign journals, or by correspondents from abroad, *The Athenæum* invariably quoted it with a sneer, a doubt—if not, indeed, with a flat contradiction. Never was allusion made to "the Lady" unless accompanied by detraction or downright abuse; and just at the last moment, when her approaching marriage, together with her intended retirement from the scene of her many disasters, was announced, *The Athenæum*, with dogged imperturbability, placed a stone in his sling and cast it all the way over the channel, and along the many leagues of rail between Calais and the metropolis of France, in the hopes of inflicting a sharp and final wound upon his defenceless victim ere she eluded his vigilance for ever.*—

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* Mdlle. Cruvelli, has (for the present at least) disappeared from the stage into private life; and her disappearance has apparently created no sensation. Never, in truth, did eccentric perversity do more to render nature's richest gifts totally valueless than in the case of this

Lady. May it be long ere the world of art is visited by another apparition of the same vexatious quality."—*Athenæum*, Jan. 5.

To use a mild expression, the spirit of the above paragraph is extremely disingenuous. Instead of "no sensation," the threatened "disappearance" of Madlle. Cruvelli has been the topic of the day in Paris for weeks past—which *The Athenæum*, who can read French, knows as well as any one else. "The Lady" may have shown a great deal of eccentric perversity," but really we are at a loss to guess how that can possibly have affected the tender nerves of our contemporary, who, in stating that the gifts of nature were rendered "totally valueless" in her person, gives currency to an exaggeration so absurd, that many will be disposed to apply the epithet to his own criticisms. The last paragraph is of a piece with the rest, and quite worthy of a pen which for nearly five years has been used with unrelenting acrimony to castigate and hold up to universal opprobrium, from the point of view of artistic scrutiny, a young and unoffending woman. *The Athenæum* will probably, for some years, rejoice in the accomplishment of his vow. There is, truth to say, no great chance at present of "another apparition" so welcome to all the world except to one contemporary, who by the "vexatious quality" which he attaches to it may probably mean something more than floats upon the surface. The "vexatious quality" of an "apparition" is rather vague, even for the *Athenæum*, and savours (to use his proper language) "more of *whimsy* than of wit." Taking a peep, however, beneath the surface, we may interpret this "vexatious quality" of Mdlle. Cruvelli as that quality which enabled her to hold possession of the highest rank in the chief Parisian theatre while a certain heroine of the *Athenæum's* (whose "apparition" we shall hail, whenever it comes again, as by no means "vexatious") was condemned to inglorious silence. That was doubtless "vexatious" to a poet who, with chivalrous constancy, was for ever apostrophising the perfections of his idol at the expense of all other aspirants to public honours—which (again to resort to a "freakish" phraseology) was "very sad or very silly," if not both.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—*The Athenæum* ("which is infallible") was complaining, in a recent number, that nothing new in the shape of original English composition had appeared in the course of the year 1855, with the exception of Mr. Howard Glover's *Tam O'Shanter*. I share the regret of your contemporary, but, at the same time, cannot guess at what he is driving. Whenever anything new from an *English* pen does appear, it is pretty sure to be abused in *The Athenæum*. Or, if not abused, passed over in silence, like Mr. Howard Glover's *Tam O'Shanter*. On what then are the lamentations of *The Athenæum* grounded? Is it a grievance to have nothing to worry?—nothing to call "grim"?—nothing to pronounce inferior to M. Gounod?

Presuming (for an instant) *argumentis gratiâ*, that *The Athenæum* is sincere, and really deplores the present condition of English music and of English musicians, I would ask a plain question:—If our musicians *had* prepared something new in the course of the year 1855, where would they have found a chance of its being heard? Oratorio, opera or symphony, of English growth, may count upon experiencing the like indifference from the world—or at any rate from that portion of the world which acts as intermediate between composers and the public. But *The Athenæum* knows this well enough, and *The Athenæum*, by its patronage of mediocre foreign composers, has probably had some hand in bringing about the present state of things. The affectation of regret on the part of your contemporary is, therefore, mere moonshine.

I am sorry for it. I am sorry that what might have exercised a wholesome influence should have been chiefly used in upholding sophistries and confusing the popular idea of music. *The Athenæum* has done this, or tried to do it, ever since Mr. Ella resigned (twenty two years ago)—a sad crisis for the *musical* reputation of the paper. Mr. Ella was honestly bigoted on many points, although he may have been mistaken on all, and his place has never been filled by any one since maintaining the same uniform deafness to adverse opinion.

If Mr. ——— had written an oratorio, it would have been performed, as a matter of course, either at Exeter Hall or St. Martin's Hall. Not a doubt of it. Mr. Bowley and Mr. Hullah would have besieged the composer from morning to night, until one or the other obtained possession of the score. Mr. Surman would have had no chance at all. And if Mr. ——— had composed an opera, there would have been the same contention—if not between Mr. Lumley and Mr. Gye, at least between Mr. E. T. Smith and Mr. Anderson—the publican and the conjuror. Not a doubt of it.

The generous appreciation extended to Mr. Griesbach (who paid the expenses of one performance) by the Sacred Harmonic Society cannot have been forgotten; nor the liberal patronage bestowed by the Harmonic Union upon Mr. Pierson (who insured the sale of four hundred pounds worth of tickets—just half what he guaranteed to the committee of the Norwich Festival). These nobly disinterested acts on the part of two great institutions (one now unhappily extinct) will for ever reflect glory upon their directors, who thus demonstrated how little they cared for mere pecuniary results where the honour of the art was at stake. There is no question but that if Mr. Henry Leslie had been able (and willing) to hand over the expenses, his oratorio of *Immanuel* might also have been publicly presented by the Sacred Harmonic Society with the advantage of the "nearly 700" ("including 16 double basses"); and that Mr. Costa, with the same magnanimity which was shown in the case of Dr. Griesbach, might have resigned his *bâton* to the young and eager composer, who would naturally view every one of his own chances of success "with anxious polyscopity."

"Why"—some candid reader may demand—"why this tone of irony?" Why all this cant and humbug? Why does *The Athenæum* weep thus (with crocodile tears) for the dearth of new works from English pens? Why—when *The Athenæum* is well aware that there is no arena for their production, were they even to be as good as Gounod? Why—when *The Athenæum* is not in a condition to know (or to care) whether Englishmen have been writing, or whether they have not been writing, in the year 1855, or in any other year?

If *The Athenæum* really desired to be informed on the matter, I could enlighten *The Athenæum* about this, as about many other things connected with the art. I could refer him to Mr. Charles Stephens, whose symphony in G minor was played at one of the concerts of the Harmonic Union, and who not only paid for the copying of parts, but for tickets, which he was obliged to take in order to secure the chance of a bad performance before an apathetic audience. If the new "G minor" had been as good as the old "G minor" of Mozart (which it was not), it would have been all the same.

With Mr Stephens, "play or pay" had not been the *mot d'ordre*, but "*pay or not play*."

I should be glad to see a little more common sense (to say nothing of honesty) in the discussion of the "native-talent" question. The remarks of *The Athenæum*, if intended as a joke, make but a poor one. It is notorious that an English composer might produce an oratorio as good as *Elijah*, an opera like *Fidelio*, or a symphony like the *Jupiter*, and yet have little chance of being heard, unless at his own expense, or through the interests of a clique, with which it is not every one's good (or evil) fortune to be associated. I do not wish to claim for our countrymen anything more than they deserve. I have, besides, a strong objection to join in any cry against the foreigner; but I cannot tolerate that morbid and maudlin sympathy which so many unprincipled persons entertain for whatever is not English, even if it boast no other quality.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, Jan. 9.

A LETTER has been addressed to *The Sunday Times*, signed "Semibreve," which is entitled to more than ordinary notice, since it suggests the gravest matter for reflection. We append it:—

MUSICAL PERFORMANCES AT WINDSOR.

To the Editor of the Sunday Times.

SIR,—The annual custom of her Majesty being to give a musical performance on rather an extensive scale at Windsor Castle, every New Year's-day, the *Times* report informs us that Méhul's oratorio of *Joseph* was performed, and, after commenting on the solo singers, states that the chorus, sixty in number, were selected from the principal performers of the Royal Italian Opera and the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall. Now, as regards the performers of the Royal Italian Opera, I have, of course, nothing to say. They come under the denomination of professionals, and are paid accordingly; but I have some little curiosity to know, and I have reason to believe the musical public also will be glad to learn, who selects the amateurs; for more incapable persons than those generally chosen to go down to these annual performances can hardly be conceived. But there is no musical selection in the case. It is a mere matter of "keeping the thing to ourselves." It is no doubt thought, that among the members and assistants of a society like the Sacred Harmonic, many efficient amateurs might be found; and for this reason only are the amateurs applied to, for the purpose of making a selection of the most competent and reliable; instead of which their relations and friends, not understanding a note of music, are taken down to Windsor with some very few of the favoured members, and these probably the least efficient in the chorus. I undertake to prove that out of the number selected from the Sacred Harmonic Society who went to Windsor yesterday, not one of them could take a part and sing it by themselves.

How can endeavours of the professional chorus singers, especially in reading new music, be hindered by having such miserable musical impostors in tone, and lead at the same time, I leave to the imagination. I consider it a great unfairness to the real practical singer to be so harassed; and I also exclaim against the system of smuggling amateurs—and unaccustomed to do the duty of professionals, when it is more than probable that a sufficient sum has been granted for regular performers, and the surplus pocketed by some one.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

Jan. 2, 1855. SEMIBREVE.

At present, we have no remarks to make about the question involved in the above. At the same time we may ask Mr "Semibreve" whether, upon *his conscience*, he has not grossly exaggerated the truth?—and whether he is not unjustly severe, not only in his fulminations against the fair dealing, but in his strictures upon the incompetency of the amateurs? Such accusations as are contained in his letter should not be ventured lightly, and unless supported by arguments in the shape of *facts* can by no means be entertained by any candid persons. As it stands, Mr "Semibreve" has simply made strong assertions. It is unquestionably his duty as an honest and impartial man, to substantiate what he has brought forward and made public in the columns of so influential and widely circulated newspaper like *The Sunday Times*. Will he do it?

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT gave the first of a series of "miscellaneous" concerts, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday evening. There was a crowded and brilliant attendance. As the programme was a good one we insert it:—

PART I.—Overture (Medea), *Cherubini*. Preghiera, "Und ob die Wolke sie verhülle," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt (Freischütz), *C. M. von Weber*. Air, "Constanze," Herr Reichardt (Il Seraglio), *Mozart*. Fourth Concerto for piano and orchestra (G major), piano, Mr Otto Goldschmidt, *Beethoven*. Scena and Aria, "Ah non fidi," "Ma la sola," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt (Beatrice di Tenda), *Bellini*.

PART II.—Capriccio for piano and orchestra (B minor), pianoforte, Mr Otto Goldschmidt, *Mendelssohn*. Several Mazurkas de F. Chopin, Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, arranged for voice and piano by *Otto Goldschmidt*. Romance, "Più Bianca," Herr Reichardt (Huguenots), *Meyerbeer*. Sarabande and Allegro of a Suite (A minor), pianoforte, Mr Otto Goldschmidt, *J. S. Bach*. Scotch Ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo," Swedish Melody, "The Echo Song," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Overture (Figaro), *Mozart*. Conductor, M. Benedict.

We had been led to suppose that there would be no band at this concert, but we did Madame Goldschmidt injustice—or rather, perhaps, we did injustice to Herr Otto Goldschmidt, who plays concertos, and is a disciple of the genuine, not the flimsy school of music.

It was a treat to hear "Jenny Lind" again as we remember her in the not-to-be-forgotten fever-days—when Mr Lumley saw fortune before him, fluttering in the eyes, and heard its voice beneath him (from his box) chirping in the throat, of the "Swedish Nightingale." On Thursday night, (Jan. 10, 1856) Madame Otto Goldschmidt was transformed back again into "Jenny Lind"—as though Columbine should be re-metamorphosed into the simple village-maid whom we saw so innocent and happy, so "*piquante, pimpante*," and "*éveillée*," in the opening of the pantomime. The opening of the pantomime of *Jenny Lind the Swedish Nightingale, or Harlequin and £500 a-note* was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1847-8-9, under the spirited direction of Mr Lumley. In 1850, the Harlequinade began, and the transformations were continued by Mr Barnum in conjunction with the late Bishop of Norwich. The *rest*—is it not chronicled in the *Post*, posted in the *Herald*, and heralded in the *Chronicle*?

It was, however—in an *unpantomimic* sense—a treat to hear Jenny Lind again doing (or singing) a little profanity in the shape of a few secular songs, after the long intervals of sacred harmony to which (happy devotees!) we have been lately inured, within the steaming (*sic*) walls of Exeter Hall. The prayer of Agathe—sung (in German) with divine placidity at once made us happy (and we thought of "Jenny Lind" at Berlin, with Meyerbeer, and at Aix-la-Chapelle, with poor Mendelssohn, in 1844-5). The showy recitative, *aria* and *cabaletta* from Bellini's lack-a-daisical *Beatrice*—executed (in Italian) with prodigious *élan*—enchanted us, (and we thought of "Jenny Lind" at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1847, when the rival Italian Opera-houses were emulating the strife of Guelph and Ghibelline, of Capulet and Montague, and the whole weight of the contest, on one side, rested upon those slender white shoulders). Still more, nevertheless, were we enchanted with Herr Otto Goldschmidt's ingenious *pot-pourri*, in which four of the dreamy Chopin's melancholy mazurkas constituted the "titbits"—the choice morsels. The notion was a happy one; and if the spirit of Chopin could have descended from the spheres, and listened to those plaintive echoes from fatherland—which his lorn heart, severed from the realm of Sobieski, had conjured up in sadness,—that spirit, though vexed before, would have been propitiated straight. Reader—you will say—"all this rhapsody. It may be! but have you heard Chopin's mazurkas, sung by Jenny Lind—sung, did we say—*sighed!* If not, be mute and doubt not.

From *Der Freischutz* to *Beatrice di Tenda*, from Bellini to Chopin, we should imagine would have sufficed to prove the versatility of Mad. Goldschmidt's talent, the plasticity, so to say, of her artistic nature—its *polyhedricity*. But that was not enough for the eager and comprehensive Swede. Scottish and Scandinavian were yet to come. Who does not know who does not admire that most loveable of simple ballads, "John Anderson, my Jo"? Well, when we assert that we have never heard it sung so exquisitely, with such true and expressive simplicity, as by Mad. Goldschmidt Jenny Lind (we cannot call to mind Miss Stephens) few, perhaps, will credit us. It is, nevertheless, true; and this genuine ballad was, perhaps, the brightest gem of the musical diadem which "the Lady" (*Athenæum*) won and wore on Thursday evening. The "Echo" song which followed and brought the whole to a termination, was a triumph of skill; the ballad of "John Anderson" was a triumph of expression. Both were followed by a burst of rapturous applause. Of the impressions made by the other performances of Mad. Goldschmidt we have said nothing; but a general idea of it may be gathered from what we have written.

We have little room to spare for the rest of the concert. Herr Otto Goldschmidt is an ambitious pianist, which was apparent in his choice of the most difficult of concertos, to say nothing of that composition of Mendelssohn which, of all he has written for piano and orchestra, is the least easy to make effective. Herr Goldschmidt shone to most advantage, however, in the two movements from Sebastian Bach's *Suite de Pièces*, in A minor, which he played with remarkable energy and spirit. We must hear him again before venturing a decided judgment on his capabilities.

Herr Reichardt sang both his songs with the utmost feeling and expression; and the band, under the intelligent guidance of Mr. Benedict, did every justice to the overtures of Cherubini and Mozart, as well as to the accompaniments, both in the vocal and instrumental pieces. A better concert, indeed, has seldom been listened to in the Hanover Square Rooms.

On Monday *Elijah* is to be repeated at Exeter Hall, and Mr. Douglas Jerrold (who was present at the secular concert on Thursday) will again enjoy the advantage of hearing, and being deeply impressed by, "Holy, Holy"—with Jenny Lind as the angelic interpreter.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The chief point to remark in the performance of *The Creation*, on Friday se'nnight, was the fine singing of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose "In native worth" produced his success of the best order. It was encored by the audience in spite of the arbitrary restrictions of the committee against any such demonstrations. Mad. Clara Novello was as powerful as ever in the great soprano airs, and Mr. Thomas, the bass, showed further signs of promise.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given for the first time last night, with Mad. Clara Novello, Misses Dolby and Bassano, Messrs. Weiss and Sims Reeves as principal singers. The hall was crowded. On this occasion, as on the previous Friday, when *The Creation* was performed, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Costa, the *bâton* was wielded by M. Sainton. The following notice was distributed among the audience:—

> "The committee regret to announce that Mr. Costa, although much better, acting under medical advice, is induced to abstain from resuming his accustomed duties this evening. Under these circumstances, the committee have again availed themselves of the kind assistance of Mr. Sainton, who will conduct the present performance."

Let us hope that Mr. Costa's illness may be of short duration, and that we may soon see the energetic and admirable *chef d'orchestre* at his post again.

MDLLE. LA GRUA.—The Emperor of Brazil has presented this young, handsome, and intelligent vocalist, who has been singing at Rio Janeiro, with a pair of diamond earrings valued at 25,000 francs (£1,000).

MUSIC AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Méhul's sacred drama of *Joseph* was performed in St. George's Hall on the 1st inst., by an orchestra of nearly 140. The cast was as follows:—

Benjamin, youngest son of Jacob		Madame Clara Novello.
Joseph (Pauneah)		Mr. Sims Reeves.
Jacob, his father		Mr. Weiss.
Simeon	sons of Jacob	Mr. Benson
Reuben		Mr. Montem Smith.
Naphtali		Mr. Wilbye Cooper.
Utobal, an Egyptian		Mr. Thomas.
Seven other sons of Jacob (semi-chorus)		Messrs. G. George, Walker, W. Green, Sharpe, Frost, Beale, and Smythson.
Israelites and Egyptians (chorus).		

Her Majesty's private band was strengthened by performers from that of the Royal Italian Opera. The chorus, 48 in number, were selected from the Royal Italian Opera and the Sacred Harmonic Society. The performance was conducted by Mr. Anderson, director of Her Majesty's private band. Mr. W. G. Cusins, organist of Her Majesty's private chapel, presided at the organ. A new English version, with recitatives to connect the various scenes, was written expressly by Mr. W. Bartholomew, and the music of the recitatives composed by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

M. JULLIEN'S TOUR.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

M. JULLIEN's provincial tour has been most successful, and Madame Gassier has produced an immense effect in the chief towns of the manufacturing districts. On the evening of Christmas day M. Jullien gave a concert of sacred music at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The programme consisted of selections from the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, the *Creation*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, arranged for the orchestra. Madame Gassier was the only vocalist, and sang the "Pro Peccatis" from the last-named work with so much taste and artistic feeling as to ensure a well-deserved encore. Messrs. Lazarus, Hughes, Koenig and Lavigne, were the principal soloists, and acquitted themselves with their accustomed skill. The theatre was crammed to the roof. The pit and stage, which had been converted into a promenade, were crowded to suffocation, and the concert passed off with great *éclat*. On the 26th, M. Jullien gave his first concert at Birmingham, when the large town hall could hardly contain the crowds that assembled to hear him. On the 27th he gave a concert at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Most of our readers have either seen or are familiar with the proportions of this noble hall, which as an architectural work is second to nothing in Europe. Long before the doors were opened an enormous crowd had collected, and although the hall afforded accommodation for nearly 6,000 persons, some hundreds were turned away. The "Fall of Sebastopol" produced its accustomed effect, the audience rising at "Partant pour la Syrie" in the last figure, and cheering most vociferously at the conclusion of "God save the Queen." Madame Gassier sang "Una voce poco fa," from the *Barbiere*, and Venzano's waltz. She was encored in both, and substituted "Ah non giunge" for "Una voce." This was encored also, and the audience put no bounds to their enthusiasm. The hall is peculiarly suited to Madame Gassier's voice, and she never sang to greater advantage. We must, however, protest against the system of encores and double encores. The music which Madame Gassier sings is no child's play, and the public should have some consideration for the *artiste*. M. Jullien gave a second concert in St. George's Hall on the 28th. This was also a bumper, and so great has been his success that he will return to Liverpool at the end of the month. Since then he has been to Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, Hull, and York, at each of which places he did well. Next week will be divided between Edinburgh and Glasgow. On the 21st inst. there will be (in consequence of the great success of the others) a third concert at Birmingham.

DRAMATIC.

HAYMARKET.—Farquhar's merry comedy, *The Beaux Stratagem*, has been revived here, but hardly with the success which might have been anticipated. Perhaps the *morale* of the play does not coincide with modern feelings. Perhaps the comedy of manners is not thoroughly appreciated at the present day, and something more marked, broadly and more contrasted is required. Perhaps the fault lies with the performers. Certainly every actor who appears in the comedies of Congreve, Farquhar, or even in those of Steele and Colman the elder—to say nothing of Sheridan—must, whatever character he undertakes, possess a refined style and a manner free from all vulgarity. Unfortunately, artists of the present day are rather inclined to exaggerate, so that we have scarcely an elegant light comedian on the stage. To give Farquhar's play a chance, the *dramatis personæ* should be selected from every theatre in London, and, even then, we have no doubt there would be a great falling off in the cast. The Company at the Haymarket, with one or two exceptions, cannot supply actors for such a comedy as *The Beaux Stratagem*. The elegant Aimwell is but inadequately represented by Mr W. Farren; the vivacious and buoyant Archer is not altogether in Mr. Howe's line; while the loveable and voluptuous Mrs. Sullen is hardly within the talent of Miss Reynolds. Miss Swanborough, on the other hand, is as romantic and graceful as might be desired in Dorinda, and Mr Buckstone is inimitable as Scrub. Were all the characters as well supported as Scrub, the performance of *The Beaux Stratagem* would approach very near perfection. We have seen nothing more genuinely comic for a long time than the scene, as performed by Mr Buckstone, where Scrub rushes in to the robbers, and falling on his knees, cries, "O Lord spare all I have, and take my life!" Miss Bella Copeland, a new importation, played Cherry with much sprightliness, but with hardly sufficient *espièglerie*. She will prove an acquisition to the theatre. The new pantomime is running a very successful career.

ADELPHI.—A new farce by Mr Sterling Coyne, entitled *Urgent Private Affairs*, was produced on Monday with eminent success. The piece, like all those of this author, abounds in absurdities, but the situations are comic and the dialogue smart and telling. The name, as might have been supposed, has no reference to politics. The principal part is sustained by Mr Wright.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—A concert was given on Wednesday evening, conducted by Signor H. C. Regaldi. The vocalists were Mad. Constantini, Mrs G. Mel[illegible], better known as Miss Binckes, Signor Viroun, Signor Vaul[illegible], and Mr George Perren; and the instrumentalists, Mrs Lennox M. Taylor (concertina), and Mr R. Harold Thomas (pianoforte). The programme included selections from the works of Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Benedict, Power, Macfarren, Bishop, Wallace, &c.

MDLLE. SOPHIE CRUVELLI.—The marriage of Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli with M. le Baron Vigier is now an accomplished fact. It was solemnized on Saturday first at the *mairie* of the 1st *arrondissement*, and then both in the Catholic and Protestant churches, Mdlle. Cruvelli belonging to the reformed religion.—*Constitutionnel*, Jan 8.

MR. BALFE.—This popular composer, after a most successful tour—the details of which we have given from time to time—in Russia, Germany, and Italy, has returned to London.

M. JULLIEN'S BAND.—We understand that M. Wuille and two or three other eminent performers who were seduced from M. Jullien's band by the offers of the French government, and appointed professors in the Conservatoire of Strasburgh, are about to resume their old places in M. Jullien's orchestra. We congratulate both parties—M. Jullien in re-obtaining the services of some of his best soloists, and them on their return to the best orchestra of the day.

L'ETOILE DU NORD.—As a mark of his appreciation of *L'Etoile du Nord*, the Emperor has presented M. Meyerbeer with a magnificent snuff box set in brilliants.

SALAMAN'S AMATEUR CHORAL SOCIETY.—The programme at the third meeting, which took place on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., consisted of a selection from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. The overture was played by Mr Salaman, and one of his fair pupils, with *orchestral* effect. Amongst the most striking vocal performances, we may mention the Introduction; the duet, "Dove vai"; the trio, "Sott' altro ciel"; the *terzetto* for three ladies; the quartett, "Dessa è la mia sorte"; and the duet, "Rasserena O caro" for tenor and soprano. The choruses were sung with good effect. The gentleman to whom was allotted the part of Tell has a voice of considerable power, and much musical feeling. Altogether the performance was creditable to the members, and to their director Mr Salaman, who presided at the pianoforte as usual.

BENEVOLENT FUND OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A meeting for the purpose of promoting the establishment of the above fund, was held on Wednesday evening in the Minor Hall, Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Mr J. N. Harrison, President of the Society. Amongst those present were Messrs. Harrison, D. Hill, Puttick, Black, Bowley, Brewer, Hanhart, Kitcat, Sims, Stewart, Taylor, Dorlacher, and others. The attendance, including many of the ladies connected with the Society, was numerous. Mr Puttick, honorary secretary, stated that, at a preliminary meeting held on the 14th of March last, it was determined to make the establishment of the fund contingent on the sum of £500 being collected within two years from that date. Since then 256 subscribers had joined, and £363 7s had been subscribed. Of this £352 17s had been received and invested, and a current account of from £40 to £50 already secured in current subscriptions. This would leave a deficit of nearly £100. Mr Daniel Hill had offered a loan of £100, without interest, and to be repaid at the convenience of the Institution. The committee had, however, not yet accepted it, preferring to appeal to the liberality of the present meeting. The statement of receipts did not include a subscription of 15 guineas from the committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival, in acknowledgment of the services of the Sacred Harmonic Society at the recent music meeting. In conclusion, although £500 had been fixed as a starting point, it could only be considered as a nucleus, and the permanent stability of the fund must depend on the liberality of donors and subscribers. The Rev. Mr Cox moved a resolution approving the objects of the meeting, and pledging the subscribers to the fund to every exertion for its augmentation. Mr R. Taylor seconded, and Messrs. Kitcat, Bowley, and Joseph Taylor further supported the resolution. Mr J. Stewart made an appeal to the sympathies of musical amateurs, and concluded by warmly supporting the resolution. Mr Brewer and Mr Robert Taylor both addressed the meeting, and the resolution was then put and carried unanimously. Mr Bowley, for the purpose of making a practical beginning, undertook to raise £20 on or before the anniversary meeting on the 14th of March next, and similar pledges were entered into by other subscribers. Thanks were then voted to the committee and the president, and the meeting broke up.

CONDITIONS OF MUSIC.—It is a strange thing, the subtle form and mode of being of music. When the composer has conceived it in his mind, the music itself is not there;—when he has committed it to paper, it is still not there;—when he has called together his orchestra and chorus from the north and the south, it is there—but gone again when they disperse. It has always, as it were, to put on mortality afresh. It is ever being born anew, but to die away and leave only dead notes and dumb instruments behind. No wonder that some should have been men of talents, reasoning powers, and defective musical feelings, who in the fugitiveness of the form have seen only the frivolity of the thing, and tried to throw contempt upon it accordingly. But in truth, such critics have hit upon the highest argument in favour of the art; for how deep, on the contrary, must be the stimulus of that pleasure which has so precarious a form of outward expression; how intimately must that enjoyment be interwoven with the godlike elements of our being, which mere outward sense has no feeling in them! The very limitation of its material resources is the greatest proof of its spiritual powers. We feel its influence to be so heavenly, that, were it not for the grossness of our natures, we should take it in not by the small channel of the ear alone, but by every pore of our frames."—Essay on Music.—*Quarterly Review*.

LENZ AND BEETHOVEN.

(*From "Dwight's Boston Journal of Music"**.)

BERLIN, Nov. 11.—Lenz's new book! Part I., *Life of Beethoven*, 8vo., pp. 293.

Page 5th.—"Beethoven was hardly seven years old when his father concluded to educate him as a musician. The old custom in common life, of bringing up the son in the footsteps of his father, so often a cause of misery, was to the advantage of Beethoven; but it rained aloft! The future creator of the *Sinfonia Eroica* withdrew into his little room in the attic of the modest gabled house in the Bonngasse, which resembles the birth-house of Mozart in Salzburg, as the overture to the *Zauberflöte* does that to *Coriolan*. Here, up high under the roof, the boy practised the violin entrusted to him among the heaps of dusty books and his father's piles of music, yellow with age, which contained more dust than soul. His only society was a large spider, so musically inclined, that it instantly left its corner as often as it heard this boy, the soul born to a grand destiny, and let itself down upon the instrument of the youthful virtuoso. He, however, had just so little fear of the ugly creature, as he had thirty years after in swearing solemnly eternal hostility in his violin concerto in D (see op. 61 in Catalogue†) to the prevailing empty concerto style. On the other hand the child learned to love the spider, but this was not its lot. The mother of the boy, not knowing the musical and its love for her son, destroyed it in the absence of the [illegible]. So ended his first love. Whether the insect was musical, or more probably unmusical, is not decided by Quatremère Disjonval, who relates the fact in his *Araneologie*."

An interesting and beautiful story, is it not? Mr. Lenz, however, has not given it exactly as it was communicated to the *Leipziger Musik Zeitung* in 1800 [vol. II., p. 653] by D. Hager, of Altenburg. This gentleman expressly states that he copies from Disjonval, and relates the death of the spider thus:—"One day his aunt (not the spider's) who filled the place of mother to the boy, entered the room and brought some one to witness the talents of the young violinist. He played, the spider stayed not away, but finally mounted to his arm. The aunt suddenly sprang forward, knocked the insect to the floor with her slipper and trod upon it instantly. Horrified sank the young man to the floor in a fainting fit."

Note by D. Hager.

("The young artist then, is the so celebrated Beethoven now. Whoever wishes can learn the truth of this circumstance as often as he will by applying to his former teacher, citizen Le Mierre at Paris.")

One or two points in Lenz's relation sound a little as though he had gone to Fétis or the—— for his facts. They, however, are easily corrected. 1. Beethoven's father decided to educate him to music before he was *four* years old. Wegeler and Mayor Windeck of Bonn, in the controversy about the birth house, testify to having seen the child at that early age standing in tears at the pianoforte, whither he was forced by his father. 2. At seven years of age the Beethoven family no longer lived in the Bonngasse; they left it soon after the birth of *the* Ludwig. 3. There is no evidence that the father, Johann van Beethoven, ever composed a note of music, and much circumstantial evidence that the heaps of dusty books are a Fétis-like ornament to the story. 4. The instrument on which the boy had to practice was the pianoforte, and not the violin. 5. It was in a back room of the house in the Rheingasse, where Wegeler saw him at work in tears. As to the anecdote of the spider, Lenz acknowledges that Beethoven in after years denied it. Schindler says so expressly, but believes it nevertheless, on this ground: "Beethoven," says he, "hated everything that reminded one of [illegible], and just on this account he was able to speak such wisdom in the mysterious language of his music to the finer but true feelings of the human heart."

I do not believe it, on these grounds:—

1. That B. studied the pianoforte so as in his eleventh year to play Bach, and publish sonatas—how should he study the violin? 2. In his eighteenth year he plays viola in the Elector's orchestra, which does not look like being a violinist of note. 3. In the story told in the *Zeitung* an aunt is the actor, who supplies the place of a mother. Now there is no other account whatsoever that Beethoven's father or mother had a sister, and his mother did not die until he was nearly eighteen years old. 4. I have done what Mr. Lenz should have done,—hunted up Disjonval's book at an antiquarian bookseller's, and not taken extracts on trust. I find my side of the question strengthened by the account as it stands there.

This *Araneologie* is a thin octavo of 117 pages, in German, translated from the second edition of the French work and published at Frankfort am Main in 1799. The author, during an imprisonment of "eighty nine months," made the habits of spiders his study, and especially observed them in their capacity of natural barometers. The third chapter is upon "Spiders in their Relation to Men," and closes with two anecdotes, one of which is the one in question. Herr Hager has not given the close of the story quite in the author's words. Here it is:

"The spider did not omit to appear immediately after the first stroke of the bow, and according to its custom, to draw nearer and nearer and finally to rest itself upon the hand of the young artist. But for the good aunt to snatch off her slipper hastily to brush the hateful spider from this favourable position to the floor and, pitiless, to crush it,—was all one. Oh reader! that I could pass over the close of the story in silence! The poor boy complained not, wept not. In a swoon he sinks to the floor. He is conveyed to his bed; he is quite insensible. For more than three months he fluctuates between life and death, and when at last he once more can speak, he calls continually and alas! in vain for his dear, dear spider!"

Touching, is it not!

Now I cannot believe Wegeler would have passed this over in silence, nor that Beethoven would have lied about it, if true. The note in parenthesis given above as by D. Hager is an incorrect translation of the following note on page 36 of Disjonval's book:

"The then young artist is now [1798] the first violinist existing [certainly then not Beethoven], in one word it is the celebrated Berthaume. Any one can, as to the truth of the circumstance, inquire as often as he will of Citizen Le Mierre, his teacher."

But, perhaps, Berthaume is a misprint for Beethoven. Let us ask Schilling (see Schilling's *Lexicon*):

"Berthaume (the first name has never been known), an artist in many respects distinguished and remarkable; a violinist and composer; born at Paris about 1750, already as a boy of eight years he drew the attention of the artists and dilettanti of that city to him by the public performance of difficult violin concertos; a powerful genius developed itself in the fast growing youth, whose spiritual seemed to hurry on in advance of his corporeal nature; still his father, who at the same time was his only teacher, held the son very tightly; he is said to have accomplished wonders in the paths of the greatest violinists, and yet even the well known successes of the spider, which, according to his own account, related to him and not to another young virtuoso of whom the *Leipziger Musik Zeitung* tells it—the spider which is said to have appeared during his playing—could not convince his father of the already such early unsurpassable [a good German word!] of the expression and finished style and the deep grounded musical knowledge of the fourteen year old boy."

He became the violinist of his day, and died in 1802. An error is the longest and most manifold lived of all that exists. I think, for the readers of Dwight, one of that cat's lives is at an end; and yet see if in a month from this time, the story is not going the rounds on Lenz's authority. Therefore I do not believe the story of Beethoven and the spider.

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* "Diary Abroad."—No. 20.

† This refers to the Catalogue in Lenz's previous book "*Beethoven et ses trois Styles*."

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The Musical World.

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VOL 34—No 3. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1856 PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

HERR REICHARDT begs to inform his friends that he has left town for Edinburgh, to resume his operatic engagement, and will return in the beginning of April. All communications may be addressed—Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

SIGNOR and MADAME F LABLACHE beg to announce that their Annual Classes for Vocal and Concerted Music for Ladies only will be resumed on Monday the 21st of January at half-past two.—10 Albany-street, Regent's-park.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. C. STEPHENS in re HIS SYMPHONY.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

SIR,—Your correspondent "An English Musician" in deploring the difficulty of English composers obtaining a hearing for any work of pretension, refers among other parties, to myself, "whose symphony in G minor was played at one of the concerts of the Harmonic Union, and who not only paid for the copying of the parts, *but for tickets which he was obliged to take in order to secure a chance*," etc., etc. As an act of simple justice to the directors of the Harmonic Union I beg to say that your correspondent is entirely in error in that part of his statement which I have italicised. The MS. of my symphony had been forwarded to the society in consequence of an announcement, in the directors' original prospectus, of their purpose to bring forward unknown works, should they be found eligible, by native composers. About a year afterwards I received notice from the secretary that my work had been chosen for performance, and *neither then nor at any subsequent time was any such condition even hinted at as that so confidently asserted by your correspondent.* On the contrary, I was presented with several *free* admissions for the occasion in which I was specially interested.

As a further evidence of the disinterestedness of the directors in this matter, I beg to add that not one of them was personally known to me. Indeed I was, and still am unacquainted with even their names, with the exception of that of the president, which appeared in their prospectus. I afterwards learnt that my symphony had been chosen for performance on the report of the conductor, Mr. Benedict, to whom it had, in due course, been submitted; and I am not sorry to have an opportunity of thus publicly testifying to the liberality and disinterestedness of that gentleman, to whom, at that time, I also was an entire stranger, and who received my MS. without any introduction or recommendation whatever.

I am very far from stating these facts with any view to controvert the opinion of your correspondent as to the extreme difficulty of English composers obtaining even a hearing. On the contrary, my own experience and observation enable me, with the greatest regret, to largely confirm that opinion; and there is no one who than myself would more heartily co-operate to bring about a different state of things if that could be done without the cliquery to which your correspondent refers—the *sure* root of all non-success. But my present object in addressing you is simply to perform an act of justice to the directors of the Harmonic Union, who, in the one transaction in regard to which it is in my power to speak, entirely belied a statement so confidently made by your correspondent, "An English Musician."

I am, etc.,

2, Hanley-place, Maida-hill West, CHAS. E. STEPHENS.
Jan. 14th, 1856.

MR. J. H. GRIESBACH in re HIS DANIEL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having read a letter in the *Musical World* published on January 12th, 1856, signed "*An English Musician, Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, January 9th*," from which I extract the following passage in allusion to the performance of my oratorio, *Daniel*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society on June 30th, 1854:—"*The generous appreciation extended to Mr. Griesbach (who paid the expenses of one performance) by the Sacred Harmonic Society,* CANNOT HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN."—

I beg to remark, that the last *four words* of the extract are undoubtedly true, for this reason, that what *never* took place, never could be known, and therefore "cannot have been forgotten." Every word of the parenthesis is utterly *false*. The Sacred Harmonic Society paid all the expenses of the performance of *Daniel*, and spared no trouble or expense in the getting up, and in justice to the Directors and members of the Society, I beg to state that on all occasions I received from them the kindest attention.

This, sir, is the *second* time that this untruth has been published in the *Musical World*. The *first* was in an article on the proceedings of the Sacred Harmonic Society during, or immediately after, the season when the performance of *Daniel* took place. My attention was called to it by a friend, *for the first time* some months *after* the publication; had I seen it at the time I should have contradicted it, and, in justice to the Directors and members of the Sacred Harmonic Society I cannot allow this second false statement to pass without notice from,

Sir, yours &c., J. HENRY GRIESBACH,
16, Carlton-road, Maida Vale, *January 17th, 1856.*

THE LATE MR. LINDLEY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

14, Avenue-terrace, Camberwell,
January 12, 1856.

DEAR SIR,—In glancing at the various busts of the sons of genius at the Crystal Palace, the other day methought there was one absent who well deserves to share a place, not only there, but in Westminster Abbey. I allude to the late glorious Robert Lindley. He, who for upwards of fifty years sustained his fame as an unrivalled violoncellist, on whose impassioned and inspiring performances multitudes were wont to hang with enthusiasm and delight, and whose fine head was the subject of admiration everywhere—if he has not claims upon the public memory I greatly err indeed. Trusting, sir, you will give insertion to this, with the view to the accomplishment of what I sincerely conceive to be a deserved tribute to one whose charming gifts will live in the memory of thousands, though he may fail to obtain a monument of sculptured stone,

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
JOSHUA RHODES,
Formerly a Violoncellist at the S.H.S.

CHAPPELL AGAINST DAVIDSON.

MR. DANIEL and MR. SHORTT moved on behalf defendant, to dissolve injunction granted by Vice-Chancellor Wood, November 6th, 1855. The order was to restrain defendant, servants, and agents from printing, publishing, selling, exposing for sale, or otherwise disposing of the song "Minnie, dear Minnie," or any copy thereof, or any other publication containing a colourable imitation of the song or words, name, title or title page, until the hearing of the cause, or further order. The learned counsel stated that plaintiffs carried on business under three firms of "Chappell and Company," "Cramer, Addison, and Beale," and "Jullien and Company," and defendant was a music publisher in a large way of business; that the first intimation of the grant of injunction was the service of order in August, although the bill was filed in July; and though proved in evidence that plaintiffs knew of the sale of defendant's song on the 28th of June; and though plaintiffs had in July served upon defendant a notice not to sell two other songs alleged to be piracies of plaintiffs' song, and did not in such notice make any complaint of defendant's production, "Minnie, dear Minnie."

There was some discussion whether plaintiffs could maintain injunction and not be required to bring an action, which for defendant was contended could be done.

MR. ROLT and MR. CHAPMAN BARBER, for plaintiffs, said that defendant had fraudulently represented his song as that of plaintiffs; had in short represented his wares as those sold by them, which, from numerous cases decided, could not be permitted; that it was admitted on all hands that the air of "Minnie" was not copyright; that Messrs. Chappell had covenanted with M. Jullien to pay him 300*l.* a year for the privilege of having songs published by them sung at his concerts, which everybody knew had attained great popularity; that, pursuant to that arrangement plaintiffs' song "Minnie" was sung there and attracted great notice; that Mr. Linley had been engaged to write words and arrange the accompaniment; that the effect of defendant placing the portrait of Madame Anna Thillon on the title page led the public to believe that it was the song of the plaintiffs, although defendant did not in words allege it was sung by that lady; that such a course could not have been adopted for any other purpose, than the fraudulent one of misleading the public; that if plaintiffs had given notice not to sell the other two printed songs, it did not justify the act of defendant, and plaintiffs could not give notice as to their song because they could not obtain a copy, as defendant's agent said it was out of print. The title page of defendant's song with the portrait led the public to believe that it was the song sung by Madame Anna Thillon under the name of "Minnie," and published by plaintiffs; and, finally, that this Court could decide the question as well as any jury, and that the parties ought not to be put to the expense of an action.

THE LORDS JUSTICES considered it was not safe to continue the injunction unless an action was brought, the case being especially fit to be submitted to a jury, and that plaintiffs must agree to be answerable in damages.

Plaintiffs agreed to bring the action within ten days, and to be answerable in damages. Execution not to issue without leave of the Court.

MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

[*Continued from page 18.*]

THE FINALE (*continued*).

Commonly when musicians would excite terror, they do not seek to produce it through an *ensemble* of effects mutually connected and subordinated to an indissoluble whole. They rather heap effects upon effects than really combine them: these often very felicitous and very fine, but almost always rather heterogeneous inventions have no other relation but a continual outbidding of one by another, which naturally pushes matters to extremes. We could not blame the composers for that, if they reached their end; and it might indeed be hard for a man of talent to fail in this way. By the chaos of dissonances, these frantic modulations, this wild roar of the orchestra, this tumult and disorder, there must necessarily be some terror produced; but it is an outward and material terror about as much as in the melodrama. We cite as a masterpiece the conclusion of the phantasmagoric scene in the *Freyschütz*. According to this system the apparition in our opera would not and ought not at all to be treated. For it is perfectly homogeneous and perfectly connected in all its parts; the alternations of light and shade, of *forte* and *piano*, of dissonance and harmony, succeed each other regularly; the somewhat hastened *tempo* towards the end does not cease to be moderate. All this is regular and correct, and does not look very black, but almost quiet, upon paper. And yet what are the terrors of the wolf's glen, what are all poetical and musical terrors put together, before this terror which, from the very beginning: "Don Giovanni, a cenar teco m'invitasti e son venuto" (Don Giovanni, to sup with thee thou hast invited me, and I have come) seems to have reached the highest pitch, but which continues to loom higher and higher, till it overshadows one with its gigantic wings; which penetrates at once the sense, the heart, and the imagination, and finally, in its inexorable progress, reaches even to the sphere of intellect and awakens irresistibly dark and cheerless thoughts? One shudderingly asks himself whether all that is within us must not somewhere in the same way reproduce itself without us, and whether the most awful visions of the soul, here realized by musical analogy, will not some day clothe themselves with a more substantial body and in still more positive forms than this analogy. Hear these chords continually swaying to and fro upon a uniform rhythm, but which at every repetition of the outward words resounding from the phantom's mouth, have a more mournful and heart-rending sound; and that *unisono* from the other world, upon unwonted intervals so alien to every human mood of feeling! and that pushing of the orchestra upon the hideous discord of the minor second and those long sighing scales, ascending and descending, which howl and struggle in vain, seeking a despairing modulation, against the fatal note which still inflexibly pursues and crowds and strangles them!

Hear it! This is the meaning of the speech, these are the real words of the apparition: this is death and judgment and damnation: this is the climax and the moral of the whole piece. Great God, what a moral! This at least is in no danger of being so speedily forgotten as the other conclusions which proceed from dramatic justice while they let vice be punished and innocence triumph. Poor dramatic justice! Will not vice always say to it: "You are completely mistress, to order the events of a theatrical piece according to your liking and to make me talk as you see fit. I, vice, who do not play comedy, I laugh at it. Scourge me as much as you please with moral tirades, which you put into my mouth; hang me in effigy; I from my box or from my seat among the first rank will not fail to be the first to clap applause, provided all goes well with me as usual in the world." What will dramatic justice answer him to that? I cannot say, but I know perfectly well what the composer of the *Dissoluto punito* could have replied to it, namely the following: So far from delivering you to the judgment of others, I do not even deliver you to the pangs of conscience, which would have been self-judgment. On the contrary, in my piece you reckless and unpunished trample mankind under foot. No one is strong enough to punish you. I invent nothing against you, but I create a *reality* outside of events, words, and actions; and in this reality can neither you nor any one mistake the authentic type, the living impress of a deeply sinful soul, in the heart in which all fades away from it, all, even the hope of nothingness. The only fact which I suppose, is the coming of the white man, and thou knowest that the white man will come for thee as for every one."

Moreover, what advantages Mozart concedes to vice, when he at last introduces the inevitable visitor! Where is the great conscious sinner, who could flatter himself he could receive him like Don Juan? To enable ourselves to judge of this, we will try the other half of the dialogue, the sublime opposed to the sublime. Of the two reciting voices, here united as it in a duet, the first supports itself upon the total forces of the orchestra; this is the phantom with the terrors in its train, armed with all the powers of a divine attorney. The other voice is weakly accompanied. This is the man, in utter destitution of all that constituted his outward power, delivered over hopeless and defenceless to the iron arm of necessity. In this fearful combat only the individual Will keeps him upright; but this among all the faculties of man is just the most real and the strongest, and it comes out here with a sublime grandeur, which the rôle of Don Giovanni has in no other place approached. "Non l'avrei giammai creduto, ma farò quel che potrò" (I should never have believed it, but I will do what I can). A certain tremendous irony betrays itself in this passage, the first which Don Juan addresses to the ghost of the Commander, and during which you hear two old figures, which have already been marked at the beginning of the overture, of which one is melodious and mournful, the other a murmuring accompaniment, like the night breeze creeping over the grass of the churchyard. But as soon as the long period, in which those terrible scale passages roll away, is at an end, Giovanni recovers his self-possession. "Parla dunque! che chiedi?" (Speak then! what do you want?) Never was anything grander uttered on the stage. And when he adds: "Parla, parla, ascoltando ti sto" (Speak, I stand listening), sympathy and wonder reach their height, and there is not one among the audience who does not feel tempted to exclaim: Mercy, mercy on the noble sinner! During this period, which closes in A minor, the ground note sounds on like a muffled, dreadful funeral bell, alone amid the awful silence of the voices. One feels that unheard-of things are preparing.

Suddenly the thunders of the spectre, striking in upon this monotonous death-knell, awaken a succession of chords which would be difficult even for a grammarian to analyze; a series in which the chromatic and the enharmonic are so mingled and blended that the ear knows no longer where it is nor whence it comes, nor whither it goes, and the imagination utterly gives way under the terrible and swift succession of the images by which it is overwhelmed. It is like an inward mirror, in which compactly and in [illegible] under the [illegible] of a whole life full of sin are mirrored. Every heart-beat calls up a new shape of terror, which the hurricane of the *crescendo* instantly chases away, to put other shapes of terror in their places, which in their turn are also swept away. The whole are linked together in a waving line of fearful arabesques bathed in flames. Rising a semitone in every phrase, the spectre reaches the highest tones of his vocal register, and closes his indescribable period upon the dominant chord of B flat minor.

In this new key, in the character of a grand reminiscence, the double figure of the violins again becomes perceptible; the dialogue is more condensed. A voice, which seems to penetrate the clouds and cleave the earth, asks Giovanni if he is ready for the journey! "Risolvi! Verrai?" The sinner answers: "Ho fermo il core in petto, non ho timor, verrò" (I have a firm heart in my breast; I have no fear; I will go). A defiant outburst of heroism, which is supported by imitative passages of astonishing power. The phantom, which till then has been immovable, stretches out his hand to Don Giovanni, who reaches him his. An icy chill runs through the veins of the desperate Epicurean. The pain tears from him a shriek: *Ohimè!* From this bar the *tempo* of the somewhat hastened andante gains by degrees the fire and vivacity of an allegro, through the more frequent interchange of the phrases of the dialogue, and through the waving which manifests itself in the instrumental figures. The *tremolo* seizes even the lowest strata of the harmony; the abyss yawns and ferments in expectation of its prey. Passages of the bass, which remind you closely of the duel scene, come roaring in like rising waves, and like them fall back from their highest summit into the deep from which they raised themselves. Let us admire the deeply considered motives of the musician. These sweeps of bass, these powerful attacks, the colossal type of the last brave deed of the Commander's arm, call out no imitation in the other voices; that is to say, they meet with no parade now, as in the earthly duel. The violins, which in so murderous a manner guided Giovanni's sword, are no longer here to parry off the blows. The sword now lies a useless tool at its master's feet, for he cannot kill the Commander twice. From his veins there is no blood to be drawn, and Don Giovanni's blood is frozen in the hand of his invulnerable adversary. The retribution is frightful. The victor in the first act is challenged to confess his downfall. Already gleams over the sinner's head, suspended by a hair, the sword of everlasting punishment, which always hits and always kills. "E l'ultimo momento! pentiti scelerato! pentiti, pentiti" (It is the last moment! repent, wicked one, repent!) and this down-crushing summons, to which Giovanni steadfastly answers no, rolls away each time thundering like the echo of hell until the last grain has run from the invisible hour-glass, which measures the period of delay. The mission of the Commander is achieved; the irrevocable word falls upon the lost one in heavy and long choral notes; the harmony dies away in unison; the spectre has vanished.

If the conclusion had been executed in the moment that it was announced; if Giovanni had fallen dead at the feet of the Commander and the curtain with him, then would the end have crowned the work, and Mozart, exalted to the pillars of Hercules in musical art, would have remained standing *ubi defuit orbis*, like those seekers after hyperborean lands, who would not continue their voyage any further, because they had reached the end of the world. But certain considerations allowed neither the poet nor the musician to terminate the opera, or at least the supernatural scene in this way. Da Ponte, as a skilful literary job worker, thoroughly acquainted with the public of his time, as well as with the conditions of scenic effect in general, reasoned no doubt justly, that the title of the piece, *Il Dissoluto punito*, and the expectation awakened by this title, would hardly seem justified unless we saw the punishment, for among a thousand individuals who understand perfectly well how to *see* an opera, it is lucky if you can count ten who understand how to *hear* it. For this reason the damnation and the hell had to be made visible to the eye. The poet therefore caused the man of marble, who in his libretto is a pretty paltry machine, to be followed by something more solid and more striking to the eyes, "un coro di spiriti" (chorus of spectres,) ghosts, larvæ, furies, devils—the court of Pluto in grand gala. We know how our ancestors enjoyed this classical pomp. Don Juan, whom the composer has allowed to stand out through the most frightful moral torments, is after these delivered up to physical torments also. "Che m' agita le viscere!" a bold image, which transcended Da Ponte's age, and at which Mozart did not hold it necessary to stop. To him, the musician, who understood how to translate the most heart-rending cry with perfect naturalness, it would have been easy to represent the desperate pangs from the inmost vitals quite as naturally; but he was far from suspecting what a fruitful vein these medico-chirurgical operations would open to the theatre.

We have adduced the motives of the poet, let us now hear those of the composer. Mozart must have perceived, that it was impossible to close the last final with a scene in the *tempo* of andante, which is by all odds the most important in the piece, and which ends up with some whole notes, sung by a single voice, which die out in the orchestra, like the shadow itself. Accordingly he saw, that after a piece of such psychological subtlety and depth, it would be fitting to raise the soul again which has been cast down by so many fearful shocks, and that at the close some fire-works must be let off for the ear just as Da Ponte had felt the need of a brilliant concluding piece for the eyes. For this reason he appended to the andante an allegro of fifty measures and not more; this is mere musical effect, required by the tumult on the stage and also by the scenic uproar; since there is no mightier ally than uproarious music in such cases. This is all very well; it does not last long and everybody goes away contented. So we will not concern ourselves as to what sort of a spectacle they will afford us, or whether the gentlemen managers, scene-painters, costumiers and machinists still continue to create their world after the ideal of a simpleton. They must pardon me this expression; but is it credible that we, the spectators of the nineteenth century, we who at last comprehend what Don Juan is, are still invariably doomed to see the final scene of the wonderful masterpiece transported into the mythological Tartarus, swarming with a legion of supernumeraries and thereby rendered positively ludicrous, since these are besmeared with every possible color, wear enormous perukes of hemp upon their heads, and dance with smoking and stinking torches round Don Juan.

Certainly it would require no great outlay of fancy to replace this unworthy mode of representation by another less ridiculous and more appropriate. For have we not the phantasmagoria! Suppose we have threatening spectres flitting in the vacant space, hideous masks, with features distorted with fury or grinning with devilish laughter, mingle with them for contrast's sake a troop of youthful and pale female forms, who have atoned for their love of Giovanni with their lives, and who regard him steadfastly and seem to weep over him. If this picture does not suit the reader, here is another. The trap-doors open and vomit streams of flame; the thunder machine does its utmost in its Olympian retreat; the side pieces of the scene, which does not change, take fire and fall in one by one with a great noise; phantoms fly in all directions through the conflagration. There is no need of our seeing the singing spectres, and instead of the chorus being sung in unison, as it is directed, it might be sung in different octaves. We even think that speaking-tubes would be in place here. In this uproar, Giovanni, abandoned to the demons, although only inwardly and free in his movements, expresses, more by his acting than his singing, which it would be hard to hear well, the torments which he suffers. And when the closing cadence comes, a long-drawn church cadence, the wall in the back ground falls down, and discloses, in the first beams of the dawn, the spirit of the Commander floating heaven-ward, with the figure of a female kneeling before him on the same cloud. The female holds a palm leaf in her hand, and a veil conceals her features. A streak of lightning, which proceeds from this heavenly vision, strikes Don Juan, who falls dead amid the ruins of his accursed dwelling.

SUPERFLUOUS CONCLUSION.

How singular! Although both composers of our opera trod in Shakspeare's footsteps in their work, defying the poetical and theatrical style of their age, continually mingling comedy with tragedy, yet both Da Ponte and Mozart felt themselves obliged to yield to the most arbitrary rule that ever was imposed upon the lyric drama; the rule, namely, which requires that all the characters should come together at the end and form a straight line in the order of their vocal registers, to thank the public for the signs of approbation or displeasure which have fallen to their lot during the representation. At all events our composers need not have followed this conventionalism in all its strictness, inasmuch as the hero of the piece was dead, and the phantom had no second mansion which should bring him to make his acknowledgment before the public. So they contented themselves with assembling the survivors, to sing and take their leave, whereby the finale was lengthened out by three extra *tempi*: an allegro assai, a larghetto, and a presto.

We will not examine them; first, because they are never performed on the stage; then, because they form no part of the action; and thirdly, which is the worst thing about it, because they are an absurdity with regard to the acting persons. Who does not clearly see that the whole world of passions, fascinations, follies and marvels has irrevocably gone down with him who was its focus and its moving principle! Anna, the sublime reaction of the moral order of things against the principle which made war upon all its foundations, is no longer Anna. She has ceased to be with the cause that called her forth; she is extinguished, as the fire of heaven was extinguished, after consuming the doomed cities whose burial places are mirrored by the Dead Sea. So soon as Anna is dead, Ottavio becomes impossible. He is so constituted that he could not survive his beloved a minute, for she made out his whole musical and dramatic existence. As for Leporello, the physicians will tell you that he has seen and heard enough during the last two scenes, to entitle him to a provision for life in a mad-house. In fact, his concern is perhaps to go to an inn (*all' osteria*) and there seek out a better master (*padron migliore*). No, no, Leporello has had and will have but one master all his life. Shall I speak of Elvira? Alas! she sank down senseless, when she left Don Juan. At this moment the poor lady lies sick in bed with a brain fever. She is in for it for six weeks at least. Elvira gathers her friends and relations about her and says to them: "Io men vado in un ritiro a finir la vita mia" (I go into retirement, there to end my days,) that is all, and we can but approve this pious resolution, although it does not concern the audience. There yet remain Zerlina and Masetto. One were glad to suppose, with the poet, that this couple on their wedding day have gone off to sup together (*a cenar in compagnia*), but for the honor of Masetto we must believe that their supper hour has passed long ago. Zerlina, with whom all the relations have ceased that made her a dramatic person, is not the Zerlina of Don Juan, but of Masetto, from this time forward a little wanton gossip, who leads her man round by the nose. In this way the grand figure of Giovanni draws down with him in his fall all that had served him for relief, for setting, or for contrast. All dies or vanishes with him.

The three last *tempi* of the finale therefore are a monstrous violation of all principles of art; but inasmuch as a fault is seldom so easy as this to better, and as it always is bettered on the stage, the evil, I admit, would not be very great, if the music, here suppressed, were no better than its text. Unfortunately this is not the case, and all music lovers will lament with bitterness the lost labor of the splendid fugued chorus: "Questo è il fin di chi fa mal" (This is the end of the evil-doer!)

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(*Continued from p. 20.*)

ABSOLUTE melody, as we have hitherto employed it in Opera and which, in the absence of its resulting out of a verbal verse necessarily fashioning itself to the melody, we constructed by means of variations out of the melody of the folk's-song and the dance, known to us of old, was, properly considered, simply a melody transferred from the instruments to the singing voice. In pursuing this course we have constantly pictured to ourselves, with involuntary error, the human voice as an orchestral instrument, to be treated merely with especial consideration, and interwoven it, as such, with the orchestral accompaniment. This interweaving was effected at one time, in the manner I have already mentioned, the human voice merely being employed as an essential component part of the instrumental harmony,—but, at another, in such a way that the instrumental accompaniment included also, the harmonically completing melody, by which the orchestra was indeed rendered an isolated and comprehensive Whole, but, in this isolation, at the same time, revealed the character of the melody as one exclusively peculiar to instrumental music. Through the perfect adoption, which was found necessary, of the melody into the orchestra, the musician acknowledged that this melody was of such a nature that it could be perfectly justified harmonically, only by the *perfectly similar* tone-mass, and also that it could be intelligibly performed by this tone-mass alone. The singing-voice, in the execution of the melody on this tone-body, harmonically and melodically completely isolated, appeared in *reality* altogether superfluous, and as a second and distorting head placed upon it. The hearer felt this discrepancy quite involuntarily: he did not understand the melody of the singer until, free from the changing verbal vowels and consonants—obstacles to the melody—which vowels and consonants disturbed him in grasping the absolute melody—he heard it executed only by the instruments. That our most favourite operatic melodies are not, until executed for the public by the orchestra—as in concerts, and by military bands, or on an harmonic instrument—really understood by the said public, and not familiar to them until they can sing them without words—is a patent fact which ought, long since, to have enlightened us on the completely false treatment of the singing melody in opera. This melody was a singing melody only in so far as it was presented to the human voice according to its mere instrumental quality—a quality in the development of which it was sensibly injured by the consonants and vowels of the verbal words and for the sake of which the art of singing pursued, also, consistently a course of development which, as we see now-a-days in the case of modern operatic singers, has attained its most unconstrained and wordless height.

This discrepancy, however, between the tone-colour of the orchestra and the human voice appeared most striking when serious masters of the art of tone exerted themselves for the attainment of characteristic manifestation of the dramatic melody. While retaining involuntarily in their ear, as the sole band of the purely musical intelligibility of their motives, only the instrumental melody, just mentioned, they endeavoured accurately to determine for it an especial and significant expression in an extraordinarily artificial accompaniment, harmonically and rhythmically accented, of the instruments, reaching from note to note and from word to word: and thus came to the construction of musical periods, in which, the more carefully the instrumental accompaniment was interwoven with the motive of the human voice, the latter manifested, as regards the involuntarily separating ear of itself, an incomprehensible melody, the explaining conditions of which were contained in an accompaniment, that, separated in its turn involuntarily from the voice, remained in itself an inexplicable chaos for the ear. The error at the bottom of this was, therefore, twofold. In the first place: misconception of the determining essential attributes of the poetical singing melody, which was dragged in, as an absolute melody, by the instrumental music; and, in the second place: misconception of the complete distinction between the tone-colour* of the human voice and that of the orchestral instruments, with which the human voice had been mixed up, for the sake of purely musical exigencies.

If it is now incumbent on us clearly to define the especial character of the vocal melody, we shall do so by once again plainly picturing it to ourselves, as not only sprung mentally, but, also, sensuously out of the verbal verse, and dependent upon it. Its origin lies, ideally considered, in the essential attributes of the poetic intentions struggling for intelligibility through the feelings—sensuously considered, in the organ of the understanding: verbal language. From this presupposing origin, it advances in its development to the manifestation of the pure purport of feeling contained in the verbal verse, by means of the resolution of the vowels into the musical tone up to the point where it turns itself with its purely musical side to the peculiar element of music, out of which element this side alone obtains the realising condition in its manifestation, while it leaves the other side of its total manifestation turned unmoved to the significant element of the verbal language out of which element it was primitively presupposed. In this position the melody of the verse becomes the uniting and explanatory bond between the language of words and that of tones, as a something created out of the nuptials of poetry with music—as the incarnate moment of love of both arts. At the same time, it rises to a greater degree, and stands higher than the verse of poetry and the absolute melody of music, and its manifestation redeeming on two sides—as it results from two sides—becomes possible, for the salvation of both these arts, only by both of them supporting and always justifying their respective plastic, and individually independent manifestation borne by the pre-supposing elements, though decidedly distinct as such, but never through an overflowing mingling with it, by effacing their plastic individuality.

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* The abstract musician did not either perceive the perfect blending capability of the tone-colours, for instance, of the piano and violin. A principal component part of the pleasures of his life consisted in playing pianoforte sonatas with the violin, &c., without being aware that he was bringing to light a kind of music that was only something thought, but not presented to the actual ear. Thus hearing was for him lost in seeing, for what he heard was merely harmonic abstractions, for which, indeed, alone his sense of hearing was still susceptible, while the living flesh of the musical expression necessarily remained completely imperceptible to him.

If we would illustrate the proper position of this melody towards the orchestra, we can do so in the following metaphor.

We previously compared the orchestra as *overpowerer* of the waves of harmony with the sea-ship; this was done in the sense that we give the same meaning to "Seefahrt" and "Schiffahrt."[*] The orchestra, in its character of *overpowered* harmony, as we were afterwards obliged to call it, we may, at present, for the sake of a new and independent simile,[†] in opposition to the ocean, consider as the deep mountain lake, clear and illuminated to the very bottom, however, by the sunlight, while the surrounding banks are plainly visible from every point of the lake itself. Out of the trunks of the trees, which sprung from the stony and alluvial soil of the heights, the skiff was now built, which, bound firmly together with iron cramps, and provided with rudder and oars, was so constructed in form and quality as to be borne on the lake, and to be enabled to cleave it. This skiff, placed upon the bosom of the lake, impelled by the strokes of the oars, and guided according to the direction of the rudder, is the *melody of the verse* of the dramatic singer borne by the sonorous waves of the orchestra. The skiff is something completely different from the bosom of the lake and yet built and fashioned only with reference to the water and with a wise consideration of its qualities; on land the skiff is perfectly unserviceable, and, at most, only useful after having been broken up into common planks, as fuel for the domestic hearth. On the lake does it first become something joyfully living, borne and yet progressing, moving and yet always at rest, which, as the humanly represented intention of the heaving lake, that previously appeared without an aim, constantly attracts our eye when the latter glances over the lake.—Yet the skiff does not float upon the surface of the water; the lake can bear it in a well-defined direction, only when it sinks into the water with that part of its body completely turned towards the latter. A thin plank, simply grazing the surface of the lake, is cast hither and thither without any particular direction, by the waves, according to the currents, while, on the other hand, a heavy stone necessarily sinks out only. But the skiff does not sink into the lake only with that part of its body completely turned towards it, but the rudder also, with which its course is directed, and the oar which impels it in this said course, obtain this determining and propelling power only from their contact with the water, which contact first renders possible the effective pressure of the guiding hand. The oar cuts deep into the resonant surface of the water, with every forward impelling movement; when raised from the surface, it allows the moisture still clinging to it to flow back again in melodious drops.

It is not necessary for me to pursue the simile further, in order to render myself intelligible with regard to the relation between the content of the melody of the verbal tone of the human voice with the orchestra, for this relation is amply and fully represented in it—a fact which will strike us still more clearly, when we designate the operatic melody, properly so speaking, which we all know, as the fruitless attempt of the musician to condense the waves of the lake itself into the skiff to be borne on it.

We have now only to consider the orchestra as an independent element, different, of itself, from the verse-melody we have already mentioned, and clearly to convince ourselves of its capability not only by rendering perceptible the harmony presupposing—in a purely musical point of view—the melody, but also by its own peculiar, endlessly-expressive power of speech, of bearing the said melody, as the lake bore the skiff.

CHAPTER V.

The *orchestra* possesses undeniably a *power of speech*, and the creations of our modern instrumental music have revealed this. We have seen, in Beethoven's symphonies, this power developed to a height whence it felt itself impelled to utter that which, according to its nature, it is precisely incapable of uttering. At present that we have in the melody of the verbal verse, presented to it exactly what it could not utter, and assigned it, as bearer of this melody, allied to it, those functions in which—perfectly calm—it shall only utter what alone, according to its nature, it can utter—we have plainly to define this power of speech of the orchestra as being the power of uttering what is *unspeakable*.

This definition is not intended to convey anything merely thought, but something perfectly real and evident to the senses.

We saw that the orchestra is not in any way a complex body of completely similar, dissolving tone-capabilities, but that it is composed of a union—to be extended to an immeasurable pitch of abundance—of instruments which, as perfectly determined individualities, determine also, as an individual manifestation, the tone to be produced upon them. A tone-mass without any such individual determination of its members does not exist at all; it can at most only be imagined, but never realised. What, however, determines this individuality is—as we have seen—the especial peculiarity of the separate instrument, that presupposes, as it were, the vowel of the tone produced through its co-sounding initial syllable as an especial solid invariant one. As, now, this co-sounding initial syllable never rises to the significant import, presupposed out of the understanding of the feelings, of the consonant of verbal language, and moreover is not capable of the change and consequently the changing influence upon the vowel, as the consonant of verbal language is, the tone language of an instrument cannot possibly be condensed into an expression only attainable by the organ of the understanding, namely, verbal language; but as the pure organ of the feelings it only utters precisely that which is unspeakable for the verbal language of itself, and which, considered from our point of view of human understanding, is, therefore, simply *unspeakable*. That this unspeakable element is not of *itself* unspeakable, but merely unspeakable for the organ of our understanding, and thus is not something merely thought, but something real, is manifested most plainly precisely by the instruments of the orchestra, of which each instrument, endlessly more manifold but in changeful and united co-operation with other instruments, utters it clearly and intelligibly.[*]

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[*] "Sea-voyage" and "Ship-voyage." What the author means we cannot say.—TRANSLATOR.

[†] No object can ever be exactly similar to the object with which it is compared, the similarity only holding good in one direction and not in all; objects which perfectly resemble one another are never those of organs, but only those of mechanical formation.

[*] This simple explanation of the "unspeakable" might, not unjustly, be extended to everything appertaining to religious philosophy which, from the point of view of any speaker is declared by him *absolutely* unspeakable, and yet, of itself, it is decidedly speakable, if only the suitable organ be employed.

(*To be continued.*)

FIRE AT MESSRS. J. AND J. HOPKINSON'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY.—A most extensive conflagration occurred on Saturday night, and lasted till Sunday evening, in the manufactory of Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson, situate in Diana place, New-road. The origin of the fire could not be ascertained. The premises were partially insured in the North of England and County fire-offices. Messrs. Gray and Davison's organ factory narrowly escaped. The end of the Gothic roof of their organ loft having caught the flames, several engines were at once directed to the spot, and, luckily, the building, which was full of organs, in various stages of completion, was saved.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—(*January 14—from a Correspondent*).—The musical season of Paris has now fairly begun. Yesterday the *Société des Concerts* gave their first performance for the year in the Salle du Conservatoire, and, as usual, every available seat, every corner that afforded even standing room, was occupied. Here is the programme:—

Beethoven's symphony in D; recitative and air from Winter's *Tamerlane*—solo and chorus from *Castor and Pollux*, by Rameau; andante and scherzo, from a quintett by Reicha, for flute, oboe, clarionet, horn, and bassoon; Haydn's symphony in C—chorus from Lesueur's *Alexander*.

I cannot but think Haydn's symphony, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, would have been more effective if placed in the programme *before*, instead of *after* that of Beethoven. A similar mistake—such it seems to me—was committed last year at these concerts, when an andante by Haydn was performed after the C minor symphony of Beethoven. I am not sure, however, that the French look upon these matters from the same point of view as ourselves. The audience does not seem to appreciate so much the general design of a composition as the elegance, neatness, and brilliancy with which particular phrases are rendered by individual performers. The *andante* in Haydn's symphony affords great scope for this species of display; and as flute, oboe, violoncello, and bassoon, each in turn gave out the theme, or variations, the artists were greeted with universal applause. Again, the fragment of Reicha's quintett—in itself patchy and uninteresting, devoid of anything like continued and sustained melody—was very nearly encored, despite its dryness, because it abounds in passages calculated to show off to advantage the admirable execution of the artists by whom it was performed. In fact, both these pieces were, perhaps, received with greater warmth than Beethoven's symphony, which, however, was played to perfection. For elegance and unity of reading, the orchestra of the Conservatoire by far excels any other that I ever heard. The melody begun by one instrument, is carried on, or responded to, by others, without the slightest perceptible break—each, so to speak, seems to play into the hands of the other—the individual performer never forgets whether, for the time being, he is leading or merely accompanying; and thus Hector Berlioz' idea—his *ideal**—is realized—the conductor becomes a performer, having at his absolute command the resources of one vast instrument. The Germans, as we know, are for ever dreaming of Unity. I am not sufficiently acquainted with their orchestras to say whether they have gone as far towards the attainment of *musical* unity as their French neighbours, but I confess that I am somewhat disposed to doubt it. The vocal are generally far inferior to the instrumental performances of these concerts. M. Bussine, it is true, sang Winter's air most creditably; he is a thorough musician, and possesses a good method of singing; but the execution of the solo part in *Castor and Pollux* was worse than indifferent. Both audience and performer (one of the pupils of the Conservatoire) seemed heartily glad when it was ended. I am not aware that I ever heard any music of Lesueur's in England, but I think the chorus from *Alexander* would be received as a not unwelcome novelty, if I am right in supposing that it is unknown to the majority of our concert-goers. At all events, it held its ground with credit among the compositions I have named above; and, though last, was perhaps not least worthy of approbation.

BERLIN.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was produced, for the first time at the Royal Opera-house, on Monday last. The following was the cast:—Elizabeth, Madlle. Johanna Wagner; Venus, Mad. Herrenburger; Tannhäuser, Herr Theodor Formes; and Wolfram, Herr Radwaner. The scenery was painted by Professor Gropius, and the whole opera got up under the superintendence of Herr Dorn. It was successful. Indeed, to read what some "critics" say of the musicians of the "Future," one would imagine that Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn had never existed. As a matter of course, Dr. Franz Liszt came from Weimar, expressly to assist at the first representation.

The last of the first series of concerts given by the Orchester-Verein, took place on the 5th inst. The programme comprised Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*, and his *Fantasia* in C minor for piano, orchestra and chorus; Haydn's *Sturm*, and Ferdinand Hiller's Symphony in E minor. The last-mentioned work, which is new here, was received with decided favour. In consequence of the success attending the first series, a second series of these concerts is announced.

His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Weimar has addressed the following letter to Herr Dorn:—

"I convey to you herewith the expression both of my satisfaction and my thanks, for the pianoforte edition of your *Nibelungen*, which has been forwarded me. In the same proportion that I am but little astonished at the recognition of your work, for the true and beautiful must, because it is true and beautiful, at last find recognition, do I greatly rejoice that this recognition of you is shown at present, and so extensively. May this spur you to new activity on a road on which you have entered so laudably; a road and an activity in both of which I wish you success from my heart, and with the sincerity which flows from the strongest motive, that of admiration. To what I have said I add the expression of my especial esteem, which is, therefore, the better founded, and which is entertained for you by

"Yours, CARL ALEXANDER."

Besides writing the above, the Duke, on the occasion of the first production of *Tannhäuser* here, presented Herr Dorn, through Dr. Liszt, with the insignia of the Grand Ducal House-Order of the White Falcon.—The first of the present month was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Herr Mantius' *début* at the Royal Opera-house. Herr Theodor Formes seized the opportunity to present his colleague (the well known tenor) with a silver goblet. It is the intention of Herr Mantius to retire from the stage on the first of April next.

AMSTERDAM.—At the first of the musical *soirées* (on the 29th December) given by the "Society for the encouragement of music in Holland," Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, was performed under the direction of the composer. This fine work had the greatest success. The solos were confided (with the exception of one) to *dilettanti*. The alto and tenor particularly distinguished themselves. The chorus and orchestra were magnificent under the leading of the *chef-d'orchestre*, M. Van Bree. The fifth concert (on the 8th Jan.) of the society Felix Meritis was the best we have heard during the season. After a clever concert overture, composed by M. Van Bree, M. Ferdinand Hiller played a concerto on the piano of his own composition, a *chef-d'œuvre* of fancy and ingenious instrumentation. The second part of the concert began with a new grand symphony (MS.) by the same author. This beautiful composition (very well performed) raised the audience to enthusiasm, and M. Hiller was recalled several times. He then placed himself at the piano, and improvised on the themes in M. Van Bree's overture, which had opened the concert, as well as on the air, "Grâce," from *Robert le Diable*, which Mdlle. Fruehart had sung in a very tasteful manner. This lady also acquitted herself very well in Beethoven's "Ah, perfido." Hiller's new overture to *Fedra* (MS.) closed this excellent *soirée*.—*Guide Musical* (*Brussels*).

HAMBURGH.—(*From a Correspondent, 10th January*).—Herr Carl Formes appeared here yesterday, for the first time, as Sir John Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, an opera by Nicolai, and created a *furore*. The part suited him marvellously, and throughout the whole opera the audience were delighted with his impersonation of the "fat Sir John." Madlle. Kreyssel was successful as Mrs. Ford, and Madlle. Lanner's arrangement of the incidental dances elicited warm applause. The whole performance was highly satisfactory.

GREENWICH.—On Thursday evening, the 10th, Mr. Henry Morley's annual concert took place, at the Lecture Hall. The vocalists were—Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Mr. J. L. Hatton, Mr. H. Drayton, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Solo pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper; solo violin, M. Sainton; conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. There was an overflowing audience, and the arrangements made by Mr. Morley, for the convenience of the company, deserved high credit.

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* See *Voyage Musical en Allemagne*.

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THE Publishers have the pleasure to announce that they have been able to complete a few copies of the Volume of the *Musical World* for 1854, which includes the biographies of Mozart and Mendelssohn; and the sketches of Braham, Sims Reeves, and Clara Novello. This Volume will be ready in a few days, bound in cloth, price 20s. uniform with

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Containing:—Richard Wagner's Opera and Drama, Vols. 1 and 2—Review of the History of Music before Mozart—Conversations with Mendelssohn and Rossini, &c., &c. Price 20s.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD FOR FRANCE, AND OTHER COUNTRIES VIÂ FRANCE.

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NOTICE.

SEVERAL complaints having been made by subscribers of the irregular delivery of the *Musical World* in London, the Publishers beg again to state that they have no control whatever over the circulation of the paper in town. The sale of the *Musical World* in London is entirely in the hands of the News Agents, to whom all complaints on the subject must be addressed. The Publishers beg to remind subscribers who do not receive the paper regularly that their easiest remedy for this neglect, is to transfer their orders to other newsvenders.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIMS.—*Does our correspondent wish his letter to be printed, or merely to have his questions answered? If the former he must send us his card. If the latter we will endeavour to satisfy his curiosity next week—that is, as far as we are able, which is not very far.*

OPERATICUS.—*Mad. Angri, the contralto, is at present at Turin, where she has recently appeared as Angelina in Cenerentola.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19TH, 1856.

IF any one is to be envied in the world of music it is surely Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, sole possessor of the original manuscript of *Don Giovanni*. How she came possessed of it has been known for some months to many; and those who are unacquainted with the circumstances may inform themselves by perusing, in another column, the translation of an article from the pen of M. Louis Viardot, which originally appeared in the French weekly journal *L'Illustration*. They will there be able to see how the manuscript is traced to the fountain head, and satisfactorily proved to be Mozart's original copy. It has, however, one important omission, viz.—the whole of the recitative between Don Giovanni and Leporello, preliminary to the duet, "Statua gentilissima," and in which are heard the first solemn warnings addressed to the incurable profligate, by the spectral effigy of the *Commendatore*. The absence of this is explained by M. Viardot; but it would be advisable for that gentleman to complete the value of his lady's purchase, by seeking for and appropriating the missing leaves, upon which is written one of the remarkable pages in the most astonishing of operatic "partitions."

Will it be credited that the original score of *Don Giovanni* was offered by M. and Mad. Streicher (its owners by heritage from M. André) to the Imperial Library of Vienna, to the Royal Library of Berlin, and to the British Museum, and successively declined by those distinguished national institutions, although a very moderate sum (the precious nature of the relic considered) was asked by the would-be-venders. We care little about the meanness, and want of veneration for departed greatness, displayed in the Austrian and Prussian capitals, but of our London metropolis we are utterly ashamed. What!—not £200 to spare for the MS. of Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, when thrice the amount would hardly have been refused for a collection of shrivelled caterpillars! And this, too, in the richest and most populous city of the world, where probably the opera of *Don Giovanni* is more familiar and certainly more generally appreciated, than anywhere else. Really the authorities in whose hands is vested the conduct of our national institutions require to be more carefully looked after. To decline the acquisition of Mozart's manuscript, at so paltry a price, was not merely contemptible on the part of the British Museum. It reflected disgrace upon this country, the birth place of Shakspere, which should be the foremost to recognise the worth of that second Shakspere who, in another language, was almost as universal as our own immortal poet.

It is useless to say much more. The contempt has been shown to the memory of Mozart, not by the English nation—for, if we are not greatly mistaken there are very many among us who, had they been apprised of its being in the market, would have given much more than the sum specified for so inestimable a treasure—but by the petty officers of the British Museum. These persons, whoever they may be, should not have dared to take so much upon themselves, without first appealing to the public, through the medium of the press or otherwise. There are many societies, choral and instrumental, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, that would have been eager to subscribe for the possession of such a manuscript? But the thing was not made public. Only a few individuals were aware that the original score of *Don Giovanni* was, for a length of time, in England, in possession of Herr Pauer, the pianist and composer, who held it in trust for M. and Madame Streicher to make the best bargain he could, but who seems to have entrusted his secret only to a small private circle of acquaintances, and after the refusal of the British Museum, possibly thought he had done all that was necessary in the matter. At any rate Herr Pauer did not advertise the fact of his having the score of *Don Giovanni* for sale. Whether he was authorised to do so, or not, by its Viennese proprietors, we are in no condition to decide; but if he was, he neglected his duty, and if he was not, he might just as well have locked up the manuscript in an old iron box. As it is, we can only consider that the original copy of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* has been presented to Mad. Viardot, as a gift offering, by M. and Mad. Streicher, through the medium of Herr Pauer. £200 is a ridiculous price for it. The English nation, we insist,

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would have given ten times the sum to possess it; and under the circumstances, it is not too much to aver that Herr Pauer owes to the public to explain why, when charged to offer the manuscript to the English nation (to sell it in England), he neglected to inform the English nation that he was entrusted with such a commission.

We congratulate Madame Viardot, nevertheless, on her good luck, and entirely sympathise with her husband when he says, speaking of the MSS. of Mozart:—

> "But there is one among these, and the most precious, which the city that allowed it to go shall never re-possess, and which a simple artist will refuse to the desire of a sovereign. This is the autograph manuscript of *Don Giovanni*."

It is not with Madame Viardot that we are angry (although we may be jealous), but with Herr Pauer, and still more with the British Museum. Only in one contingency should we have been satisfied to remain non-possessors of this most valuable of autographs. *Don Giovanni* was composed for Prague, when Mozart, in grateful enthusiasm for their appreciation of his *Figaro* (which failed in Vienna), placed the inhabitants of Prague at the head of musical judges, and dedicated to them the first fruits of what he knew instinctively was to be his masterpiece. Had Prague purchased the original score of *Don Giovanni*, and deposited it in its archives, we should have been satisfied—nay more we should have rejoiced; and even now we think the most graceful use to which Madame Viardot Garcia can put her cheaply-bought treasure, is to present it to the ancient capital of the kings of Bohemia.

To the Editor of the Musical World

SIR,—From the letters of Messrs. C. E. Stephens and J. H. Griesbach,* it seems that, in my last communication to your journal, I have been unjust both to the Sacred Harmonic Society and the (late) Harmonic Union. If so, I regret it, and am sure your readers will believe that I inadvertently and not wilfully misrepresented them.

The letter of Mr Stephens places the fact of one error beyond dispute. Well, then Mr Stephens enjoyed the privilege of some free admissions for himself and his admiring friends, and *only* went to the expense of copying. It is consoling to know of this magnanimous display of liberality on the part of an institution which acted so differently in the case of Mr Pierson; and there is nothing left for me but to compliment the Harmonic Union in general, and Mr Benedict in particular, on having been the first to bring to light a work of such pretensions, the first to produce for the edification of a large and anxious audience an English symphony written in the same key as Mozart's "G Minor." At the same time I must insist that Mr Stephens has taken advantage of my mistake to spread abroad a good deal of "use-(*less*)-ful information" about himself and his symphony and to make the world aware that Mr Benedict considers him a phœnix, and his symphony a phenomenon. It is well to have such a chance of emerging from obscurity, and better through the medium of a fluent pen, to know how to put it to such good uses. Mr Stephens should now get into Parliament.

My second mistake has been exposed with equal success (though in diction less polite) by Mr Griesbach; and it only remains for me to felicitate the Sacred Harmonic Society in general, and Mr. Bowley in particular, on having been the first to disinter and publicly present, under a new name, for the gratification of a curious multitude, an English oratorio which formerly rejoiced in the same title as Handel's *Belshazzar*. I may also suggest that, nearly two years having since elapsed, it would now be the time to do for *Daniel* what was done in 1854 for *Belshazzar*, to re-resuscitate it, as it were, under the shield of a *third* nomenclature—say *The Lion's Den*, or *Mene—Tekel—Upharsin*.

The energetic tone of Mr. Griesbach's letter carries with it far less weight than the diffuse placidity of Mr. Stephens. Nor am I *altogether* convinced, even now, that the disinterment of *Daniel* was a *bonâ fide* act of generosity on the part of the Sacred Harmonic Society. I should like to be told *what were the expenses* incurred by the society on account of the *one* performance. Will any of the vocal or instrumental performers who were engaged instruct me (with permission, Mr Editor), through the medium of your columns? I am not sceptical; nor am I credulous. Mr Griesbach accuses the *Musical World* of having given currency to the same misstatement for which I am arraigned. Now, if this be the case—for which I cannot vouch, but must take for granted on his authority*—it only goes to prove that the belief was very general at the time; and when belief is very general there is ordinarily some foundation for it.

However, and to conclude, I am not going to discuss the veracity of Mr Griesbach any more than the veracity of Mr Stephens. I merely wish to defend myself from the imputation of having published statements which I knew to be erroneous. The argument of my last letter is not in any way affected by the fact of Mr Stephens having a symphony performed, gratuitously, by one society, and Mr Griesbach an oratorio by another. The only question raised, indeed, is one that touches very nearly the capacity of directors, who, from amidst the libraries of English compositions of all kinds with (then as now) little or no chance of a hearing could find nothing more attractive to lay before the public.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, Jan. 18th.

RACHEL.—Accounts from Havannah state, that this great tragedian has arrived in a very bad state of health, and that her medical advisers have prohibited her performing for several months.

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* These letters, which are inserted in another column, were forwarded by us (as in duty bound) to our correspondent, "An English Musician."

* The following is the passage to which Mr Griesbach probably alludes:—"Another fact was the production, at the fag end of the season, of Mr. Griesbach's new oratorio—or rather old oratorio, *Belshazzar's Feast* under the new name of *Daniel*. This was the first original work ever given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and therefore marks an important epoch in the progress of the institution. Whether the mark will be recognised hereafter as a white mark, or as a black one, we leave others to decide. We may fairly question, however, the policy of the committee in selecting a composition of such indifferent merit, and the liberality of allowing the author to pay all expenses incurred by the performance. As an avowed entertainment for Mr Griesbach's personal friends and admirers, the performance of *Daniel* would have been quite legitimate, and there would have been nothing to call for reprehension; but, since it was brought before the public under the name and sanction of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the directors of that Society are responsible for the consequences. What these may be time will show. Meanwhile it is not too much to say that the confidence of the public in the judgment of those entrusted with the management has been shaken, if not annulled; and that a blow has been struck at the reputation of the Sacred Harmonic Society from which it will take years of good deeds to recover."—*Musical World*, August 5th, 1854.

REVIEWS.

No. 1.—"Allegro Maestoso," for the Violin with Pianoforte Accompaniment. By A. R. Reinagle.

No. 2.—"A Morning Service in C," with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte, and dedicated to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dartmouth, by Henry Pearson.

No. 3.—"Quintette, pour Piano, Alto, Violoncelle, and Contrebasse (or 2nd Violoncelle), composé et dédié à Monsieur G. Perkins, par G. A. Macfarren.

No. 1 ("Allegro Maestoso") is a good dashing violin piece, with an unusual quantity of double-stopping in the passages of *bravura*, and a very easy and convenient pianoforte accompaniment. For novelty of idea we may search in vain; but the whole is well written, and although there is too much of what Herr Wagner would call "absolute fiddling," the plan of the *morceau* is intelligible and concise.

Mr Pearson's "Morning Service" (No. 2) cannot be arraigned for excess of ingenuity. It has, nevertheless (if nothing else), the merit of clearness; and that quality often atones in a great measure for hyper-simplicity. The only portions of Mr Pearson's work which the composer of the "Future" would be likely to designate as "music elaborately trifling with itself," occur at page 6, where the words, "Day by day we magnify Thee," are set to a clever though short *fugato*, and at page 15, where the words, "World without end, Amen," are treated in a similar manner. The rest is as simple as a hammer; and "that's the humour of it." "Useful," we must certainly admit, Mr Pearson's Morning Service to be, but "ornamental" it certainly is not. It is, doubtless, however, well suited to the capacities of the choir of St. James's Church, Slaithwaite (near Huddersfield), of which sacred edifice Mr Pearson officiates as organist and (we have been told) with great talent.

Mr Macfarren's pianoforte quintet in G minor (No. 3) has often been eulogised in the *Musical World* as one of its composer's ablest and most genial works, and we are glad to find German music-publishers (the Messrs Schott of Mayence) setting a good example to our own firms, by presenting it to the world in so very handsome a shape. As the quintet has been so often performed in public, besides having been written many years past, it would be supererogatory to criticise it in detail. We, nevertheless, recommend it to the attention of all lovers of healthy music, as worthy of association with the best compositions for the chamber or the concert-room, that have been bequeathed to us by the great masters. We trust that its publication in Germany may (like the works of Mr Sterndale Bennett) exercise some influence in spreading the reputation of English musicians.

"The Glow-worm," Glee for four voices, the music by Charles Coningsby.

Mr Charles Coningsby's four-part glee, "The Glow-worm," may be commended for freshness of melody and good writing for the voices. There is also something in the character of the music that expresses with equal quaintness and felicity the quaint sentiment of Cowper's pretty verses, which will be recognised by the first stanza:—

> "Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,
> A worm is known to stray,
> That shows by night a lucid beam,
> Which disappears by day.
> Disputes have been and still prevail
> From whence his rays proceed,
> Some give that honour to his tail,
> And others to his head"—

The fault of this glee is that there is too much in it of the key of B flat, and too large an administration of "full closes." The transition to G minor, on the words "Nor crush, nor crush a worm," (page 4) is quite a relief.

No. 1.—"Gavotte." Morceau de salon pour le piano. Par Rudolf Nordmann.

No. 2.—"La Mia Letizia." For the pianoforte. By Rudolf Nordmann.

Pleasant, very useful, and wholly unambitious *morceaux de salon*, for performers of moderate capability. The first is founded on that very melodious theme recognised as "De Beriot's 6th Air;" the second has for subject the most broad and racy melody in Verdi's opera of *I Lombardi*. It is to M. Nordmann's credit that he has made both subservient to his ends, without defacing or otherwise maltreating either.

"Sebastopol; or, A Cheer for the Brave." Song. The Poetry by Henry Drummond; the Music by Albert Dawes, Organist of the Victoria Hall, Belfast.

We cannot except the present song from the *index expurgatorius* to which we have felt it our duty to consign so many ballads and musical compositions relating to the siege of Sebastopol and other events connected with the Crimean campaign. We object to them on principle; and there is nothing, either in the poetry of Mr Drummond or the music of Mr Dawes, to induce us to waive our objection.

No. 1.—"Valse de l'Hiver" des Vêpres Siciliennes de Verdi, par Henri Laurent.

No. 2.—"La Sicilienne," des Vêpres Siciliennes, par Madame Oury.

The *Valse de l'Hiver* (No. 1) is a transcription for the piano of one of the liveliest, most *tuneable*, and most spirited things in the ballet of the *Quatre Saisons*, from Verdi's last and most successful opera. The first *valse* figure is charming, and the others are nearly (No. 2 perhaps quite) as good. M. Laurent has added an introduction and *coda*.

In No. 2 Madame Oury, the accomplished pianist, has provided us with a very brilliant and highly effective arrangement of the celebrated *Sicilienne* in the last act of the same opera, which during fifty representations, owing to its own sparkling character and the perfect singing of Madlle. Sophie Cruvelli, never once escaped an enthusiastic encore. Madame Oury has not been too accommodating to the means of moderate players; but those who are sufficiently advanced will find both practice and pleasure in the study of her version of the "*Sicilienne*," which besides other qualities, and notwithstanding the showy passages that adorn it, has the merit of being faithful to the original.

"A Christmas Carol," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the music by Carl A. Lane.

The poetry of the author of *Hiawatha* would alone recommend this Christmas carol even were the music not so catching and appropriately simple as it really is.

"Snow Flakes and Christmas Berries," Dance Album, composed by Augustus Manns.

This collection of dance music comprises six of the most recent inspirations from the brain of the new director of the Crystal Palace Band, successor of Herr Schallen, formerly musical autocrat at Sydenham. No. 1.—"Yule Log March"—is a quick step which may be denominated, at the best, harmless. Not so No. 2—"The Mistletoe Waltz"—which besides being what our allies call, a "*singerie*" of the German waltz composers, especially Strauss, contains melodial notes so repulsive to the harmony, that even Strauss *fils*, much less Strauss *père*, would not have admitted them in his most capricious moments,—instance the G natural, in that part of figure 4 which professes to be in the key of D flat and produces an effect as hideous as possible. No. 3, "The Snap-Dragon Polka," contains a very sudden and very ugly transition from C into E flat (page 12) but no other remarkable feature. Like its predecessors this has not a vestige of originality. No. 4, "The Chimes Redowa," is in the key of E and should be called "Ding Dong." In No. 5, "Sleigh bell Schottische," there are some engraver's errors. These add piquancy and variety to those of Mr Manns' own making, which are numerous. No. 6, "Snow drift Galop," by the showers of disagreeable notes that are to be met in it, produces a sensation on the ear about as comfortable as the sensation produced on the eye

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in the middle of a snow-storm, when the wind is adverse. *Beef*—"Snow-flakes" and "Christmas berries" can be compared to nothing better than the rinsings of Mr. D'Albert's bottles.

THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

A DRAMATIC performance took place on Thursday evening, in St. George's Hall. Colman the Elder's comedy of *The Jealous Wife* (compressed into three acts) was performed. The following was the cast:—

Major Oakley, Mr. Bartley; Oakley, Mr. Charles Kean; Charles, Mr. Leigh Murray; Lord Trinket, Mr. Walter Lacey; Russet, Mr. F. Matthews; Sir Harry Beagle, Mr. Harley; Tom (his servant), Mr. Cormack; John and Paris (Oakley's servants), Mr. Raymond and Mr. H. Saker; Lady Freelove's servant, Mr. [illegible]; Lady Freelove, Mrs. Winstanley; Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Charles Kean; Harriet, Miss Heath; Toilet, Miss Clifford; Lady Freelove's Maid, Miss Collins.

The performance gave satisfaction to the Royal and distinguished party.

MDLLE. CRUVELLI.—The marriage of this "Lady" with M. le Baron George Vigier, came off in Paris, on Tuesday the 8th January, not Saturday the 5th, as was stated. The civil contract was entered into before the Mayor of the 10th *arrondissement*, and the religious solemnization took place first in the Catholic Church of Saint-Thomas-d'Aquin, and afterwards at the Protestant Chapel in the Rue Chauchat. The witnesses on the husband's side were MM. Auber and the Vicomte de Beaumont; and those for the "Lady," M. Léon Gatayes and Captain Trotter. Mad. Cruvelli, mother, Mdlle. Marie and M. Auguste Cruvelli, sister and brother of the bride, were present. The Baron and Baroness Vigier left Paris immediately after the ceremony for Germany.—*Le Ménestrel*.

FLORA FABBRI.—This well-known *danseuse*, whom Mr. Bunn introduced to the London public, in 1846, has made her appearance at the Bordeaux theatre as Giselle in the *ballet* of that name.

MADLLE. RITA FAVANTI is in Paris. The French papers state that she has signed an engagement as *prima donna* with the director of the opera at Barcelona.

M. ADOLPHE ADAM.—A new comic opera, in one act, entitled *Falstaff*, the music by this fertile composer, was to be produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique on Thursday last, for the *début* of M. Hermann Léon—late of the Opéra-Comique.

MEYERBEER.—After the third performance of *L'Etoile du Nord* the composer of the *Huguenots* left Vienna for Venice, where he will pass the rest of the winter, in obedience to the advice of his medical attendant.

M. VIEUXTEMPS, the celebrated violinist, has been giving concerts at Marseilles.

AUBER.—The new opera entitled *Manon Lescaut*, by this distinguished composer, is announced at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, on the 25th instant, with Marie Cabel (her first appearance at the Opéra-Comique) as the heroine.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE.—On New Year's-day, the 655th day of Mr. Buckstone's season at the Haymarket, a handsome service of plate was presented to him by the members of his company.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—On Wednesday evening Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was given (for the second time this season) under Mr. Hullah's direction. The principal singers were Mad. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. H. Buckland, and Weiss. It is no little to Mr. Hullah's credit that he has done so much to popularise the earlier masterpiece of the greatest modern composer in the oratorio style. *St. Paul* probably, in this respect, owes more to Mr. Hullah than to the Sacred Harmonic Society.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS.—A correspondent of *L'Europe Artiste* writing from London, terminates his communication thus:—"We shall speak again of the Ancient Concerts, when tickets are sent to us"—"which," adds the Editor, "is after all very logical." Unfortunately the Ancient Concerts have been extinct since 1848.

PROVINCIAL.

CHELTENHAM.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The concert of Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind, which has formed the topic of conversation for the last few weeks, took place on Wednesday, the 16th inst., in the Assembly Rooms, which were crowded to excess with all the rank and fashion at present staying at the "Queen of Watering Places." I subjoin the programme,* which appeared to give great satisfaction. The fair *cantatrice* excited the same amount of enthusiasm and applause that she does everywhere else. The "Nightingale" was to sing at a morning concert in the same rooms on the 18th, for which we heard that nearly all the places were [illegible].

GLOUCESTER.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The opera company whose advent I gave you in my last, have had a successful season. They closed on the 11th with *Don Pasquale* for the first time in Gloucester. Miss Harland played Norina, Mr. Herberte, Ernesto; Mr. H. Corri, the Don; and Mr. Durand, Dr. Malatesta. Without being hypercritical, it would be difficult to find fault with the manner in which they sang the music and acted their respective parts. A most enthusiastic recall ensued upon the fall of the curtain. As this is the fourth visit that this company has paid, they are now decided favourites with the whole taste of the "fayre citye." I would here take the opportunity of remarking one peculiar anomaly in the audiences of this place—I refer to encoring in a concert-room. You know what they are, from your experience of the music meetings, where the habit of redemanding nearly every thing is a perfect nuisance. At a concert just before Christmas, out of fifteen pieces, *eleven* were encored. At the theatre the reverse seems to be the case, for although they applaud vociferously they seldom or never encore. I don't think, during the fortnight that the opera company played here, there was one encore.

Our spirited townsman, Mr. J. W. Needham, has entered into negotiations with a view to having Jenny Lind. Should the arrangements be concluded, she will probably visit us towards the latter end of this month or the beginning of next.

LEICESTER.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed for the first time in this town, on Monday week, and attracted a larger audience than has ever been assembled at a concert here before; upwards of 1,500 persons being present. The principal vocalists were—Mr. and Madame Weiss, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Julia Bleaden, Messrs. Cooper and Oldershaw. The band included the best performers in the town and neighbourhood, reinforced by Messrs. Willy, Harper, Baumann, H. Nicholson, C. Harper, Horton, Maycock, etc., from the London orchestras. The chorus was excellent. Mr. Alfred Nicholson conducted the performance, which afforded gratification to all present.

STRATFORD.—A concert was given, on Monday evening, the 7th instant, by the Stratford Musical Society, under the direction of Mr. D. W. Banks. The vocalists were—Mrs. Wallack, Miss H. Wilkinson, Messrs. Perring, [illegible], Baxter, Slater, Roberts, and Smith. Mr. Bembridge was the pianist. Mr. [illegible] was encored in two songs, and the same compliment was awarded to Mr. Perring in a song from Verdi's *Rigoletto*.

LOCKWOOD.—A concert was given in the Lockwood National school-room, on Friday evening, the 11th inst., by Mr. Joseph Walker. The vocalists were Miss Whitham, Messrs. Walker, Hirst, Netherwood, and Garner; Mr. Battye's Glee and Madrigal Union, and the Lockwood Church choir. The Madrigal Union were encored in the "Tar's song;" Miss Whitham in the ballad

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* Our correspondent forgot to "subjoin" the programme, but here it is:—Part I. Sonata (G major), pianoforte and violin, Messrs. Otto Goldschmidt and Sainton, *Beethoven*. Rondo for voice, with violin obbligato, Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, violin obbligato M. Sainton (*Il Re Pastore*), *Mozart*. "Adelaide," Herr Reichardt, *Beethoven*. Berceuse and Tarantelle, pianoforte, M. Otto Goldschmidt, *Otto Goldschmidt* and *Thalberg*. Recit. and Aria, "Care compagne" (*Sonnambula*), *Bellini*, Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Part II. Solo de Concert, violin, Sainton, *Sainton*. Cavatina, "Quando lascia la Normandia" (*Robert*), Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, *Meyerbeer*. German Ballad, "Der Kuss," Herr Reichardt, *Meyerbeer*. Sestetto, Finale of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, transcribed by *Liszt*, Pianoforte solo, M. Otto Goldschmidt. Scotch Ballad, "Auld Robin Gray," and Swedish Melody, "Herdsman's Song," *Berg*, Madame Jenny Goldschmidt.

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"Little Nell;" Mr Garner in the song called "The Queen's Letter;" and an amateur (twice) in "A happy new year to us all." The audience was numerous, and the entertainment concluded with the National Anthem.

BALLYMENA (Ireland) Jan. 15.—Mr Albert Dawes, organist at Belfast, who has lately taken the direction of vocal and instrumental classes in this town—gave a musical entertainment on Tuesday the 8th, to a crowded audience. His performances on piano and violin were much applauded, and a new song of his composition, entitled "Sebastopol" was encored.

CLECKHEATON.—On Friday evening the 11th inst, Miss Milner, assisted by Miss Bentley, Mr George Bentley, Mr Josh Bentley and Mr Naylor, gave a concert in the large room at the George Hotel. The attendance was not numerous. Mr H. Cooper performed solos on the violin, and was warmly applauded. Mr C. Dawtrey, of Halifax, presided at the piano.

SHEFFIELD.—A performance of the *Messiah* was given last week at the Music Hall and attracted a very large audience. The principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Miss Bennett, Mr Inkersall, Mr Henry Phillips, and Master Joseph Warner. Mr Booth conducted.

AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPTS

OF

MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI."

BY LOUIS VIARDOT

(Translated from the "Illustration.")

When we call to mind the superiority which, for more than a century, Germany has acquired in the musical art, and the immense glory which has been conferred upon her by her great composers, we are naturally surprised and indignant at the ingratitude with which she has repaid the most illustrious of her children. Behold their fate! To escape from obscurity and misery Händel was compelled to quit his country to write operas in Italy and oratorios in England. With Gluck the same thing happened: he left Germany, and composed at first for Italy and afterwards for France. If Bach and Haydn were enabled to exist and work in their native land, it was because the one was organist of the Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen, and the other *valet-de-chambre* to Prince Esterhazy. Living in a miserable house in a faubourg of Vienna, Beethoven, whom despair had almost induced to commit suicide, was indebted for support in his comfortless and solitary old age to the benevolence of a stranger, the Russian Prince Galitzin, who commanded and paid him in advance for his last works. Weber died in London, so poor as not to have left his family sufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral. Mendelssohn only escaped the fate of his predecessors by favour of his patrimony; and Meyerbeer, rich also from birth, was compelled, nevertheless, to follow the example of Gluck and take his works, which have made the tour of the world, to Venice, and subsequently to Paris.

Though the most celebrated and the greatest, Mozart did not the less partake of the common lot. I have seen, in a small country house near Vienna, the chamber where, overtaken with illness and doomed to an early death, he composed the last of his operas, the second he wrote in the German language—*Die Zauberflöte (Il Flauto Magico)*. It was an attic, furnished with a camp-bed, straw chair, and deal table—in short, a servant's chamber. And when some obscure baron, who gave him his lodging there for charity, believed that he acted generously towards his guest whose name distinguishes to-day the house which he inhabited,* he was not ignorant that Mozart, when a child, had wrested admiration from the Court of France; that, when a young man, he had responded to the flattering compliments of the Austrian Emperor in language dignified and proud; that he was everywhere known, everywhere celebrated, everywhere respected. Nevertheless he lived with the servants; and when, a short time after, worn out by watching and incessant labour, Mozart, at thirty-six years of age, younger than Raphael, was wearing himself out in misery, in neglect, in grief, at obtaining, too late, a little post of *Maître de Chapelle*, which might have kept him alive, his mortal remains were carried away so secretly, that, since that time, the place of his interment has been sought in vain. It is a renewal of the history of Cervantes, another poor great man whom a tardy posthumous glory repaid for a whole life of misfortune. At the present day, however, ashamed of their long forgetfulness, the Germans are willing to render to the memory of Mozart the honours which Cervantes obtained from the Spaniards. At Salzbourg, his native city, they have erected a bronze statue in the middle of the public place. At Vienna they are making every exertion to discover his tomb, to raise over that grave without a stone a splendid monument; they are preparing a grand national *fête* to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth (he was born the 27th of January, 1756), and are busy collecting, for the Imperial Library, all his important manuscripts.

But there is one of them, the most precious of all, which the city that suffered it to depart will never repossess, and which a simple artist will refuse to the desires of a sovereign. It is the autograph manuscript of *Il Don Giovanni.*

It is necessary briefly to relate its history.

By authentic declaration, given at Vienna, on the 12th of March, 1800, the widow of Mozart, Constance Lange, remembered that she had sold the almost complete collection of the manuscripts of the illustrious deceased—who died on the 5th of December, 1791—to M. Jean-Antoine André, of Offenbach, who, himself a distinguished composer, had founded in this city the first great establishment which Germany possessed for the engraving and printing of music. According to the biography of Mozart, written by Counsellor Nissen, second husband of his widow, this collection contained upwards of two hundred and fifty original manuscripts, all marked with their dates, upon the daily register which Mozart had kept of his compositions, from his childhood to the last days of his life, and which resembles the *Livre de Vérité* of Claude Lorraine. M. André prided himself on preserving, while he lived, the entire collection of Mozart's manuscripts, and numbers of amateurs of these venerable curiosities remember well seeing them at his house. When M. André died some years since, his three children shared among them this interesting portion of their inheritance, and the manuscript of *Don Giovanni* fell to his daughter, Mdlle. Augustine André, married to M. Jean Baptiste Streicher, manufacturer of musical instruments to the Austrian Court. M. and Mad. Streicher offered the manuscript, at first, to the Imperial Library of Vienna, then to the Royal Library of Berlin, then to the British Museum of London. Three times the same answer was returned. While acknowledging the well-established authenticity of the manuscript, the directors of these public establishments deplored the want of funds and the impossibility of collecting more than specimens of the writing of all the great musicians, as of all the great writers. It was upon the refusal thus formally expressed by the British Museum, that Mad. Pauline Viardot, a few months since, came into possession of the precious manuscript of Mozart, and carried it with her from London to Paris.

We have thus had leisure to examine the manuscript, and perhaps the lovers of the Raphael of music will learn with interest some curious particulars which this examination has revealed.

The score of *Don Giovanni*, containing in all about 575 pages, is written upon thick Italian paper, oblong, and having no more than twelve staves. It was not the custom to rule paper of folio size after the manner of modern composers, for their complicated and noisy orchestras. At the same time Mozart had already enriched his score with so many new instruments that, in the *morceaux d'ensemble*, where the voices took a prominent part, the Italian paper was insufficient. On such occasions he transferred the parts for the wind instruments, or "*harmonie*," as the French call it, upon detached pieces of paper, which he called in German *Extra-Blatt*. His usual orchestra is always so disposed that the violins and tenors occupy the first staves at the top of the sheet, whilst the violoncellos and contra-basses, placed upon the same line occupy the lower staves. Thus, it is in the middle of what they call the "quartet" that Mozart notes the parts for the wind instruments and those for the voices. It is easy to see, from the difference of the ink and the pen, that he wrote at first, with the melody, the stringed quartet, and that he subsequently added the "*harmonie*," unless to accompany the voice he imagined at the same moment some special effect for the wind instruments. The manuscript throughout is very correct, very neat, almost without erasures. Mozart evidently did not write down a piece until he had composed it entirely in his head. Such are the manuscripts of Rossini, and of all composers endowed with rapid invention and great memory who neither fumble on the piano nor on paper for their ideas. If by chance a note is ill-written or blotted, Mozart explains its name underneath by a German letter. Moreover he displays throughout the most minute care in writing his music correctly and according to the universal rules of the science of harmony. As for the words, they are Italian, written with a German pen, and frequently in his autograph shorter, more easy to sing, and better adapted to vocal effect than in the printed score.

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* Mozart-Hof.

The manuscript of *Don Giovanni* is entire and complete. It contains all the *morceaux* which composed the first *partition*, even those which for so long a time, and everywhere out of Germany have been omitted from the representation, such as an air for Masetto, one for Donna Elvira, one for Don Giovanni, one for Leporello, and the second part of the last finale. I find in it also even the *morceaux* which Mozart afterwards added, the air of Don Ottavio, "Della sua pace," and the air of Donna Elvira, "Mi tradì quell' alma ingrata," which are dated with his own hand, the one the 24th, the other the 30th of April, 1788. Of all the *morceaux* comprised in the actual *partition*, only one is wanting. It is the recitative which commences, in the second act, the scene of Don Juan and Leporello in the cemetery, and which includes the admonition of the statue of the Commandant, "Di rider finirai." But this hiatus so much to be regretted, is historically explained. The scene opens brusquely with the duet, "O statua gentilissima." During the rehearsals Mozart perceived how much that duet would gain by being preceded by a recitative. According to tradition, setting himself immediately to work with his poet, the Abbé da Ponte, he bent his knee to make a table, and wrote this recitative upon a loose sheet of paper, which he forgot to attach to the rest of his manuscript.

Happily he did not exhibit the same negligence in his overture, seeing that it was composed somewhat after the same fashion, impromptu. There is nothing more curious in the annals of music than the history of this *chef-d'œuvre* to a *chef-d'œuvre* which he entitles, by a species of barbarism, "ouverture." We know that *Don Giovanni* was represented for the first time, at the Italian theatre at Prague in Bohemia, on the 16th of October 1787. Mozart arrived the day before, and the overture was not composed. Perhaps he did not wish to write it. But his friends, as well as the singers, solicited him to comply with the general custom. On the same evening the 16th, he shut himself up in his chamber at the inn, had a bowl of punch made, and entreated his wife to amuse him with fairy tales. He was a child, like our own La Fontaine:—

> "Si peau-d'âne m'était conté,
> J'y prendrais un plaisir extrême."

But soon, the muse coming to inspire him, he dismissed his wife, laid aside his glass, extinguished his pipe and suddenly, without break or stop, without correction, without retouching, wrote the overture from beginning to end. On looking at the manuscript, which shows only one kind of ink, one pen and one handwriting, it is easy to see with what incredible rapidity, how carried away and with what haste he conceived and projected on paper this powerful symphony. Composed then, in the course of the night, the overture was written out in parts the morning of the next day, and played in the evening from copies still moist, at first sight, without any rehearsal. Mozart directed, and, after their *tour de force*, turned towards the orchestra, whom he thanked with great warmth, "although," he added smiling, "many of the notes have fallen under the desks." A little after—perhaps the following year when he added two new airs to this *partition* which was now beginning to be understood and appreciated—he wrote upon a detached leaf—upon an "*Extra-Blatt*"—a new termination to the overture,[*] in order that, by ending on the tonic, in D, in place of joining itself by a modulation with the introduction which commences in F, it could be played apart from the opera, as a *morceau de concert*.

A lively controversy has arisen as to whether Mozart wrote for choruses in his score of *Don Giovanni*, or at least, whether he wrote all those which are heard at present on the stage in every country. Many have doubted it, and with reason. One glance at the manuscript and all uncertainty ceases, all question is set aside. The chorus, probably weak and insufficient in an Italian troupe, collected in the middle of Germany, were allotted, in the original plan of Mozart, a very small and unimportant part. He permits them to sing three times only: on the entrance of Zerlina and Masetto, to give in response an "Ah! Ah! Ah!" prolonged to the *refrain* in the duet, "Giovinette, che fate all'amore;" then at the commencement of the first finale, to sing with Don Giovanni, "Tu sveglìati via da brava;" and in the second finale to imitate the concert of devils who carry off Don Giovanni into the abyss. But that which is usually called a chorus, "Viva la libertà," should only be sung by the seven artists, who, between the death of the *commendatore* and his apparition in effigy, constitute all the personages of the drama. These seven persons, also, should alone sing the grand finale of the first act, even the *stretta*, where now they make use of masses of singers. It is ridiculous enough, indeed, to behold figuring in the saloons of a noble cavalier like Don Juan, a band of peasants,[†] the wedding party of Zerlina, the *Contadina*. Despite, however, of this little anomaly, Mozart's work has gained an advantage by the addition of the chorus, which was not at his command when he wrote it, and doubtless this powerful reinforcement to the score will never again be suppressed. It is necessary to remark that, in this finale having no *entrée* on the scene, no parts to sustain, and being doubles as far as the *stretta*, even to the words, "Trema, trema, scelerato," the chorus are bound to follow and to double, or, if necessary, to strengthen indefinitely the parts of the soloists. They divide themselves according to the nature of their voices, the *soprani* singing with Donna Anna, the *contralti* with Zerlina, the tenors with Don Ottavio, the basses with Masetto. Don Juan only shows himself more resolute, more intrepid, and more strong (if his voice and his bearing suffer for it, as in the days of Garcia) when he holds his head unmoved in the presence of this excited and tumultuous crowd, and when he escapes from them like a wild boar confronting the dogs that worry him.

(*To be continued.*)

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[*] It is generally believed that Winter wrote the concert coda to the overture to *Don Giovanni*.—ED. *M. W.*

[†] The peasants (the whole of Zerlina's and Masetto's wedding guests) are invited by Don Giovanni, through the medium of Leporello.—ED. *M. W.*

LEIPSIC.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—At Christmas the first half of our Gewandhaus concerts terminate. The tenth takes place before, and the eleventh on the first day of the new year. At the tenth concert, which fell on the 30th Dec., 1855, the following was the programme:—

Overture to *Faniska*, Cherubini; symphony No. 4 (B flat major), N. W. Gade; aria from *I Puritani*, Madame von Holdorp; clarionet concerto, of David, performed by Herr Landgraf; four songs, with piano accompaniment, sung by Madame von Holdorp; *Dithyrambe*, by Schiller, composed for male voices and orchestra, by Kappellmeister Rietz.

The orchestra was excellent, especially in M. Gade's symphony. Madame von Holdorp's singing wants style and correctness, and many blemishes could be pointed out. Herr Landgraf proved himself a master of the clarionet, and combined execution with delicacy and taste. He is a member of the band and was honoured with the loudest applause. The concerto was played for the first time, and pleased. The composition of our energetic Kappellmeister Rietz achieved a decided success.

The eleventh concert took place on the evening of the 1st of

January before an unusually crowded audience. The pieces performed were:

Overture, *Zauberflöte* Mozart; scena ed aria, *Fidelio*, sung by Madame Jenny Ney from Dresden; valse, Venzano, by the same lady; Beethoven's C minor concerto, by M. Moscheles; symphony, No. 3, A minor, Mendelssohn.

The band was perfect in the overture and symphony. Mad. Ney was not so successful in the aria as in the *valse*, in which she had opportunity to "show off" her powers to the best advantage. Now-a-days so few good singers appear before this audience that when they do come, they are received with demonstrations of joy. Such was the case with Mad. Ney. She was recalled several times, and repeated the *valse* with increased effect.

Though old in years, M. Moscheles is still young in art, if we may judge from the spirited and energetic manner in which he performed the concerto of Beethoven.

The twelfth Gewandhaus concert was on the 10th. The following was the programme:—

Haydn's symphony in G major; scena, aria and duetto, from Spontini's opera, *Die Vestalin*; Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G major by J. Brahms; Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*; scena, with chorus, from the same opera; "canons" and *sonelletta* of Schumann, by J. Brahms; chorus from Mendelssohn's *Œdipus in Kolonos*.

The symphony of Haydn, which is full of solo points, went well. Spohr's overture, ditto, and both were applauded. The vocal soli were entrusted to Herren Schneider and Eilers, of the Paulinerverein. Of M. Brahms you have already heard. He is the same whom Robert Schumann prophesied would become one day the "light of lights," and establish a new era in music. To Schumann M. Brahms owes the station in the musical world he now occupies. We were very curious to hear this fair-haired prodigy, and, although only about eighteen, expected, from what we had heard of him, something next to supernatural. Nevertheless, after hearing him at the Gewandhaus I can only myself pronounce him a piano-player of tolerable execution, possessing little genuine feeling, and, moreover, a regular "thumper." The cadenza in the concerto was unmeaning and unworthy of such a composition.

At the theatre, Meyerbeer's *Nordstern* has been reproduced and more justice done to the music than in the former representation. Herr Behr as Peter the Czar, sang and acted admirably. In the tent scene when he comes to himself after having ordered Catharine to be shot, he was particularly impressive. Herr Schneider (Danilowitz) also sang in a praiseworthy manner. Auber's opera, *Die Falschmünzer* (*The Coiners*), after a pause of more than twenty years, has again been brought on the boards. However, it does not seem to please the public, who think it one of Auber's weakest works. That pretty opera of Lortzing, *Die beiden Schützen*, has often been given, and each time to full houses. Herr Henzie as Peter, kept the audience in roars of laughter whenever he came on the stage and was called for unanimously more than once. *Preciosa*—Wolff's drama, music by C. M. von Weber—was also given a few days ago, and with decided success. Weber's music possesses all those peculiar charms so prominent in his style. The part of Preciosa was allotted to Mdlle. Bartolmeau, a pretty black-eyed "gipsey," who played without energy or spirit. Herr von Osbegraphie as the Captain, on the contrary, was full of both, and at times a little too full. Another production that has lately brought full houses is a *Volksmärchen*, called *Das Donauweibchen*. Music and drama are alike childish, yet it brings money to the treasury. Such is the taste of Leipsic theatre "goers." Should a classical opera be given, the house is not half full, and before the end they grow tired; but when an insignificant *Singspiel* is performed, there are crowds present eagerly listening and applauding the bad jokes of the actors. *Antigone*, that famous tragedy of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, has, nevertheless, been repeated some four or five times, each time with a perfection which, I think, can scarcely be excelled. The actors, singers, and orchestra, performed their several parts splendidly and did every justice, both to play and music. Nicolo Isouard's *Joconde* is to be revived shortly at the theatre.

Of the Mozart Festival we hear little; at present there is no probability of anything extraordinary taking place. Surmises have been made, but I believe nothing has been "fixed" concerning this affair. Otto Jahn's biography of the above composer is to be published in two volumes, with references. The first has already appeared.

Allow me to draw your attention, Mr. Editor, to two letters which lately appeared in Nos. 2 and 3 of the Leipsic *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* for this year written by Professor Praeger (Hamm!) from London. Perhaps you may find something amusing in them.

BRUNSWICK.—At the next Subscription Concert of the Ducal Capelle, Herr Alfred Dreyschock, from Leipsic, will appear and, at the concert after that, Herr Ferdinand Hiller will produce his symphony, "Es muss doch Frühling werden," which seems to be attaining a very extended popularity.

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The Musical World.

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HERR REICHARDT begs to inform his friends that he has left town for Edinburgh, to resume his operatic engagements, and will return in the beginning of April. All communications may be addressed—Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

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To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Your correspondent, styling himself "An English Musician," having been exposed in two *direct untruths*, has vented his vexation in an epistle full of spleen, animosity, and ill-nature. I cannot understand why the mere fact of writing a symphony in G minor should provoke an invidious comparison with Mozart's in the same key. If this were just, then every key in which that great master wrote should henceforth be studiously avoided, since who would presumptuously hope to come off otherwise than second-best in a comparison which is, in fact, quite absurd and uncalled for? As to the "*use*(*less*)ful information" which your correspondent alleges that Mr Stephens has taken the opportunity of spreading abroad, I conceive that he has not entered into any further particulars than were necessary to fully refute an assertion, to the effect that his work had been performed by the Harmonists *in consideration of tickets purchased*—an assertion which Mr Stephens has, as a point of justice to the directors, shown to be entirely devoid of truth.

With regard to the "emerging from obscurity" and the question as to the "capacity of directors," these and similar remarks are, doubtless, in a great measure attributable to the highly splenetic mood in which your correspondent has written, heightened, probably, by his being one of those who, himself desirous of "emerging from obscurity," has not succeeded, and who has written Oratorios and Symphonies (not in G minor) and formed his estimate of the "capacity of directors" from their rejection of the same.

In conclusion, I conceive that your correspondent should be one of the last to take exception to the fact that any English composition is pretty sure to be abused in the *Athenæum*, since he appears to be himself thickly "tarred with the same brush," and all his professed regrets at the discouragements encountered by English composers seem very closely to sympathise with the *Athenæum's* "crocodile tears."

Kensington, I remain, sir, yours truly,
Jan. 22nd, 1856. AN ENGLISH AMATEUR.

WAIT FOR AN ANSWER

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Manchester, Jan. 11th, 1856.

SIR,—Will you oblige me by informing me in the *Musical World* who you consider to be the first pianist of the day.

I remain your obedient servant,
A STUDENT.

[Our correspondent had better apply to Mr Cipriani Potter.—ED.]

M. JULLIEN AND THE SURREY GARDENS.

(*From the Athenæum.*)

AMONG the other contradictions betwixt financial pressure and expenditure in public amusements which observers have noted as characterizing periods similar to the present one, may be recorded the scheme of raising a Musical Crystal Palace in the Surrey Gardens, on the limited liability plan of subscription. The building is to be vast and superb; and the promoters of this project have engaged M. Jullien for five years, to conduct their orchestra which is to be on the grandest scale. One hundred and thirty years ago the favourite musical entertainment at the public gardens round about London was an organ *concerto*, and a person called Handel, and the pupils of this person were the players. The retrospect is inevitable, made though it be in no spirit of contempt for the proposed speculation which is aimed at a public of entirely different quality to those commemorated in Walpole's letters and Burney's novels. As a caterer and conductor for the crowd —not for the connoisseur—M. Jullien has many valuable requisites. He has learnt, during his experience of English audiences, the art of keeping his public, by leading as well as by pleasing them. He has never shown himself slack or timid in stepping forward when there has been the chance of his realizing public sympathy in a tangible form. Nor will any thinking man, be he ever so fastidious in insisting on the best music for the few or in requiring severity for a classical public, and research to please those who desire the continuance of Art, disdain the monster gatherings over which he presides so magnificently. They help to spread the taste, to create an appetite for the knowledge of better things, and this knowledge they satisfy in a reasonable measure. We wish success, then, to the proposed undertaking as a wise and effective addition to the cheap and popular amusements of the people of London.

MADRID.—A national Spanish opera, *Isabella the Catholic*, by Senor Emilio Arieta, has been produced, and favourably received.

MUSIC AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

(*From the Sunday Times*).

A FORTNIGHT since, a letter appeared in our columns, signed "Semibreve," complaining of the composition of the chorus on the occasion of the late performance of Méhul's *Joseph*, at Windsor Castle. We have left this letter to itself thus long, in the expectation that some authoritative notice would be taken of it, in the quarter most immediately concerned. This has not been done, and we, therefore, conclude—as, indeed, from the first, we believed—that its statements are substantially correct.

Long before the appearance of "Semibreve's" letter, however, we had noticed the conduct of the Sacred Harmonic Society in matters of this kind, and pointed out that, instead of attending to its own ordinary business—that of securing good choral performances at Exeter-hall—it was constantly endeavouring, either by the influence of its conductor or the indomitable assurance of some of its committee, to supplant the services of professional choristers on all great public occasions. Of the success of this endeavour in a great many instances, we have the most positive knowledge. It is, doubtless, mighty agreeable for a number of gentlemen choristers thus to go flourishing about the country and undertaking to do all sorts of things in which they are incompetent. It procures them withal many agreeable excursions at the cheapest possible rate, and procures them, perhaps, some little *éclat* among persons even less acquainted with music than themselves. Nevertheless, the whole thing is a most serious mistake—and for two reasons. In the first place, the Sacred Harmonic Society's chorus is, by no means, so excellent that it can afford thus to put out sample members on hire; and in doing this therefore it merely substitutes bad singing for good. And, secondly, supposing them ever good as well, these gentlemen profess singing as an amusement, not as a business—they have no right, therefore, to invade the province—be it in pay or place, or both—of those professional choristers to whom singing is an essential means of a livelihood.

Let us not be misunderstood as running a tilt against amateurship in general. On the contrary, it is our firm belief that, in diffusing a knowledge of any art, amateurship is of real importance—nay, that its extent and quality are, in some sort, a test of progress in the country in all [illegible]. Amateurs, then, of all the arts, are not only highly respectable, but, indeed, serviceable members of the community so long as they keep within the well-defined limit of their rank. The moment, however, they quit this, and experimentalise on duties for which they are fitted neither by position nor acquirement, they become both ridiculous and mischievous.

Neither let us be supposed to be actuated by hostility to the Sacred Harmonic Society in particular. Our reproofs to that rather consequential body have been solely designed for their benefit. So long as they work at music, as amateurs should work, in the desire for improvement and for the pleasure it affords them, they will have our warmest support. But beyond this we will not go. We cannot countenance indifferent singing in Exeter Hall, backed by the attempt to force that indifferent singing on a market which has better and more legitimate sources of supply. The amateurs who leave their desks and counters to assemble for good, earnest, zealous practice of the highest class of choral compositions, are worthy the esteem of all musicians. If they venture beyond this—if they scramble into the professional orchestra, and there openly contest the ground with men who understand and live by their work—they are simply worthy the treatment due to quacks and intruders.

The case brought to notice by our correspondent "Semibreve" is particularly unfortunate. Eminently foreign in all its predilections as is the Court, it was, of all things, desirable that on the very rare occasion of a wholly English performance in the royal presence, that performance should be as faultless as possible. There was surely no occasion to risk the giving of any additional edge to that notorious disfavour in which the Queen, unfortunately, holds English music and its professors. Yet, if our correspondent's statements are to be believed, a considerable proportion of this not over-large chorus—"24 in number" —was made up of members of the Sacred Harmonic Society ("not one" of whom "could take a part and sing it by themselves.") But, supposing this assertion altogether false, and that the Exeter Hall choristers thus admitted to the Palace were of absolutely first rate excellence, the question still remains, what business had they there at all? Her Majesty's purse-bearer, doubtless, paid for efficient professional services, and under such circumstances, the presence of the amateur element was either an unwarrantable intrusion, from motives of mere curiosity, or a palpable job.

It is time a limit were put to this mischievous kind of absurdity. We made no comment on a letter some time since addressed to the *Sunday Times*, complaining that the professional choristers engaged by the Sacred Harmonic Society were overworked and underpaid, simply because, admitting the good foundation of the charge, we have no desire to encourage any further professional admixture or intervention in the business of the society than is absolutely necessary. We believe the amateur chorus, if properly handled, to be strong enough to stand by itself—that with a really able master, and a strict enforcement of his discipline, it would prove capable of any required amount of excellence. This was, certainly, the society's original aim and would be, as certainly, its most creditable achievement. But while thus maintaining all the worth and privileges of amateurship within Exeter Hall, we shall most strenuously oppose its encroachment in any way on the rights of those who not only can sing, but earn their living by the ability.

At present, the Sacred Harmonic Society is like a dog in the manger; for it not only cannot eat its own hay, but lays claim to that of its neighbour.

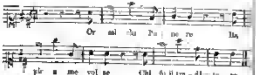
AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPTS OF MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI"

BY LOUIS VIARDOT

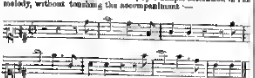
(Translated from the "Illustration.")

(Continued from p. 46.)

In many places of the manuscript there are cuts, or passages scored out, which there is little doubt that, through fear of length, combined with inefficient execution, Mozart suppressed at rehearsal. Scarcely one of these cuts, however, has been allowed to stand; and, whether by himself or by his editors, the rejected passages have been restored in the printed score and upon the stage. There are to be found, also, though very rarely, modifications of the first ideas. These are always very reasonable and happy. I will cite a notable example. The grand air, which in the first act Donna Anna sings to Don Ottavio, when she recognises in Don Giovanni the assassin of her father, commenced thus:—



See what Mozart has made of it, by a simple alteration in the melody, without touching the accompaniment:—



and this happy correction was made at once, while he was composing the *morceau*, for, at the *reprise* of the theme we find the second version written instead of the first.

It is equally plain, on looking at the manuscript, that in the song of the *commendatore* "Don Giovanni m'invitasti a cenar teco," the famous ascending and descending scales for the first violins, which accompany the words, "Altre cure più gravi," were added as an afterthought, in a space too narrow for them, and were substitutes for a simple *tremolo*. But this change was also made before Mozart had written the overture, since the same scale passages are there repeated, and this time on sufficient space and without being the substitute for any other orchestral figure. Another curious observation may be made *à propos* of the well-known air of Ottavio, "Il mio tesoro intanto." When the *reprise* of the theme occurs, Mozart does not give himself the trouble to write out the orchestration a second time, but merely writes across the lines the words, "*Come prima*." Nevertheless, as an exception, he takes care to re-write the shake allotted to the first violin, while the voice holds on the note by the word "cercate," as if this shake was an integral part of the melody. From this it appears that Rubini was quite right in appropriating it, that he entered thus into the real sentiment of the author, and that Mozart would not have failed to entrust it to the voice, if the voice of Rubini had been his interpreter.*

One of the most interesting parts of the manuscript of Mozart, and one of the most useful to consult even to this day, is the list of directions for the *mise en scène* which are frequently added to the words of the text. Some are very laconic—such as "*strada*," "*notte*," "*combatto*," "*more*." Others relate to the costumes or stage business. Thus Donna Elvira should appear "*in abito da viaggio*;" and when Don Ottavio unmasks, in the *finale* of the first act, it should be "*pistola in mano*." But other indications are much more important, and I will cite some striking examples. In the grand *finale* to the first act, when the three orchestras come in one after the other, playing each a *morceau* different in character and measure which amalgamated symphonically, Mozart wishes the second and third orchestras to commence by imitating the effect of musicians tuning their instruments,—"*accordano*." This is always either neglected or inaudible. Each of these three dance orchestras should also have its particular dancers. Thus, when the first begins, "*Don Ottavio balla menuetto con Donna Anna*;" when the second commences, "*Don Giovanni si mette a ballar con Zerlina una contradanza*;" and when the third strikes up, "*Leporello balla la Teitsch (L'Allemande) con Masetto*." So that, with the exception of Donna Elvira, who remains as spectator, everybody is occupied in this dancing prelude to the formidable vocal *ensemble*.

Passing to the second act, we discover that, to sing the air, "Non mi dir, bel idol mio," Donna Anna should not enter alone, with a letter in her hand. These words are addressed to Don Ottavio, who is present, who has a part to sing in a recitative preceding that of his unhappy *fiancée* and who ends the scene with another recitative. But the *primo tenore*, after his *aria*, is in a hurry to depart, and to avoid the trouble of re-appearing by himself, he gives to the air of Donna Anna an appearance of isolation, interpolation and irrelevancy which makes it seem unnatural, and has led to its frequent suppression, notwithstanding its importance and beauty. Lastly, a little further on, during the last orgy of the condemned libertine, when Donna Elvira tries, with the tenderest protestations, to touch the heart of her insensible husband, she finishes with a burst of supplication and throws herself on her knees before him, while Don Juan, seeing that she refuses to rise, kneels down in mockery by her side. This is an excellent dramatic effect, and should be revived, for that reason alone, without taking into consideration the formal directions of Mozart.

Another and more delicate question is, whether the second part of the last *finale* ought also to be restored. In the original, after Don Juan is carried off by the statue and the devils he has invoked, Anna, Elvira, Zerlina, Ottavio, and Masetto return, resolved to revenge themselves and to punish his misdeeds. But Leporello, hiding under the table, informs them that *l'uomo di sasso* has already been to seek him, and that "*Il diavolo se lo trangugno*." Then they sing together:—

"*Resti dunque quel birbon*
Con Proserpina e Pluton."

Adding soon after to give a moral to the *dénouement*

"*Ecco il fin di chi fa mal,*
E de' perfidi la morte
Alla vita è sempre ugual."

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* As a proof that Mozart had only a very mediocre tenor, we have not alone the passage above quoted, nor even the general texture of the part of Don Ottavio; we must place before all the circumstance, that, for the part of Don Juan, a young and brilliant seducer, Mozart preferred the bass voice contrary to all custom. This imposed him, however, at the commencement and end of his work, to write for Don Juan, Leporello, and the commendant, trios for three basses.

This motto reveals the title of the original comedy the popular subject of which has had the distinguished honour of passing through the hands of Molière, Mozart, and Lord Byron.*

If the situation and the poetry of this *finale* are not very powerful, it must be acknowledged that the composer has not infused much fire into them by the aid of his music. After the prodigious scene which begins at the entry of the Commendant, and finishes with the disappearance of his murderer hardened in crime, Mozart himself could not rise higher; he had attained the extreme summit of dramatic grandeur, and any piece to follow, though it might be quite worthy a place in any other work or in another part of the same work, must necessarily seem cold and feeble. It is the only one also that Mozart has written, materially, with confusion, with disorder, and where labour shows itself in place of inspiration. It was right, then, it appears to me, to suppress it at the theatre and to banish it in future from the published editions.

It would be worse than useless, it would be in some sort ridiculous to eulogize this incomparable *chef-d'œuvre* which, for sixty eight years, has occupied the first rank in the lyric theatres of the whole world. "Would you praise Cæsar," says Mark Antony, in Shakspere's play, "call him Cæsar and add nothing." But among all the examples of admiration and respect which it has received, I should select the following:

One day, in a large company, Rossini was pressed to name the opera he preferred above all those to which his exhaustless invention had given birth, that invention alas! which he voluntarily arrested at the age of thirty-six, thus being dead to art at as early an age as Mozart himself. "There is no father," it was observed, "who has not a Benjamin among his children;" and one cited the *Barbiere*, another *Otello*, another *La Gazza*, another *Semiramide*, another *Guillaume Tell*. Rossini demanding silence, every one listened to the oracle.—"You wish to know," he said, "which of my works I like the best; well, then, it is *Don Giovanni*."

We have had quite recently a confirmation of this charming anecdote. The illustrious emulator of Mozart had called to see the daughter of the dearest of his old friends, of the eminent artist for whom he wrote the greatest parts in his *répertoire*. He listened to her performances on the pianoforte and organ with an indulgence quite paternal, with that susceptible emotion which illness seems to have added, as a new quality of the heart, to all the qualities of his mind. He then asked to see the manuscript of the opera of his predilection. "I must kneel," said he, "before this holy relic." Then after having looked through several pages with religious attention—"My friend," said he, laying his hand on the manuscript of Mozart—"He is the greatest, he is the master of all, this is the only one who had as much science as genius, and as much genius as science." I remembered piously these words of Rossini.

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* "*No hay plazo que no llegue ni deuda que no se pague, o el convidado de piedra.*" This comedy is by the monk of the *Merci Fray* Gabriel Tellez, who wrote for the theatre under the name of Tirso de Molina.

REFLEXION AND RESONANCE OF MUSICAL SOUNDS.—Sound being more reflexible than light, penetrates into recesses where light would fail to enter; but, like light, loses in intensity what it gains in extent. Thus, a sound that has travelled twice a certain distance will only be heard with a fourth its original strength, the loudness not diminishing inversely as the distance increases, but inversely in the square of that distance. This is the rule for the open air, but in a building the sound is returned, and the reflexion causes echo, which, if the original sound still exists, mingles with it; if it ceases, is audible afterwards. The reciprocation of neighbouring bodies augments the sound and forms resonance; for instance, a vibrating tuning fork will, on the handle being placed on the table, acquire an increase of strength; so with a violin, if only the strings vibrated, an insignificant sound would be produced; but, where the body of the instrument is set vibrating, sounds are produced of considerable power. Resonance, is, therefore an essential condition in musical instruments; thus, a wooden floor and that a raised one, beneath an organ, greatly increases its effect and power, the whole of the surrounding woodwork being thrown into strong vibration.—*The Builder*.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(*Continued from page 38.*)

LET us now examine attentively the unspeakable element, which the orchestra is capable of expressing with the greatest definiteness—in conjunction, namely, with something else, also unspeakable—*gesture*.

The gestures of the body as manifested in the significant movement of the limbs most capable of expression, and lastly, of the play of the countenance, and as if determined by an inward sensation, are something unspeakable, inasmuch as language is able only to describe and suggest, while the limbs and play of the countenance alone can really express them. Anything which verbal language can communicate perfectly, that is to say, a subject to be communicated by the understanding to the understanding, does not at all require to be accompanied or strengthened by gesture—in fact, unnecessary gesture could only confuse it. In the case of such a communication, the sensuous receptive organ of hearing is, as we have already seen, not even excited, but serves merely as an unsympathising mediator. The communication of any subject, however, which verbal language cannot manifest with full conviction to the feelings, when they are necessarily to be excited, or in other words, an expression overflowing into emotion, absolutely requires to be strengthened by an accompanying gesture. We see, therefore, that, when the sense of hearing is to be excited to greater sensuous sympathy, the person making the communication must have recourse to the eye; the ear and the eye must reciprocally assure each other of a more completely determined communication, in order to convey it convincingly to the feelings. Gesture, however, in its communication which had become necessary for the eye, expressed only that which verbal speech could precisely express no longer—had verbal speech been able to do so, gesture would have been superfluous and confusing. The eye was thus excited by gesture in a manner which the corresponding balance of the communication to the sense of hearing was wanting; but this balance is necessary for the completion of the impression into one that shall be perfectly intelligible to the feelings. It is true that the verbal verse, after becoming, from excitement, melody, finally merges the purport of the understanding of the original spoken communication into a purport of the feelings; but the moment of the communication to the sense of hearing corresponding perfectly to the gesture is not yet contained in this melody. It was precisely in the latter, as the most *excited* spoken expression, that we found the *inducement* for the heightening of the gesture, as a strengthening moment, which the melody still *needed*, precisely because what perfectly corresponded to it—the strengthened moment of the gesture—could not yet be contained in the said melody. The verse-melody contained, therefore, only the condition for the manifestation of gesture; what gesture has to justify for the feelings, as the spoken verse was to be justified—or more correctly, to be *explained*—by means of the melody, or the melody by means of the harmony, lies, however, beyond the power of *that* melody which proceeded from the spoken verse, and remains, with an essential and indispensably presupposed side of its body, turned precisely to the verbal language, which, incapable of expressing what is peculiar to gesture, availed itself of the assistance of the latter, and now is precisely incapable of communicating to the sense of hearing, which requires it, that which completely corresponds to the gesture. The element of gesture which is thus unspeakable in the verbal language of tone, the language of the orchestra, completely separated from this verbal language, can now, in its turn, communicate to the sense of hearing, as gesture itself manifests it to the eye.

This capability was obtained by the orchestra from the accompaniment of the most sensuous gesture, the *gesture of the dance*, for the intelligible manifestation of which, from its essential constitution, this accompaniment was necessary, from the fact of the dance, and, indeed, gesture generally, holding pretty well the same relative position to orchestral melody that verbal verse does to the singing melody conditional upon it, so that gesture and orchestral melody form only when combined

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such a Whole, intelligible of itself, as the verbal melody of tone does for itself. It was in the *rhythm* that the gesture of the dance and the orchestra possessed their most momentous point of contact, that is to say, the point where both—the one in space, the other in time; the one for the eye, the other for the ear—were manifested as perfectly similar and reciprocally conditional, and to this point both were obliged, after each departure from it, to fall back again in order to be, or become intelligible by means of it, because it revealed their most original relationship. From this point, however, gesture and orchestra were extended equally to the power of speech most peculiar to them both. Just as, in this power, gesture manifests to the eye a something only to be expressed by *itself*, the orchestra communicates to the ear that which, in its turn, corresponds precisely to this manifestation, in the very same manner that, at the starting point of the relationship, the musical rhythm explained to the ear that which was manifested to the eye in the sensuously most perceptible moments of the motions of the dance. The fall of the foot, as it sank down again after being raised, was for the eye precisely the same thing that the accented downward beat was for the ear; and thus, then, even for the ear the moving tone-figure executed by the instruments, and which melodically unites the downward beats, is exactly the same that the movement of the foot or the other limbs capable of expression in their change, corresponding to the downward beat, is for the eye. The more now that gesture departs from its most definite but, at the same time, most limited foundation in the dance,—the more rarely it distributes its sharpest accents for the purpose, in the manifold and delicate transitions of the expression, of becoming an endlessly capable power of speech—the more manifold and delicate is the shape assumed also by the tone-figures of the language of the instruments, which, in order to communicate convincingly the unspeakable element of gesture, gain a melodic expression of the most peculiar kind and one whose immeasurably rich capability cannot be described either in purport or form, by verbal language, precisely because the purport and the form is manifested already *perfect* by the orchestral melody to the ear, and can only be further experienced by the eye, and, that too, as the purport and form of the gesture corresponding to the melody in question.

That this peculiar power of speech belonging to the orchestra has not yet been able to develope itself in opera to anything like the fulness of which it is capable, is accounted for by the fact that—as I have already said in the proper place—from the want of all truly dramatic foundation in opera, the system of gesture was still drawn for it, quite crudely, from the pantomime of the dance. This dancing, ballet-pantomime could be manifested only in movements and gestures, altogether limited and, for the sake of the greatest intelligibility, finally laid down for stereotype adoption, because it was completely deficient in those conditions which would have determined and explained its greater manifoldness as something necessary. These conditions are contained in verbal language—not, indeed, the verbal language that is drawn in, but the verbal language which *draws* in gesture to its help. The increased power of speech which the orchestra would, therefore, not obtain in pantomime and opera, it sought to gain it from an instinctive knowledge of its capability as absolute instrumental music, separated from pantomime. We have seen that this effort, in its greatest strength and sincerity, necessarily led to the desire for justification through the words, and through the gesture presupposed by them, and we have only now to see how, on the other hand, the perfect realisation of the poetic intention is only possible by means of the highest and most explanatory justification of its verbal verse melody through the perfect power of speech of the orchestra, in conjunction with gesture.

The poetic intention, as it wishes to be realised in the Drama, presupposes the highest and most manifold expression of gesture; in fact, it requires a degree of manifoldness, strength, delicacy, and mobility which is found no where else, which is to be met with necessarily in the drama alone, and which, therefore, had to be created of completely special peculiarity for it, because dramatic action is, with all its motives, an action raised and increased above life to the pitch of miraculousness. The compression of the points of the action and of their motives could only be rendered intelligible to the feelings in an expression compressed in its turn, and raised out of the verbal verse to the melody immediately determining the feelings. As this expression is now heightened into melody, it necessarily requires also a heightening of the gesture, presupposed by it, above the standard of the ordinary gesture of conversation. This gesture, however, is, in conformity with the character of the drama, not merely the monological gesture of a single individual, but gesture rising to the highest multiplicity from the characteristically important meeting of many individuals—or, so to speak, "many-voiced" gesture. The dramatic intention not only draws the inward sensation—of itself—within its sphere, but for the sake of its realization, more especially the manifestation of this sensation in the outward and bodily appearance of the various persons concerned. Pantomime was contented, with regard to the form, bearing, and dress of the various personages, with typical masks; the all-powerful drama tears the typical masks from the personages—for it possesses the necessary justifying power of speech, and exhibits them as separate individualities, manifesting themselves precisely in such and such a manner and no other. The dramatic intention determines, therefore, down to the most minute detail, the forms, features, bearing, movement, and dress of the representing person, in order to make him appear, at every instant, as one certain individuality, quickly and definitely recognisable, and perfectly distinct from other individualities coming in contact with it. This drastic distinctiveness of one individuality is, however, possible only when all the other individualities, coming in contact and connected with it, are represented with exactly the same unmistakeably determined drastic distinctiveness. If we now picture to ourselves the appearance of each sharply defined individuality in the endlessly changeable relations to one another, out of which the manifold points and motives of the action are developed, and represent them according to the endlessly exciting impression which the sight of them must produce upon our powerfully lettered eye, we understand, also, the desire experienced by the ear for an impression, perfectly corresponding to the one produced on the eye, intelligible, moreover, to the ear, and in which the first impression appears completed, justified, or explained; for "Durch zweier Zeugen Mund wird (erst) die (volle) Wahrheit kund."*

That which the ear wishes to hear is, however, precisely what is unspeakable in the impression received by the eye as an expression which in itself and its movement the poetic intention, immediately occasioned, by means of its nearest organ, verbal language, but cannot now convincingly communicate to the feelings. If this sight did not exist for the eye, poetic language might feel justified in communicating to the feelings the description and portrayal of what was imagined; when, however, it is offered, and that directly to the eye, as the highest poetic intention desired it, the description in poetic language is not alone perfectly superfluous, but would moreover fail without the least impression upon the ear. That which is unspeakable in poetic language is now communicated to the ear by the language of the orchestra, and precisely from the desire of the ear excited by [illegible] the eye, does this language gain a new and immeasurable power, which, however, without this excitement, is constantly slumbering, or—if aroused by its own impulse—manifested unintelligibly.

(*To be continued.*)

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* "Through the mouth of two witnesses is the (full) truth (first) known."

THE CENTENARY OF MOZART, which occurs to-day (Saturday), will be celebrated at Liverpool by a grand performance on the organ of St. George's Hall, by Mr. T. W. Best, the organist, the programme being entirely selected from the works of the immortal composer of *Don Giovanni*. It will include the *Zauberflöte* overture, the *andante* from the *Ninth Symphony* and morceaux from the *Twelfth Mass*, the *Requiem*, and *Don Giovanni*.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—(*From a Correspondent*.)—At the Grand-Opéra nothing has occurred since the secession of Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli—now Madame La Baronne Vigier—if I except the representation extraordinary in honour of the Soldiers of the Army of the East, which took place on Saturday week. The stalls, boxes, and pit were filled with the gallant victors of Inkermann and Sebastopol. The attendance in other respects was most brilliant. Their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, occupied the imperial box, and were accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge and a large suite. The Imperial party arrived at about eight o'clock and were greeted with enthusiastic cries of "Vive L'Empereur" and "Vive l'Impératrice" from all parts of the house, more especially from where the military were posted. Prince Jerome and the Princess Mathilde were also present and occupied their grand box between the columns. The dignitaries of France, princes, ministers, and generals, added splendour to the already splendid company. The theatre, nevertheless, was not crowded.

The performances commenced with a new cantata, written for the occasion by M. Auber, the solo part sung by M. Gueymard. The poetry was of the most patriotic and exciting character, and would of itself have stirred the bosoms of the prepared multitude, big with thoughts of conquest, even without the admirable music to which it was adapted. The excitement at the end was immense.

The cantata was followed by the popular ballet of *Jovita*, in which Mademoiselle Rosati displayed to perfection her exquisite grace and her astonishing *tours de force*. The military were in ecstasies, and even seemed to prefer the *danseuse* and the ballet to the warlike strains of the poet of the cantata and the vociferations of M. Gueymard. At the end of the ballet the acclamations were renewed as their Majesties departed from the imperial box.

Mario's *rentrée* and the *reprise* of *Matilda di Shabran* constitute the recent events of the Italiens. The incomparable tenor again selected his great (greatest?) part, Count Almaviva, in the *Barbiere*, and sang better than he has done this season, much to the delight of a most brilliant and fashionable audience. Madame Borghi-Mamo was the Rosina as before. This lady I hear has been engaged by Mr. Gye for the Royal Italian Opera. You will therefore have an early opportunity* of judging for yourself of her talents, about which the world of music is by no means unanimous. For my own part, I prefer her in Rossini's music to that of any other composer, and have no doubt she would prove a special favourite in London in such parts as Rosina (*Barbiere*), Arsace (*Semiramide*), Malcolm Græme (*La Donna del Lago*), &c.

The revival of *Matilde di Shabran* was more successful than I was led to expect; for who, *à priori*, could anticipate competent, or at least, satisfactory supporters of the characters of Isidoro and Matilda, after Ronconi and Madame Bosio? Nevertheless, Signor Zucchini made more of the part of the starved poet than I had given him credit for; and Madame Franco produced a most sensible effect on the audience in the music of the heroine, though in a different way from that of her inimitable predecessor. Madame Franco failed, it may be said, in executing the music of Matilda with sufficient brilliancy, but her phrasing was admirable, and hardly anything could be more impressive and artistic than the *andante* of the great air and the duet with Edoardo. Signor Everardi, in the part (not "small, Messieurs the Parisian critics") of the Doctor, left little to be desired, and Madame Borghi-Mamo was perfectly at home in the Page. Signor Carrion appeared as Corradino the first night, but was then labouring under the effect of a severe cold, and could not do justice to the character. His place was supplied the second night by Signor Lucchesi, of whose exceedingly clever execution of the music of the hero of *Matilda di Shabran* I need not inform the readers of the *Musical World*, since it has been eulogised on more than one occasion in the notices of the Royal Italian Opera. The performance in all other respects was entitled to high praise.

M. Adolphe Adam has been endeavouring to give a musical illustration of Shakspere's *Falstaff*, in no wise deterred by the success achieved by your countryman, Michael William Balfe, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the palmy days of Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache—Mr. Lumley's never-to-be-equalled "quartet." On Wednesday last, the 16th, M. Adam's *Falstaff* was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique for the *début* of M. Hermann-Léon, for whom the piece was especially written, he choosing to exhibit himself before his new public as fat Jack, that "ton of man." The piece is in one act, and the whole weight of the acting rests with Falstaff. The humour is very placid and not at all unctuous and racy. Not a vestige of the Shaksperean quaintness and drollery is to be detected. The part was stuffed well and acted indifferently by M. Hermann-Léon, who appeared to me to entertain no idea of the original. The last scene is farcical, but, I think, saved the piece. Falstaff, as he supposes, is being conducted to execution. His eyes are bandaged. He is led to the foot of the scaffold. Here he is about to make disclosures not at all creditable to the author of this strange joke, when they hasten to take away the handkerchief from his eyes, whereupon he finds himself seated on a wine cask, before a table well furnished with comestibles. Of course this incident brings the piece to a prosperous conclusion. The music of M. Adolphe Adam is, as usual, light and facile, but without inspiration. Moreover it is not comic. The humour of Falstaff is beyond M. Adolphe Adam. It would require the genius of Rossini to embody it musically. The success of the new operetta, however, was decided, and it will serve as an excellent *lever de rideau*.

BERLIN.—At the second Domchor-Soirée, besides works by Durante, Palestrina, and Bach, the programme included two modern compositions, namely, the twenty-third Psalm for male voices, by F. Schubert, and the thirty-first Psalm by Otto Nicolai. The pianoforte *intermezzi* were played by Mdlle. Ottilie Seyffert. At the Royal Opera-house we have had an admirable representation of *Fidelio* which was all the more acceptable as coming after Herr Richard Wagner's intolerable *Tannhauser*.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The only amusement this winter is that afforded by the theatres. The grief in which so many families are plunged, the burdens imposed by the war, and the absence of the Guards and all the youthful members of the aristocracy, have prevented people from giving balls or parties. The theatres outvie one another in activity. The artists of the Italian Opera not only give three representations a week, but also lend their assistance to the members of other theatres, and sing every week at the benefits given by the French and German *troupes*. Verdi's *Trovatore*, supported by Mad. Bosio, Signors Debassini and Tamberlik, has been eminently successful.

FRANKFORT.—The Cäcilienverein and the Liederkranz have united to give a grand concert on the 27th, in honour of the hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth. The performance will take place in the Paulskirche, and comprise the *Requiem* and *Davide Penitente*. The proceeds will be handed over to the *Mozartstiftung*.

VIENNA.—Mad. Clara Schumann, the pianist, has given two concerts, which were numerously attended. At the second, which took place on the 13th inst., at 12 o'clock, the *bénéficiaire* performed some *Symphonische Etuden* by Robert Schumann, a *Notturno* and *Impromptu* by Chopin, and Beethoven's sonata in D minor, besides several other compositions. On the evening of the same day, Herren Hellmesberger, Durst, Dobyhal and Borzaga gave their fourth Quartet-Soirée. The programme consisted of a quartet by Spohr, a quintet by Beethoven, (2nd viola, Herr Zach) and a manuscript sonata by Herr Willmers, performed by the composer himself and unfavourably received. Dr. Franz Liszt has already arrived to superintend the preparations for the grand festival in honour of the hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth. The following is the musical programme:—Overture to *Il Flauto Magico*. 2. Chorus, "O Isis," from the same opera. 3. Pianoforte concerto in C minor performed by Herr Dachs. 4. "Dies Iræ" from the *Requiem*, the solo parts by Mesdlles. Tietjens and Schwarz,

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* Madame Borghi-Mamo is engaged for the Grand Opera. We can, consequently, hardly expect to have an "early opportunity" afforded us of hearing her in London.—ED. *M. W.*

Herren Erl and Standigl. 5. Symphony in G minor. 6. Aria with solo for violin, executed by Madlle. Titjens and Herr Hellmesberger. 7. Finale from *Don Juan*, the solos by Mesdlles. Titjens, Wildhaur, Mad. Herrman-Csillag, Herren Ander, Beck, Draxler, and Mayerhofer. The concert will be preceded by a prologue, written by Herr J. Gabriel Seidl, and recited by Herr Anschütz. Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* continues its successful career. All the places for each representation are taken weeks in advance.

Italy.—Our Italian contemporaries seem to be coming round to our way of thinking, rather late, it is true; still better late than never. We find in the *Gazzetta Musicale* of Naples, a few reflections on the present state of musical execution in Italy which are but a repetition of what we have stated over and over again for some years past, and which tend to the conclusion that musical taste is either entirely lost in Italy or fast approaching its dissolution. The article to which we allude is signed E. Taglioni, and is suggested by the *reprise* of Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*. It begins by citing the current opinion of the present race of Italian *dilettanti*, that "Musical science has progressed rapidly in our times, and that dramatic expression has attained if not perfection, at least, something very near it. Now, on hearing *Roberto*, which had been laid aside since 1837, and the principal parts were written for Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Signor Basadonna, and M. Barroilhet, we were led to reflect, that if art had really progressed so rapidly, it is to be feared that the more it progresses, the more it will recede from the sublime simplicity of the great composers of the past." *Robert Devereux* may be set down as a failure simply because the singers could not execute the music, or rather because their voices, accustomed to compete with the brass lungs of the orchestra, are overstrained for the softer and more delicate expositions of sentiments. With the exception of that of the heroine by Mad. Medori, the other parts were very indifferently filled by artists who are struggling for notoriety before they are qualified by study, and fancy that a good voice is enough without cultivation.

Signor Pacini is now in Naples superintending the rehearsals of his new opera, *Margherita Pusterla*, which will be produced at the San Carlos as soon as Signor Colletti returns from Rome. Mercadante is also busy rehearsing his new *Miserere*, which will be executed in the church of San Pietro, in place of that of Zingarelli. Report speaks highly of it, and great expectations are entertained.

At Florence, Signor Carlo Romani's opera, *La Gemma della Corona*, was produced at the Pergola, on the 11th instant, with very questionable success. It underwent two further additions, but, as it did not gain in public favour, it has been withdrawn. At the Teatro Pagliano, *Maria di Rohan* has been successful. A new opera by Signor Ciambi, entitled *Il Saltimbanco*, is in course of preparation. At Milan *Il Profeta* continues to draw good houses, as also *Lucrezia Borgia*, which is well sustained by Mad. Barbieri Nini, Mad. Lucconi, Sig. Graziani and Giov. Corsi.

Boston, *Dec* 20.—The second performance of the *Messiah*—not given entire—by the Mendelssohn Choral Society attracted a larger audience than the first to the Tremont Temple. The two chorales from *St Paul* were sung with great effect. Miss Adelaide Phillips sang the principal soprano. The programme of the third concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club did not contain one quintette, nor one piece by Mendelssohn. On the 23rd, the *Messiah* was also performed by the Händel and Haydn Society, at the Boston Music Hall.

New York, *Dec.* 24.—Verdi's *Trovatore* has been produced at the Academy of Music with very great effect. Mad. La Grange and Mdlle. Nantier Didiée were both much admired in Leonora and Azucena. M. Gottschalk, the pianist, gave a concert, after an interval of some years, and had a crowded audience. The Brothers Mollenhauer gave their farewell concert the week before Christmas.

A visit to the Conservatorio of St. Onofrio, at Naples, in 1772.—"This morning I went with young Oliver to his Conservatorio of St. Onofrio, and visited all the rooms where the boys practise, sleep, and eat. On the first flight of stairs was a trumpeter, screaming upon his instrument till he was ready to burst; on the second was a French horn, bellowing in the same manner. In the common practising room there was a *Dutch Concert*, consisting of seven or eight harpsichords, more than as many violins, and several voices, all performing different things, and in different keys; other boys were writing in the same room; but it being holiday time, many were absent who usually study and practise there together. The jumbling them all together in this manner may be convenient for the house, and may teach the boys to attend to their own parts with firmness, whatever else may be going forward at the same time; it may likewise give them force, by obliging them to play loud in order to hear themselves; but in the midst of such jargon and continued dissonance, it is wholly impossible to give any kind of polish or finishing to their performance; hence the slovenly coarseness so remarkable in their public exhibitions; and the total want of taste, neatness and expression in all these young musicians, till they have acquired them elsewhere. The beds which are in the same room serve for seats to the harpsichord and other instruments. Out of thirty or forty boys who were practising, I could discover but two that were playing the same piece; some of those who were practising on the violin seemed to have a great deal of hand. The violoncellos practise in another room; and the flutes, hautbois, and other wind instruments in a third, except the trumpets and horns, which are obliged to fag either on the stairs or on the top of the house."—*Dr Burney's Journal of a Tour in Italy.*

THE MOZART VEREIN

(*From the Neue Wiener Musik Zeitung.*)

The Mozart-Verein has entered upon a new stage of its development. His Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has been graciously pleased to become definitively the patron of the Association, to grant it an act of incorporation, and to command a representation for its benefit on the 27th January, 1856 in the Court theatre at Gotha. Furthermore, his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden has also been graciously pleased to approve of the representation of *Le Nozze di Figaro* for the benefit of the Association, in the Court theatre at Carlsruhe, and his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt has been pleased to command an opera to be given for the same object in the Court theatre at Darmstadt.

Under such auspices, satisfactory hopes may be founded on this anniversary of Mozart, especially as German cities are vying with each other in supporting this national enterprise. Musical performances are already announced in the towns of Barmen, Blankenburg, Bromberg, Cothen, Danzig, Dessau, Elbing, Elberfeld, Gera, Halle, Königsberg, Magdeburg, Quedlinburg, Thorn, and Wernigerode. Intelligence has been received from the directors of the Musical Academy at Königsberg that preparations have been made by them for a two days festival, and that the proceeds of both concerts are to be given to the Association. In addition to this, *Liedertafeln*, Artistic Associations, and private persons have pledged themselves to yearly subscriptions; the special list of these members is reserved for the history of the *Mozart Verein*. Lastly in July, 1856, when the general board of Directors meet at some place yet to be named by them, measures will be taken for a musical festival, to be conducted by the undersigned, in aid of the Association:

Louis Spohr, Reissiger, Lambert, W. Tschirch, Marschner, Hauskalter.

An Ear for Melody.—"We should hardly say that an ear for melody is the highest criterion of a taste for music. It sets heads wagging and feet tapping—sends the ploughman whistling forth, and takes many a stall at the opera; but we suspect it is rather the love of harmony which is the real divining rod of the latent treasures of deep musical feeling. Grétry danced when a child to the sound of dropping water, foreshowing, perhaps in this, the light character of his taste and compositions; but Mozart, it is well known, when an infant of only three years old, would strike thirds on the clavichord and nod on his little head, smiling to the harmony of the vibrations. Nothing proves more strongly the angelic purity of music than the very tender age at which the mind declares for it. No art has had such early proficients, and such eager admirers, and no art has so surely performed in manhood what it promised in infancy. All the greatest musicians—Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn (it seems not Beethoven, however)—were infant prodigies. There seems nothing to dread in prematureness of musical development—it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength in natural concord: when we see a child picking out airs on the piano, or silent at a concert, we may rejoice in our hearts."—Essay on Music—*Quarterly Review.*

THE VOLUME FOR 1854,

Containing the biographies of Mozart and Mendelssohn, and the sketches of Braham, Sims Reeves, and Clara Novello, *is now ready*, bound in cloth, price 20s., uniform with

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THE MUSICAL WORLD FOR FRANCE, AND OTHER COUNTRIES VIÂ FRANCE.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation the postage of all Newspapers addressed to France and other Countries *viâ* France must in future be paid in advance.

ERRATUM.—In our impression of 12th January, in the account of "M. Jullien's tour" read—M. Gassier was the only vocalist, and sang "Pro Peccatis," &c.—instead of Madame Gassier, &c. The error would be apparent at once to most of our readers, who know that "Pro Peccatis" is not written for a soprano but for a bass. Mad. Gassier was indisposed on the present occasion and did not sing at all.

DEATH

On the 17th instant, at Hastings, Mr Thomas Attwood Walmisley, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, aged 42.

BIRTH.

On the 17th instant, at Abingdon Cottage, Lavender Hill, Surrey, the wife of Mr Charles Lockey, of a son.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIGNOR O[illegible].—*The tickets arrived too late to be made use of.*

CARL.—*If* "Carl" *will send his name his letter shall be published.*

SPES *must forward his name or we cannot satisfy his* [illegible]

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26TH, 1856.

OUR popular composer, Michael William Balfe, after an absence of nearly four years, has returned to London—*to settle*. The question is—can Balfe settle anywhere, even in this metropolis, where he has brought out so many operas, and where his name has long been, so to say, a household word? The sequel must show.

Those who are old enough to have witnessed the first representation of *The Siege of Rochelle*, at Drury Lane Theatre (October 30, 1835), cannot but remember the brilliant success it achieved. It was Mr Balfe's first English opera (he had already produced one or two Italian operas in Italy), and though the *libretto* was an offshoot from the [illegible] *répertoire* of Mr Fitzball, the merits of the music were such that the public were taken by surprise, and Mr Bunn achieved his first national operatic triumph. After *The Siege of Rochelle* came *The Maid of Artois*, the last original work composed for poor Malibran; and in the wake of *The Maid of Artois* it is unnecessary to say how many more operas, through means of which the talent of our composer was gradually unfolded, until Balfe's music became as familiar to the public as that of Bishop a quarter of a century before, and an opera annually from his pen was an event anticipated with universal interest. The musical *régime* of Mr Bunn found at the time many and bitter adversaries; but we should be glad to know who that cares a straw about English opera would not gladly see it revived. Then at any rate we had something to talk about—if only to criticise; now we have absolutely nothing.

Not to dwell upon the irrevocable past, however, we may just glance at the period when Mr Balfe, in place of Mr Costa, was appointed musical director at Her Majesty's Theatre. This was in 1846. How things have changed in the course of ten short years! Who can have forgotten Mr Costa's dispute with Mr Lumley *àpropos* of the Philharmonic Concerts? That was the turning point of the great Neapolitan's career. The Philharmonic Society had just found out that too many cooks spoiled the broth and that too many conductors spoiled the concert. Mendelssohn, who directed six concerts in 1844, with such wonderfully advantageous results, could not be obtained as perpetual director; and, Mr Moscheles failing to satisfy subscribers, the choice fell (unaccountably enough) on the *maestro* at the Italian Opera in the Haymarket. This led to the quarrel with Mr Lumley, to the secession of Mr Costa from Her Majesty's Theatre, and ultimately to the substitution of Mr Balfe in his place. From 1846 to 1852 the musical department of Her Majesty's Theatre was controlled by Mr Balfe, who, in the honourable post to which he had been summoned, exhibited talents that won for him a new renown. In 1852—that fatal year—the year of the Johanna Wagner controversy, and of the sudden and disastrous flight of Sophie Cruvelli—the year when Her Majesty's Theatre closed, not to be re-opened *for four more years at least*—Mr Balfe, having nothing better to do, quitted England, little thinking, no doubt, to remain away so long. Since then, as the readers of *The Musical World* were informed from time to time, his adventures have been various, if not romantic.

In 1851, Mr Balfe's opera, *The Bondman*, was produced, under his own direction and with signal success, at the Grand Opera in Berlin. He had been invited to the Prussian capital in consequence of the favourable reception accorded to his *Bohemian Girl* (already, sometime previously, so much in vogue at Vienna) by the free city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The remembrance of this induced our compatriot (in 1852) again to direct his steps to Germany, and first of all to Berlin, where he brought out his *Bohemian Girl*, and was welcomed as heartily as before. At a court concert, which he directed, Mr Balfe was strongly recommended to pay a visit to St Petersburgh; and in order to insure him a favourable reception, the King of Prussia, and his brother the Prince, were graciously pleased to give him autograph letters of recommendation to their sister, the then Empress (now Dowager Empress) of all the Russias. On arriving at the city on the Neva—the great centre whence the first and greatest Peter intended that his successors should direct their aggressions upon either shore of the Baltic, Mr Balfe delivered his letters with his usual punctuality; but an untoward event—the death of the Duke of Leichtenberg, son-in-law of the Emperor Nicholas, and husband of the Grand Duchess Marie—threw the court into mourning for two months, and the composer of *Diadeste* and *Catherine Grey* had to amuse himself as well as he might in the frost and in the snow, but with nothing to transact in the way of profitable business. Accordingly he rubbed his hands, kept his nose warm, and bided the day when fate should be propitious. At length, however, he received notice that the first court concert was to take place at the residence of the Grand Duchess Helen; and, what was of still greater consequence, he himself was invited to organise and direct it.

During the whole of the first part of the concert, Mr Balfe accompanied the singers with all his might and all his main, singing himself, occasionally, some of his recent compositions; but no notice whatever was taken of him, and he began to feel quite down-hearted. "O! what use?"—he must have inwardly demanded—"are letters from one great court to another?" It was there in Russia as bad as here in England where no native is a prophet. The Italians were all in all. Mario, Lablache, Ronconi, and Mdlle. Lablache, (then a great favourite with all the court) monopolised everything, while Balfe was nobody. His turn came nevertheless. A young, manly, good-looking person dressed like a Russian naval officer of distinction, approached Balfe during the interval of the musical performances, and entered into conversation. The new comer spoke capital English, and informed our countryman that he had heard several of his operas in Italy and Germany, and admired them greatly. He (the young naval officer) was himself an amateur, a *fanatico* indeed, and played both the violoncello and the pianoforte. He was, by profession, a sailor, and loved the English, the nation of sailors *par excellence*. He should like, even, so highly he esteemed them, to have "a brush" with them. He had always (to revert to his musical predilections) a pianoforte aboard ship with him, when at sea, etc. Pleased with his interlocutor, who he imagined must at least be a post-captain, and inspired with a certain confidence, Balfe took heart, and complained of the anticipated neglect to which he had been subjected. "I am forgotten—it is evident," said the English musician, "although I delivered letters to Her Majesty the Empress, from Her Majesty's two brothers, the King and Prince of Prussia, so long as two months since." "Not a bit," said the imaginary post captain—"I will see to it." Whereupon he left Balfe abruptly, and went up unceremoniously to the Empress. Astonished and perplexed at this proceeding, Balfe asked Lablache the name of the sailor-looking gentleman with whom he had been conversing. "Only the Grand Duke Constantine"—was the answer of the gigantic *buffo*. That the Grand Duke had not spoken "*en l'air*" was soon made manifest. In a very short time the Empress deigned to confront the pianoforte, and address the English *maestro*, in French as follows:—"Non, Monsieur, vous n'êtes pas oublié! Pardonnez-moi, je vous prie—êtes vous, par exemple, Monsieur Balfe *de l'air?*"* This was in allusion to the *rondo finale* from the *Maid of Artois*, which Alboni and Pauline Viardot had successively made so popular in St. Petersburgh, that the name of its composer, of whom nothing else was probably known in Russia, was rendered famous through its instrumentality.

From that evening Balfe's fortune was assured. No musical performance was given at the Court that he did not superintend, and the Emperor Nicholas, who showed him marked courtesy, appointed him Director of the Imperial Concerts. So that in an incredibly brief period, Balfe, the musician, became as great a favourite with the first and last Nicholas as Menschikoff, the pastry cook, of old, with the first and greatest Peter.

From the capital of the Russias Balfe bent his steps to Vienna, where he had not been long before Europe was convulsed and St. Petersburgh from that moment was as shut a city to English artists as, before the war, the Euxine was a shut sea to English line-of-battle ships! Thus, we may safely assert, was Balfe prevented from becoming a *millionnaire*—of the third class.

The rest of Balfe's adventures on the continent—banished from his native land, for want of an arena to make public the inspirations of his muse—have been duly chronicled in the pages of *The Musical World*, always open—whatever its enemies may insist, and they are legion (although they read it, as the contemners of *The Times* are prone to read *The Times*)—to the wants and wishes, the gratulations and complaints, the fortunes and misfortunes, of that very unsatisfied and disunited, but highly amiable and interesting race of beings the musicians of Great Britain. To be brief—at Vienna Balfe brought out his opera of *Keolanthe*.* From Vienna he went to Trieste (that Austrian sea-port, which we should like to see blockaded by Sir Edmund Lyons—master, then, of the Adriatic, and neutralizer of Austrian chicanery). At Trieste the evergreen *Bohemian Girl* was represented with such success that Balfe was called no less than three and twenty times before the footlights. From Trieste to Bologna (where reigns and is said to have dealt in fish, no less a genius than Gioacchino Rossini) was the next trip. At Bologna the opening of the splendidly renovated Teatro Comunale was inaugurated by that same *Bohemian Girl*, to which Balfe owes so great a part of his reputation; and the principal character was sustained by the tiny, *mignonne*, pretty, *espiègle*, fascinating and now unwontedly celebrated Piccolomini. Brescia, Bergamo, &c., &c. followed—always with the *Bohemian Girl*, and always with the like result.

On Balfe's return to Trieste, he brought out (as per contract) his new (and last) opera, called *Pittore e Duca*—which connoisseurs who have heard it declare to be his best, and with which we are credibly informed he took uncommon pains. But, oh! the war! And oh! those Greeks! And oh! that silly and injudicious proceeding on the Change at Manchester! (See the *Musical World*, "*date*"—we forget the date.)

Since the *Pittore e Duca*, Balfe has visited Florence, Bologna, Turin, Venice, Milan, Genoa, and the Lake of Como—travelling about of his own accord (and on "his own hook") to see all that was to be seen, and hear all that was to be heard. That he has seen and heard all that is to be seen and heard, and can tell managers and the public what is going on in Italy, and what is best worth seeing and hearing in that far-famed "Land of Song," who that knows Balfe and knows how much he knows, can doubt! Meanwhile we learn he has not been idle. Among other things he has set to music a series of twelve of the most beautiful lyrics of the American Longfellow, author of *Hiawatha* ("Tract fellow"—"*Longus Comes*"—as he is variously termed by Shirley Brooks in *Punch*) for voice and piano, which we all shall be glad to hear. And, last not least, he has bestowed no little of his time and leisure in forming the voice (of which Rumour speaks in raptures), and directing the studies of his youngest daughter, destined, some future day, to perpetuate honourably the name of her father in another fashion, and upon that same operatic stage for which he has laboured so indefatigably and so well.

The essential point, however, is that Balfe has returned to London after an absence of nearly four years—which, by the way, had we thought of it, we might have stated in so many words. But it is not easy to be brief when the subject is very pleasant to dwell upon.

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* "No, sir, you are not forgotten. Pardon me, I pray—are you, by hazard, Mr Balfe *of the air?*"

* Who can have forgotten *Keolanthe*—one of its composer's most charming works?

RACHEL.—Letters from Havannah state that the performances of Mdlle. Rachel were to have commenced here on the [illegible] December. From later communications, however, we learn that M. Raphael Felix is on the point of dispersing his *troupe*, since the doctors have positively forbid Mdlle. Rachel to appear again on the stage for three or four months, on pain of a relapse.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT'S second miscellaneous concert took place in the Hanover Square Rooms last night. The following was the programme:—

Part I. Overture, *Oberon*, C. M. von Weber; rondo for voice and violin obbligato (*Il re Pastore*), Mdme. Jenny Goldschmidt; violin obbligato, Herr Deichmann, Mozart; aria, *Quando le sere*, Mr. Swift (*Luisa Miller*), Verdi; concerto (G minor) piano with orchestra, pianoforte, M. Otto Goldschmidt, Mendelssohn; scena ed aria, *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*, Mdme. Jenny Goldschmidt (*Der Freischütz*), C. M. von Weber. Part II. Solo violin, [illegible], Herr Deichmann, De Beriot; recitativo ed aria, *Care compagne*, Mdme. Jenny Goldschmidt (*Sonnambula*), Bellini; two studies (D flat major and A minor), pianoforte, M. Otto Goldschmidt, O. Goldschmidt; the Bird Song, Mdme. Jenny Goldschmidt, W. Taubert; aria, *La mia Letizia*, Mr. Swift, (*I Lombardi*), Verdi; the Herdsman's Song (Swedish melody), Mdme. Jenny Goldschmidt, Berg; overture, *La Vestale*, Spontini.

Mr. Benedict was the conductor. Full particulars will be given in our next.

MAD. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT AT EXETER HALL.—*Elijah* was repeated on Monday evening. The principal vocalists were Mad. Goldschmidt, Miss Dolby, Miss Messent, Miss E. Williams, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler. The hall was crowded, and the oratorio was received with the usual favour. Mad. Goldschmidt was encored in the trio "Lift up thine eyes," in which she was ably assisted by Misses Dolby and Messent; and in the "Holy, holy" Mad. Goldschmidt produced the same grand effect that we noticed in her last reading of this grand quartet and chorus. Miss Dolby was encored in "Oh, rest in the Lord," which she sung to perfection, and the rest of the vocalists acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Benedict conducted with his accustomed skill, and the band and chorus were much better than at the first performance.

THE FIRE AT MESSRS. J. AND J. HOPKINSON'S.—In our last week's impression we mentioned the extensive fire that took place at the pianoforte manufactory of Messrs. Hopkinson, when nothing was left standing but the walls. Those on the eastern and western sides were of great height, and, being unsupported by the walls on the north and south sides, in consequence of the ravages made by the fire, presented a most threatening appearance to the neighbouring houses. On Thursday morning the wind blew so strongly that the wall at the eastern end of the premises fell and crushed in its fall three small houses and buried the inmates in the ruins. They were rescued, however, though some of their injuries were of a fatal, and several were of a serious character.

MR. ELLA'S LECTURES ON MUSIC.—A course of six lectures on melody, harmony and counterpoint, was delivered by Mr. Ella, director of the Musical Union, during the months of November and December, at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus. An entertainment which combined instruction with amusement in a very agreeable form, could hardly fail to recommend itself to the city amateurs. The lectures were well attended, and seemed to afford thorough satisfaction to the visitors. The illustrations were performed on the pianoforte and harmonium, with occasional aid from Misses Lascelles, Ransford, Corelli and Smytheon as vocalists, with eight of the most efficient of the chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Ella has published his Lecture on Melody, from the introduction to which we transcribe the following sensible remarks:—

"The musician lecturer before a mixed audience of connoisseurs and lovers of art, is placed in an anomalous position. If he discourse, in common vocal language, of technicalities common to his profession, he is not understood; if he dwell too long in analysis, he is voted a bore; and if he treat his subjects superficially, he is set down as an ignoramus. Nor is this all: whilst lecturers on most other subjects have unlimited resources for illustration, addressed to the most discerning and discriminating sense of human understanding, the eye, the musician is forced to make the theme of his lecture entirely subservient to the means procurable for illustration, not only to satisfy the understanding, but to please a sense, the least of all—in this country especially—cultivated to appreciate musical sounds,—*the ear*. No other lecturer, then, labours under such disadvantages as the musician who dares to reveal the secrets of art, in the hope of satisfying his auditors, and no other has greater claim to their indulgence.

"A public writer, commenting upon the general character of musical lectures at some of the popular Metropolitan Institutions, stated that no instruction is derived from them; for the less a man knows practically of music, the better he seems to please, provided he says little, and leaves the rest to his musical assistants. At one of the suburban Mechanics' Institutes, on the other hand, a musician-lecturer, enjoying the enviable advantage of performing his own illustrations, was requested to curtail the talking and play more often,—a compliment by no means unacceptable to the lecturer, since he prides himself more on his playing than on his eloquence. There is, in this leviathan city of wealth and intelligence, no lack of cheap entertainments, singing and playing of a mixed style of music; but in seeking to popularise music, the art is in danger of being vulgarised; and in no country where I have travelled, is there a more universal love of music, and a greater want of general instruction in the simplest elements of art, than in England! For this reason I have ventured on new ground, to prepare you for the right appreciation of those distinct elements which are comprised in all classical works, viz., melody, harmony, and counterpoint. To blend amusement with instruction, is, I apprehend, the legitimate object of a public lecturer on music. I shall endeavour to realise that object, and fulfil my mission to your satisfaction; for although I have been educated in the severe discipline of scholastic mode, I will not inflict upon you a dry dissertation on abstract theories; but, in a desultory and familiar style, impart as much acceptable information, and rely on my musical coadjutors to entertain you with their illustrations."

It is, we understand, Mr. Ella's intention to deliver his course of lectures at the West End during the season.

VIVIER.—One day Vivier left Paris without saying a word to any one, without telling even his most intimate friends. Where is he? In what region has he hid his eccentricity and his enchanted horn? Such were the questions asked by every one anxious for his return and nervous on account of his silence. Suddenly Vivier came back as if he had dropped from the clouds, *d'improviste*, just in the same manner he left us. A friend had invited him to visit him at Colmar; he left with his horn, which goes with him wherever he goes, if it were only to Pantin or Clamart, and, feeling himself very comfortable at his friend's house, he prolonged his visit to a month, though it was only intended to be for a couple of days. Vivier did more; he consented to play at a concert at Colmar, where it may be imagined a large audience was attracted. Vivier performed wonders and more than one of his auditors believed him to be a sorcerer. They wished to see his horn and to touch it, and even to blow through it, to assure themselves that it was the same as any other horn. At last astonishment was at its height as well as enthusiasm, and if Vivier could have been persuaded to a second concert, he would have excited the same enthusiasm and have attracted the same crowd as at the first. Vivier has returned to Paris very happy and contented with his trip. Will he consent to play this season in Paris? If he does not, it will be a proof that he cares nothing either for his interest or his fame.—*France Musicale.*

IMPERIAL MANAGEMENT.—It is not perhaps generally known that the Emperor Napoleon is the *manager of a theatre*; but he is so nevertheless. The Grand-Opéra is now carried on by the civil list, and His Majesty's personal agents conduct it for him. If the theatre produces profits they are carried to His Majesty's credit; and if losses, he has to pay them. I am sorry to say that loud complaints are made that his agents do not act with that imperial liberality to the performers which was to have been expected. A few weeks ago, they deliberately violated an engagement with Carlotta Grisi, the *danseuse*, and attempted by unworthy technical quibbles to prevent her from getting redress in the law courts. Within the last few days they have discharged, without rhyme or reason, Madlle. Beretta, another *danseuse*, though her engagement, duly signed, sealed, and delivered, has still two years to run; but she has gone to law with them, and seems likely to gain a triumph.—*Brighton Gazette.*

Google

REVIEWS.

"GEMS OF GERMAN SONG." Book 28, containing

No. 1.—"The world is now reposing," by Voss.
2.—"Thy lovely face," by Schumann.
3.—"Hark, Hark," by Kücken.
4.—"In the woods," by Jungmann.
5.—"Minstrel's consolation," by Schumann.

"GEMS OF GERMAN SONG." Book 29, containing

No. 1.—"Spring's awaking," by Kücken.
2.—"Visions of home," by Sponholtz.
3.—"Were I a dewdrop bright," by Storch.
4.—"Warrior's serenade," by Walter.
5.—"Say does she love me?" by Gumbert.

Books 28 and 29 of "Gems of German Song" are not so rich in acceptable novelties as some of the previous *cahiers*. From the ten songs before us we may at once exclude "The World is now reposing," by Herr Charles Voss, as a long piece of dull prolixity, full of pretence and empty of idea. This has no German words.

The two songs of Herr Robert Schumann are both interesting. "Thy lovely Face" (Heine's *Dein Angesicht*) would be perfect, if the harmony were less tormented, which is unhappily the besetting fault of the composer. The "Minstrel's Consolation" (*Sängertrost*), as wild in character as the other is tranquil, does not lie open to the same objection. It consists of a vocal phrase of eight bars, repeated, *mutatis*, three times, and then modified by means of a transition into another key with good effect. The peculiarity of this song is that it conjects (the transition into G flat excepted) all the way through between G minor and B flat, and beginning with the first, ends with the last, so that it is in both keys, and in neither.

Of the two songs of Herr Kücken, the first, "Hark, hark," is the best, although it can scarcely be recommended as more *original* than the last, "Spring's Awaking," which is not nearly as graceful. Herr Kücken writes too much, and too fast, and publishes, or rather *sells* his works (and the public) with too little discrimination. His two songs are supplied with English words alone.

Herr Albert Jungmann's "In the woods" (*Im Wald*) is a pretty piece of smoothness—rather insipid, and as old as the hills, but "quite correct." It is suited to a *contralto* voice.

Herr Sponholtz, in "Visions of Home," (to which there are no German words), has shown his capability of producing a very flat and spiritless song for *contralto*. Herr A. M. Storch, in his "Were I a Dewdrop bright—Tear of Night," (do.) *ditto, ditto*.

The "Warrior's Serenade" of Herr August Walter, for a bass voice (English words alone), is vocal, melodious, and well written; but, unfortunately, its general character is again as "old as the hills"—worn, as it were, threadbare. Moreover, the *coda* (from the words, "Wilt thou shine?") is a bad imitation of Schubert, and spoils the rest.

Herr F. Gumbert's "Say does she love me?" (with only English words) is decidedly expressive, and presents a good musical reading of the poetry. But for an interval, where, after the chord of D minor, the voice rises to D flat (page 20, on the words "my heart"), with the harmony of 6, 5, and minor third on B flat, which makes a disagreeable false relation between bass and treble, this little song would be irreproachable.

No. 1.—Three English Melodies.—No. 1. "Home Sweet Home," No. 2. "The British Grenadiers," No. 3, "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground." By Brinley Richards.

No. 2.—Le Bouquet. Schottische, composed and arranged for the pianoforte. By W. H. Whittaker.

No. 3.—La Fleur du Bal. Schottische. Ditto, ditto.

Mr. Brinley Richards has been more than usually happy in his arrangements of three of our most genial national airs—for thanks to Mr. William Chappell, there can now no longer be any doubt of "My lodging is on the cold ground" being a genuine *English* tune. The plan of the three pieces is precisely similar—a short introduction, the melody pure, and some facile and brilliant variations. There is no pretence in any of them, nor do they aim higher than to serve as agreeable drawing-room pieces, or school-lessons, for young performers; and as such they attain their object to perfection. They are moreover all written with extreme neatness. The most graceful of the set is "My lodging is on the cold ground;" the most brilliant is "Home, sweet home;" the easiest, and perhaps the most sparkling, and likely to captivate the young idea, while learning how to shoot, the "British Grenadiers' March." Each has its good quality, however; and we have no choice among them.

Le Bouquet (No. 2) by Mr. W. H. Whittaker, is somewhat ordinary; *La Fleur du Bal* (No. 3), a quaint and spirited *Schottische*. Both are well written, but the last, as usual, is worth a dozen of the other.

"Dr. Crotch's Elements of Musical Composition."

A reprint, in a commodious form, of Dr. Crotch's *Elements of Musical Composition* cannot but be hailed with pleasure by the musical world. It forms No. 8 of the "Theoretical Series" of Novello's *Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge*, and will form one of the most valuable numbers of that excellent serial. The present edition is to be commended as much for its exactness as for its cheapness. It has been *edited* by Mr. Thomas Pickering (Director of the Choral Society, Royston) in a manner that does credit to that gentleman's vigilance and care.

"The Hardy Norseman's House of Yore." A Norse National Song, set in four parts to English Words, and dedicated to Mrs. Alfred Storch. By R. L. Pearsall.

"O, who will wander o'er the Downs so Free?" (Hickenstirn's Song.) Written and composed for a Chorus in Four Parts. By R. L. Pearsall.

The "Hardy Norseman's Song" is a bold and vigorous national melody, harmonized in a simple but effective manner for treble, *alto*, tenor, and bass voices. The words of Mr. Pearsall (of Willsbridge) are as genuine and hearty as the tune he has arranged so well, and of which (to employ his own words) he obtained possession in the following manner:—

> "The melody was given to me by the late Joseph Panny, of Vienna, who heard it at a family festival in the interior of Norway, and noted it on the spot. It was then described to him as a very ancient, popular song, referable to the times of the Kempions or Sea-Kings, and as being always sung with the greatest enthusiasm. The words, for want of better, are my own, founded on a rough guess at what the original Norse might mean; for, being able to make out but a word or two here and there, I could not pretend to translate it. R. L. P."

The discovery was, in any case, a happy one, and has enabled Mr. Pearsall to provide a valuable addition to our vocal part-songs.

The words of "O who will o'er the Downs so free," (Hickenstirn's song) (again to quote the author) was thus suggested:—

> "The words of this song are written in allusion to an event supposed to have taken place in the neighbourhood of Winterborne, in Gloucestershire. One Hickenstirn (or Hickery Stirn, as he is called by the common people), who lies buried in the church there, is said to have been a knight who lived by pillage. He fell in love with a neighbour's daughter, and as his affection was refused by her parents, he, with the assistance of his friends, carried her off from her father's house. Such events were not uncommon in the middle ages."

These words are just as healthy and energetic as the others, and the music (this time entirely the composition of Mr. Pearsall), is just as good. We believe Mr. Pearsall is an amateur. This, however, would never be guessed from his style of writing for voices, which is remarkably correct and pure. "Hickenstirn's song," as we learn from the title-page, is *edited and published* by Thos. Oliphant, Esq. What may be meant by "editing" and "publishing" is, nevertheless, hard to guess, and we should be glad to have it explained. Both the "Norseman's song," and the "Song of Hickery Stirn," may be heard nightly at Mr. Green's (late Evans's) splendid establishment in Covent-Garden, where they are executed in the most effective manner.

M. Billetta.—The new work by this gentleman (whose opera of *White Magic* may be remembered as having been produced at the Haymarket Theatre) to be brought out next month at the Paris Grand Opera, is now in active rehearsal. It is entitled *La Rose de Florence*. Mdlle. Moreau Sainti will make her *début* on the occasion.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The fifth concert of the Classical Chamber Music Society took place on Thursday evening, the 17th. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Grand Trio (in E, Op. 123), Spohr; Sonata—pianoforte, (in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2) Beethoven.

PART II.—Grand Trio (in B flat, Op. 97) Beethoven; Variations à la Monférine—pianoforte and violoncello (in D minor), Hummel; Solo—viola "Morceau de Salon" (first time), Sainton.

The fifth surpassed all the preceding concerts this season,—not excepting the fourth. Spohr's trio was so performed, and Beethoven's trio done such justice to by MM. Hallé, Sainton and Piatti—that the audience were delighted. Beethoven's sonata was, as usual, played by M. Hallé, from memory. Hummel's variations, *à la Monférine*, are remarkable for elegant treatment. They were admirably executed by Sig. Piatti and M. Hallé. M. Sainton's "*morceau de Salon*" was played to perfection. The room was filled.

I really ask Miss Milner's pardon for giving publicity to a false statement as to her engagement to Mr. H. C. Cooper. It was currently reported in Manchester and at Mr. Harris's concerts in the Town Hall, it was said that the engagement was for life and a matrimonial one—when it appears to be only a professional one for a term! Madame Julie de Szczepanowska's first, of two subscription concerts, at the Town Hall came off on Monday. The room was not two-thirds full, in spite of high patronage and a very attractive programme. The concerts are given under the patronage of "His Worshipful the Lord Mayor, and Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith, Bart. G.C.B.,"—both of whom attended with large parties of their families and friends. The vocalists were Miss Manning, Miss Poole and Mr. Frank Bodda. Solo violinist, Mr. Henry Blagrove; Madame de Szczepanowska, solo pianist; Mr. D. W. Banks, conductor and accompanist. Beethoven's duo sonata (pianoforte and violin, in F op. 23) by Madame Szczepanowska and Mr. Henry Blagrove was the best performance of the evening. Mr. Blagrove performed variations on "La ci darem," for violin (of his own composition) and Vieuxtemps's *Fantaisie Caprice* both extremely well. Miss Manning's most successful effort was Ricci's "Ah già sorfre." Miss Poole was good in all she had to do—especially Auber's "Young Mountaineer" and "Guardian Angels"—the last being encored she substituted a Scotch ballad. Mr. Frank Bodda's "Largo al factotum" was *encored*, and he gave an English version the second time. Mr. H. Smart's pretty trio, "The Carnival," was encored,—so was the "Rataplan" duet, from *La Figlia*, by Miss Poole and Mr. Frank Bodda.

On Tuesday last *Elijah* was given—rather late this year—as the Christmas Choral Concert, at the Concert Hall. The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss.

HUDDERSFIELD.—On Friday evening the 18th inst. Mr. J. Wood gave his annual concert in the Philosophical hall. Miss Milner, Miss Crossland, Mr. Delavanti, and the members of Ealtye's Glee and Madrigal Union were the vocalists. Mr. H. C. Cooper was the violinist, and Mr. J. Wood and his pupil, Miss Midgley (only twelve years old) the pianists. Miss Milner was encored in "Ah che assorta" as well as in the singing lesson with Mr. Delavanti: the latter was also encored in "I'm not myself" and "The bashful young gentleman." Mr. Cooper was encored in the "Carnival of Venice." Miss Midgley was warmly applauded in a piano solo. The concert was well attended considering the badness of the weather.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mr. Jowson gave a concert at the Borough-hall on Tuesday evening, the 15th instant. The principal interest was centred in Mr. F. Chatterton, the harpist, who played several pieces with effect, and in Miss Cole, from the London concerts, who sang several songs in the most agreeable and charming manner and was encored in almost all. Miss Cole had a narrow escape during the evening; while in the anteroom her dress caught fire, but was promptly extinguished by Mr. F. Chatterton. The concert was entirely successful and left a handsome surplus to Mr. Jowson.

BARNSLEY.—On Thursday evening the 16th inst., the annual meeting of the Barnsley Musical Union took place at the Crown Inn and Commercial Hotel. Supper, with dessert, &c., was provided. On "The Queen" being proposed by the chairman, the National Anthem was sung by the company. This was followed by the "Army and Navy," and "Rule Britannia." Other glees and songs followed, and the evening was spent in a very agreeable manner.

LEEDS.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Few singers in the provinces of late have proved more successful than Miss Milner. Much is due to the talents of the young lady, but a good deal is to be attributed to the support she has received from the people of Leeds—of which place she is a native—since she made her first appearance in public. Miss Milner is, indeed, a favourite, and when she announced a "Grand Dress Concert" at the Town Hall for Wednesday, the 16th instant—more especially as M. Charles Hallé and Mr. H. C. Cooper were engaged—it was not to be wondered that a large audience was attracted. Miss Milner was assisted in the vocal department by Messrs. Perring and Winn. Her share of the programme comprised, among other things, "With verdure clad," Venzano's "Valse," and "Kathleen Mavourneen." She was encored in the "Valse." The performances of M. Charles Hallé on the piano, and Mr. H. C. Cooper on the violin, of course delighted the amateurs of their respective instruments. M. Hallé, in a morçeau by Chopin, was loudly encored. The concert was highly satisfactory. Our young townsman, Mr. J. W. Appleyard (pupil of Mr. R. S. Burton), has received the appointment of organist and choir master of Bilton church, near Harrogate, now in course of erection. The organ is built by Messrs. Hill, of London. Another appointment is that of Mr. Swallow, as organist and choir master at St. Luke's church in this town. Mr. Delavanti's concert took place on Saturday evening, the 19th instant, in the Leeds Music Hall, which was well filled. Mr. Delavanti was assisted by Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Mary Newbound, Mr. Hargrave and Mr. Webster, vocalists; and Mr. Spark, conductor. Miss Newbound was encored in "Forget me not," and Mr. Delavanti much applauded in "Singing for the million." Several choruses were sung by the members of the Recreation Society.

BRIGHTON.—Signor Enrico Bianchi's *Matinée Musicale* was given at the Royal Pavilion. Signor Bianchi was supported by Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, Miss Heywood, Mr. Gary, Mr. Damerow, the clarionet player, and Signor Li Calsi, as pianist and accompanyist. The first piece Signor Bianchi played was a *fantasia* on Verdi's *Traviata*, of his own composition, in which he was enthusiastically encored. In the second part he performed with spirit and ease "Les Hirondelles," by Wilmers; and lastly, a polka composed by himself, and entitled "L'Aurora," followed by another brilliant piece of his own, "La cage des oiseaux," both of which pieces met with the warmest applause. Signor Bianchi is still very young, but we can easily prognosticate the career to which he is destined, as a pianist and composer. The concert room was densely crowded, and the *matinée*, given under distinguished patronage, was fashionably attended. The rest of the *corps musical* acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the auditory.

SETTLE.—The Christmas concert of the Settle Choral Society was well attended. The programme included, among other things, Mozart's 12th Mass. The manner in which this was received showed that the audience in general was able and disposed to appreciate a high order of music, and credit is due to our Choral Society for its enterprise. The solo parts of the Mass were sung by Miss Senior, Messrs. Calvert, Potterton, and Elsworth (from the choir of the Parish Church, Leeds). Mr. Barnett officiated at the organ. In the miscellaneous part Miss Senior was encored in "The Minstrel Boy," and Mr. Potterton in a new song by Mr. G. Stanfield, jun., entitled "There is no rose without a thorn," accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer.

HUNSLET.—The members of the Handel Choral Society gave their annual concert in the National School Room, under the patronage of the Rev. John Clark. The principal vocalists were the Misses Newbound and Crossland, Messrs. Senior and Pearce. The instrumentalists were Master Iles (violin), Mr. Lancaster (pianoforte) and Mr. Tidswell (cornet). Miss Newbound was encored in a song called "Forget-me-not." Great praise is due to Mr. Lancaster for having formed so good a band and chorus in so short a time.

THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—A dramatic performance took place on Thursday evening at St. George's Hall. Shakspere's play of the *Merchant of Venice* was selected. The following was the caste:—Duke of Venice, Mr Graham; Antonio, Mr Cooper; Bassanio, Mr S. Wigan; Gratiano, Mr D. Fisher; Salanio, Mr J F Cathcart; Salarino, Mr G. Everett; Lorenzo, Leigh Murray; Shylock, Mr Charles Kean; Tubal, Mr F Cooke; Launcelot Gobbo, Mr Keeley; Old Gobbo, Mr. Meadows; Leonardo, Mr Brazier; Balthazar, Mr Clark; Stephano, Mr Bush; Portia, Mrs. Charles Kean; Nerissa, Mrs. Keeley; Jessica, Miss M. Ternan. The Queen's private band was in attendance.

CLECKHEATON.—Miss Milner gave a concert on the evening of the 11th instant, at the George Hotel, assisted by Mr George Bentley, Mr J Bentley, and Mr Naylor, vocalists; Mr H J Cooper, violinist; and Mr C Dawtree, of Halifax, conductor.

WORCESTER.—Mr Thomas gave his farewell concert on Wednesday evening, the 16th instant, at the Music Hall. Mr Thomas was encored (with Mrs. Bell) in the "Singing Lesson," and in "Largo al factotum." The other vocalists were Mr Cooper, who was encored in "Il mio tesoro" and "Good-bye, Sweetheart;" Mr Mason encored in "Oft in the stilly night;" Mr Topham and Mrs. Evans, who was encored in "Over the Sea." Mr J H D'Egville was the violinist, Mr Jones, pianist, and Mr Done, Organist of Worcester Cathedral, conductor.

LIVERPOOL.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The Annual Meeting of the Philharmonic Society was held at the Cotton Sales Room, Liverpool, on Thursday last, the 24th inst., when the following report and statement—which I now send you in a condensed form—was read:—

REPORT.

All the recommendations in the report were agreed to *nem. con.*, the only subjects provoking discussion being suggestions that in future the Hall should not be let to strangers, and that when elaborate classical works are performed, such as overtures, symphonies, concertos, &c. descriptive "arguments" or critiques upon them should be prefixed to the books of the words, as is done at the Musical Union, and the New Philharmonic Society.

The receipts of the season have about balanced the expenditure. The Two Concerts given this year with Madame Goldschmidt have resulted in a profit of about £1,100, which, taken into account, the present total debt of the Society may be stated at about £7 400, as follows:—

Mortgage debt remaining				£8,000	0	0
Cash at credit with Bankers, say	£1 100	0	0			
Deduct outstanding liabilities, in unpaid tradesmen's bills, &c.	500	0	0			
				600	0	0
Leaving a total debt, as above stated, of				£7,400	0	0

The sum of £1,812 was received in 1853, in anticipation of future calls, as appears in the accounts of that year, and some small sums were received in like manner in 1854. The Society still retain unsold, besides the gallery, two boxes and about 200 stalls. The subscriptions have been paid upon all seats, excepting eight stalls which have been forfeited to the Society. The total amount of subscriptions received has been £3,645 14s. 6d. The third call has been met by every proprietor. The fines collected for unpunctuality in payment of subscriptions, amount to £32 9s.

The Committee express their entire satisfaction with the zeal with which Mr. Henry Sudlow has discharged the duties of Secretary and Treasurer, since the vote of the Proprietors last March elected him to that post.

With respect to the year upon which we are now entering, the Committee unanimously recommend that the number of Subscription Concerts be Ten instead of Eight. The extra expense entailed by this change is estimated not to exceed £250.

The members of the Committee who retire by rotation, but who are re-eligible, are as follows:—Mr D. Burchardt, Mr Hetherington, Mr. A. G. Kurtz, Mr H. H Jones, Mr J Smith, Mr C. W Neumann, Mr J. Holme, Mr H. W Meade King and Mr J. F. G. Smith. But as the practical members, in accordance with their privilege, have nominated Mr Hetherington to represent them on the Committee, only eight other gentlemen can be elected.

Profit and Loss Account to 31st December, 1855.

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
To band, organist, conductor, &c.	£1573	17	0
Principals	987	15	0
Lady choristers	181	14	0
Secretary and Treasurer, office rent, expenses, and clerks' salaries, &c.	340	18	9
Interest on mortgage	300	0	0
Water and other rates, and property tax	200	7	4
Gas and coals, including £15 for illumination	179	14	8
Fire insurance, engineer, housekeeper, housekeeper's disbursements and charwomen	70	1	3
Refreshments	74	1	0
Police attendance, porters' attendance at concerts, postages and petty expenses	97	0	0
Music, hire of music and musical instruments, and tuning organ	137	13	0
Bill posters and posting advertising, stationery and printing prospectuses	848	0	0
Cleaning and repairing carpets	6	15	0
Registrar	1	2	0
Law charges and Accountants	96	11	0
Cleaning flues	1	10	0
Plumbers' work, ironmongery, plasterers, joiners and painters	103	1	11
Furniture, &c.	31	0	8
Receipt stamps and rent of mak-box, etc.	0	8	6
	£4,777	14	1
To balance	17	8	4

RECEIPTS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Proceeds of extra tickets		£860 0 0	
Proceeds of books of words	£125 18 0		
Less cost	96 11 0		
		29 7 0	
Transfer fees		26 10 0	
Nomination fees		10 0 0	
Use of Hall		25 0 0	
Extra concerts		306 14 4	
Interest on banking accounts and on calls from proprietors		66 11 0	
			1,028 16 4

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Arrears for 1854	88 14 0	
98 Boxes at £15 15s.	1,106 14 0	
722 Stalls at £3 3s.	2,274 0 0	
86 ditto rental	86 11 0	
Proportion of 18 stalls	18 0 0	
Galleries	76 16 0	
		3,673 6 0
Fines		32 0 0
Void claims, &c. transfer		0 1 0
Sale of plate, &c.		18 18 6
Balance		17 8 4
		£4,777 14 1

General Balance Sheet 31st December, 1855.

EXPENDITURE.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Concert Hall Account balance, including furniture, library, organ, &c.		£16,310 [illegible] 0
Philharmonic Society,		
Deficiency written off last year	£2,436 12 0	
Less balance at credit for profit to 31st December, 1854	2,067 14 0	
	384 17 10	
Balance at Debit of profit and loss 1855	17 8 4	
		386 0 2
Cash balance		0 4 4
		£16,695 10 0

RECEIPTS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Royal Exchange Fire Insurance Co. mortgage	£10,000 0 0	
Less paid 30th March, 1855	2,000 0 0	
		8,000 0 0
LIQUIDATION ACCOUNT		
Balance 31st December, 1854	6,656 11 11	
Ditto Ditto 1855	1,825 19 0	
		7,482 0 11
Tradesmen's accounts owing		275 7 10
Bank of Liverpool for advances to be repaid out of receipts for 1856	1,849 15 0	
Deduct amount in bank on No. 2 Account	1,111 14 6	
		738 1 0
		£16,696 18 8

LIQUIDATION ACCOUNT.
RECEIVED 1855.

	£ s. d.
Third Call on 44 Boxes, at £12	£528 0 0
Ditto 630 Stalls, at £2	1,260 0 0
Arrears for 1854—on Stalls No. 94, 320, 321, 331, 332, 333, and 394	14 0 0
Purchase Money of Stall No. 341	16 16 0
	£1,818 16 0

ARREARS.

	£ s. d.
4 Boxes, at £12	£48 0 0
18 Stalls, at £2	36 0 0
	£84 0 0

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14.	Andante and Rondo Capriccioso in E	1 [illegible]
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	Andante Cantabile and Presto Agitato in B	[illegible]
	Barcarole in A	[illegible]
	Prelude and Fugue in E minor	1 [illegible]
	Scherzo in B minor	[illegible]
	Scherzo a Capriccio in F sharp minor	[illegible]
	Study in F minor	1 [illegible]

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ROYAL PANOPTICON.—Special Notice.—Sunday, February 3rd, being the birthday of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the anniversary of the event will be commemorated on Monday, February 4th. Performances on the Grand Organ, by Mr. E. T. Chipp, will take place at 12 p.m., [illegible] p.m., [illegible] p.m.; and in the evening a performance, vocal and instrumental, the Music selected entirely from the works of the composer of Elijah.

MADAME JULIE DE SZEZEPANOWSKA will give her Second Subscription Concert on Tuesday, 12th February, in the Town Hall, Manchester, under the patronage of the Worshipful the Mayor and Lieut.-General Sir Harry Smith, Bart., G.C.B. Vocalists—Miss Helen Taylor (R.A.M.) and M. Charles Guilmette. Instrumentalists—Madame Szczepanowska, Mr. C. A. Seymour and Signor Piatti. Accompanyist—Mr. D. W. Banks.

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MISS BESSIE DALTON at the Royal Panopticon every evening. For Programme of Concert, see Catalogue of the Institution.

HERR REICHARDT begs to inform his friends that he has left town for Edinburgh, to resume his operatic engagement, and will return in the beginning of April. All communications may be addressed—Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

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MR. RALFE begs to announce to his Friends and Pupils that he has arrived in London for the season. All communications to be addressed to his residence, 11, Cork-street, Burlington-gardens.

MR. H. C. COOPER (Violinist) will, with his Pupil Miss MILNER (Vocalist), who has created so great a sensation throughout the Provinces during the last few months, return to town for the season, on the 23rd of February. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Cooper, 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

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AUTOGRAPH COPY OF DON GIOVANNI.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have just seen your paper for last Saturday, and really think you are too severe on poor Herr Pauer.

Excuse me for interfering, but I think, if you will turn back to your own paper for April 14th, 1855 (page 237) you will find his advertisement regarding the sale of the scores. I suppose, like all other editors, you are *all powerful* with your pen, so I trust you will do justice to Herr Pauer in your next number for whom I have a great esteem as a musician, though I have not the pleasure of knowing him personally.

January 21st. CARL.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(*Continued from page 63.*)

THE power of speech possessed by the orchestra learns, for its increased task also, on its affinity to gesture—such as we know from the dance the latter to be. By means of tone figures, such as are peculiar to the character of instruments especially corresponding to them and by an alone also corresponding of the characteristic individualities of the orchestra, fashion themselves into peculiar orchestral melody. The power of speech possessed by the orchestra in *so far* expresses what in its sensuous appearance and gesture, is manifested to the eye, as—for the interpretation of this gesture and appearance, for the intelligence of the eye as well as for the correspondingly intelligible interpretation of the aural appearance, for the directly grasping ear—precisely no third element, namely the intermediatory verbal speech, was necessary.

Let us explain ourselves accurately on this point. We say commonly "I read in your eyes," which is equivalent to "My eye perceives, in a manner intelligible only to itself from the glances of your eye, an inward and involuntary sensation experienced by you, and which I in my turn, experience involuntarily as well as yourself." If we now extend the power of perception of the eye to the entire outward form of the person to be perceived, to his appearance, bearing and gesture, we must affirm that the eye unmistakeably grasps and understands the exterior of the said person directly he manifests himself with *complete involuntariness*, is inwardly completely in harmony with himself, and exhibits his internal mood of mind with the greatest sincerity. The moments, however, when a man manifests himself so truly are only those of the most complete repose or of the greatest excitement; that which lies between these two extreme points are the transitions, determined by sincere passion, only in precisely the exact proportion that they approach the highest state of excitement, or turn again from this state of excitement, to a harmoniously constituted state of repose. These transitions consist of an intermixture of arbitrary, reflective activity of will, and unconscious, necessary sensation; the determination of such transitions in conformity with the necessary course of the involuntary sensation, and that too, with indispensable progress towards flowing into the true sensation no longer conditional on or obstructed by the reflective understanding, is the purport of the poetic intention in the drama; and for this the poet finds precisely the only realising expression in the melody of the verbal verse as it appears as the very bloom of the language of verbal tone, which, as one side is turned towards the reflective understanding but on the other as an organ, to involuntary sensation. Gesture—if by this we understand the total outward manifestation of the human being to the eye—takes only a conditional share in this development, because it has only one side, namely the side of sensation, on which it is turned towards the eye; the side, however, which it conceals from the latter is precisely the one which the language of verbal tone presents to the understanding, and which would, therefore remain completely indiscernible to the feelings, if, from the fact of the language of verbal tone being turned towards the sense of hearing with *both* its sides, although with one of them existing in a less and weaker degree, the said sense of hearing could not obtain the increased power of presenting intelligibly to the feelings this side also, which is turned from the eye.

The language of the orchestra is able to effect this through the sense of hearing, by fastening itself by as intimate a leaning on the melody of the verse as previously on the gesture, to the communication itself of the *thought* to the feelings, and moreover, of that thought which the present melody of the verse—as the manifestation of a moved sensation not yet perfectly agreeing with itself—neither can nor will pronounce, and which can still less be communicated by gesture to the eye, because gesture is that which is most present to us, and is thus presupposed by the undetermined sensation manifested in the melody of the verse, as something like as undetermined, or merely expressing this indeterminateness, and thus not rendering clearly intelligible to the eye the real sensation.

In the melody of the verse not only is the language of words combined with the language of tone, but also that which is expressed by both these organs—namely, that which is not present with what is present, the thought with the sensation. That which is present in it is the involuntary sensation as necessarily poured into the expression of the musical melody; that which is not present is the abstract idea, as fixed in the verbal phrase as a reflective and arbitrary moment. Let us now more nearly determine what we have to understand by the *thought*.

Here, again, we shall quickly obtain a clear notion, if we view the matter from an artistic point, and probe to the bottom of its common origin.

Anything which by means of one of our organs of communication, or the employment of all such organs combined, we *cannot in any way* express even if we wished it, is essentially—nothing. Everything for which, on the contrary, we can find an expression is also something real, and this reality is perceived by us, if we explain the expression itself which we involuntarily employ for the object in question. The expression "*Thought*," is one easily explained, directly we go back to its sensuous verbal root. A *thought*[*] is the picture[†] as it seems[‡] to us in the *process of thinking*[§] of a something real, but not present. This something not present is, in conformity with its origin, a real object sensuously perceived, which, in another place, or at another time, has produced a definite impression on us; this impression has obtained possession of our sensations, for which, in order to communicate them, we were obliged to find an expression that corresponded to the impression produced by the object, according to the universal power of sensation of the human species. We could, therefore only reim the object according to the impression it produced upon our sensations, and this impression further more determined by our power of sensation is the picture which the object itself *appears* to us to be in the *process of thinking*. Thinking and recollecting are thus the same and in truth a thought is the picture returning in the recollection, which picture—as the impression of an object upon our sensation—is fashioned by the sensation itself and again presented by the thinking recollection—that evidence of the enduring power of the sensation and the force of the impression produced upon it—to the sensation itself, as a vivid emotion and after-sensation of the impression. We have not here to trouble ourselves with the development of thought to the power of a connecting combination of all the pictures, either gained by ourselves, or handed down to us, of the impressions preserved in our memory of objects no longer present—the process of thinking, as we find it in philosophy—for the way of the poet steps from philosophy into the work of art, into *the realisation of the thought* in sensuousness. But there is one thing that we still have to determine accurately. Anything which has not first produced an impression upon our sensations we cannot think, and the fact of a preceding sensation is the condition for the fashioning of the thoughts to be manifested. Thus even the thought is excited by the sensation and must necessarily again flow into the latter, for *it is the bond between a sensation that is not present, and one that is, struggling for manifestation.*

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[*] "Gedanke."

[†] We may, in like manner, interpret very satisfactorily "Geist" out of the similar root "Giessen;" according to a natural sense, it is the element *pouring* itself out ("Ausgiessende") of us, as the odour is that which spreads and pours itself out of the flower. The "Geist" (spirit) of theology is based, on the other hand, on the distortion of this natural moment, because it there became—analogously to the Christian myth—that which was "ausgegossen" (poured out) over us (from above).

[‡] Uns "dünkende." [§] Im "Gedenken."

The melody of the verse of the poet realises now, so to say, before our eyes, the thought, that is, the sensation not present and represented out of the process of thinking, into a sensation which is present and actually perceptible. In the purely verbal verse, it contains the sensation, not present, but *presupposed*, portrayed, thought and described by the recollection; but, in the purely musical melody, on the other hand, the *presupposed* new sensation, actually present, in which the sensation, that is thought, one thing, and not present, is merged as in something related to it and again realised. The sensation manifested in this melody, developed and justified before our eyes out of our thinking of a former sensation, and, moreover, immediately working on us in a sensuous point of view, and determining with certainty the participating feelings, is now a fact belonging quite as much to us, to whom it was communicated, as to him who communicated it; we are able to retain it as a thought, in precisely the same way that it returned in the shape of a thought—that is, recollection—to the person communicating it. The latter, if he feels himself impelled, in the process of thinking of this fact connected with his sensations, to the manifestation of a new sensation, in its turn present, now treats this process of thinking only as a point not present, but described and briefly suggested to the remembering understanding, just as, in the same melody of the verse in which it was uttered as the melodic fact—now entrusted to the recollection—he manifested the power of thinking of some former sensation, which had escaped us according to its necessity as a thought-creating sensation. But we, who have received the new sensation, are able to retain, by our sense of hearing, the former sensation, now only something thought, *in its purely melodic manifestation itself*; it has become the property of pure music, and, offered by the orchestra, with suitable expression, to our sensuous perception, appears to us the *realisation* and actual *presence* of what was only *thought* by the reciter. Such a melody communicated to us as the outpouring of a sensation by the representer realizes for us, if it is expressively executed by the orchestra *wherever* the representer retains the sensation in question only in his recollection, the thought of this representer; nay even when the person who is present and communicating with us appears no longer conscious of the sensation, its characteristic sound in the orchestra is capable of exciting in us a sensation, that, for the completion of any connected series, for the greatest intelligibility of a situation by the interpretation of motives which, although contained in the situation, cannot clearly be brought forward in their most representable points, becomes for us a *thought*, but is of itself *more* than a thought, namely, the *purport of feeling* contained in the thought actually *rendered present* for us.

The power of the musician, when employed by the poetic intention for its greatest realisation, is, in this particular, immeasurable by the aid of the orchestra. Without being conditional on the poetic intention, the absolute musician has hitherto imagined he had to busy himself with thoughts and combinations of thoughts. If simple musical themes were called "Thoughts," this was either a thoughtless employment of the term, or a manifestation of the error of the musician, who called a theme a thought. He had certainly thought something in connection with it, but this something was understood by no one, except, at most, by the person to whom he had related, in sober words, what he had thus thought, and whom, by so doing, he brought to think this same something, too, when hearing the theme. Music cannot think; but it can realise thoughts, that is to say, manifest the purport of the sensation contained in them as a purport no longer of mere recollection but as one actually present. It can, however, only do this, when its own manifestation is conditional upon the poetic intention, while this again is exhibited not as something merely thought, but something clearly represented, in the first instance, by means of the organ of the understanding, verbal language. A musical motive can produce upon the feelings a definite impression, fashioning itself into thoughtful activity only when the sensation expressed in it is manifested before our eyes by a definite individual on a definite object, as also definite, that is, perfectly conditional. The omission of these conditions presents a musical motive to the feelings as something undetermined, and however often anything undetermined may return in the same phenomenon, it will still remain for us only something undetermined returning, which we are not in a condition to justify out of any necessity experienced by us for its appearance and, consequently, not in a condition to connect with anything else. But that musical motive into which, so to speak, the thoughtful verbal verse of a dramatic representer has flowed before our eyes, is something necessarily presupposed; in its return, a *definite* sensation is perceptibly communicated to us, and, moreover, as the sensation of the person who feels precisely impelled to the manifestation of a fresh sensation springing from the first—now unuttered by him, but rendered sensuously perceptible by means of the orchestra. The co-sounding of this motive connects *for us*, therefore, a presupposing sensation, not present, with the sensation presupposed by it, and lending itself to its manifestation; and, while thus making our feelings the enlightened perceivers of the organic growth of one determined sensation out of the other, we give our feelings the power of thinking, that is to say, in this case, however, the involuntary knowledge, raised above the process of thinking, of the thought realised in the sensation.

(To be continued.)

ACROSTIC IMPROMPTU

ADDRESSED TO MADEMOISELLE ROSATI.

(Found in the pit of the Grand Opéra at Paris at the first representation of the new ballet of LE CORSAIRE.)

C'est qu'il est au monde une merveille encore,
Elle éblouit les yeux comme un brillant dans l'air,
Réunissant la beauté, le talent, la poésie,
Irréprochable en tout, en grâce, en harmonie,
Toujours le diadème entoure son front radieux,
On la voit sur la terre, et l'on rêve les cieux.

It is somewhat curious that the initial letters of the acrostic should make "Cerito," and not "Rosati."

MR. JOHN B. STONE'S CONCERT at Hackney, was announced for Tuesday evening, the 15th January. The vocalists named in the programme were Miss Poole, Miss Lascelles, and Mr F. Bodda; and the instrumentalists—Mr J. B. Chatterton (harp), Mr R. Clementi (violin), Mr J. B. Stone (pianoforte); and Mr. Bonnell Gilbert, conductor.

THE CHURCH ORGAN.—M. Fétis, says Dr. Rimbault, denies the claim to extreme antiquity, proving that the early instrument to which that high-sounding title was given was nothing more than a bagpipe; nor does he discover anything to the contrary in the epigram of Julian the Apostate, in the *Anthologia Græca*. It is worthy of remark that the sculptures upon the Arch of Titus, representing, as is supposed, the various musical instruments found in Jerusalem at its siege, do not contain among them that of the organ, which some think conclusive that they had it not. It was probably in the fourth century that the key-board was invented; but the early history of the organ, like that of the violin, is shrouded in uncertainty, the bow of the one and the key-board of the other being the starting points of their after-perfection; and from their invention may be traced the progress of both instruments. At the beginning of the eighth century the organs of the Anglo-Saxons appear to have resembled those now in use. The organ was early used in the public-service of the church. Platina says Pope Vitalian first used it in 666; but Julianus says it was in use two hundred years earlier. It was some time before they became common in the churches of Europe. Pepin, father of Charlemagne, first introduced singing and church ceremonies into France, and finding the want of an organ, asked one of the Byzantine emperor Constantine Copronymus, who sent him a large one, with leaden pipes, which was erected in the church of Compeigne. Soon afterwards we find them in England. Saint Dunstan, in the reign of Edgar, erected one, described by William of Malmesbury. Before the end of the fourteenth century all our churches and chapels were supplied with organs.—*The Builder.*

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT

The second miscellaneous concert took place on Friday, the 25th ult., in the Hanover Square Rooms, which were crammed to suffocation. There seems as yet no sign of ebb to the Jenny Lind attraction, which flows on and on without impediment. The programme of the second concert, though good, was not so happily chosen as the last.

Part I.—Overture (Oberon), *C. M. v. Weber*. Rondo larghetto, and violin obbligato (Il Re Pastore) Madame Jenny Goldschmidt; violin obbligato, Herr Deichmann, *Mozart*. Aria, "Madamina," Sig. F. Lablache (Don Giovanni), *Mozart*. Concerto, G minor, piano with orchestra—pianoforte, M. Otto Goldschmidt, *Mendelssohn*. Scena et aria, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt (Der Freischütz), *C. M. v. Weber*.

Part II.—Solo, violin, 6me Air Varié, Herr Deichmann, *De Beriot*. Recit. ed aria, "Care compagne" (Sonnambula), Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt, *Bellini*. Two Studies, D flat major and A minor, pianoforte, M. Otto Goldschmidt, *Otto Goldschmidt*. The Bird Song, Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt, *Taubert*. Aria, "Largo al Factotum," Sig. F. Lablache (Il Barbiere), *Rossini*. The Herdsman's Song (Swedish Melody) Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, *Berg*. Overture (La Vestale), *Spontini*. Conductor, M. Benedict.

The band was enfeebled by the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose *Judas Maccabæus* (Mr. Costa) drew some of its most efficient members away. The brilliant *Oberon*, and even the commonplace *Vestale*, suffered in consequence. Mr. Benedict is one of the most consummate of orchestral directors; but he cannot make silk purses out of sows' ears, nor cause so good an effect to proceed from a comparatively weak as from a superlatively strong body of instrumental performers.

Herr Otto Goldschmidt improves on acquaintance as a pianist. His execution of Mendelssohn's first concerto was extremely energetic and remarkable for intelligence, if not for the highest possible finish. His studies, both clever, were even better played than the concerto, and the applause he received was well bestowed. Herr Deichmann was not fortunate in his choice of a piece. Not that De Beriot's sixth *Air Varié* is an unaffecting composition for the violin, but it is unsuited to Herr Deichmann's style of playing. The two difficult and famous songs allotted to Signor F. Lablache were well sung by that performer, but were placed in dangerous proximity to the vocal displays of Madame Goldschmidt. Stanfield liked his pictures to be hung near Turner's—"because," said he, "the canvases of Turner throw a glow of light over mine which I cannot obtain myself." Perhaps Signor F. Lablache may translate this from pictorial into musical metaphor, and so make a good use of it.

Madame Goldschmidt's performances were all remarkable, nay more than remarkable, though the degrees of merit were various. The *rondo* (an odd name for a long slow movement) with violin *obbligato* from Mozart's *serenata*, called *Il Re Pastore* (one of his earliest Salzburg labors) was sung smoothly, but with a slight feeling of monotony and an occasional wavering of intonation. It did *not* create much effect.

The grand *scena* of Agatha, from *Der Freischütz*, Weber's most admirable production, was a performance of irreproachable excellence—a performance indeed, which might without hyperbole be pronounced an inspiration. The genius of the singer "*rivalisait*" (as our allies have it) with the genius of the composer. Praise can no further go. The audience were enthusiastic both about this and "Come per me sereno," which followed, and which was sung with all the volubility, charm, and redundance of ornament with which the pale Amina of 1847-8 transported the *abonnés* of Her Majesty's Theatre. We need not describe this, since it has been described after ("*ante* ——), and it literally presented no *new* feature.

The "Bird Song" was a marvellous piece of execution which would have astonished Carwin, the biloquist. But, for our part, we should have liked the trills about half as long in duration, and could have dispensed willingly with more than half of the imaginary bird's vagaries. The "Herdsman's song" is pretty enough, and was, in all respects but one, prettily warbled. The two long drawn-out and "muffled" *pianissimo* notes (not musical notes, at all, by the way), however, which led back, with torturing prolixity, to the theme, we *could not* admire. They were not only painfully protracted, but, by the time they held the breath suspended, inevitably damaged the tone of the notes immediately following, when the breath was *at last* released, and the subject of the melody resumed. The "Bird's song" raised a *furore*, not so the "Herdsman's." How was that?

Another miscellaneous concert is announced for the 11th instant.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The directors of the Crystal Palace have put to shame all the musical societies in London, they alone* having had the good taste to hold a "festival" in honour of the hundredth birth-day of Mozart. To be sure, the "festival" was on the mildest possible scale, and the homage paid to the mighty composer of rather a humble nature. Nevertheless, they did what was in their means, they gave a concert, and supplied the programme from some of the most admired works of Mozart. They might have made a greater show, no doubt, by engaging, as on previous occasions, several military bands and have held the concerts, as was done at the inauguration of the Crystal Palace, in the great transept, instead of using the new music saloon—of somewhat contracted dimensions—in the north west angle of the building. They might also have secured first-rate vocalists and solo instrumentalists. But the additions of military bands would not have enabled them to execute Mozart's compositions so correctly and according to the author's intention as they did with their own little force; and the transfer of the performance from the music room to the transept, although it would have afforded more space to the visitors, would have had the effect—as it had on the occasion just alluded to—of depriving the audience, except those in the immediate neighbourhood of the band, of hearing the music at all, in consequence of its dissipation among the aisles and corridors, and the want of sufficient reverberation. From the engagement of the most eminent artists the directors were in all probability deterred by the expense, which, perhaps under the circumstances, they were hardly justified in incurring. Therefore doing all that lay in their means, and departing in some degree from their art-sporally—since as yet music is recognised within the "crystal" precincts as a trivial recreation merely, not as one of the arts and sciences—the directors are entitled to the thanks of the subscribers and visitors; and, we repeat, they have put to shame the musical societies in London.

Mozart was born on the 27th of January, 1756. The 27th of January, 1856, happening to fall on a Sunday, it was not practicable, under the existing state of things—the Crystal Palace being interdicted from opening its doors to the public on the Sabbath—to adhere to the day. But, as a negotiable bill which becomes due on Sunday is by law presentable on the day previous, so the directors presented to the public their bill of fare for Mozart's anniversary the day before it was due.

The orchestra, under the direction of Herr Augustus Manns, performed the overture to *Idomeneo* and two movements from the E flat symphony. Mr. Russell, pupil of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, played one of the sonatas in F; and Master John Barnett, the clever and intelligent pupil of Dr. Henry Wylde, the first movement from the concerto in D minor.

The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Alleyne and Miss Palmer, who sang some of the most favourite airs of the composer. Miss Alleyne gave "Batti, batti" so sweetly as to elicit an encore. In "Non temer" the violin *obbligato* accompaniment was executed by Herr Manns.

The entire performance appeared to afford the utmost satisfaction. The number present amounted to about 1,500. Of these, considerably more than a thousand were season tickets. The music saloon, which may hold somewhere about nine hundred comfortably, was inconveniently small, many persons being compelled to leave without once hearing a note of music. If the directors contemplate holding any future celebrations of the centenaries of great musicians, they should enlarge the concert-room.

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* With the single exception of the Panopticon, on Monday.

Google

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY

The first performance this season of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* attracted a very crowded audience on Friday evening to Exeter Hall. Mr Costa made his first appearance since his recent illness, and was received with great applause, in which the band and chorus joined heartily. The execution on the whole was admirable, the chorus, in several instances, being entitled to unqualified praise. This was more especially the case in "Mourn, ye afflicted children," and "Fallen is the foe," which were given with unusual power.

The principal vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Ransford, Miss Dolby, Messrs Sims Reeves, Montem Smith and Weiss. Madame Rudersdorff acquitted herself extremely well in the two great airs, "Pious Orgies," and "From mighty Kings," in which she displayed good taste, correct judgment, and considerable ease of execution. Both airs, however, suffered from being taken too slow, the latter more especially. The singers were, nevertheless, applauded in both. Miss Dolby, in the duets, "Hail Judea, happy land," with Miss Ransford, and "O! never bow we down," with Mad. Rudersdorff, and still more in the air, "Father of Heaven," distinguished herself by her usual artistic feeling, while Miss Ransford must be noticed for her quiet and unobtrusive singing in "Wise men flattering." Mr Sims Reeves was as splendid as ever in the music of Judas, which is, perhaps, his masterpiece in oratorio singing. His three songs were loudly applauded, the famous "Sound an alarm" so enthusiastically, that there was no resisting the desire of the audience to hear it again. Mr Weiss sang the bass music in his best manner, and Mr Montem Smith, in the second tenor part, left little to desire. The performance, indeed, was altogether satisfactory.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY

Elijah was performed on Wednesday. The principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Haywood, Miss J. Wells, a young lady who officiated for Miss M. Welsh, Messrs. G. Perren, Cotterell, J. B. Husk, Tillyard and Lawler. The execution was, on the whole, creditable to the members and to the conductor, Mr Surman. The magnificent chorus, "Thanks be to God," went well, and the grand chain of choruses, commencing with "Baal we cry to thee," exhibited both power and decision. "The fire descends," however, was less satisfactory. Mrs. Sunderland produced a great effect in the *soprano* music by the beautiful quality of her voice and the purity of her style. A little more warmth would render this lady's singing in oratorio almost irreproachable. Encores were awarded to the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," sung by Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Wells, and Miss Haywood; to Miss Haywood in "Oh, rest in the Lord;" and to Mr. E. Perren in "Then shall the righteous." The quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," was admirably given by Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Haywood and Messrs Cotterell and Tillyard. A compliment apart must be awarded to Miss Haywood (from Manchester) a comparatively new singer, with a beautiful *contralto* voice and a great deal of genuine musical feeling. The Hall was full though not crowded.

THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE

A dramatic performance took place before Her Majesty and the Royal Family in the St. George's Hall on Monday evening. A comedy by Mr Tom Taylor, *Still Waters run deep*, and a farce by Mr J. M. Morton, *A Game of Romps*, were selected for the occasion. The following were the casts:

Still Waters run Deep.

Mr Potter, Mr Emery; Captain Hawksley, Mr G. Vining; John Mildmay, Mr A. Wigan; Dunbilk, Mr Barrett; Langford, Mr Coney; Markham, Mr J. B. White; Gimlet, Mr H. Cooper; Jessop, Mr Franks; Servant, Mr Rogerson; Mrs. Mildmay, Miss Maskell; Mrs. Hector Sternhold, Mrs. A. Wigan.

A Game of Romps.

Dr. Rhododendron, Mr Harley; Julius, Miss Daly; M. Jolivet, Mr F. Mathews; The Marchioness, Mrs. Winstanley; Violet, Miss M. Ternan; Isabella, Miss Carlotta Leclercq; Blanche, Miss Heath; Jeannette, Miss Murray.

The performances afforded evident gratification to the Royal and illustrious party.

PANOPTICON

The following works by Mozart were played on the Grand Organ by Mr. E. T. Chipp, in the course of Monday, as a centenary commemoration of the great composer's birth. (Mozart was born January 27th, 1756).

Aria, "Deh! amore porgi ristoro" (*Nozze di Figaro*); Andante from Quartett No. 6; Andante from Quartett No. 7; Sonata in A; Chorus, "Pignus Futuræ," from a Litany; aria, "Placido è il mar andiamo" (*Idomeneo*).

In the evening, the following miscellaneous programme was issued to the visitors, all the pieces being selected from the works of Mozart:—

Marcia, Aria e Coro, "Possenti Numi" (*Il Flauto Magico*), Mr Theodore Distin and the Orpheus Glee Union, accompanied on the organ by Mr. E. T. Chipp; aria, "Voi che sapete" (*Nozze di Figaro*) Miss Bessie Dalton; fantasia and sonata in C minor (Op. 11), pianoforte, Mr Wilkinson; aria, "Il mio tesoro intanto" (*Don Juan*), Mr W. J. Fielding; chorus of priests, "Grand Isis! Grand Osiris" (*Il Flauto Magico*) Orpheus Glee Union, accompanied on the organ by Mr E. T. Chipp; andante, Op. 86, pianoforte and flute, Mr Wilkinson and Mr Benjamin Wells; duetto, "Là Dove prende Amor ricetto" (*Il Flauto Magico*) Miss Bessie Dalton and Mr. W. J. Fielding; fuga, "Kyrie Eleison" (*Requiem*) Grand Organ, Mr E. T. Chipp.

The great occasion was thus commemorated in the best manner of which the musical means of the Panopticon admitted.

JENNY LIND

(*From Punch.*)

And have you not been to the Philharmonicon?
That's Exeter Hall, if you please, in the Strand,
Where M'Howl and M'Blare keep a Protestant eye on
The Lady in Red and the Pope's brazen band.
But don't go for that—go to Jenny Lind's concerts—
A far better sight will be set for your view:
Mrs. Jenny in white, and Miss Dolby in blue,
Miss Messent in pink, and Miss Williams in blue.

Our own darling Jenny, who comes on the platform
To warble the best of our Mendelssohn's strains,
A trifle, it may be, more slight than she left us,
Worn down, let us hope, by the weight of her gains:
She comes with Jenny's old smile on her features,
And down sit four ladies—distinct in their hue—
Mrs Jenny in white, and Miss Dolby in blue,
Miss Messent in pink and Miss Williams in blue.

And the marvellous voice, uneclipsed in its glory
Comes forth like a Spirit commission'd for good,
Whether sparkling in air like the spray of a fountain,
Or gushing in silver abroad like a flood.
To Sermons like Caird's be all honour—yet Jenny
Can say in the stalls what he says to the pew,
As she sings all in white, with Miss Dolby in blue,
Miss Messent in pink and Miss Williams in blue.

We don't quite forgive her, our darling *Amina*,
For quitting the stage where her triumph was won,
And never had patience to ascertain whether
Through bishop, or husband, or whom it was done:
We hope she'll come back, and meantime we're delighted
To hear in *Elijah* what things she can do,
As she sings there in white, with Miss Dolby in blue,
Miss Messent in pink and Miss Williams in blue.

She brought out our tears as she shudder'd in sorrow
And dried them away with the flash of her joy,
As Zarepath's widow alternate lamented
The death, and rejoiced o'er the life of her boy.
And never was justice more amply accorded
To the exquisite strains of the wonderful Jew
Than by Jenny in white, and Miss Dolby in blue,
Miss Messent in pink, and Miss Williams in blue.

But her place is the Stage, from whose art she still borrows
The glance, and the pathos, the gesture, the thrill;
And we'll bet Mr. Mitchell he opens the Opera
One day with her fortune to name in his bill.
Yet still we shall have, at the Harmonicon
A voice that's as liquid and clear as the dew—
Miss Dolby's, who sang in contralto and blue,
With Miss Messent in pink, and Miss Williams in blue.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY

A concert was given by this Society in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows. There was a fashionable though not a crowded audience. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were present in the gallery. The walls of the room were decorated with the flags of England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey. We append the programme:—

PART I.

Symphony (composed for the Society)	*Henry Leslie.*
Song, Miss Dolby	*S. Waley.*
Part Song, "Oh, who will o'er the downs so free?"	*Pearsall.*
Madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale"	*Festa.*
Solo for Cornet-à-piston, "Cujus animam," Mr. Henry B. Tatham	*Rossini.*

PART II.

Grand Coronation March from *Le Prophète*	*Meyerbeer.*
Cavatina, Miss Dolby	*Mercadante.*
Duet for Two Pianofortes, on airs from *Les Huguenots*, Angelina and Mr. S. W. Waley	*G. A. Osborne.*
Song, Mr. Weiss, "Rule Victoria"	*Major Reade, M.P.*
Part Song, "The Wreath"	*Benedict.*
Madrigal, "Now is the month of Maying"	*Morley.*
Overture, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*	*Auber.*

Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

Mr. Henry Leslie's interesting and ably-written symphony was played by the amateurs with great spirit, if not with invariable correctness. This work always improves on hearing. Of the other two orchestral performances, the most satisfactory and the most energetic was the brilliant march of Meyerbeer, which was, as the French say, "*enlevée*" with infinite ardour. Mr. Tatham's execution of Rossini's fine melody on the cornet was masterly as usual. The great "effect," however, was made by the duet for two pianos, in which Mr. S. Waley had the pleasure and the honour of being associated with Mdlle. "Angelina," whose appearance was hailed by a burst of enthusiastic applause. Nothing could be better than this performance. Mr. Waley was evidently inspired by the presence of his gifted young companion; and if Mr. Osborne, who was present, was not satisfied with the interpretation of his music, he must be very hard to propitiate.

The new vocal choir of ladies and gentlemen, trained by Mr. H. Leslie, again distinguished themselves highly. Three of their pieces were encored, viz., the madrigals of Festa and Morley, and the part song of Pearsall. Mr. Benedict's "Wreath" is one of the most melodious and chastely written part songs [illegible] we ever heard. Miss Dolby sang, in her most finished and artistic manner, an elegant song of Mr. S. Waley, who accompanied her on the piano, as he also did subsequently in a somewhat stale and trivial *cavatina* by Donizetti. Major Reade's ballad (famously sung by Mr. Weiss) is a very loyal effusion, and deserves to be dedicated to the Queen herself.

Mr. Henry Leslie conducted the whole concert with his accustomed talent.

The National Hymn was sung previous to the commencement of the concert, "Partant pour la Syrie" at the beginning of the second part, and "The Sardinian Hymn" at the end.

Mr. Charles Salaman's Amateur Choral Society.—The whole of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given on Wednesday evening, with the assistance of upwards of sixty voices. This work having been performed several times, the ladies and gentlemen have become familiar with its difficulties, and are thereby enabled to do more justice to it. Some of the choruses went, indeed, perfectly; *all* the singers doing their best—a fact which cannot always be averred of paid choristers, or even unpaid amateurs, in public societies. It is no easy task to conduct a chorus of sixty voices, and at the same time to accompany the whole of the music of *Elijah* on the piano—a feat which Mr. Charles Salaman accomplishes in a manner creditable to his talent, zeal, and energy. Spohr's *Azor and Zemira* is announced for the next performance.

St. Petersburgh.—*L'Etoile du Nord*, with Mad. Bosio as Catharine, and Sig. Debassini as the Czar, is in rehearsal.

PROVINCIAL.

Liverpool.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Madame Constantini, a young lady who, under the name of Miss Blundell, acquired considerable local reputation as an organist a few years ago, gave a concert at St. George's Hall on Tuesday night. The attendance was great. Madame Constantini was assisted by Mr. Matthews, Mr. G. Perren, Sig. Verasi, Mr. Hamilton Braham, and Master Radcliffe, the juvenile pianist. Mr. T. W. Best presided at the organ.—The present is the last week of Mr. E. W. Thomas's popular concerts, which terminate on Saturday. On Wednesday an extra morning concert was given. In the evening the programme was selected from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. Mr. Thomas's vocalist during the present week is Miss Fanny Huddart, a favourite in Liverpool.—On Wednesday night, M. Jullien gave his last concert in Liverpool, for the present season, at St. George's Hall, which was attended by upwards of 3,000 persons. The concert as usual went off with the utmost *éclat*, Mdme. Gassier being encored with acclamations in a romance from the *Trovatore*, and Venzano Waltz, for the former she substituted "Ah! non giunge," which she gave with a dexterity absolutely marvellous. The "Sebastopol Quadrille" and the *Don Giovanni* selections were also highly successful.—The pantomimes at three of our theatres, and a French *troupe* of equestrians at the Amphitheatre still attract.—Mr. T. W. Best's performances on the St. George's Hall organ, which take place every Saturday afternoon and Monday evening, continue to be well attended. The price of admission is 6d.!

Leeds.—*The Creation* was given at the Musical Hall last Saturday. The principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Dyson and Mr. Farquharson. The orchestra was composed of the West Riding Orchestral Union, led by Mr. Haddock. Mr. Spark was conductor.

Gloucester.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The Gloucester Choral Society have given two concerts this week, which were numerously attended, many of the county families being present. The programmes gave satisfaction, if we may judge from the encores accorded to about half the number of pieces. Great amusement was afforded by the juvenile band of Dr. Mark, of Bristol, who executed several quadrilles, polkas, and selections. Some organ solos were given by Mr. Taylor, a highly rising professor in this city, who exhibited considerable command of the instrument. A Master George Thomas (also a native) extemporized each evening on the organ. Though a mere child, he has strong indications of talent. It is to be hoped, however, that this promising child, instead of being allowed to play in public, may be placed under good masters and thoroughly well taught his art. Gallantry forbids us to say anything of Miss Agnes Woodville (announced as a star) except that she was encored in two songs. The choral class acquitted themselves well, especially Messrs. Phelps, Parkes, and Kilminster, in the duets, &c.—A lecture was delivered at the Tolsey last week by Mr. D. Mackintosh, on the "Musical Characteristics of the Races of the West of Europe," with appropriate songs by Mrs. Mackintosh, pupil of Joseph de Pinna and Signor Schiari (*sic*), and *formerly of the Hanover-square Rooms, London* (qy.). The lecturer did not appear to possess any great knowledge of musical characteristics, whatever he might of "ethnological." For instance, he spoke of German musicians as possessing but limited invention, having a genius rather for amplifying—Handel being quoted as repeating himself, and many of his airs being spun out until they were almost exhausted. Beethoven and Meyerbeer were the only other Germans named, the latter being only mentioned incidentally as having derived his melody from Italy. The lady who "vocally illustrated" the lecture was evidently suffering from a cold.

Worcester.—The amateurs of this city and neighbourhood gave their annual concert in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, the 22nd of January. Last year the proceeds of the amateur concert, which amounted to more than £100, was given to the Patriotic Fund. A second concert was afterwards given, when upwards of £60 was realized and handed over to the fund for the relief of the suffering carpet weavers of Kidderminster. This year, no aid of the kind being required, the proceeds of the concert (about £50) was given to the funds of the Worcester Harmonic Society which have been lately embarrassed from various causes, among which were the expenses incurred in removing the society's organ, etc., from the old rooms to the Music Hall. The decorations of the Hall this year were entrusted to Messrs. Peel, Dawson, H. Lines, and W. Prinsep, and the result was highly satisfactory. Miss Peel, Miss Lechmere, the Misses Lewis, the Misses Watts, and the Misses Done assisted the decorators, by making baskets filled with wax flowers, which were suspended round the room from festoons and wreaths of laurel, and had a very elegant effect. The room was filled by upwards of 300 of the *élite* of the neighbourhood among whom we noticed Lord Ward, Viscount Southwell, Baroness Windsor, etc., etc. The amateur *artistes* who assisted in the evening performance were Miss Lechmere, Miss Temple, Mrs. Pidcock, Mrs. Douglas Galton, and Mr. Diamond as vocalists, and Mrs. J. B. Knight as pianiste. During the evening a quadrille from *Ernani* for eleven concertinas, led by Mr. R. Blagrove, was played by Miss Bosheley, Miss Best, Miss West, Miss Wynniatt, Miss H. Wynniatt, Mr. Cocks, Miss St. John, Mr. Fowler, Mr. J. Jones, and Mr. Haynes. Mr. Jabez Jones presided at the piano, Mr. D. Egelle was the violinist, and Mr. Done the conductor.

Uxbridge.—The members of the Choral Society have given their twelfth entertainment at the Public Rooms. They were assisted on the occasion by Mrs. Alfred Gilbert. Mr. J. L. Birch was the conductor. The concert was numerously attended.

Kirkheaton.—The members of the Mechanics' Institute celebrated their tenth anniversary on Friday evening the 25th January. In the course of the evening, the members of the singing class, assisted by Miss Filtore, and Mr. Dodson, and Master Beaumont, organist of the parish Church, sang several pieces in a satisfactory manner. The entertainment concluded with the National Anthem. Mr. Shaw, master of the music classes, was the conductor.

Ripon.—On Thursday evening the 24th January, a concert of vocal and instrumental music was given by Mr. Bates, organist of the cathedral, in the Public Rooms. Miss Senior (a pupil of Mrs. Wood), and some of the members of the Cathedral Choir, assisted. There were several encores during the evening and the concert gave satisfaction.

Plymouth.—On Thursday, the 24th of January, the West of England Glee and Madrigal Union gave their second concert at the Mechanics' Institution. The principal vocalists were Miss McAusland, Miss Frances, Mr. H. Roberts, and Mr. W. S. Yeo. In addition Mr. Richardson performed two solos on the flute. Miss McAusland and Miss Frances were encored in the duet, "Two merry hearts are we," and Mr. Richardson was encored in both his flute solos. The room was well filled, notwithstanding the counter-attraction of Mr. Newcombe's testimonial entertainment at the theatre.

Keighley.—The choir of St. Mary's Church mustered in great force on Sunday the 20th of January, on the occasion of two sermons being preached by the Rev. W. Cartman, head master of the grammar-school, Skipton, during which he referred to the exertions of W. L. Marriner, Esq., of Greengate, who has not only organised the choir and kept it in efficiency, but guaranteed any deficiency as to its funds. Among the principal members of the choir were Mrs. Ellis, Miss Carrodus, and Mr. W. Robinson, of Stoneyclose. In the afternoon Mr. Robinson and his pupil, Master Holt, presided at the organ, and in the evening Mr. Thomas Barwick. A collection was made amounting to upwards of £14.

Bingley.—The concert given by Mr. W. Pickles was better attended than could have been expected from the badness of trade in this neighbourhood. The principal vocalists were Miss Whitham, Miss Marshall, and Mr. Delavanti. During the evening the Baildon Prize Band performed several operatic selections, and the concert, which was held in the Oddfellows' Hall concluded with the National Anthem.

Bolton.—On Thursday the 24th January, selections from the *Messiah* and the *Creation* were given in the Temperance-hall, Little Bolton, under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institution. The principal vocalists were Miss Witham and Mrs. Winterbottom, Mr. George Cooper, and Mr. S. Mellor.

Evesham.—A lecture on music was given on Wednesday evening, the 23rd of January, in the National School-room, by Mr. Charles Tovey, organist of Pershore Abbey church, and Master Robert Taylor (aged only eight years, one of the scholars.) The boys of the national school choir sang during the evening several pieces, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Tovey. Mr. J. E. Marks, master of the school, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Tovey. The National Anthem was then sung by all present, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. E. W. Pullen, master of the Bengeworth school. The proceedings terminated with Nelson's round "Good Night," sung by the boys.

Oldham.—An evening concert has been given in the town-hall by Mr. D. W. Banks, who engaged Miss Poole, Miss Augusta Manning, Miss H. Wilkinson, and Mr. Frank Bodda, as vocalists, and Mr. Charles Hallé and Henry Blagrove, as instrumentalists. Miss Poole was encored in the "Young Mountaineer," and the other performers were much applauded for their exertions during the evening. Mr. D. W. Banks accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

Bury.—On Thursday evening the 24th January, the third subscription concert for the present season conducted by Mr. D. W. Banks, took place in the lecture-hall of the Athenæum. The principal vocalists were Miss Poole, Miss Augusta Manning, Miss H. Wilkinson, and Mr. Frank Bodda. Solo pianist, Mr. Charles Hallé; solo violinist, Mr. H. Blagrove. The choir was efficient, and the entire performance was much applauded.

Reading.—The Town-hall was crammed on Wednesday morning week, on the occasion of the concert given by M. and Madame Goldschmidt, at which Signori F. Lablache and Piatti assisted. As the carriage of Madame Goldschmidt was leaving the Hall, a boy was knocked down and fell under the carriage wheels. He was immediately taken to the hospital, where his injuries were found to be slight. Madame Goldschmidt sent £5 to be appropriated to his benefit, and has evinced much concern at the accident.

Rochester.—The third Subscription Concert was given at the Corn-Exchange, on Monday evening, the singers being, Miss Milner, Mad. Weiss, Mr. Weiss, and a glee party belonging to Rochester; the instrumentalists, Mr. H. C. Cooper (violin), and Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Armes, jun., (piano). Miss Milner was encored in Pacini's "Sommo Cielo," Mr. Cooper in his violin solo, *Le Carnaval de Venise*, and Mr. Weiss in Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer." The room was crowded, and the entertainment afforded great satisfaction.

Dublin.—(*From a Correspondent*).—At the Philharmonic Society's concert last week was produced (for the first time in Ireland) the Choral Symphony (No. 9.) The execution of this extremely difficult work was more than respectable. The chorus did their best with the very trying portion of music which fell to their share. Future performances will doubtless do as much for the appreciation of this *chef-d'œuvre* here, as they have done in England, but the general impression among those who heard the symphony for the first time was, that it was by no means so unintelligible as the quidnuncs would so long have it to be. The *scherzo*, slow movement, and the common time movement, where the theme is announced by the basses, were all heard with evident pleasure. The vocal solo party included Miss Williams (R.A.M.) and the resident artists of the city. Miss Williams is a native of Dublin, but has been located in London some years. She is greatly improved since I last heard her, and her singing was much admired. Herr Kettenus, a Belgian violinist, also made his first appearance in public at this concert. The overture to *Der Freischütz* and the Wedding March of Mendelssohn were executed by the orchestra.

The University Choral Society held their first concert for the present season on Friday evening. Part I. was devoted to Macfarren's "*Sleeper awakened.*" Part II. comprised the following miscellaneous selection:—

Solo and chorus, "Now tramp"—*Bishop*. Song, "O lieti di" (*L'Etoile du Nord*)—*Meyerbeer*. Chorus, "How glad"—*Gluck*. Solo and chorus, "To arms," "Britons, strike home," "Come if you dare"—*Purcell*. Quartet, "Go, tuneful bird"—*Stewart*. Chorus, "Rataplan," (*Huguenots*)—*Meyerbeer*. Quartet and chorus, "Placido è il mar" (*Idomeneo*)—*Mozart*. Glee and chorus, "The winds whistle cold"—*Bishop*. Recit. and air, "The Guilty; [illegible]"—*Weber*. Chorus, "How sleep the brave who sink to rest"—*Cooke*. Solo, quartet, and chorus, "Rule Britannia"—*Arne*.

Macfarren's admirable work was most effective. The chorus was in good training, and sang with decision and due attention to light and shade. To Miss Grune, Mr Geary and Mr Joseph Robinson, were assigned the principal characters—Zuleika, Hassan, and the Caliph. The second part of the concert was also creditable to the society and satisfactory to the audience. At the next concert, which is to take place in March Mr Costa's *Eli* will be introduced.

THE VOLUME FOR 1854

Containing the biographies of Mozart and Mendelssohn, and the sketches of Braham, Sims Reeves, and Clara Novello, is now ready, bound in cloth, price 20s. uniform with

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THE MUSICAL WORLD FOR FRANCE, AND OTHER COUNTRIES VIÂ FRANCE

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, the postage of all Newspapers addressed to France, and other Countries *viâ* France, must in future be paid in advance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Haidée," Chanson d'Amour; "La Constance," "Chanson sans Paroles," par T. W. Naumann; "The Sardinian Hymn," "Red, White, and Blue," arranged for the pianoforte by T. W. Naumann.—*The publishers of the above pieces are informed that they have already been reviewed.*

S. P.—*Our correspondent should apply to* Mr Frank Mori, 28, *Somerset-street, Portman-square (enclosing an envelope and a postage stamp).*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND, 1856.

A LITERARY proselyte of Herr Richard Wagner, who, knowing nothing at all about music, went to Weimar, made the acquaintance of Dr. Liszt, and was sworn an apostle of the "future drama," on his return to England forthwith began to preach—as in duty bound, all the Wagnerian neophytes being pledged to talk and jabber about the divine attributes of their master the Prophet of Zurich. The proselyte of whom we speak—a profound metaphysician, an expounder of Benedictus Spinoza and the *Ethics*, one who can tell you what Kant meant and what Hegel didn't, a biographer of Goethe, and a revivificator of the effete philosophy of Jordanus Brunus—being in connection with that most unreadable of unreadable magazines called *Fraser's* (with which we are sure honest John Fraser, late of the *Chronicle*, had never anything to do) communicated his recently acquired learning to the columns of the serial in question, and in a couple of windy articles about "Wagner and Weimar" (or "Weimar and Wagner"), initiated its unapprehensive readers into the secret of "the future." Thanks to the eloquence of this new disciple some half dozen men of beer and brown study, explorers of Hartley and the model autosophists, were converted to Wagnerian doctrines, and, as they were utterly ignorant of music before, became suddenly intoxicated with their imaginary knowledge of it now. Truth was, they had floundered in an unknown water where they found themselves up to the ears in sloughs, more muddy and abstruse than any to which they had previously been plunged; and as the more hopelessly unintelligible a theory the greater favour it finds at the hands of certain modern transcendentalists, so the theory of Herr Wagner was lauded by these maudlin mystics as a grave and important discovery, a truth drawn up laboriously from the bottom of a (dry) well.

We should scarcely have noticed these aberrations of the Fraserian ontologicians were it not that we regard Herr Wagner as the Arch-enemy of music, as a fair symbol, indeed in respect to harmony, of the vulture which gnawed the heart of Prometheus—

"His beak in poison wet *his own*."

The readers of *Fraser* must be an odd set. *Fraser* is *Blackwood* and water; while *Blackwood* is after all not much better now than the rinsings of "*feu*" Christopher's bottles; and how much "*feu*" Christopher used to leave in his bottles, at the close of one of the "*Noctes*," when whiskey and gibberish strove for the mastery, and the *convives* stumbling home in the dark, would, like Professor Porson, "confound the nature of things," is matter of notoriety. Nevertheless, the readers of *Fraser* have done us no harm. From time to time they had to wade through, of yore, a vast quantity of rank nonsense about music (*entre autres choses*) from the pen of "*feu*" Rattler. And now that the spirit of "*feu*" Rattler has fled "like an arrow in the noon" and his goose quill is dried up, they (*pauvres diables!*) are put to the proof of endurance once again by articles on music still more terrible than those ancient ones upon the Italian Opera. The seven fresh devils are worse than the devils that preceded them. We pity the readers of *Fraser*. Excuse the platitude—the readers of *Fraser* we are aware *must* be pitied under any circumstances; but of late we pity them more than usual. "Gadzooks,"—cannot they be left to the scourge of historical and political and biographical and poetical and æsthetical, and ontological, and theological and metaphysical dulness, without a new scourge of *musical* dulness being imposed upon them? Really this is a case that calls for judicial interference. On every conceivable subject but one the readers of *Fraser* were perplexed (the twaddle that used to be scribbled about music was too transparent to be perplexing), and now this one solitary subject which was wont to be exempt from the Fraserian *Tricks*, is forced upon the miserable *abonnés* with the pompous verbosity, the froth and emptiness, the teratological bombast, in short, that for years have been distinguishing characteristics of all and every theme discussed, from the earliest period when this poor *magazine* of stupid and inflated "Maga" first started into being, like the ridiculous mouse from the parturient mountain of a very significant fable.

And the first battle waged was on behalf of Richard Wagner, his *Tannhauser*, his *Lohengrin*, and his *Flying Dutchman*. A good beginning, truly. Mr Ella (of course) has quoted, with the ecstacy of a "wood" catechumen. Mr Ella has quoted, in his *Record*. We have no intention whatever to retraverse, step by step, that spacious gallery of rubbish the Wagnerian theory; but we may just give one instance (furnished by Mr Ella) of the kind of reasoning advocacy which the metaphysician of our *Fraser* employs in favour of his youngest passion—his Richard Wagner, who will now throw Brutus, and Lucilius (Julius Cæsar) Vannius into the shade. It is only a few lines that we shall cite :—

"Wagner would make the opera a *perfectly musical drama*, in which feelings and situations spring out of *character*, as in the highest order of tragedy, and in which no dramatic probability or poetic beauty is sacrificed to musical effect. The drama must not be a mere pretext for music; but music, drama, and spectacle must be blended, like the coloured rays of the sunbeam, so as to produce one undivided impression. Wagner will write no part to suit a *primo tenore*, and interpolate no cantata to show off the powers of a *prima-donna assoluta*; those who sing his operas must be content with the degree of prominence which falls in strict consonance with the dramatic development and *ordonnance*. Such, as far as I understand it, is Wagner's theory of the opera. Surely such a theory is worth entertaining, and one which he has admirably exemplified, as far as the *libretto* of his operas is concerned."

"A perfectly musical drama," with nothing "*sacrificed* to musical effect"! Was there ever such rhodomontade? Would you like to know, reader, why Wagner "will write no part to suit a *primo tenore*, and interpolate no *cantata* (!) to show off the power of a *prima donna assoluta*"? We will tell you. It is, *because he can't*. He has about as good a notion of writing for voices—absolute tenor, absolute *soprano*, absolute barytone, or absolute bass, all one—as a rook that flies, cawing over a gable-end or cutting his hoarse and monotonous cry to rhythmical measure. "The dramatic development, and *ordonnance*" (and "*ordonnance*" is good) are here no better than dust thrown into the eyes of the ingenuous searcher after truth. Herr Wagner is incapable of writing a tune. He never could get a seat in the "melodious coach,"[*] whether to ride comfortably and indifferently, like Rossini and Auber, or eccentrically, with head out of window, like Meyerbeer. Herr Wagner is incapable of writing a tune, and therefore incapable of writing an opera, and therefore of writing *music*—since without tune (call it "*absolute* melody" or anything else you please), there is *no such thing as music*.

The entosophist of *Fraser*, after all, makes a curious apologist, and we would rather not have him as an advocate when we set up a system for ourselves. He tells us, *àpropos* of the Wagnerian Drama, that "Music, drama, and spectacle must be blended, like the coloured rays of the sunbeam, *so as to produce an undivided impression*"—and, farther on, that Herr Wagner has "admirably exemplified" his theory "*as far as the libretto* of his opera is concerned." Which, in plain terms, means that Herr Wagner has "admirably exemplified" his theory of "undivided impression" by making one element especially prominent!

As the spring approaches, the talk in clubs and elsewhere, turns, naturally enough, upon the Italian Opera. "Are we to have one or two?"—is a question continually mooted and discussed. Either supposition finds supporters and opponents. The press, both of London and the provinces, has teemed of late with paragraphs, which, if there were any foundation for them, would lead to the belief that Her Majesty's Theatre was about to re-open its doors to the public under the direction of Mr Lumley, and that—as in 47, 8, 9,—51, 2—the two great establishments in the markets ("Hay" and "Covent-Garden") would again be striving to outdo each other on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in splendour of pageantry and ruinous superfluity of *prime donne*. We shall not quote, however, more than one of the many "*canards*" (for they are nothing else) that have been flying about, since that one will be quite enough for our purpose. The following is from *The Leeds Intelligencer* of the 26th January :—

"Her Majesty's Theatre is to be opened for the performance of Italian opera. That Mr. Lumley will have a successful season cannot be doubted, for Jenny Lind has, it is said, consented to appear as the *prima donna*. Her Majesty's Theatre has been closed during the last two (*three*)" seasons, and sale of the properties and effects took place under the patronage of the sheriff. Lord Ward thereupon advanced £12,000, and with this sum many of the best scenes and 'properties' were purchased and secured for Mr Lumley's future use and benefit. The parties engaged in the coming operatic performances are said to be Mr Lumley, Mr Mitchell and Mr Goldschmidt."

The above is a pendant to the "£20 000" paragraph of our formidable contemporary, *The Sussex Express*, which we took the trouble to "*refute*" some short time since, and in substance it is about as true. We can state positively that, up to the present time, nothing whatever has been arranged about the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre. We may also assure our readers that there has never been any question whatever of Herr Otto Goldschmidt's co-operation, either as a speculator or as one of the directors. Madame Jenny Lind, moreover, has abandoned the stage, and has never for one instant entertained the idea of returning to it. These are facts, for which we are ready to vouch.

The origin of the numberless reports that have been spread about, may be traced to the columns of the Brussels paper, *L'Indépendance Belge*—which, by the way, has just been sold by M. Perrot to the redoubtable M. Véron, ex-proprietor or many-parts-proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, ex-Director of the Paris Grand Opera, *&c. &c.*, for the small consideration of 800 000 francs (£32,000), and from a Russian "autocratic" will henceforward become a French "imperial" organ, with "Y" to direct its politics, and "J. L. C." its scandals. When M. Jules Lecomte, in his hebdomadal *Courrier de Paris*, is at his wit's end for authentic news—when, in short, as frequently happens, there is little of interest stirring for his busy pen to recount and his brilliant fancy to distort, that facetious and imaginative gentleman is compelled to draw upon his own invention, which, being inexhaustible, seldom fails him at a pinch. The "*canard*" (hoax) about Jenny Lind, Mr Mitchell, Herr Goldschmidt, Mr Lumley and Her Majesty's Theatre, was first detected in that delectable bowl of literary punch which M. Lecomte is in the habit of mixing, at the tail-end of the week, for the *gobemouches* and topers of the Belgian capital. From "independant" (!) Brussels it *crept* on (by the Flemish "*convois de grande vitesse*") to "impartial" Bruges,[*] and from "impartial" Bruges to "precursive" Antwerp,[†] whence it was despatched in the "Belgique" (of the new and successful line of steamers, corresponding immediately between the Scheldt and the Hudson), for the edification of the Yankee penny-a-liners (*gobemouches* to a man), who would have sent it, like a flash of lightning, through the length and breadth of the States, even to the Mosquito territory. But, alas! the "Belgique" (new and successful) was but a ricketty ship, ricketty and leaky, and, short of wind, though by no means short of water, was compelled to put up for repairs (*en cale sèche*) at Southampton, with its freight of dreary passengers and damaged goods. Here the Jenny Lind paragraph oozed out, and forced its way into the "*faits divers*" of one of the adjacent Hampshire sheets. From Hampshire it *flew* (by the British "*expresses*") to the other counties of the United Kingdom, and from the provincial papers was, in due time, transported to the columns of the London journals, always so eager to indulge their readers with stale news. We have preferred to abridge the version of our knowing contemporary, *The Leeds Intelligencer*, as the most comprehensive, and, at the same time, insinuating.

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[*] *Opera and Drama.*

[*] L'Impartial de Bruges.

[†] Le Précurseur d'Anvers.

This history of the birth and progress of a hoax is curious, no doubt, but it is a simple narration of facts. M. Jules Lecomte ("J. L. C."—touching whose displeasure the great Rossini was in such a quandary) has much to answer for, from his bachelor's "hang-out" in the *faubourgs*.

Mr. Dion Bourcicault.—We are happy to be able to state, on what we have reason to believe excellent authority, that there is no foundation for the report lately current of the death of Mr. Bourcicault.

M. Jullien's provincial tour, one of the most brilliant and successful he has ever undertaken, is drawing to a close. Mad. Gassier has created just the same *furore* in Scotland and in Ireland as she had previously done in England.

Rachel.—We learn by the *Times* correspondence from the United States, that Mdlle. Rachel contemplates abandoning her half-accomplished tour, and returning to Europe as soon as her strength will permit of the voyage.

Mdlle. Rachel.—The *Presse* has received a letter of the 8th January announcing that Mdlle. Rachel and all her *troupe* had embarked on board the *Antilles*, for the purpose of returning to France *viâ* Southampton. It appears that the health of our celebrated *tragédienne* has not permitted her to finish the course of her performances in America.—(*Paris correspondence of L'Etoile Belge.*)

Mr. Costa's "Eli."—The musical event of the season, which alone will serve to counterbalance the coming of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt to this country, viz., the production of Mr. Costa's new oratorio *Eli*, at Exeter Hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, is announced for Friday, February 15th.

Mdlle. Marie Cinti Damoreau.—The marriage of this lady, daughter of the celebrated vocalist, with M. J. B. Wekerlin, a French dramatic composer, has been lately announced. MM. Auber and Halévy were to assist as witnesses to this *union artistique*, which, according to the *Ménestrel*, was to take place on Thursday last.

Meyerbeer's Il Crociato in Egitto is in active preparation at the Fenice in Venice. The composer has arrived and attended the first rehearsal. He was greeted with great enthusiasm by the band and chorus. Apropos of the production of this *chef d'œuvre* of the Italian opera, the Parisian journal *Le Ménestrel* recalls the attention of the director of the Italiens to the fact that the *reprise* of the *Crociato in Egitto* was projected under the administration of M. Vatel, and that even Meyerbeer had prepared a re-modelling of the entire score. The addition of several important *morceaux* would, doubtless, invest the opera with all the attractions of a novelty, and such a production would be likely to prove fortunate enough to the treasury, as it certainly could not fail to be highly acceptable to the *habitués* of the Salle Ventadour. The director should take the hint. Nor would it, in our opinion, be by any means time and pains thrown away on the part of our Royal Italian Opera, were the *Crociato in Egitto* to be revived this season—that is, revived with appropriate splendour and completeness.

Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood.—Mr. Forbes's Second Subscription Concert took place on Tuesday. The vocalists were Signor and Madame F. Lablache, Signor Marras, and Miss Stabbach; the instrumentalists, M. Sainton (violin), Mr. Cheshire (harp), and Mr. Forbes (pianoforte). The principal contributions were Mozart's sonata in F (pianoforte and violin) by M. Sainton and Mr. Forbes, and Beethoven's "Adelaida," sung by Signor Marras. The latter was deservedly encored. Madame Lablache also had to repeat a Scotch song; and Signori Lablache and Marras, moreover, were encored in Tillo's duet, "La Gloaincena." Miss Stabbach sang a variety of songs with her usual ability. M. Sainton gave two solos, and Mr. Cheshire two fantasias.

REVIEWS

No. 1.—National Song, "The Fall of Sebastopol."—"Who said we could not do it?" Words by Miss Scott. Music composed, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lord Panmure, by J. F. Leeson.

No. 2.—"The Rover's Serenade," Barcarole. Composed by W. Money.

No. 1 deserves praise for a vigorous melody, thoroughly English in character; and for words, which, though smacking of the stereotyped flummery of John Bull's battle-songs in ordinary, are written with good spirit. Nevertheless, if it depended upon our behest, we should condemn this, with all the other songs about Sebastopol, etc., to the flames. Mr. Leeson must pardon us; but they come too soon. Our bellicose poets and minstrels would do more becomingly to "wait a little longer."

No. 2, "The Rover's Serenade," is full of true musical feeling; but Mr. Money has yet to learn the free use of his musical implements. Both his themes are happy—that in the minor key is plaintive, that in the major is graceful and singable. Let him, nevertheless, reconsider carefully some parts of his pianoforte accompaniment. As examples, we may point to page 2, line 1, bars 4, 5, where (to the words, "Yet on,") D in the voice part grates harshly against C sharp in the harmony; to line 2, bar 3, of the same page, where the 6-4 on D is followed unceremoniously by the common chord of E minor; to line 4, bars 1, 2, where there are consecutive octaves between the voice part and the bass (A, G—A, G); to bars 2, 3, of the same line, where there are consecutive fifths between the voice part and bass (B, C—E, F); to page 3, line 1, bars 2, 3, where there are concealed octaves between voice part and bass (G, A—G, A); and to line 3, bars 2, 3 ("Dear lovely Kate"), where the whole progression, beginning with the 6th on E, followed by the 6-4 on C sharp, is somewhat clumsy and unorthodox. We particularise these blemishes at length, chiefly because Mr. Money's song is worth the pains of correcting.

"Three Irish Melodies" for the Pianoforte,
No. 1.—"St. Patrick's Day."
No. 2.—"Oft in the Stilly Night."
No. 3.—"Fly not yet," and "The Brown Irish Girl."
By Brinley Richards.

Mr. Richards has treated the popular Irish airs above enumerated precisely in the same manner as the English airs reviewed last week, and with the same success. The utility of these little pieces, as school lessons, is, we repeat, undeniable.

Verdi's favourite Opera, "Il Trovatore," edited for the Pianoforte. By Rudolf Nordmann.

The above constitutes No. 9 of the series called *Boosey and Sons' Edition of Standard Foreign Operas for Piano Solo*. Mr. Rudolf Nordmann has done his work carefully, and, while he has avoided inconvenient difficulties, he has been able to present a very good idea of the effect of Verdi's popular opera—that is, of course, so far as the limited capabilities of the key-board, with only ten fingers to manipulate, would allow.

That *Il Trovatore* more than usually abounds in the Verdi-melody is well attested by this arrangement. Mr. Nordmann has found tunes ready made to his hand at every step; and as the Verdi-orchestration does not count for much when "transcribed" (transcription is the great word now) for the piano, the inevitable absence of some point that will not be felt. Nearly all the pieces sound effectively in their new and compressed shape—the lighter and more brilliant ones of course; but we were surprised to find such *morceaux* as the "Miserere" and others of similar pretensions come out so clearly and with so little loss. The credit is to Mr. Nordmann.

As the edition is well got up, handy for use, and last, but not least, cheap, we have no doubt that all the lady and gentlemen piano-players who rave about Verdi (and their name is "Legion") will avail themselves of this opportunity of making more familiar acquaintance with one of his prettiest and best operas.

"Tam O'Shanter."—A characteristic Cantata for a tenor voice, chorus, and full orchestra. Poetry by Robert Burns. Music composed expressly for, and dedicated to, Mr. Sims Reeves, by Howard Glover.

The appearance in print of this graphic and spirited work.

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will be welcomed by all musicians—amateur and professional—who had the good fortune to hear it played at Exeter Hall, or at the Birmingham Festival. Mr Howard Glover's *Tam O'Shanter* may be said to have discovered a new vein in the musical mine. It is entirely original both in conception and execution and recalls to mind no composition with which we are acquainted.

Our present object is merely to announce, which we do with great satisfaction, the appearance of *Tam O'Shanter* in pianoforte score—that is, with the voice parts (choral and solo) as they stand in the original and the orchestral accompaniments compressed for the piano. The arrangement, we may say at once, is admirably made and as much as possible (without incurring needless difficulties) has been attained of the form and colour of the instrumental accompaniments. We recommend the cantata heartily, not only as the work of a talented compatriot, but as music full of sentiment and with a keen appreciation of character. The gifted poet himself "the canty Robert," would, we are sure could he have listened to this musical setting of his masterpiece, have been thoroughly satisfied with the manner in which the genuine Scottish melody has inspired the composer without tempting him, in a single instance to plagiary or, indeed, to anything more than a legitimate and happy imitation. But we need not reiterate our good opinion of Mr Howard Glover's latest and best composition.

"When o'er the Shining Deep." Ballad. The words written by G. Birch, Esq. The music composed and dedicated to Richard Gibbs, Esq., by Edward Sharp.

A very elegant and unaffected ballad—well written, natural, and without the slightest taint of *mock*-sentiment. As many such ballads as you please Mr Sharp. We shall not complain, so long as you adhere to "When o'er the shining deep" as a model.

"IL TASSO DI DANTE." Album al Principe Giuseppe Poniatowski.
No. 1.—"Il Rosajo," canto popolare Toscano.
No. 2.—"E Invito," canzonetta.
No. 3.—"Il Disertore," arietta.
No. 4.—"Il Canto del Pescatore," ballata.
No. 5.—"Alla Selva," notturnino a due voci.
Composta da Luigi Gordigiani.

A new album from the graceful pen of Sig. Gordigiani is sure of a loud welcome from a multitude of "sweet voices," amateur and professional. The poems of Signori Giotti, Rubieri, G. Benelli, &c., which the lively Italian has selected for his present *matériel*, are all of the right sort, and have furnished Sig. Gordigiani with some of his most catching musical ideas. "Il Rosajo" is a brief and expressive romance in two verses, in which the transition (Page 4) into C flat, and back again to E flat, will be admired, among other points, by the connoisseur. "E Invito" is another ballad in two verses, equally simple, but of a livelier character. The episode on the words "Frascia ognor ti appresti," with the descending march of the bass, does not please us so much as the transition alluded to in the other song, since it is less natural and has a forced air about it; but the coda ("Do vessi [illegible]"), is tuneful and charming. "Il disertore" is more ambitious than either of the preceding songs, and has far more essentially musical merit to recommend it. The melodious phrase upon the words, "Per sempre la la vita," and still more, that which accompanies in the second part the passage beginning "tornando al tuo," etc., when once heard will be remembered for their graceful and persuasive character. "Il canto del pescatore" (for a barytone voice) pleases us, we cannot explain why, more than any of the others. Perhaps it is on account of the episode commencing in A minor ("Per [illegible] a questa sponda"), the tenderness of which cannot fail to enlist the sympathy of a musically constituted singer, no matter of what nation. "Alla selva" is a wholly unpretending *notturno* for two voices in that style of which Signor Gordigiani has produced so many popular examples. It has no especial characteristic, however, to lay hold of for comment.

To conclude, the *Tasso di Dante* is a vocal album in all respects worthy of the author of innumerable *Canti Popolari*.

Covent Garden Theatre.—As centuries roll on in their never-ceasing course, whole tracts of country are thrown up from the depths of ocean, while others are buried beneath the waves; quagmires, wastes and forests give way to smiling cities, and corn-bearing fields; empires rise to the summit of human greatness and then fall back into insignificance and barbarism—in fact every thing is subject to changes except men's passions which remain what they always were. In this class of unchanging things we may class Rumour, which, by the way, is also a passion, and a very strong one. Virgil's celebrated lines beginning

> "Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum,
> Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo;
> Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras,
> Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit," etc.,

might have been written yesterday. They are still as correct and true as when the great poet penned them. A striking proof of this has been afforded us lately by the manner in which Rumour has busied herself about the new farce entitled *What does he Want?* produced at this theatre on Monday last. All kinds of reports were rife concerning it. It was an attack of the most personal and unjustifiable description on Mr Charles Mathews. It violated the sanctity of Mr E. T. Smith's private life, and contained libels enough to ruin all the newspapers in actions at law, were such things allowed to appear in their columns. And yet, *What does He want?* is, after all, but a harmless piece of pleasantry, never stepping beyond the limits of propriety, in return for the skit on Mr Anderson, produced at Drury Lane. Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, and it ill-becomes those who enjoy Mr C. Mathews' inimitably pleasant imitation of the Wizard to find fault with Mr Leigh Murray. Some people, however, contrive to discover harm in the most inoffensive things, just as chemists can extract prussic acid from peach kernels, and this was the case on Monday last. The mildest joke, the tenderest allusion, was construed into a mortal affront, and an endeavour made by some ardent votaries of propriety to hiss it down. But the majority of the audience saw nothing objectionable, and invariably suppressed the opposition, applauding with hearty good will on their side.

What does He Want? is the slightest sketch in the world, though made by a knowing hand. The subject did not admit of many incidents, and the author, Mr R. B. Brough, a practised pen, limited himself to that peculiarly neat dialogue for which he is noted, leaving the rest to Mr Leigh Murray. Never were points made to tell with better effect, never was sketch more admirably filled in. Mr Leigh Murray achieved a triumph under difficulties that would have crushed a less expert professor. Directly he appeared upon the stage his likeness to the versatile and justly celebrated artist "over the way" was so striking that it took the audience completely by surprise. They testified their satisfaction by a genuine outburst of applause, and when Mr Leigh Murray *spoke*, the demonstrations of satisfaction were redoubled and prolonged. Not only does Mr Murray look and speak like Mr C. Mathews, but he walks like him, runs like him, laughs like him, coughs like him—in fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say he is that incomparable and irresistible gentleman himself. We would give something to see the two in the twin characters of the *Comedy of Errors*. But Mr Leigh Murray does not alone imitate the "inimitable" C. Mathews; he is almost equally happy in his parody of Mr Charles Kean, whom he represents—dare we mention it?—declaiming the "Ratcatcher's Daughter!"—in the style and manner of the *Corsican Brothers*. The very features are so well counterfeited by Mr Murray that spectators might be led to believe they had the great tragedian of the Princess's bodily before them. The same also is true of the imitation of Mr Anderson in *Rob Roy*. The admirers of Mr Leigh Murray who have not yet seen *What does he Want?* should lose no time. The piece affords him an opportunity of bringing into play talents which no one supposed he possessed, any more than the shepherds and squatters wandering over the plains of Australia dreamt of the gold that lay hidden beneath their feet.

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EDWARD ALLEYN'S GOD'S GIFT.

(From the Times.)

Now there is one class of the community which we think has an especial claim on the College of God's Gift—the members of that profession to which Edward Alleyn himself belonged, and by means of which the greater part of his fortune was acquired. We lately published a letter from Mr Benjamin Webster of the Adelphi Theatre, in which he proposed that indigent actors and actresses should be allowed to participate in the magnificent charity of their brother actor. The proposal has excited a good deal of attention, and we hope that it will be embraced in any scheme that may be devised for the future management of this property. If the mere fact of having been born in the same parish as Alleyn establishes a claim to his generosity, no matter how unsympathetic may be the nature of the claimant, surely those who have followed in his footsteps, who share in his sympathies, who embody the characters of the Shakspere with whom he associated, who look back with reverence to the Marlowe whose plays he acted, and to the successors of his Majesty's servants and the Lord Chamberlain's servants, who in his time first made the English drama famous; surely those who have cast in their lot with him, and have been as much losers as he has been a gainer, have a double claim to his generosity. They have a claim, too, implied in the very title of the charity. Its name of "God's Gift" has reference to the mode of election—two pensioners being chosen by the proper patrons, and one of these being appointed to the pension by lots. We do not know whether this mode of election is to be retained, but there is, perhaps, no class of the community to whom life is more of a lottery than the theatrical. We do not, by any means, mention it to their dishonour; we must take them as we find them, the weakness with the strength, the light and the shadow together. And it is not to be denied that those very qualities which make the artist's nature perfect, unfit it for battling with the world, teach it to depend too much, perhaps, on moods and feelings, the inspiration of the hour without calculating on to-morrow, without preparing for the evil day. Do not blame them; it is those wayward impulses that go to make up the actor or actress whose splendid personations electrify a theatre. They, above all others, depend upon what, in Alleyn's time, was especially regarded as "God's gift"—the inspiration of the hour, the momentary circumstance; and it is but right that they should be remembered, especially in distributing the bounty of a man who has laid so much stress on the chance movements of a finger, the loss of a shilling, the blowing of the wind, the turn of a wheel.

If this proposal were to take shape, and we have little doubt that it will, what would be reasonable to expect in behalf of the poor actors and actresses? Is it not asking too much that one actor and one actress be admitted as in-door pensioners, one actor and one actress as out-door pensioners, that four children of actors or actresses be placed on the foundation and educated in the upper school, and four more educated in the lower school; the most deserving claimants to be selected—say by the members of the Theatrical Fund, as the parties most likely to know their merits. How many actors and actresses might we not name who have lived in affluence and gaiety, whose departure did not, like the death of Garrick, "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," but it has darkened the theatres, to whom a provision of this kind in their latter days would have been an inestimable boon. It is told of one who suffered from melancholy that he went to the first physician in London for his advice, and was advised to go and see Shuter act. "Alas! I am Shuter," was the reply; and it is too often the case that those who provide pleasure for all the town are unable to make any provision for themselves. In Paris certain pensions are provided for the actors and actresses. Is it not possible to do the little now proposed to sooth the declining years of those who, perhaps, have done much to enlighten our hearts, to deepen our sympathies, and to exalt our aspirations!

Mr. J. B. Newcombe and the Freemasons of Plymouth.—On Thursday evening the 24th January, a grand masonic testimonial benefit was given at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, to Mr. Newcombe, in consequence of the kindness he recently evinced towards Mdlle. Julie, who, it may be remembered, lost her life from her dress catching fire during one of her performances at the theatre. A general desire having been expressed that some public testimonial should be given to Mr Newcombe for his conduct on that and other public occasions, several members of the masonic body took the affair in hand, and the following resolution was come to at a masonic meeting:—

"That the Brethren present believe that the most expedient, and at the same time most appropriate method of showing their cordial approval of Brother Newcombe's conduct during the severe illness and subsequent death of Mdlle. Julie, would be effected by the Brethren of the Craft generally patronising a performance at the theatre for his benefit."

On this becoming known, letters were received from the Earl of Zetland, the Grand Master of England, and several masonic bodies offering their co-operation, and before the next meeting every box and stall in the theatre was subscribed for, and additional places were provided on the stage to meet the demand. The evening's entertainment began with the comedy of *Secrets worth Knowing*, followed by an epilogue, written expressly for the occasion by F. Clifford, Esq., and spoken by "brother" Captain Coleridge, of the South Devon Militia. This was followed by some vocal music, sung by Mesdames London and Humphrys, Mr Sachet Champion, and Mr F. Lloyd. The band, under the direction of Mr H. Reed, played Balfe's overture to *The Bohemian Girl*, some polkas, and a grand masonic march. The entertainments concluded with Boucicault's farce of *A Lover by Proxy*, in which Mr Newcombe played his favourite character of Harry Lawless, and was received, upon his entrance, with repeated cheers. In the course of a month a further testimonial of a silver inkstand will be presented to Mr Newcombe by his masonic brethren.

FORMES IN GERMANY.

(From a Correspondent.)

The great *Basso* has been achieving new triumphs since he was last heard at Covent Garden.

The outlay of vocal strength consequent upon his exertions during the last heavy London season is being repaid to his hearers with a large amount of interest during his present visit to the cities of Germany.

Wiesbaden, Mayence, Cobourg are loud in his praise. At the last-named place the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, so eminently known as a composer and musical connoisseur, was a nightly auditor, and bestowed many personal and highly-gratifying evidences of admiration on the celebrated *basso*. The Duke is now engaged in re-arranging one of his operas—*Tony*—in which Herr Formes will be awarded the principal bass character. It is intended to be produced in March at Gotha, to which place Herr Formes will adjourn on completing his present engagement at Hamburgh, where he is now singing the best parts in his well-known répertoire, *Les Huguenots*, *Robert*, *Figaro*, *La Juive*, *Falstaff*, &c. &c. *Die Zauberflöte*, perhaps, gave Herr Formes the fullest opportunity for exhibiting his great artistic appreciation of the masonic character, in the part of the great High Priest, Sarastro. Success followed success; and, at its termination he received a crown of laurel, accompanied by a eulogistic ode expressing the genuine feelings of the audience. The Duke of Saxe Coburg showed Herr Formes marks of especial consideration.

Private concerts at the Palace frequently occurred, at which the *basso* always distinguished himself; and it is expected that the interest and enthusiasm which the illustrious composer and Herr Formes are displaying in the revival of the Duke's opera, *Tony*, will result in a new and triumphant success.

Herr Formes has been ably aided at Cobourg by the accomplished Mdme. Bockholtz Falconi, whose cultivated taste and musical feeling have made her a worthy coadjutor as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, and Isabella in *Robert*, leaving the most fastidious nothing to desire. We understand her intention, after the termination in March of her present engagement at Cobourg and Gotha, is to visit Paris and London.

Cologne.—The sixth Gesellschafts-Concert took place in the Casino on the 15th ult. The following was the programme:—1, Sinfonia Militaire, by J. Haydn; 2, Scene from Gluck's *Orphée*; 3, Concerto for the pianoforte, by Chopin; 4, "Die lustigen Musikanten," for soli, chorus and orchestra, by Ferdinand Hiller.—II. 5, Lustspiel-Ouverture, by J. Rietz; 6, Aria from *Le Nozze di Figaro*; and 7, Pianoforte Fantasia for soli, chorus, and orchestra, by Beethoven.

PARIS.

(*From a Correspondent—Jan. 27.*)

SOCIÉTÉ DES CONCERTS.—Subjoined is the programme of the second concert for the present season :—

Overture in C (Op. 115)	*Beethoven.*
Finale of the first act of Oberon	*Weber*
Air de Danse, from Iphigenia in Aulis	*Gluck*
Air from Alceste	*Lulli.*
Symphony in D	*Mozart.*
Selections from the finale of the last act of Fidelio	*Beethoven*

Why is it that we so seldom hear Beethoven's overture in C? Though not on so grand a scale as *Leonora* and *Egmont*, it is in every respect worthy of its immortal composer. The instrumentation of the opening movement, the full rich harmony given alternately to the whole strength of the wind and of the stringed instruments, is beautiful. The *allegro scherzando*, too—brilliant and sparkling, full of details most admirably worked out—is extremely effective. Why do our concert directors, philharmonic and others, allow so admirable a work to lie in comparative obscurity upon their library shelves?

In other respects this second concert was perhaps less interesting than the first, of which I sent you an account a fortnight since. Mozart's symphony in D was admirably interpreted, but it is not so general a favourite as the *Jupiter*, the G minor or the E flat. The vocal performances were below rather than above a decent mediocrity, but were not on that account unfavourably received by the audience, who seemed to judge them by a standard very different from that to which the instrumentalists are expected to come up. The air from Lulli's *Alceste*—in which Charon (M. Obin) with much loud and long declamation, refuses to receive into his ferry-boat certain indigent souls who can't pay toll for their passage over the Styx—is a mere solemn farce, an "exhumation" I heard some one call it, and I felt inclined to exclaim, with Burger's Lenore, "Ach! lass die Todten ruhn!"—(Don't dig up what is so mouldy and so melancholy.)

The *air de danse* from *Iphigenia* is old-fashioned, quaint, and pleasant to listen to, but I suspect that it is more effective still as a contrast to what precedes it in the original composition. It wants framing and setting; and the same may be said, I think, of the *finale* to the last act of *Fidelio*, which however admirable as placed in the opera, is not well adapted to stand by itself. The directors of the Société des Concerts, though having at their hand ample resources for the performance of entire classical works, are very much given to the practice of making extracts. They constantly pick out what they consider the plums, not reflecting, apparently, how much of the effect produced by the works of the great masters depends upon the manner in which the different parts are made to balance and relieve each other. A similar inconvenience arises in our English concerts from the practice of insisting inconsiderately on *encores*. That a body of professed musicians should adhere to so vicious a system proves, I imagine, that there is some foundation for an observation which I ventured to make in my last notice of these concerts concerning the musical taste of our allies and neighbours—namely, that they are appreciators of neatness and elegance in style and execution of details, rather than of breadth, harmony, and proportion in the design of musical compositions.

The next concert will take place on the 11th February.

VIENNA.—The third concert of Mad. Clara Schumann was fully equal to that lady's two former ones, both in the attraction it offered, and the interest it excited. The principal pieces were a trio for the piano, violin, and violoncello, composed by Robert Schumann, and executed by Mad. Clara Schumann, Herren Hellmesberger and Vorraga; a *polonaise* by F. Chopin; and a sarabande and gavotte (manuscript) by Johannes Brahms.—A new and original fairy burlesque, entitled *Mammon's Palast*, by Herr Elmar, has been successfully produced at the Imperial Privat-Theater in the Joseph Stadt.

BERLIN.—The last *Sinfoniesoirée* of the first series was highly interesting. It commenced with a symphony by Seb. Bach, followed by one in F minor by Haydn, and that in C minor by Beethoven. The rooms were crammed.

PARIS.—(*From a Correspondent*).—At length the long expected ballet of *Le Corsaire*, or *ballet pantomime*, as the authors, MM. de Saint Georges and Mazilier entitle it—has been produced at the Opera, but hardly with the success anticipated. The opinion respecting the "getting up" was unanimous. The scenery is acknowledged to be gorgeous and picturesque; the dresses varied and magnificent; the grouping tasteful in the extreme. The *libretto*, however, has been roughly handled; and M. Adolph Adam's music—though highly extolled in some quarters—has been sadly rated in others. Those who knew anything of Lord Byron's poem must allow that his story so entirely dramatic and full of incidents, has been sacrificed and to no purpose. Not a vestige of the character of Conrad—he who left

> "A name to other times,
> Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes—"

remains, and Gulnare is converted into a namby-pamby confidant. To an Englishman the plot cannot fail to be repulsive. Nevertheless, so splendidly has it been got up, and so much interest attached to the name of Mdlle. Rosati—who appeared as Medora to the greatest possible advantage—that I should not be astonished if it had a long and successful run. Moreover, a new name of celebrity made his *début* as the Corsair, and added to the attraction. This was M. Domenico Saltarelli, from the Royal Academy of Naples, who has obtained no small renown as ballet-master at Parma, Turin, and Lisbon. It is rather hard on this clever and agile artist that, being engaged since April last, he should only appear before the Parisian public at the end of January, more particularly as his engagement terminates in March. But I suppose the administration will make the *amende*. The Emperor and Empress attended the first representation and remained to the end. On Saturday, by imperial order, *Le Corsaire* was repeated for the second time, the performance being again a presentation to the army of the East.

The operas at the Académie Impériale during the past week have been the *Favorite*, the *Huguenots*, and *La Juive*.—I *Puritani* has been revived at the Italiens, for Mario and Mad. Frezzolini. Arturo is one of Mario's popular parts, and that in which he first appeared at the Italiens. Mad. Frezzolini was indisposed and could not sing her best in Elvira, generally one of her most successful impersonations. Neither Signor Graziani, who had to transpose much of the music, nor Signor Angelini, was quite efficient in Riccardo or Georgio. *Don Giovanni* is in rehearsal. The following will be the cast:—Donna Anna, Mad. Frezzolini; Zerlina, Mad. Borghi-Mamo; Elvira, Mad. Fezzi; Don Ottavio, Signor Mario; Don Giovanni, Signor Everardi; Leporello, Signor Zucchini; Commendatore, Signor Angelini; Masetto, M. Baillou.

The grand concert given by M. Berlioz on Friday, completely filled the Salle Herz. The new oratorio, *L'Enfance du Christ*, was very finely executed by MM. Battaille, Jourdan, Depassio, Meillet, and Mad. Meillet, with an admirable orchestra and chorus. The oratorio was received, throughout, with great enthusiasm. M. Battaille was loudly applauded in Meyerbeer's romance of "The Monk," and Mad. Dreyfus played a *fantasia* from the *Trovatore* on the piano-melodium, with considerable effect.—Messrs. Lebouc (the violoncellist) and Paulin (the vocalist) gave their second *soirée* of "Classical and Historical Music" at the Salons Pleyel, on the 20th ult. Herr Ernst was engaged, and assisted in Mozart's quartet in D minor, and played Bach's *Chaconne* for the violin. The great German violinist created an immense sensation, and was greeted with repeated rounds of applause. Madame Viardot sang Pergolese's "Siciliano," two mazurkas by Chopin—with wonderful effect—and took part in some fragments from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulide*. A brilliant company attended.

BRESLAU.—The 100th anniversary of Mozart's birthday was celebrated by the exhibition of a number of *tableaux vivants* out of the various operas of the great composer, and *Minna von Barnhelm*.

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MADAME JULIE DE SZCZEPANOWSKA will give her Second Subscription Concert on Tuesday 19th February in the [illegible] Hall, Manchester, under the patronage of the [illegible], the Mayor and [illegible] General Sir Harry Smith, Bart. G.C.B. Vocalists—Miss Helen Taylor (R.A.M.) and M Charles [illegible]. Instrumentalists—Madame Szczepanowska, Mr [illegible] and Signor [illegible]. Accompanyist—Mr D W Banks.

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MR. CHARLES FIELD'S MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS every Monday night at [illegible] Hall, Aldersgate-street, every Tuesday night at the St. Pancras Athenaeum, [illegible], and every Wednesday night at the Royal Soho Theatre, Dean-street, Soho, supported by first-rate talent—commencing at eight.

M. JULLIEN.—Royal Conservatory of Music, 213, Regent-street. Applications for admission into the classes for orchestral instruments received every Thursday until further notice. Full particulars of the laws and rules will be shortly advertised.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that Mr and Madame GOLDSCHMIDT'S THIRD MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, Vocal and Instrumental, with Full Band, will take place at the above Rooms, on Monday Evening, February 11, 1856, to commence at eight o'clock. Programme: Part I. Overture, "Egmont" (Beethoven). Cavatina, "Deh vieni non tardar," Nozze di Figaro (Mozart), Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Adagio and Rondo, Finale from Concerto, Violoncello, Sig Piatti (Molique). Romanza, "[illegible]," Mr Swift, Luisa Miller (Verdi). Scena and Aria, "Casta Diva," Norma (Bellini), Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Concerto (E minor), Pianoforte, Mr Otto Goldschmidt (Beethoven). Part II. Overture, "Ruy Blas" (Mendelssohn). Aria, "Non paventar" (Flauto Magico) (Mozart), Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Song, "The Garland," Mr Swift (Mendelssohn). Trio for Soprano and Two Flutes, "Bird Song," Camp of Silesia (Meyerbeer), Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, Flutes, Messrs. R. Pratten and [illegible]. Nocturne (Chopin), and Allegro, Maestoso, of the Italian Concerto (J. S. Bach), Pianoforte Solo, M. Otto Goldschmidt. Lied, "Die Sterne schauen," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt (Mendelssohn). March, "Oberon" (C M v Weber). Conductor, M. Benedict. Doors open at Seven; to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. [illegible] will be given at the usual Theatres, for which all applications for tickets will be received by Mr Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN will deliver his **LECTURE** on "The History of the Pianoforte and its Precursors," with musical illustrations, assisted by Mr H C Cooper (Violinist) and Miss Milner (Vocalist) at the Literary Institutions of Camberwell, [illegible]-Hall, City, Maidstone, [illegible], Marylebone, St. John's Wood, Hackney, &c. on the 20th, 26th, and 27th instant and the 4th, 10th, 13th, and 18th of March.

MISS HUGHES (R.A.M., Mezzo Soprano), who has just returned to town from a very successful tour in the North of England with Mr. [illegible] Roberts, Harpist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, will be happy to receive engagements for Oratorios or Concerts.—Address, [illegible], Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street, where may be had the terms of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of [illegible] Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 24 Divertissements at 1s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

MR. H. C. COOPER (Violinist) will, with his Pupil, Miss MILNER (Vocalist), who has created so great a sensation throughout the Provinces during the last few months, return to town for the season, on the [illegible] of February. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Cooper, 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

MISS BESSIE DALTON begs to announce that her engagement with the Royal Panopticon (after being again and again renewed until the [illegible] time had been reached,) terminated on Saturday last.—[illegible], [illegible]-street, Leicester-square, February 4th.

IL TROVATORE, complete for Pianoforte, unabridged. Price 5s. in cloth. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

MR. THOMAS (late of Worcester) begs to inform his friends and the musical profession that he now resides at 18, Hampshire terrace, Camden-road villas.

MR. LAMBERT (of York Cathedral) Vocalist, Bass, is open to accept engagements for Oratorio or Concert, in or out of London.—Communications to be addressed to his residence, 11, [illegible], York.

MISS EMMA BUSBY begs to inform her pupils and friends that she has removed to No. [illegible], Upper Gloucester-place, Dorset-square.

MR. COOPER (Violinist) will, with his Pupil Miss MILNER (Vocalist), perform at Sheffield, on the 5th of March, and will be happy to accept engagements for the 6th and 7th of that month in any town or towns on their way from or to London. For terms apply to Mr Cooper 44, Upper Charlotte street, Fitzroy square.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF POETICAL ELOCUTION, as adapted to the several purposes of Speaking, Reading, and Singing, by the Rev Hugh Hutton, M.A. Select Classes for the study of the old English Poets, and the practice of General Elocution.—Address—No. 3, [illegible], Haverstock-hill.

WANTED in a Music-warehouse, a young man, thoroughly acquainted with business, and capable of playing on the harmonium, pianoforte and concertina. Address full particulars to X, "Musical World" Office, 28, Holles-street.

FOR SALE—A VERY RARE VIOLIN, the property of a deceased artist, more than 200 years old, and which, in 1784 was selected by the leaders for the orchestra, during the four great performances of Handel in Westminster Abbey. It was the favourite instrument of [illegible], the celebrated violin player of that period. Apply at [illegible]'s pianoforte warehouse, 41, Westbourne-grove, Bayswater.

AN ORGANIST for Archbishop Tenison's Chapel, Regent Street, will be elected at Easter, when a New Organ will be opened. Efficiency in teaching and conducting Parochial Psalmody and Chanting is indispensable. The final election will be decided by a trial of skill. The greatest weight will be attached to testimonials of character. Salary £40 per annum. Applications (by letter only) and testimonials, must be sent before the [illegible] February to the Rev J. E. Kempe, The Rectory, Piccadilly.

A LADY, who has had much experience in teaching, is desirous of meeting with a daily engagement. She undertakes to give full instruction in English, French, and Music, and, up to a certain point, in German, Harmony, and Drawing, with [illegible], and can give satisfactory references to the families in which she has been engaged, two, three, and five years. Address to G., care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Musical World Office.

PIANOFORTES.—OETZMANN and PLUMB beg to inform Music-sellers and Professors that in consequence of their having made great improvements in the manufacture of their instruments, introducing machinery for manual labour, and taking advantage of the new Patent Steam Drying process, are enabled to offer to the Trade superior Pianofortes in Cottage, Semi-Cottage, and Cabinet, in all variety of woods and designs, at considerably reduced prices. Illustrated Lists sent on application, or a visit to their Manufactory will prove the great advantages secured. 3, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. Manufactory, Chenies-street, Tottenham-court-road. Alexander and Co.'s Harmoniums at trade prices.

MISS POOLE'S NEW AND POPULAR SONG.—"MAY GUARDIAN ANGELS HOVER NEAR THEE"—composed for her by Frank Romer, which is so enthusiastically received at all the Concerts, is published by Duff and Hodgson, 65, Oxford-street, and may be had at every Music-seller's in the United Kingdom.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 67.)

Before proceeding to the description of the results, which spring from the power, hitherto suggested, of the orchestra, for the fashioning of the drama, we have, in order clearly to appreciate the extent of this power, still to come to a precise understanding, with respect to one very great capability of the same. The capability, to which we allude, of its power of speech is obtained by the orchestra from a combination of the various capabilities that accrued to it from its [illegible] gesture on the one hand, and from its thinking adoption of the verse melody on the other. As gesture was developed from its origin, the most sensuous gesture of the dance, until it became the most intellectual mimicry; and as the verse-melody advanced from the mere thinking of a sensation to the most present manifestation of the same—so also, the power of speech of the orchestra which obtained its plain power from both points and was nourished and heightened on the growth of both to their uttermost power increases from this double source of nourishment to an especial capability of the highest order, in which we behold the two separate arms of the orchestral stream, after it has been abundantly augmented by brooks and rivers flowing into it, unite again, as it were, and roll on henceforth in common. Where the gesture is in a perfect state of repose, and the melodic speech of the representer altogether silent—where therefore the drama is being prepared out of inward sentiments† as yet unuttered—these as yet unuttered sentiments are capable of being so expressed by the orchestra, that their manifestation bears in itself the character—presupposed as necessary by the poetic intention—of *presentiment*.

Presentiment is the manifestation of an unuttered, because—in the sense of our verbal language—yet unutterable sensation. A sensation which is not yet determined is unspeakable, and it is undetermined, when not yet determined by the *object* corresponding to it. The movement of this sensation, presentiment, is thus the involuntary desire of the sensation for determinateness by means of an object which it, furthermore, pre-determines out of the force of its own want, and that, too, as one that must correspond to it, and for which it, therefore, waits. In its manifestation as presentiment, I would adduce as a similar instance the power of sensation of a well-toned harp, whose strings reverberate with the current of air passing through them, and wait for the player who shall obtain from them their accords.

Such a presageful mood of mind has the poet to awake in us, in order, *out of its desires, to make us ourselves necessary co-creators of the work of art*. While exciting this desire in us, he procures for himself in our excited susceptibility the corresponding strength which alone can render possible for him the fashioning of the phenomena intended by him exactly as, in conformity with his intention, he must fashion them. In the production of such sentiments, as the poet must awake them in us, for the indispensable assistance on our side, absolute instrumental language has hitherto already proved itself all-powerful; for it was precisely the excitation of undetermined presageful sensations which was its most peculiar effect, that must degenerate into weakness in every instance that it attempted also to determine clearly the sensations excited. If we apply this extraordinary and sole realising capability of instrumental language to those points of the drama, where it shall be brought into play by the poet according to some definite intention, we now have to come to a clear understanding as to whence this language has to take the sensuous points of expression in which it shall manifest itself suitably to the poetic intention.

We have already seen that our absolute instrumental music was obliged to borrow the sensuous points for its expression out of a dance-rhythm, long familiar to our ear and out of the tune sprung from it, or out of the "melos" of the people's song, which, also, has grown up with our sense of hearing. The element still completely undetermined in these points, the absolute instrumental composer endeavoured to raise into a determined expression, by arranging in a picture presented to the imagination these points according to affinity and difference, by increasing and decreasing strength, as well as by a hastened and retarded movement of the execution; and, lastly, through especial characterisation of the expression, by means of the manifold individuality of the tone instruments—and this picture he furthermore finally felt himself compelled first to render clear by an exact—extra-musical—statement of the object described. The so-called "tone-painting"* has been the visible issue of the development of our absolute instrumental music: in it this art has sensibly cooled its expression, that no longer turns to the feelings but to the fancy, and everyone will clearly perceive this impression, who hears, after a tone piece by Beethoven, an orchestral composition by Mendelssohn or even Berlioz. It is not, however, to be denied that this course of development was a necessary one, and that the well-defined turn towards tone-painting proceeded from more sincere motives than, for instance, the return to the fugued style of Bach. Above all, we cannot either avoid acknowledging that the sensuous power of instrumental language has been uncommonly enhanced and enriched by tone painting. Let us now admit that this power cannot only be raised in an immeasurable degree but its expression be at the same time completely deprived of its cooling element, if the tone-painter instead of appealing to the fancy, may again appeal to the feelings, a course that is open to him, from the fact of the object of his description communicated by him only to the thought being manifested as present and real to the senses, and moreover, not as a mere help for the understanding of his tone-picture, but as presupposed out of a most high poetic intention in the realization of which the tone-picture shall be the assisting element. The subject of the tone-picture could be only a point out of natural life, or human life itself. But it is now especially such points out of natural or human life and to the description of which the musician felt stimulated, which the poet needs in the preparation of weighty dramatic developments, and whose mighty help the hitherto absolute playwright was, from the very beginning, to the great prejudice of the work of art he wanted to produce, compelled to renounce, because he must necessarily look upon such points, the more perfectly they were to be expressed from the stage to the eye, without the complimentary co-operation determining the feelings, of music, as unjustified, disturbing and weakening, and not as assisting and promoting.

These undetermined, presageful sensations, to be necessarily excited in us by the poet, will always have to stand in connection with a phenomenon which moreover is communicated to the eye; this phenomenon will be a point of the surrounding objects of Nature, or of the human centre of these objects themselves—of any action point whose movement is not yet dependent on a definitely-manifested sensation, for this can only be expressed by verbal language in the union, already more nearly described, with gesture and music—that is to say, verbal language whose presupposing manifestation we here picture to ourselves precisely as first to be called forth by means of the excited desire. No language is capable of expressing preparatory repose so *well* as instrumental language; to raise this repose to yearning desire is its most especial power. Whatever out of a scene from Nature, or out of a silent, gestureless human entity, is offered to the eye, and, from the eye, determines our sensation to tranquil contemplation, can be so presented by music to the sensation, that the former starting from the point of repose, moves the sensation to interest and expectation, and thus awakes precisely the desire which the poet needs as the realizing assistance at our hands, for the manifestation of his intention. This incitation of our feelings according to a determined object is, in fact, necessary for the poet, in order to prepare us as soon for a determining entity for the eye, namely—not to present to us even the entity of the scene from Nature, or of human personality until our expectation, raised with regard to it, determines it, in the manner in which it is manifested as necessary, because corresponding to the expectation.

The expression of man will, in the employment of this uttermost capability remain a completely vague and undetermining one, as long as it does not appropriate to itself the poetic intention just described, the latter however, depending upon a determined entity, to be realized, can beforehand so borrow from this entity the sensuous points of the preparatory tone-piece, that they so completely correspond to it in a significant manner, as the entity at last brought forward corresponds to the expectations which the tone-piece previously announcing it, excited in us. The actual entity comes before us, consequently, as a desire fulfilled, a presentiment justified; and if we now call to mind that the poet must present to our feelings the phenomena of the drama as miraculous and towering above those of ordinary life we have, also, to understand that these phenomena would not be manifested as such to us, or that they would necessarily strike us as unintelligible and strange, if their final and bare manifestation could not be presupposed as necessary, in such a manner out of our prepared sensations, worked up to presageful expectation, that we actually demand them as the fulfilment of our expectation. Only for the tone-language of the orchestra so fulfilled by the poet is it possible, however, to excite this necessary expectation within us and without its artistic help the miraculous drama can, consequently, neither be planned nor carried out.

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† *Stimmung*—mood, frame of mind.

* *Tonmalerei.*

CHAPTER VI

We have now grasped all the threads of the series for the oneful* expression of the drama, and have now only to come to a clear understanding as to *how* they are to be connected with each other in order to correspond as *oneful* form, to a oneful purport—which is only capable of being fashioned as oneful by means of this oneful form.

The life-giving central point of dramatic expression is the *verse-melody* of the representer, related to it as presentiment is the preparatory absolute orchestral melody; and from it flows, as recollection, the "thought" of the instrumental motive. The presentiment is the far-spreading light which, while it falls upon the subject renders the colour peculiar to the latter and presupposed out of it, a visible truth; the recollection is the obtained colour itself as the painter borrows it from the subject, in order to transfer it to other subjects related to it. The appearance and movement, continuously striking the eye, and always present, of the representer—the dramatic gesture—is explained to the sense of hearing by means of the orchestra, which itself closes its most original and most necessary effect as harmonious bearer of the verse melody. Thus, in the total expression of all the communications of the representer to the sense of hearing as well as to the eye, the *orchestra* takes an uninterrupted part, bearing and explaining in every direction; it is the moving maternal lap of music and out of it springs the united bond of the expression. *The Chorus of Greek Tragedy* has left its interpretation, absolutely required by the feelings, for the drama, in the *modern orchestra* alone, in order, free from all restriction, to develope itself in it in immeasurably manifold manifestation; its real individual human entity is, however, transported from out the orchestra to the stage, in order to expand the germ existing in the Greek chorus of its human individuality into the greatest independent perfection, as immediate active and passive participator in the drama itself.

Let us now examine how the poet, from the orchestra, in which he has completely become a musician, turns back to the intention which has hitherto guided him, for the purpose of completely realizing it by the aid, now immeasurably rich of expression.

(To be continued.)

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* Einig.

ALTRINCHAM.—The first of a series of "people's concerts" took place in the Town Hall, on Saturday evening, the 26th ult., under the direction of Mr Weston. The Rev. H. Christopherson pronounced an address, after which the National Anthem was sung. The principal vocalists were Miss Shaw, Miss Fanny Wallworth, and Mr Delavanti. Miss Shaw and Master Birkby, an amateur, were encored in Bishop's duet, "My pretty page." It was gratifying to find so many of the working classes in the room, and augured well for the undertaking.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(*From our own correspondent.*)—The sixth concert of the Classical Chamber-Music Society took place on Thursday evening the 31st ultimo. The programme was as follows:—

PART FIRST.

Trio No. 2 (in F, Op. 80)	*R. Schumann.*
Sonata—Piano and Violin (in A minor, Op. 23)	*Beethoven.*

PART SECOND.

Trio (in D, Op. 70, No. 1)	*Beethoven.*
Solo—Violoncello ("Serenata Italiana")	*Piatti.*
Solo—Pianoforte—Selections from "Wanderstunden" (Op. 80) and "Nuits Blanches" (Op. 82)	*Stephen Heller.*

R. Schumann's trio had not been heard before in Manchester. The sonata of Beethoven was also new to these concerts. It was finely played by MM. Hallé and Sainton. The trio in D is a favourite with the *habitués* and was played by MM. Sainton, Piatti, and Hallé as well as could have been desired. Signor Piatti's execution of his own solo displayed his usual good taste and beauty of tone. Stephen Heller's original and beautiful pieces were judiciously chosen by M. Hallé as his solo selection, and wound up the concert with excellent effect.

EDINBURGH, Feb. 6.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Italian Opera is doing well—but French Italian Opera is doing better. *Ernani* was successful but *Le Prophète* made a *furore*. In fact, this, one of Meyerbeer's masterpieces, created a greater impression than any musical work brought out in Auld Reekie for some time. It was produced on Monday night, and although it had been rehearsed but a few times, was put upon the stage and executed in a very creditable manner. Herr Reichardt made his first appearance this season in Jean of Leyden, and achieved a decided success. He was welcomed with great warmth when he appeared, which showed that the Edinburgh public had not forgotten the pleasure he had afforded them on a former occasion. Herr Reichardt was encored in Jean's first song "Un impero più soave," and in the famous invocation, "Re del Cielo." He was also recalled after each act. Madame Widmann was the Fides and Madame Fodor Bertha. Both ladies exerted themselves with commendable zeal. With respect to the band and chorus, it is only necessary to say, that the one might have been more numerous and the other more strong. I had almost forgotten to mention that M. Zelger the talented *basso*, sustained the part of Zachariah the Anabaptist—one of his best performances at the Royal Italian Opera—with great ability. Signor Orsini is entitled to praise for the manner in which he directed the orchestra. *Le Prophète* is to be repeated to-morrow (Thursday) evening Feb. 7th.

LEEDS.—Mr and Mrs. Sims Reeves made their appearance, for one night only, at the Theatre Royal, on Thursday evening, 30th ult., and attracted a numerous audience. The pieces were *The Beggar's Opera, Matrimony* and the *Waterman.* Mr and Mrs. Sims Reeves were recalled after both opera and operetta, and received with hearty applause.

PETERBOROUGH.—Mr A. C. Thacker has been giving a series of concerts in Peterborough and the neighbourhood which have been very successful. The artists were Miss Poole, Miss Augusta Manning, Mr F. Bodda, and Mr Henry Blagrove. Mr Thacker presided at the pianoforte.

BEVERLEY.—Mr Hinchcliffe gave a concert in the Norwood Assembly Room on Friday evening the 25th ult., which was numerously attended. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Mr Pearson, and the concert giver. Mr Allen was the violinist, and Mr Burton, of Leeds, presided at the pianoforte. Mrs. Sunderland was encored in "I cannot mind my wheel, mother," and Mr Hinchcliffe was recalled in the "Bear hunt."

BENGEWORTH.—The Bengeworth Choral Society held a meeting in the National School room on Thursday the 31st ult., for the purpose of forming an elementary class of vocal music. Mr E. W. Pullin conductor explained, and more than thirty ladies and gentlemen entered their names. The members of the society then sang several *morceaux* and in the course of the evening presented Mr Pullin with a handsomely-bound copy of the *Messiah* and the *Creation.*

Google

LIVERPOOL.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Mr Thomas's Shilling Concerts at the Philharmonic-hall were brought to a conclusion for the season on Saturday, after a course which extended over four weeks. The vocalist for the last week was Miss Fanny Huddart. The style in which these concerts have been got up, and the efficient manner in which they have been conducted in every way, reflects great credit on the liberal spirit and musical taste of Mr E. W. Thomas, with whom they originated, and by whom they have been carried on under circumstances of great discouragement. Throughout the whole he secured artists of the best talent, and made every exertion for the gratification of those patrons who encouraged him by their presence. The chief cause of regret was in the limited numbers who occasionally assembled to enjoy the performances, deserving as they were of extensive patronage.—At the Theatre Royal pantomime is about to be laid on the shelf. On Monday night, our old favourite Mr Basil Baker, took a benefit, appearing as Tyke, in the *School of Reform*. The house was good, and the veteran actor received a welcome which spoke forcibly the esteem in which he is held. Wednesday, the theatre was shut, and on Friday Miss Mansell, the Columbine, took her benefit. The pantomime concluded the performances each evening.—At the Royal Amphitheatre, the equestrian company continue to attract.

With reference to the St. George's Hall organ, the correspondent of one of our local papers writes as follows:—

"Mr Best's audiences having now become select, the time would appear to have arrived when the admission money ought to be reduced to a merely nominal sum so as to encourage the attendance of the working-classes. There can be now no fear of injury to the hall. The novelty has worn off, and it is the opinion of many who have had experience of organ performances, that, except amongst those who understand music, there will always be but a thin attendance. This fact has been demonstrated in our hall, despite the admirable playing of Mr Best and the grandeur of the building. What is now wanted is encouragement to working-men to attend. How is that to be accomplished? First by lowering the price, and rendering popular music, which the general public can understand. Secondly, by the introduction of choruses at certain portions of the performances, in which the assembled people could all join. Henry Russell has tried this scheme at his concerts and with great success. It is astonishing what interest it creates, while the time and tune has been tolerably well preserved, although hundreds joined in the choral strain. If such popular entertainments as these may be thought to lower the character either of the noble organ or its accomplished manager, we still submit that the present admission money on Monday evenings ought to be considerably reduced."

[Against doing away with the entrance money we have nothing whatever to say. But the suggestion about choruses, in which the working classes are to join, is purely Utopian, while the allusion to Mr Henry Russell is most unfortunate. Heaven forbid that so noble an edifice as St. George's Hall should ever be put to such uses! We are for instructing and, if possible, delighting the masses, but not for vitiating their taste and making fools of them.—ED. *M. W.*]

BRIGHTON.—A concert was given by the Royal Pavilion Band on Saturday, of which the orchestral features were Mendelssohn's Wedding March to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and two operatic selections, the one from *Ernani*, the other from *La Figlia del Reggimento*. The performance which obtained and deserved most favour, however, was the pianoforte solo by Mad. Oury, "La Siciliana, Romance et Barcarolle," from Verdi's new opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, which was received with enthusiastic applause. There was a good attendance. M. Oury conducted.—Four private subscription balls have been given at the Pavilion on the 7th, 16th, and 23rd ult., and 4th inst., under the patronage of the Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, the Duchess of Richmond, the Countess of Kintore, Lady Maxwell, Mrs Coningham, Mrs. Kemp, etc. Laurent's band was in attendance, and performed the following dances:—*Valses*—"Lily of the Valley," "Immortellen," "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," "Carnaval," "Rigoletto," "Ethel Newcome." *Polkas*—"Lalla," "Egyptian," "Etoile du Nord." *Quadrilles*—"Bride of Lammermoor," "Sebastopol," "Partant pour la Syrie." *Galops*—"Wiesbaden," "Malakoff," "Imperial Guards."

BATH.—A Morning Concert was given at the Grand Pump Room on Saturday last, the proceeds of which will be appropriated in aid of the funds for the Free Promenade Concerts. There was a very large attendance. The artists engaged comprised Miss Eliza Ann Hughes and Miss Milner, vocalists; and Mr Ellis Roberts (harpist) and Mr H. C. Cooper (violin), instrumentalists. Miss Hughes was encored in Bishop's "Tell me, my Heart," and Miss Milner in "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mr H. C. Cooper obtained a similar compliment in his solo *fantasia*. No small share of the programme was appropriated by Mr Ellis Roberts, on the harp, who introduced Welsh airs in various ways, finishing with a harp solo with band, introducing "Rule Britannia," "Partant pour la Syrie," and "God save the Queen."

NOTTINGHAM.—The theatre here was exceedingly well attended on the occasion of the engagement of Miss Elsworthy and Mr Anderson, who have been playing in *Virginius*, and *Ingomar*, and in the after-pieces of *Love and Charity* and *A Morning Call*, with immense success. A local paper, speaking of their performance in *Ingomar* says:—

"Mr Anderson appeared as the Allemani chief, and Miss Elsworthy as the lovely Parthenia. Of the former we need only remark that his performance was worthy of his well earned reputation, and was highly appreciated by the audience. Of Miss Elsworthy we must say that in her hands Parthenia was a purely classical representation. We have rarely the good fortune, in these degenerate times, to see a female so charmingly delineated. Her every tone and gesture betokened intimate acquaintance with the noble and heroic disposition of the antique Greek maiden, and stamped her as an actress of a superior order. The effect of her performance was materially heightened by the strictly accurate manner in which she dressed the character. The performances were brought to a termination with the comedietta entitled *A Morning Call*, in which Mr Anderson and Miss Elsworthy sustained their parts in a first rate manner and kept the house in a state of the most perfect hilarity for more than an hour."

Miss Elsworthy and Mr Anderson, after their highly successful tour, have returned to town. It was Miss Elsworthy's first appearance before a Nottingham audience, and she acquired "the Bays" long since accorded to that established favorite, Mr Anderson.

PRESTON.—On Tuesday evening, the 29th ult., the Preston Choral Society performed Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabeus*, in the Theatre Royal, which was crowded. The principal vocalists were Miss Whitham, Mrs. Paget (R.A.M.), Mr Hargreaves, and Mr Armstrong; conductor, Mr Fawcett; principal violoncello, Herr Lidel; harmonium, Mr Greaves.

THORNTON.—A concert was held in the National School Room, on Thursday evening, the 24th ult. The executants were the members of the Church Choir, who sang various glees, duets, and solos. Mr Robinson, organist of Bradford, presided at the pianoforte.

HULL.—The Hull Harmonic Society gave their fifty-seventh public performance on Friday evening the 25th January. The programme comprised a mass by Haydn, and selections from the works of Handel, Mendelssohn, &c. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Crosse (encored in Handel's "Praise the Lord," harp *obbligato* Mr Murray), Mrs. Robinson, encored with Mrs. Craven in the duet, "Come, ever-smiling liberty," Mr J. Kenningham and an amateur, who was much applauded in "Lord remember David." The band and chorus were under the direction of Mr Thomas Hopkinson (organist of St. John's church); Mr Stephenson was leader, and Mr Hall, organist.

STOCKPORT.—A concert was given at the Temperance Hall, St. Peter's Square, on Tuesday night, for the benefit of Mr John Jackson, formerly member of the choir of St. Peter's Church. The hall was well filled, and the performance gave satisfaction. The principal vocalists were Mrs Brooke, Miss Shaw, and Mr Delavanti, of Manchester, and Messrs. Edmondson and Hall, of this town.

TRAFFORD.—The Trafford Glee Club held their fifth meeting, under the presidency of Mr J. J. Lees, on Wednesday evening the 30th ult. The programme included several favorite compositions. Shera's glee, "Come, sweet Mirth," and Dr. Callcott's "Green Thorn of the Hill of Ghosts" were encored. Mr D. W. Banks was accompanist at the pianoforte.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—When critics are unanimous their unanimity is wonderful. It is seldom, indeed, we find the entire press agreeing on any point of art, and less seldom respecting the performance of an artist. The Parisian journals, however, seem to be of one opinion as to the recent success of Signor Mario in *Il Trovatore*, in which at first, it may be remembered, the celebrated tenor by no means achieved one of his greatest triumphs. Now his singing is said to surpass any thing heard at the Italiens for many years. We can readily give credence to the accounts of Signor Mario's comparative failure in a new part, having heard his first essays in Raoul and Eleazar, and can at the same time as readily comprehend his rapid and signal improvement, knowing that with him first performances are generally little better than rehearsals. We hear that his voice is better than it has been for a long time. This is great news for the subscribers to the Italian Opera in London, with whom Signor Mario is so deservedly a favourite. One of the most brilliant nights of the Paris season it appears was that of Monday, when the *Trovatore* was given with Signors Mario and Graziani, Mesdames Penco and Borghi-Mamo. The opera was received with enthusiasm from beginning to end. Signor Mario was encored in the *andante* of the air in the third act and in the romance of the fourth. He was recalled twice at the end of the third act—a compliment seldom paid to any singer at the Salle Ventadour. Madame Penco surprised the *habitués* by her singing and her acting in Leonora—which part she has resumed. A parody on the *Trovatore*, by the way, is about to be produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, the book by M. Bourget, the music by M. Offenbach.

Le Corsaire still maintains its attraction at the Opera. The second attendance of the Emperor and Empress—on Wednesday last week—no doubt has given the new ballet an additional *prestige*. *Guillaume Tell* is in rehearsal. Mdlle. Hanakers, who is said to possess a remarkable *soprano* voice, will make her *début* in Mathilde. The new opera of MM. Biletta and Saint Georges, *La Rose de Florence*, is expected to be shortly produced. In this, Madlle. Moreau-Sainti will make her first appearance.

The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* states that Auber and Scribe's *Manon Lescaut* and Madame Cabel will make their first appearance in conjunction at the Opéra-Comique about the latter end of next week. M. Hector Berlioz has gone to Weimar to superintend the rehearsals of his opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*, and his trilogy *L'Enfance du Christ*. The works of Mendelssohn appear at last to be coming into vogue in Paris, notwithstanding the unaccountable opposition of M. Fétis and clique. A new society called the "Mendelssohn Quartet Society" has held a first meeting, and with a success which, it is to be hoped, will constitute a good beginning to a good ending. At this meeting the C minor pianoforte trio, and the violin quartet in D major (op. 44) created a veritable *furore*.

VIENNA.—The 27th of January 1856, will be long remembered in the musical annals of the Austrian capital, as the day on which the 100th anniversary of Mozart's birth was celebrated. The morning was at first gloomy and unfavourable, but, at twelve o'clock, the time fixed for the Festival, the sun burst forth from behind the clouds, as if to share in the general homage paid to the immortal composer. All Vienna seemed to be up and stirring. An endless line of vehicles, from the noble's dashing carriage to the humble *droschke*, rolled on towards the Redouten Saal while the crowd of pedestrian lookers-on was absolutely overwhelming. The approaches to the building were completely blocked up, and it was not until a short time after the commencement of the concert that anything like a free passage was possible.

At half past twelve the emperor, accompanied by the empress, the Arch-Duke Franz-Carl, the Arch Duchess Sophia and the younger princes of the Imperial family, made his appearance in the gallery. He was greeted by three hearty cheers. In front of the orchestra was a bust of Mozart upon a gray pedestal. The head was encircled by a laurel wreath, and the pedestal was adorned with garlands of flowers. The wreath was afterwards presented to Dr. Franz Liszt, who had the entire arrangement of the festival, while the garlands were distributed among the audience. How delighted did every one appear who was fortunate enough to procure even a single leaf as a memento! The programme of the performance has already appeared in the *Musical World*, and we shall therefore merely add that the whole affair went off in the most satisfactory manner.

On the 15th ult. the burgomaster of Vienna and the committee of the Mozart Festival presented Dr. F. Liszt with Radnitzky's medal, cast in gold, silver and bronze, on the occasion of the Festival, and a *bâton* of ebony and silver, on which were engraved the words "*Die Stadt Wien dem Dirigenten des Mozart Festes*, FRANZ LISZT, *am* 27 *Jänner* 1856." (The city of Vienna to Franz Liszt, director of the Mozart Festival, 27th January 1856.)

VIENNA.—"The centenary of Mozart's birth," says the *Times* correspondent from Vienna, "was celebrated by a monster concert, at which the following compositions of the immortal composer were performed:—Overture, *Zauberflöte*; Chorus of priests 'O Isis'; Concerto in C minor (first movement); 'Dies Iræ,' from the *Requiem*; Symphony in G minor; an *Aria de concert*; and the last movement of the finale to the first act of *Don Giovanni*. The distinguished pianist, Liszt, conducted, and evidently did all in his power to keep some 500 to 600 performers well together; but, unfortunately, he did not succeed in the attempt. The Overture and the Symphony in G minor were marvellously well played by the orchestra, but the 'Dies Iræ' and the grand finale to *Don Giovanni* were failures. Staudigl sang in the 'Dies Iræ,' but without a voice. The great Ridotto-hall, in which the concert was given, was crowded to excess."

BERLIN.—Not only has the hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth been duly celebrated on the day itself, but a number of smaller festivals, also in homage of the divine master, have come off both before and after the 27th ult. For instance, we may regard as a highly attractive preparatory "Mozart" evening a quartet *soirée* of the Oertling-Rehbaum Wendt Birnbach Quartetverein. The rooms were crowded with musicians and *dilettanti*, and a bust of Mozart was a conspicuous object.

But to speak of the principal or grand festival. A committee of artists came to the resolution of commemorating the event by a morning concert in the Singacademie and the performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro* at the Operahouse. The Singacademie was especially illuminated, and, before the orchestra, with a complete grove of flowers, stood a colossal bust of Mozart expressly modelled by Professor Kiss—the sculptor of the Amazon. The concert began with the overture to *Belmonte e Costanza*, the great master's earliest and favourite opera. Herren Mantius and Zschiesche sang the duet, and Madlle. Johanna Wagner followed with the air "Parto," from *Titus*. The quintet from *Così fan tutte*, sung by Mesdames Köster, Böttcher, Herren Mantius, Krause and Zschiesche, concluded the first part. The second part began with the "Ave verum corpus," sung by the Königliche Domchor, and enthusiastically encored. Lastly came the *Requiem*, executed by the members of the Singacademie, Stern and Jähn's Gesangverein, and the Royal Chapel. The solos were assigned to Madame Hahnemann, Mademoiselle Jenny Meyer, Herren Otto and Kotzolt. *Le Nozze di Figaro* was preceded in the evening at the Opera-house by the *andante* from the *Jupiter* symphony. Thus much for the purely musical portion of the festival. About three hundred ladies and gentlemen, all devotees at the shrine of genius, took part in a grand entertainment in Moderscher Saal. All the celebrities of Berlin, including ministers of the Crown, military commanders, actors, singers, painters, and sculptors, were present. The King, with the court, assisted at the concert in the evening.

LEIPSIC.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The whole of the thirteenth Gewandhaus concert was devoted to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The solo parts were sung by Mad. von Holdorp, Mdlle. Koch von Kessler, Mad. Dreyschock, and Herren Schneider, Eilers, Langer and Clauss. The choruses were given by the Paulinerverein, Singakademie, and the Thomanerchor. Among the principal singers I may especially mention Herr Eilers, who sang the music of *Elijah* with artistic feeling. The chorus in some points left much to be desired. The orchestra, however, and the conductor, Herr Kapellmeister Rietz, did all that could be done to make amends for occasional deficiencies. The reception of this great work on the part of the audience was very cool indeed, although the hall was more crowded than ever I have seen it before and with very attentive hearers. At the end of the first part no one applauded, and after the second, not more than half a dozen raised their hands in approval of that mighty and inspired composition—of one for whom the musical authorities of Leipsic profess such an attachment. A young singer Mdlle. V Bianchi, from St. Petersburgh, appeared at the fourteenth concert. She is said to have studied at the Paris Conservatoire with no small success. She pleased here, and was generally considered a singer of the first class. She sang a recitative and aria from *Cenerentola* with great effect, but was not so successful in Beethoven's "Ah Perfido." The instrumental soloist was a young artist, Herr Japha, member of the orchestra, who studied here with David and in Paris with Alard, a violin concerto by whom he played creditably. The orchestral pieces were an overture by Rietz in A major and Beethoven's symphony No. 7. The overture was loudly applauded, and the composer obliged to come *forward* twice. Beethoven's symphony was given with the usual excellence of the Gewandhaus band.

On the 15th ult., a concert was given at the theatre, to afford two ladies, the sisters Mdlles. Emilie and Hildegard von Landen, from Munich an opportunity of appearing for the first time in public. The programme was interesting. On the whole the *début* of the young ladies was satisfactory, and we hear they will shortly appear in operas.

The third quartet *soirée*, given on the 22nd January, was wholly devoted to Mozart's quartet for "strings" (No. 10), composed in '86, serenade for two oboes, two clarinets, two basset horns, two fagotti four hunting horns, violoncello and contra basso, quintet for string instruments (G minor) composed in '87. The serenade was to us new. Although it dates from the year 1785 this was the first time of its performance here. It consists of five movements—namely 1 Largo, molto allegro. 2. Minuet, 3. Adagio. 4 Andante con variazioni. 5. Finale, molto allegro. The serenade, I believe, was procured from Munich. The performance by the members of the Gewandhaus band was highly satisfactory. On Sunday, the 27th ult., a morning concert was given at the Gewandhaus, in commemoration of Mozart's birthday. The proceeds of the concert are to be devoted towards founding a "Mozart Scholarship," for a talented pupil at the "Conservatorium." The concert commenced with a prologue spoken by Herr Behr. The programme comprised the overtures to *Il Re Pastore*, *Idomeneo* and *La Clemenza di Tito*, Jupiter symphony, romanza e duetto from *Il Re Pastore*, by Mdlle. Bianchi and Herr Schneider, concerto for violin and viola, with orchestra, by Herren Dreyschock and David (composed 1778); scene from *Idomeneo* "Godiamo la pace" aria from the same, "Il padre," by Mdlle. Bianchi, march and scene from the same opera, march of the priests, with aria and chorus from the *Zauberflote*. Sarastro, Herr Eilers, sestet from *Don Giovanni*. Anna, Mdlle. Bianchi. Elvira, Mdlle. Koch. Zerlina, Mdlle. Bretschneider. Ottavio, Herr Schneider. Masetto, Herr Eilers. Leporello, Herr Behr.

The programme it will be seen was divided into three periods—the youthful, extending to the year 1773, the epoch which burst forth in *Idomeneo*, and the period of the highest perfection, from the middle of 1780 to the end of 1791, soon after which Mozart died. The overture, &c., from *Il Re Pastore* were more than usually interesting, as we had not heard them before. This opera was written by Metastasio for a festive occasion at the Imperial Court of Vienna, and the music was composed by a certain Bono. Others have also composed to the same text, for instance, Jomelli Gaglielmi, and others, but it is undeniable that Mozart's music is the best. The concerto for violin and viola, an extremely interesting relic, was performed by the two artists with great brilliancy. Herr David introduced a cadenza in each of the three movements. The overture, scene and aria from *Idomeneo*—performed for the first time at Munich in 1781—were well interpreted. The overture to *Tito* and the *Jupiter* symphony were equally well played. The finale to the second act of *Don Giovanni*, seldom or never executed on the stage, was listened to with unusual attention.

The only attractions at the opera since I wrote last have been the *Barbiere* and the revival of *Joconde*, by Nicolo Isouard. In the former Mdlle. Hybl was the Rosina, Herr Schneider, Count Almaviva, Herr Behr, Doctor Bartolo, and Herr Carson, Don Basilio. Mdlle. Hybl has a good voice and is in some respects a good artist. Herr Carson, who has been lately engaged, possesses a pure bass voice, sings well and is an actor. Herr Behr played Doctor Bartolo well, and Herr Schneider made a tolerable Count.* The chorus and orchestra were not always as steady and correct as might have been desired.

Joconde was revived after an interregnum of twenty years. I was most agreeably surprised with the music, which is simple and pleasing, and is full of pretty melodies of the sentimental kind. The principal characters were sustained by Mdme. Bachmann (Hannchen), Herr Schneider (Joconde) Herr Brassin (Count Robert) Mdlle. Hybl (Mathilde) Mdlle. Neuhold (Edile). On the whole the performance was creditable but the audience by no means numerous, did not receive it with warmth. Shakespere's *Much ado about Nothing* has been acted twice to full houses with great success.

The centenary of Mozart was celebrated at the theatre on the 27th January. The house was exceedingly crowded. Instead of an opera, which naturally was expected a play was given, entitled, *Mozart*, by Wholmuth. It is very interesting, as it contains illustrations of the different periods of the great composer's life. In one of my next letters I will give you an analysis of the piece. Between the acts the overtures to *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *Der Entführung*, and *Die Zauberflöte* were played. Shakespere's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Mendelssohn's music, will shortly be reproduced.

The Paulinerverein gave their annual concert at the Gewandhaus on the 28th January, which as usual was crowded. The principal attractions were Cherubini's second *Requiem*, Weber's *Jubilee* overture, "Casta Diva" sung by Mdlle. Bianchi, a cavatina from *La Gazza Ladra* by Herr Eilers, and a *Fantasia* for violoncello composed and performed by Herr Grützmacher. The rest of the programme consisted of four-part songs.

As *vorfeier* to Mendelssohn's birthday (3rd February), we had at the theatre Shakespere's *Midsummer Night's Dream* on the 2nd February. The house was exceedingly crowded by a respectable audience among which I noticed many admirers of Mendelssohn, who seemed to enjoy the performance exceedingly. It was one of the best I ever saw. The band played the overture and other music with great energy and spirit; nor were the actors less praiseworthy in their several parts; all contributed to the best of their abilities to an efficient execution of this masterpiece. Their efforts, I am pleased to say, were not in vain, since the audience to a Midsummer Night's Dream was received with enthusiastic applause.

Brussels.—The Artistic and Literary Circle inaugurated a new kind of entertainment, half musical, half literary on Tuesday, the 29th ult. For the musical department were engaged Messieurs Lassen (pianoforte), Wieniawski (violin), and Fischer (violoncello) instrumentalists, and M. Cornelis, vocalist. Among other *morceaux* introduced was Mendelssohn's second pianoforte trio, in C minor, which produced a great impression on the audience. Of this work, *apropos* of its performance on the occasion the *Guide Musicale* of the 29th of January thus writes (Can it be believed? Read what M. Fétis *fils* has written, in the *Independance Belge* of the 28th instant, of Mendelssohn and the trio just alluded to):—

"As for the work of the Leipsic composer, we are obliged to confess that it has not gained our entire sympathies. We found it very long and very vague. Like the greater part of the works of this composer, it fails from the want of ideas, and from the absence of a well-concerted plan. Skilful in the disposing of "symphonic masses," and in the combination of orchestral effects, Mendelssohn (*sic*) in his overtures makes amends for poverty of invention by an ingenious disposition of details. In chamber-music, so called, on the other hand, the composer has not this resource; if ideas fail him, the hearer will perceive it; and such was the case on Tuesday during the performance of the trio of Mendelssohn (*sic*). It is, therefore, to be regretted that the artists had not selected, in preference, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Mozart or Beethoven."

"We are well aware," says the *Guide Musicale*, "that M.

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* Our correspondent makes no mention of Figaro—a character of some importance to the *Barbiere*.—Ed. M. W.

Fétis, *fils*, like M. Fétis, *père*, has no great affection for Mendelssohn; he thinks so little of him, indeed, that at every turn he mutilates the name of the celebrated German composer. We will not dispute with a critic so skilled and learned. Let the reader judge for himself."

The opinions of our Brussels contemporary about the trio of Mendelssohn, which M. Fétis, *fils*, criticises so knowingly, is as follows:—"MM. Lassen, Wieniawski, and Fischer executed the magnificent trio, in C minor, of Mendelssohn—a majestic work, profoundly conceived, clear in all its parts, and disclosing new ideas and powerful effects, based upon a noble and rich harmony." Who shall decide when doctors disagree? At the same time, were Mendelssohn alive the same friend might console him for the Belgic attack by parodying the couplet which Southey addressed to Charles Lamb, when Jerdan the critic had "pitched into" the amiable author of *Elia's Essays*, in the *Literary Gazette*:—

> "Methinks, old friend, thou art not worst bested,
> Since dullness throws a Fétis (Jerdan) at thy head."

And after all, neither M. Fétis the elder, nor M. Fétis the younger is *infallible*.

ITALY.—In Naples a new opera by Signor Moretti, entitled *Una Gita a Pompei*, has been produced at the Teatro Nuovo with considerable success as regards the music, the libretto being described as monotonous, and wanting in dramatic situations. The music, though not very original or melodious, is better spoken of. The composer was recalled at the fall of the curtain. The principal singers were Mesdames Pasini and Castellucci and Signori Casaccia, Zoboli and Conti. A misunderstanding has arisen between Signor Petrella and the directors of the Royal Theatres on the subject of the former's new opera, *Elnava*, for which a sum of two thousand ducats was to have been paid. The directors now refuse to perform their part of the contract, and have also refused to give the composer a whole benefit, which he offered to take in lieu of the sum agreed upon. Our friend King Bomba will perhaps step in and settle the matter *à l'aimable*. Donizetti's *Poliuto* is to be brought out with Mad. Medori, Sig. Coletti and Mirate. In Florence *Il Barbiere* continues to draw good houses at the Pergola. A new opera, *Il Dom [illegible] Buono*, will be shortly produced, the book by Sig. Canarsi, and the music by Sig. Picchi. The composer is known by a former work, entitled *Don Crescendo*. Mad. Sophie Fuoco has created a perfect *furore* in the ballet of *Esmeralda*. At the Teatro Pagliano, the new opera by Sig. Cianchi entitled *Il Saltimbanco*, continues to stand high in public favour.—At Leghorn, the *Sonnambula* has been played with Mad. Vaschetti as Amina. The lady is said to have a pleasing voice, though weak and uncertain. Sig. Prosa, who made a sad mess of *Macbeth* has regained somewhat of public favour by his singing in the *Sonnambula*. The barytone, Sig. Betti, was a dead failure.

ST PETERSBURGH.—The *Trovatore* has been so successful at the Imperial Opera as to preclude the necessity of bringing out any novelty this season. The journals are in raptures with Sig. Tamberlik, who is also highly spoken of in *Guillaume Tell*. *Il Barbiere*, *Mosè*, *Lucia*, and *Roberto il Diavolo* seem also to have pleased the public. Differences of opinion still continue about the respective merits of Mad. Bosio and Mdlle. Lotti, the last of whom, said to be a vocalist of the Cruvelli stamp, created a great sensation as *Roberto*. Signori Lablache and Calzolari have won high praise in the *Barbiere*, in the parts of Doctor Bartolo and Count Almaviva. Mad. Bosio was delightful in Rosina, and produced an immense sensation in Alary's polka and variations. The clarinet player Sig. Cavallini is at St Petersburgh and a young pianist named Leschetitzky, is in high favour. The war does not appear to have greatly interfered with the entertainments of the public.

MADRID.—We learn from the *Musical Gazette* of Madrid, that "the celebrated barytone, Ronconi, has been the object of a sympathetic manifestation in this city. He lately received the Cross of Commander of the Order of Isabel-the-Catholic. His generous conduct and numberless proofs of disinterestedness and courage, which he displayed during the terrible epidemic which recently scourged Spain, have rendered his name dear to all Spaniards, who regard Ronconi as their compatriot, as their adopted son. On the 21st ult., at the Theatre Real, the noble artist appeared in Verdi's *Nabucco*, and achieved a triumph all the more glorious, since it was awarded as much to his character as a man as to his distinguished merit as an artist." After this it is to be hoped that Ronconi will not stay away another season from London during the progress of the Italian Opera.

KONIGSBERG.—A new grand opera, entitled *Frithjof*, by Herr Rudolph Gervais, a native of this city, was lately produced with success.

NEW YORK.—From the *New York Musical World* we learn that Herr Ernst von Heeringen, the inventor of a new system of musical notation, had committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. So bent was he upon carrying out his system, and so convinced of its importance, that he left America not long since and went to Berlin where he made no doubt that his new notation would be more successful. Being disappointed, however, he returned to New York, and, as the saying is, never held up his head since. He leaves a widow residing in Virginia. The second concert of M. Gottschalk attracted, it would appear, a more crowded audience than the first. "The *Jerusalem* for two pianos," says the journal quoted above "was a stupendous effort of the the two Boanerges of pianism, Gottschalk and Hoffmann." (!) Spohr's *Last Judgment* is in rehearsal by the Mendelssohn Society. The last operas given at the Academy of Music up to January 12, were *Linda*, *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*. Miss Laura Keene's new dramatic enterprise was to open to the public on Monday, the 24th of December, at the Metropolitan Theatre when *Prince Charming* was to be given with new scenery. Between Saturday night and Monday morning however, some scoundrel—supposed to be hired—effected an entrance into the theatre, and cut and demolished the new scenery. The opening, therefore, had to be postponed on the plea of the indisposition of Miss Laura Keene, and as the scenery could not be replaced in time, a new piece was put on the stage in a few days. The performances had so far drawn full houses. Mr Morgan, the organist, has commenced a series of "pianoforte recitals" at the Dodworth Rooms, on the 8th of January. At the second concert of the Philharmonic Society which took place on the 14th ult., Herr Niel Gade's symphony, in C minor, was played for the first time. It was severely criticised by the press.

BOSTON.—The music of Herr Brahms, the young composer, is causing quite a schism in Boston—indeed, being a disciple of "the future," a Wagnerian controversy on a small scale. Herr Brahms, according to "Dwight," is only fifteen years of age, notwithstanding which, he has written a great deal. At a concert—called "The German Trio"—given by the Messrs Gartner, Hause and Jungnickel at the Chickering Saloon, a pianoforte trio, by Herr Brahms, was performed. This trio had been played the week previously at Mr William Mason's concert. With its merits, as a composition, *Dwight's Journal of Music* does not appear to be deeply impressed.

> "That we were somewhat more interested," writes our contemporary, "in following the ideas, or strivings for ideas, we freely own. Of the general character however, we found our impressions unchanged. That it was rare power for a youth of fifteen, who could doubt? Whether that power amounts to genius, contains the germs of future greatness, is a problem we had rather leave to time."

Not so a correspondent of *Dwight's*, who says openly—"that, to his humble comprehension Brahms, the future in question, promises *another Beethoven*." What between praise and dispraise Herr Brahms is likely to obtain considerable notoriety. At the Fourth Orchestral Concert a new symphony by M. Gouvy, was produced, which does not seem to have been relished by the *cognoscenti*. At M. Otto Dresel's first *Soirée* a more than usually good programme was provided. It included, among minor matters, Mendelssohn's second sonata duo for piano and violoncello, the first movement from Bach's concerto for two pianos (in C), with quartet accompaniment, and Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in E flat, *Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour*. Nine representations of Italian operas were announced to be given by the company of the Royal Academy, from New York, to commence on the 21st ult.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. D. F. *had better apply to* Mr. J. A. Novello, 69, Dean Street, *where he is most likely to obtain the necessary information.*

Mrs. M. (Milnthorpe).—*The lady's name, we believe, was* Bantine.

E. A. H.—*Our fair correspondent should forward us from time to time the country papers. We cannot be expected to have a watchful and an anxiously polyscopic eye upon the whole provincial press, large and small; nor is it expected at the hands of our correspondents that they should trace us accounts of the musical doings of the entire universe.*

Director of Picco.—*We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a card from* "Mr. Gay, Director of Picco."

BIRTH

On the 5th instant, at Bryanston-square, Mrs. H. F. Broadwood, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

At Paris, on the 27th January, Mr. Michel Bergson, Professor of Music, to Catherine, third daughter of J. L. Levison, Esq.

DEATH

On the 31st January, the wife of Henry Aveling, Esq.

Errata.—In our review last week of Mr. Edward Sharp's song "Wave over the *stormy deep*," the title was inadvertently printed "When over the stormy deep."—In noticing the patronage of Madame de Ruszczynska's concert in the *Musical World*, Jan. 26, for "His Worshipful the Lord Mayor" read "His Worship the Mayor"*—only London and York are entitled to the privilege of calling their civic dignitaries *Lord Mayor.*

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* Dublin Ed. *M. W.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, 1856.

The last news from Paris is curious. M. Crosnier has (under advice) seceded from the management of the *Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse.* He is succeeded—by whom do you think, reader?—by M. P. A. Fiorentino, the well known *feuilletoniste* of the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Moniteur* ("A. de Rovray"), an Italian *homme de lettres*, who assisted M. Dumas in the composition of *Monte Christo &c. &c.* and writes French as well as any Frenchman on the press, and, indeed, much better than any except M. Jules Janin.

For our own parts, in so far as we can possibly take an interest in dramatic and musical affairs on the other side of the Channel (*Outre Manche*), we are by no means grieved at the change. A worse manager than M. Crosnier (except MM. Véron, Léon Pillet, Duponchel, and Roqueplan) never attempted to direct affairs at the Grand-Opéra. M. Fiorentino knows all about theatres, before and behind the curtain. He is acquainted with nearly all the singers in Europe, and is a scholar and a gentleman in the bargain—to say nothing of his being decorated with the *insignia* of the Legion of Honour. He should, therefore, be able to steer the ship into safer and more prosperous waters than his predecessors. Moreover he is supported (overtly) by "*the* Minister," M. Achille Fould, and (*sub rosa*) by the Emperor Napoleon III., *bonâ fide* lessee and controller of the Opera and its interests.

Thus M. Fiorentino has everything in his favour, and if he fails it will be his own fault. He ought to do wonders. He ought to resuscitate the Grand Opéra, which, it must be owned, has of late years fallen very low. He ought to find a new tenor, as a pleasant antidote to the provincial bellowings of M. Gueymard (the worst *first* tenor ever tolerated at so grand an establishment), and to officiate when little M. Roger (re-engaged for four years) may happen to be scant of breath. He ought to hunt up a fresh *soprano*—a dramatic *soprano*—since now that Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli has devoted herself solely and wholly to the service of a loving husband, and left a constant public in the lurch, it would require more brains than even the *Athenæum* possesses to fill up the place she has vacated. He ought to cancel the engagement of Madame Borghi-Mamo, which is simply an absurdity. He ought to propitiate Meyerbeer, and persuade him to re-write and transpose the *Africaine* (as he did of yore the *Prophète*) for Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, in order to propitiate the *Athenæum*, and thereby insure the fortunes of the Opera and the ultimate prosperity of the French Empire. He ought to revive M. Auber's *Gustave III.*—a magnificent opera, the failure of which was quite enough to proclaim the incapability of French audiences to adjudge the claims of musical composers. He ought to bring back *Guillaume Tell* worthily, and dismiss any tenor whatever who presumed to say anything about that humbugging "*Ut de poitrine*," which has been the constant bane for twenty years past of one of the most brilliant efforts of modern genius. He ought to forbid the *coulisses* to the members of the Jockey Club, and only to allow M. Fould (and even his Majesty the Emperor himself) behind the scenes *on business*. He ought to reconstruct the band, which has been gradually decaying, under "the cold shade" of M. Girard, and bears about as much resemblance to its former self as the walls of Carthage, when Marius sat upon them and pondered gloomily on the Carthage of Dido, who looked "with anxious polyscopity" at the departure of Æneas. He ought to turn adrift at least *two-thirds* of the chorus, who sing out of tune and have no voices. He ought to reinforce the *ballet* with at least half a dozen tolerably well looking *coryphées* since they are for the most part at present (to speak mildly) a set of "frights." He ought to treat the representatives of the press (remembering his own estate) with a little more courtesy than MM. Roqueplan, Crosnier, and Fould, and send them circular letters of thanks (especially to M. Théophile Gautier and MM. Escudier) whenever their *feuilletons* contain just criticisms, however severe, upon the performances at the Opéra. He ought to resign the *feuilletons* of the *Moniteur* and *Constitutionnel* to some other critic as able and impartial as himself (say M. Adolphe Adam—a great favourite of M. Mirès) who from his judicial *mansarde* might fulminate (which M. Fiorentino cannot now himself) against all and every shortcoming that was fairly open to the critical thunder. He ought, in short, to arrange at once for the production of French versions of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* (to secure the patronage of the *esthetic* German clique that infests the Café du Helder), for the resuscitation of *Benvenuto Cellini* (to make it all right with the *Débats*, and get another 20,000 francs from Herr Ernst, the stepper-into Paganini's shoes), and finally (again to seduce the *Athenæum*, which is of the utmost importance—*une affaire majeure*, indeed) to force M. Scribe to search his iron trunk for some forgotten manuscript and place it in the sombre keeping of M. Gounod. As for Verdi, what is Verdi without Cruvelli? Find your next *Hélène*, if you can, M. P. A. Fiorentino, and we shall congratulate you, but understand, Mdlle. Piccolomini will *not* do.

About the *ballet* we shall say nothing. M. Fiorentino knows more of it than we do. Carlotta Grisi, like that other and more substantial *fée*, Sophie Cruvelli, has forsworn the boards. Nevertheless there is Rosina Wright, whom Albert Smith (of the Mount) can recommend, and she is a far livelier and more agile dancer than either Mdlle. Priora or Mdlle. Couqui—pretty and *piquante* as is undoubtedly Mdlle. Couqui.

Here at any rate is a *chance* of restoring the *Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse* to a vestige of its ancient glory. It has gone down, *poco a poco decrescendo*, ever since M. Véron thought he could manage it and finding he could'nt, purchased enough shares in the *Constitutionnel* to give him the undisputed control over that now "semi-official" and often officially-snubbed journal. Will M. Fiorentino restore the Opera to life? We have faith in him, and hope so.

The hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth-day seems to have been celebrated with more or less dignity in nearly all the principal towns of Germany. It is, nevertheless, remarkable that there was nowhere a festival on a very grand scale—a festival at all comparable to our own Birmingham and Norwich meetings—in honour of that important occasion. At Vienna, where the greatest show was made, the performance (we hear from good authority) was, on the whole, discreditable. The bad policy of engaging Dr. Liszt as conductor was attended with the result anticipated. And yet, surely, the disasters at Bonn and Carlsruhe could not have been forgotten. From another point of view, however, the selection of Dr. Liszt was equally unadvisable. Between Mozart and him there could be no more in common than between the pure and the impure. The arch disciple of Richard Wagner—formerly his John the Baptist, and now his Paul—was certainly not the man to associate with a ceremonial intended to perpetuate the memory of the most uncompromising of musicians. The whole business assumed the air of a farce the instant the name of Dr. Liszt was published in connection with it; and for our own parts we are not sorry that it was a failure.

At Berlin there was no such unscrupulous mockery evinced as at Vienna. Mozart's memory was not outraged by contact with the declared enemies of that art which he loved so well and advanced so far. There was no Liszt here to make the judicious grieve. But, notwithstanding this, the solemnization seems to have been unworthy of a great musical city like the Prussian capital, and of a name so dear to every German musician. To judge, indeed, from the accounts we have received, it was Leipsic and Cologne that did most honour to Mozart and credit to themselves. The concert held at the Leipsic Gewandhaus, on the 27th of January, was both curious and interesting. Of what it consisted a reference to the letter of our Correspondent will show. It appears to have been the chief object of the directors to present such pieces to subscribers as were not known at all, or very little known. The programme merits perusal, if only on that account. The concert was successful, and deservedly so, more especially since it was a home affair, and little or no foreign aid was solicited. As for Cologne, it is not at all surprising that the commemoration should have been in all respects worthy, since it was under the sole direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, whose name is just as honourably as that of Dr. Liszt is questionably associated with the interests of music.

The essential fact, however, is this—the 100th anniversary of the birth of the greatest of musicians was remembered and fêted throughout Germany, while in England and France (Italy is *not* just now a musical country) the event was overlooked. At France we are hardly surprised because, amidst the loudest pretence, and the most preposterous assumption, the French public really understands less of music than the public of any other nation. But the apathy of England is perplexing. Mr. Edmund Chipp played a few pieces on the organ, the Crystal Palace gave an unpretending concert, and that was all of which our huge metropolis and its environs could boast! And yet we make bold to say that the music of Mozart is more known and cherished in this country than elsewhere. There has been some unaccountable remissness—*where* and *why* we are not prepared to say. We dare lay a wager that, a week or two hence we shall learn from Mr. Dwight, that the Mozart centenary anniversary was not forgotten in Boston, and from *The New York Musical World* that even the swaggering "Empire City" did not allow it to pass unnoticed. But in England there has been *nothing*—or less that nothing. *Proh pudor!*

Some of our provincial contemporaries are occasionally rather loose in their musical logic. Our spirited though rare (and in arrear) contributor, Albert Smith of the Mount, has enclosed us an article upon the shilling concerts with which Mr. Thomas is endeavouring, after the example of M. Jullien, to inoculate the people of Liverpool. From this article, which is accompanied by a brief note, as follows:—"*Dear* ——,—*Is this in your line?*—ALBERT SMITH" (knowing very well—the wag!—that it is not), it would appear that the labour of Thomas is in vain, and that the Liverpuddlians disdain to be inoculated. The fact is set forth, with a knowing air of triumph, by the critic on the Mersey, who is rather hard upon "scientific" composers. Let us quote a sentence or two from his "criticism." The non-success of Mr. Thomas is thus accounted for:—

> "We have no doubt that the music has been too good, that is, of too high class. The public require to be led almost coaxed, from pleasing melody to grander and more ennobling strains; but cheap concerts should especially be devoted to pleasing and relieving the overtaxed mind. Those who are willing to pay a shilling for recreation are not disposed to listen to dreary science and tolerated discords, like Mendelssohn's and Meyerbeer's."

It is difficult to unravel what is meant by the above, since it involves flat contradictions. The expression "too good" applied to music, or anything else, in a sense of depreciation, is absurd. But that is not the question. Because half a dozen "gents" here and there, with thick heads, long ears, "shiny" boots, and well brushed hats, have neither heart nor brains for anything above a polka or a galop, shall the majority of the public, which would like as much to appreciate fine music as fine pictures, be condemned to a never-ending dance measure? This is worse than egotistical on the part of "swells" and "snobs;" it is suicidal. Why alone among the arts must music be viewed from a commonplace and trivial point of view?—why irretrievably fastened to the short and fragile petticoats of Terpsichore?

Was there ever a "critic" of fine arts such a blockhead as to retire from an exhibition of paintings with the conviction that the pictures of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, and Turner were "too good" for the people, and proclaim it in his paper? Never surely. Why then should that stupidly anomalous predicate be justified in reference to the great masters of the musical art? The lives of Mozart and Beethoven were as glorious and *useful* as those of any painters, sculptors, architects, or even poets, and their works are entitled to as much consideration and respect. Happily they are too closely intertwined with the affections of the enlightened world to be injured by the sneers of penny-a-liners, or half educated gentlemen of fortune who, having no sympathy themselves with what is sublime and beautiful, would fain, by impertinent and sophistical assumptions, pull down the rest of mankind to their own level. If the "fast" men had just intelligence enough to be able to perceive what a "slow" set they are, in comparison with their fellows, they would perhaps be a little more modest, or at any rate a little less intolerant.

But to return to our Liverpool "critic," (we hope it is not J. H. N.) whom we have quitted too long. He "has no doubt" that the music was "too good, that is of too high class." Why is it classed "high"—noodle!—if it deserves to be classed low—if it is dull and "dreary," as is suggested lower down? Really these self-evident contradictions, these empty sentences, in which one proposition follows on the heels of another only to upset it, are unworthy of a liberal pen. It puzzles us to explain how they came to pass through the hands of compositors, much more how they escape the "*dele*" of sub-editors. The trash that is uttered about music, in print, and accepted for genuine criticism, is a discredit to the age, and more especially to the press—that "fourth estate."

Observe the inconsistency of this literary representative of "genius." We are no sooner informed that the music given by Mr. Thomas was "too good" and of "too high class," than, in a trice, we are further reminded that "the public *require* to be led from pleasing melody to *grander or more ennobling strains*." If they require to be led why not lead them—even according to the writer's own slip-shod method of reasoning? We should be very glad to know moreover what is intended by "pleasing melody?" Is it only the kind of tune that tickles the ears of donkeys, or stimulates the feet and arms of awkward snobs in paletots, to the uncomely gestures of the polka? The melody of Mozart and Handel must surely be "pleasing,"* or how, otherwise, has it outlived a century?

But we are wasting our words upon a "critic" who is incessantly swallowing his own. In one breath he alludes to the music of his antipathy as affording "grander or more ennobling strains" (than those which belong to the music of his sympathy), and in the next he belabours it, as "dreary science and *tolerated discords*."

"Tolerated discords!" And this, too, is a critic—a musical critic! And Albert Smith of the Mount cuts out his article and sends it to the *Musical World*! And the *Musical World* condescends to publish an article upon the article—which was probably what Albert Smith (that sad wag—a sadder wag than even Mr. Thackeray's Wagg, in *Pendennis*!) was aiming at. If so he has hit the bull's eye "i' the clout," and we hope may be satisfied with his triumph.

One thing the Liverpool critic never doubtless took into consideration—namely, the efficiency, or non-efficiency of the performances. *How* were those specimens of "dreary science and tolerated discords" brought before the public?—with what sort of orchestra, and what kind of execution?

Donna Verlmot Gomez, a *soprano* singer of repute in the United States, has arrived in London for the season.

M. Sainton.—It should be recorded, to the credit of one of the most thorough musicians at present resident in England, that at the last two concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, M. Sainton conducted—and well conducted—the orchestra, in the absence of Signor Costa, caused by that gentleman's indisposition. The progress made by M. Sainton in the respect of all who know and who care for the best music has been great, and was never more signally attested than at the performances in question.—*Athenæum.*

M. Jullien.—At one of the concerts given by M. Jullien at Liverpool a Greek merchant was roughly handled in consequence of not taking off his hat when the National Anthems of England and France were being played. The police, however, interfered, and removed him from the room.

Miss Eliza Anne Hughes.—This young vocalist has been singing with great success in concerts given by the well known harp-player, Mr. Ellis Roberts, at Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Leicester, Wellingborough, Swindon, Melton-Mowbray, Bath, and the Marylebone Institution, Edward-street, London.

Mr. Swift, the young and promising English tenor, has arrived in London from the continent, and will make his first public appearance at the third miscellaneous concert of Madame Goldschmidt Lind on Monday evening.

Mozart's Son.—A son of Mozart is still living at Milan. He received an invitation from Frankfort to be present at the anniversary jubilee in commemoration of the birth of his illustrious father, which, nevertheless, he declined.—*Le Nord.*

Signor G. Oberti, who announces himself "Pianist to the King of Sardinia," gave a Military Concert at the Hanover-square rooms, on Friday evening, the 1st of February, for the benefit of the families of the Piedmontese Soldiers killed or wounded in the Crimea. The vocalists were Mrs. Williams, Miss Stabbach, Signor Albicini, Kinni, Pierrini, and Campanella. The instrumentalists were Signor Lazzi (oboe), pianoforte, Miss Dawson, Mdlle. Silvester, M. Le Mayer, and Signor Oberti. The military bands were those of the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, under the direction of Mr. Tutton, and of the First Life Guards, under Mr. Waddel. The accompanists were Signor Fossi (one of the best in London) and Herr Rummel. We regret to say the room was hardly more than half full. The Sardinian Ambassador (the Marquis d'Azeglio) was present.

Handel's Mode of Composing Music.—Among the four creators (not composers) of music—Bach, Händel, Mozart, and Beethoven—Handel ranks the first and foremost in many respects, but is, notwithstanding, the weakest and most unequal of the four. So low doth the great German theorists rank him that he is not admitted as an authority in their rudimentary treatises. The reason of his great inequality may be traced from his practice in writing for immediate performance, and for money. He was in one person, proprietor, renter, lessee, composer, manager, conductor, organist, singing master, choragus, banker, speculator, and had to look to the public for an immediate return for his labours. When he completed his oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus* Dr. Mainwaring requested the loan of the MSS. for a few days, and on returning them observed, "I have marked some of the finest movements." "Ah!" said Handel, "you have picked out the best things, but you take no notice of that which is to bring me all the money."—*Notes and Queries.*

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* It would appear not from the following:—"Miss Fanny Huddart sang '*L'Addio;*' *a better song might have been selected.*"

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—Ash Wednesday being a *dies non* at the theatre—that is, dramatic performances being interdicted by the law of the land and the Lord Chamberlain—a monster concert was got up to amuse those who were compelled to exist without the drama. It is a strange statute or enactment which forbids *Hamlet*, or any part of it, from being played by the gravest tragedians at the theatres on Ash Wednesday, and will yet suffer "Jim Crow" or "The Ratcatcher's Daughter" to be sung by the lowest buffoons in the kingdom. Does the Lord Chamberlain ever turn this anomaly over in his mind? or is he too much taken up, like the officials in the Circumlocution Office, with learning, as Dickens says in *Little Dorrit*, "How not to do it?" We should like to know, since it puzzles us exceedingly to account for so strange an absurdity. The concert demands very little notice. It was like all overgrown monsters, slow, dull, and unmeaning. Not, however, that it was without redeeming features, for who could hear so brilliant and striking a performance as M. Alexandre Billet's "Recollections of Ireland" (Moscheles) and not feel charmed and gratified; or listen to the Chevalier Paggi on the oboe, and not be struck with the exquisite purity of his tone and his perfect mechanism? Some of the vocal feats, too, should not be left untold. It were well to say how Mad. Caradori—who, by the way, made her first appearance in London after an absence of two years—sang the romance, "Merci, jeunes Amies," from Verdi's *Siciliennes*; how Miss Lucy Escott was encored in Balfe's never-dying "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls;" how Miss Stabbach interpreted "The Sailor's Grave;" and one or two more "hows" that have escaped us. "The rest"—as Hamlet says—"is silence."

PANOPTICON.—On Monday last the anniversary of the birthday of Mendelssohn (Feb. 3, 1809) was commemorated at this Institution by performances on the organ, in the morning and evening, by Mr. E. T. Chipp, of the following works of that lamented composer:—

Prelude and Fuga, Op. 37, No. 2; Sonata, No. 6, on the Choral "Vater unser im Himmelreich;" Andante con moto, from Symphonie No. 4; Prelude and Fuga, Op. 37, No. 1; Adagio, from Symphonie No. 3; Sonata, No. 5; March; Lied ohne Worte.

The organ playing of Mr. Chipp was masterly, and was alone worth a visit to the Panopticon. In the evening a miscellaneous concert took place, the programme, which we insert below, consisted entirely of Mendelssohn's compositions. The vocalists were Miss Clari Fraser, Mrs. Theodore Distin, Mr. W. J. Fielding, Mr. Theodore Distin, and the Orpheus Glee Union. Mr. E. T. Chipp was at the organ. The following was the programme:—

Sonata No. 1, Grand Organ, Mr. E. T. Chipp. Part-songs, "I would that my love," "May bells, and the flowers," Miss Clari Fraser and Mrs. Theodore Distin. Song, "The Garland," Mr. W. J. Fielding. Part-songs, "Serenade," "Love and Wine," Orpheus Glee Union. Song, "The first Violet," Miss Clari Fraser. Aria, "O rest in the Lord" (*Elijah*), Mrs. Theodore Distin. Psalm XLIII., Miss Clari Fraser, Mrs. Theodore Distin and the Orpheus Glee Union. Aria, "O God have mercy" (*St. Paul*), Mr. Theodore Distin. Sonata No. 3.

The whole was under the direction of Mr. E. T. Chipp, organist of the institution, and reflected great credit on his management. Miss Clari Fraser, a young lady from the Royal Academy of Music, sang the "First Violet," with great simplicity and exquisite feeling. The other singers acquitted themselves well, and the audience was delighted.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The proposals for a Peace with Russia are likely to prove fatal to all entertainments relating to the campaign in the Crimea. The first to retire with dignity and in good time were the Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, who closed their admirable and graphic "Pictorial Illustrations of the War" in Waterloo Place some days ago. The "Gallery," however, was not long left untenanted. Miss P. Horton—who is independent of war or peace—removed her "Popular Illustrations," from St. Martin's Hall here on Monday evening. We have already had occasion—when Miss P. Horton made her first appearance at St. Martin's Hall—to enter at some length into the merits of the "Illustrations," and were not stinted of cheery praises of the fair artist herself. Indeed, Miss P. Horton is especially fitted for entertainments of the kind in which she is now to be seen. Her mimetic powers are admirable. She sings well, has a capital voice, and is a good musician. More than all, her great experience as an actress is eminently useful in the delineation of the various characters she assumes. In fact, we may repeat what we said before, that Miss P. Horton's "Popular Illustrations" are among the best entertainments in monologue or dialogue yet submitted to the public. It would be unjust to omit from this notice the name of Mr. T. German Reed, who has composed all the music—which is exceedingly pleasing and characteristic—who accompanies the songs skilfully throughout, and finally acts his part of the "enraged musician" with a great deal of animation and perception.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—A concert was given here on Monday evening last. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Miss Lucy Escott, Miss Robertson Stage, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Winn, and Mr. J. L. Hatton. Mr. Viotti Collins was the violinist; Mr. J. L. Hatton accompanist at the pianoforte, and Mr. D. Francis director. Mr. Sims Reeves, who is an immense favourite at "Mile-end," was encored in a new song by Frank Mori, "Good morrow," in "Di Pescatore" (*Lucrezia Borgia*), and in the "Death of Nelson." Miss Dolby was also encored, and indeed we may say that there was a "plethora" of encores, the programme being nearly twice gone through. A Miss Robertson Stage made her first appearance, and sang two Scotch songs very prettily. The room was quite full.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mr. Costa's oratorio, *Eli*, which created so much interest at the last Birmingham Festival, will be performed for the first time in London, at *Exeter Hall*, on Friday next.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We have seen a copy of the amended laws of the *Philharmonic Society* and, sooth to say, can perceive no change or amendment in them of any importance. While such formalities as the admission and election of members are dilated on with needless minuteness, we do not find any official provision for due rehearsals—one great stumbling-block in the way of all former Philharmonic directions—nor any system propounded by which the subscribers shall be assured of hearing the best new music—not a word concerning trials, &c., &c.,—not an intimation that any attempt is to be made to impart interest to the concerts by a warrantable extension of their resources. The determination to give only six in place of eight, concerts is bad, as we have already said,—and of beginning after Easter is worse—because the latter measure is a sacrifice to the humour of crowding and crushing all our London music within the space of a few spring weeks, which is fatal to Art and to artists, on whichever side it is viewed. Why should not a *Philharmonic Concert*, rightly organized, now attract audiences as large as throng to hear the individual wonders of Madame Goldschmidt's voice, or the even excellence of the *Sacred Harmonic Oratorios*? Another rule passed—that no director shall be eligible for an engagement to perform during the year of his directorship, is, in some respects, salutary; though it must lead either to perpetual changes in the band, or to perpetual exclusion from the directorship of any orchestral players whom we may happen to possess. On the whole, there appears to be more of stir than activity in these new laws. What a change has a quarter of a century made! We were reminded of this by glancing at some of the Philharmonic concert-bills twenty-three years old. At the same concert at which Mendelssohn produced his symphony in A major he also performed Mozart's Pianoforte *Concerto* in D minor with extemporised *cadenzas*. The other *solo* player on that occasion was M. de Beriot, and the singers were Madame Cinti Damoreau and Signor Rubini. Times have changed since such a *programme* was not only possible but habitual—the more need, then, is there for foresight and energy to be exhibited in the management of these entertainments, unless they are to perish.—*Athenæum.*

L'INDÉPENDANCE BELGE.—The purchase of this journal by the noted Dr. Veron, alluded to in our number of last week, has not been completed, M. Veron, at the last moment, we understand, "crying off." Was the multifarious Doctor (a veritable literary and political Dulcamara) too knowing at a pinch for M. Jules Lecomte and the Russo-Belgians?

LES VÊPRES SICILIENNES.—Verdi's last opera is now being played at Turin and Parma with immense success, under the title of *Giovanna de Guzman*. At the latter place it was performed thirteen times in succession. *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* is also in rehearsal at the Scala, Milan; the Fenice, Venice; the San Carlos, Naples; and at Florence and Bologna.

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REVIEWS.

Popular Music of the Olden Time; a collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes illustrative of the National Music of England. By W. Chappell, F.S.A.

The fifth part of this highly interesting periodical has just been sent us. The airs of the Elizabethan era are continued and followed by songs illustrating Shakespere. To many this will appear the most captivating portion of the work, and cannot fail to be perused with delight. There is scarcely a play of Shakespere's but an allusion will be found in it to some ancient ballad tune or verses. We need hardly exemplify songs like that of Iago, "King Stephen was a worthy peer," or that of Desdemona, "Willow, willow, willow," or the Clown's song in *Twelfth Night*, or the Fool's in *King Lear*. A hint will suffice. Mr Chappell has told the history and pointed out the origin of each of these lyric effusions endeared to the dramatist no less than to the musician. Perhaps, however, the ballad most worthy to be read in the present collection is that grand old song—somewhat diffuse certainly—"Drive the cold Winter away."

The work of Mr Chappell would be valuable if only for the lyric beauties it contains, irrespective of the music, and the large amount of learning and research the author has brought to his task.

"Twelve Sacred Songs, music by Händel, now published for the first time in conjunction with sacred words, with a compressed accompaniment for pianoforte or organ, from Händel's original score adapted and dedicated to the members of the Händel Society by B. Andrews.

In the first place the "members" have dispersed long ago, and the publication of Händel's words—since the dissolution of "The Society" which set out so well and dissolved so unaccountably—has been carried on, at their own risk and much to their credit, by the firm of Cramer, Beale, and Chappell. In the next place, had the Händel Society been still in existence the dedication of Mr Andrews would have been extremely inappropriate. The Händel Society was instituted for the purpose of presenting the world with a complete edition of the writings of Händel as nearly as research and industry could ensure after the form and manner in which he left them. Now the design of Mr Andrews is exactly opposed to this. He takes songs from operas, and marries them to sacred words—for which Händel, had he been living to see it, might have rated him in much severer terms than would come gracefully from the pen of a reviewer. We have on many occasions expressed our strong disapproval of such liberties being taken with the works of great composers, who, being dead, cannot protest against the injustice done to them. The publication of Mr Andrews is one of the most flagrant instances of this unwarrantable meddling, for which no defence can be suggested, and no authority be urged. Metaphorically (*only* metaphorically) such transactions may be compared to the process of "sweating" sovereigns, attributed to a certain obscure community of Israelites. The music of such men as Händel is pure gold, and to "sweat" it should be accounted illegal.

No. 1.—"L'Alliance," Fantasia on "Partant pour la Syrie" and "God save the Queen."
No. 2.—"An April Shower," sketch for the pianoforte.
No. 3.—"Terpsichore," scene de ballet pour piano, inscribed to Lady Smart. Composed by R. Harold Thomas.

There is a merit in all these pieces, though perhaps less credit is due to No. 1 than to the others. In *L'Alliance* the French and English national airs are successively presented and then brought together in a *coda*. As a *fantasia* this does not want for brilliancy and a certain kind of effect—showy effect—but it is otherwise patchy and unconnected.

No. 2, "An April Shower," is a graceful and sparkling *étude* in E flat—appropriately enough, by the way, dedicated to Mr Sterndale Bennett (Mr Harold Thomas's instructor), of whose lighter style it is by no means an infelicitous copy.

No. 3, "Terpsichore," in F, is an extremely pretty *air de ballet*, constructed after the manner of the various *pas de danse* in the operas of Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer. Though not quite so *recherché* as its companion (No. 2), and not a bit like Sterndale Bennett, it is, in its way, just as complete, well written, and attractive. Mr Thomas has evidently "stuff" in him, and must be careful not to write (much more to *publish*) indiscriminately and with haste.

No. 1.—"Wake my Lady Sleepeth," Serenade dedicated to Miss Clara Henderson, by Edward Thurnam.
No. 2.—"Whither?" composed, and dedicated to Miss Birch, by R. Harold Thomas.

No. 1 is a very pretty and appropriate setting of one of the late Mr Lockhart's spirited translations from the Spanish. Mr Thurnam prefers that it should be sung by a solo voice to the accompaniment of treble, *alto*, tenor and bass, without any instrumental adjunct. It is printed both in this way and with a pianoforte accompaniment, and, as it seems to us, must be as effective one way as another.

We have been so accustomed of late to vulgar and commonplace settings of Longfellow's poetry, that we are really gratified to meet with so graceful a musical illustration of one of the great American poet's best translations of the German lyrics. "Whither" (No. 2—the original words are by Müller) is a charming song, and although the melody cannot be praised as strikingly novel, it is *genuine* while the harmony of the accompaniment everywhere betrays the experience and the taste of the musician. The song is in E flat, and may be sung by a *contralto* voice. We recommend it to Mrs. Lockey (late Miss Martha Williams), whose delicious voice the musical public is impatient to hear once more after so long a silence.

"Boosey's Favourite Operas for the Violin." No. 1.—"La Sonnambula." Arranged by George Case.

The above is the first number of a new collection of complete operas for the violin, one of which is announced to be published on the first of every month. The arrangement is by Mr Case. The list of operas intended for publication contains the names of *Lucrezia Borgia, Norma, Lucia, Elisire d'Amore, Ernani, Masaniello, Don Pasquale, I Puritani*, the *Huguenots, Il Barbiere, Don Juan*. Our amateur violinists will be glad thus to be enabled to refresh themselves with souvenirs of the pretty music as they have heard at the Italian Opera, and the name of Mr Case is a guarantee that the arrangement will be good. The first opera he has selected is the *Sonnambula*, which is now before us.

"The Cornet Miscellany," a new Collection of Popular Operas and other modern music. Arranged for the cornet-à-pistons, with pianoforte accompaniment by Thomas Harper.

This monthly series for that popular amateur instrument, the cornet-à-pistons, is devoted to selections ("gems," or "bonnes bouches," as the conventional terms express it) from the most popular operas, arranged with a pianoforte accompaniment. The numbers before us (1 and 2) contain pieces from Verdi's *Rigoletto* and *Trovatore*, and, as might have been expected, are ably and effectively adapted by Mr Thomas Harper.

"The Concertina Miscellany," a periodical of standard and modern music arranged for the concertina and pianoforte; composed, arranged, and fingered by George Case.

The monthly periodical above described may be regarded as successful, since it has attained its second year. Nos. 13 and 14, which are before us, contain selections from *I Puritani* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, extremely well arranged for concertina with pianoforte accompaniment, by Mr George Case. The arrangements are easy and showy at the same time, and thus may satisfy the vanity of the amateur performer, while they consult his capabilities and convenience.

Eton.—Mr W. G. Cusins gave a concert in the Mathematical School-room on Friday evening, the 1st February, which was well attended. Miss Dolby was the vocalist; Messrs. Remenyi, Nickel, and Beale were the violinists; Mr Cusins, pianist; and Mr Harold Thomas accompanist at the pianoforte. The concert went off with spirit, and several encores were awarded.

THE MUSICAL ESTABLISHMENT OF EDWARD VI.

The following is a nominal list of the Household Musicians of Edward the Sixth, with their several salaries or stipends:—

		PER. £	s.	d.
Trumpeter's Serjeante	Benedict Browne	24	6	8
Trumpeters	In number 16, every one of them having by the yere £24 6s. 8d.	389	6	8
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Harpers	William Moore	18	5	0
	Bernard de Ponte	20	0	0
Singers	Thomas Kent	9	6	8
	Thomas Bowde	9	2	6
Rebeck	John Severnecke	24	6	8
Sagbuts, in No. 6, whereof	5 having £24 6s. 8d. by the yeere, and 1 at £36 10s.	158	3	4
Vyalls, in No. 8, whereof	6 at £30 8s 4d the yeere, and 1 at £20, and another at £18 5s.	220	15	0
Bagpiper	Richard Woodward	18	5	4
Minstrelles, in No. 9, whereof	7 at £18 5s a peece	127	15	0
	1 at £24 6s 8d	24	6	8
	1 at £3 6s 8d.	3	6	8
Drومslades (Drummers), in No. 3, whereof	Robert Bruer (master drummer)	18	5	0
	Alexander Pence	18	5	0
	John Hodgkin	18	5	0
Players on the Flutes	Oliver Rampons	18	5	0
	Pier Guye	24	6	8
Players on Virginals	John Heywood	50	0	0
	Anthony de Chounte	30	6	4
	Robert Bowman	12	3	4
Musitions Straungers	The 4 brethren Venetians—viz. John, Anthonye, Jasper and Baptiste	16	8	8
	Augustine Bassane	20	16	8
	William Trosses	38	0	0
	William Denizet	38	0	0
Players of Interludes, in No 8	Every of them at 3l 6s 8d. by yeare, £26 13s. 4d. In camera 7, £26 6s 8d. in Scot' one £3 6s 8d.	30	13	4
Makers of Instruments	William Beton organ-maker	20	0	0
	William Tresorer regal maker	10	0	0
	Summe Totalis ...	£1,782	5	0

Total number of Persons, 78.

The above is extracted from the *Liber Niger Domus Regis*, Page 271 et seq.

RACHEL.

(*From the Sunday Times.*)

The late arrivals from Havannah while they confirm the news of Madlle Rachel's arrival in that city afford no indications of the period when she is likely to recommence her representations. The following is an extract from a private letter from Madlle. Rachel:—

"I remained some time at Charleston in order that I might not be too much affected by the change of temperature. I have reposed quietly and have been carefully nursed in this city for nineteen days, but my health has not yet been entirely re-established, for I cough constantly. I desired to try my strength by giving a representation two evenings before my departure, at the request of a good number of charming ladies. This *Soirée d'Adrienne* (they asked me to play Adrienne) did not increase my sickness, but proved to me that I need a longer period of repose before I can safely and regularly resume my courageous tour across America. For the present I remain at Havana and attended for in all that regards my health. My house is good, the climate is excellent, and the heat is excessively tempered by a fresh and mellow breeze, which appears to dispose me to rest and to nourish me at the same time. This is what I think the climate will do for me. Nevertheless, the day of my *début* is far from being fixed. How can I tell that several months' repose will not be necessary for me? Be that as it may, I resign myself—for I desire yet to live, even though for lack of strength I must no longer play tragedy."

The unanimous opinion of the first physicians of Havannah is, that there is nothing alarming in Madlle Rachel's condition. There is no symptom which indicates that she requires anything but a temporary repose, the term of which the excellent climate of the tropics will doubtless abridge. Notwithstanding the uncertainty as to when she may be able to appear Madlle Rachel has the prospect of the most magnificent success in the Island of Cuba. On the 23rd of December the subscription for her first twelve representations already amounted to more than 12,000 dollars. Since the above we have received a letter from the Havana, dated January 13. It says, speaking of the great *tragédienne*:—

"Rachel has changed her mind, and still remains in this city. She had engaged her passage on board the British mail steamer, and it was supposed, therefore that she was about to take her departure, but she forfeited the half passage money and is now the guest of Senor O Farrell, of this city. All the other members of the French Company I believe, have taken their departure for Europe, as have also Messieurs Felix, *pere et fils*, Rachel alone remaining with her maid. The large number of the biography of Rachel and the translation of her plays (the authorised edition published by Dawes and Corbyn, of your city), have been purchased by a speculative bookseller of this city who retails the biography at twenty-five cents and the plays at ten cents each. He has also become the purchaser of a number of the French statuettes of Rachel, and he will, no doubt, make a handsome profit out of his speculation."

EXCHEQUER CHAMBER, February 2nd.

CROFT v. LUMLEY.

This was a writ of error from the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench. It was an action of ejectment to recover possession of the Opera-house, in the Haymarket on the ground that the defendant had forfeited his lease by breaches of the covenants in the lease by disposing of boxes and stalls for a longer period than the covenant permitted him, and also by giving warrants of attorney encumbering the theatre. When the action came on for trial it was arranged it should be turned into a special case, which was argued before the Court of Queen's Bench, and that Court gave judgment for the defendant on the ground that the defendant had not been guilty of the breaches charged, except one and that the forfeiture under that breach had been waived by a subsequent receipt of rent. This matter has from time to time occupied so much space in our columns, and the arguments to-day were of so strictly technical a nature—as to the construction to be put upon the words of the covenants and upon the acts done, which were charged to have been breaches of the covenant—that a very short notice only is necessary.

Mr Hugh Hill, Mr Unthank, and Mr. Martelli now appeared as counsel for the plaintiff; and Sir F Kelly, Mr Mande, and Mr Wells for the defendant.

The arguments were not concluded when the court adjourned to Saturday next.

Theatre Francais.—An abdication, or deposition, which I know not, has just taken place. A ruler who has exercised authority over Kings and Emperors, heroes and warriors, retires, and his sceptre passes to other hands. M. Arsene Houssaye "resigns" his post of director of the French Theatre, and M Empis, of the French Academy, is named as his successor, with an allowance of 30,000f. a year. M Empis was formerly employed in the administration of the civil list under Louis Philippe. I doubt whether a theatrical company is not more difficult to manage than the subjects of "Holy Russia."—(*Times Correspondent from Paris.*)

Philadelphia.—Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given by the Musical Union at the Musical Fund Hall on the 2nd of January. On the 8th the same society inaugurated the new hall in Market-street, a spacious room one hundred and eighty feet long by seventy wide. The Oratorio and Madrigal Society was organized on the 9th, Mr Crouch being musical director. Mr Leopold Meignen has written an oratorio, called *The Deluge*, for the Musical Union. The Handel and Haydn Society is making active preparation to give its opening concert. The Harmonia, on the other hand is doing nothing. Sig. Badiali has returned to Philadelphia, and sang lately at the Concert Hall.

Lisbon.—M. Thalberg has arrived here from Rio Janeiro Buenos Ayres, the Brazils. He was received by a deputation of the Saint Cecilia Society. M. Thalberg has announced a concert at the San Carlos theatre.

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1	Overture	1	0
2	Recitative—Blow up the trumpet	0	6
3	Chorus—Let us go to pray		
4	Recitative—Behold	1	0
5	Air with Chorus—Let the people		
6.	Chorus—Blessed be the Lord	0	6
7	Recitative—Unto Thee, O Lord	0	6
8	Prayer—Turn Thee unto me		
9	Recitative—Woman, how long	0	6
10	Chorus—The Lord is good		
11.	Recitative—Hannah, why weepest	0	6
12	Duetto—Wherefore is thy soul		
13.	Chorus—For every thing	0	6
14.	Recitative—My sons	1	0
15.	Air—If thou shouldst mark		
16.	Chorus—O ye kindreds	1	0
17	Recitative—Lo he cometh		
18.	Solo and Chorus—Philistines, hark!	0	6
19.	Air—Hear my prayer	0	6
20	Recitative—Eli, thus saith the Lord		
21	Lord, from Thy face		
22.	Chorale—O make a joyful noise	1	0
23	Solo—The Lord is in His holy temple		
24	Recitative—Open unto me	1	0
25	Air—I will extol Thee, O Lord		
26.	Recitative—Why camest thou	0	6
27	Solo and Chorus—Blessed is he		
28.	Chorus—Hosanna!		

PART II.

No.		s.	d.
29.	The Morning Hymn—Lord, from my bed	0	6
30	Recitative—My mother, bless me!	0	6
31	Trio—Thou shalt love the Lord		
32.	Solo—Go in peace Quartet—We bless you	1	0
34	March of Israelites	0	6
35.	Recitative—Hear, O Israel	0	6
36.	Chorus—Hold not Thy peace		
37.	March Air—It is a good thing	0	6
38	The Evening Prayer—This night I lift		
39.	Chorus of Angels—No evil shall	1	
40. 41	Recitative Chorus — Woe unto us, for we are spoiled	0	6
42.	Recitative—When shall I arise	0	6
43	Chorus—Bless ye the Lord		
44.	Recitative—I wait for the Lord	0	6
45	Air—Although my house		
46.	Chorus—Lament with a doleful	1	0
47.	Recitative—What meaneth the noise	0	6
48	Chorus—The glory is departed		
49.	Trio—Blessed be the Lord		
50	Chorus—Hallelujah, Amen		

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The Musical World.

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VOL 34.—No 7. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856 { PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor Mr. Costa. Will be repeated on Friday next, February 22nd, "ELI," the oratorio, composed by Mr Costa. Vocalists—Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr M. Smith, Mr Thomas and Mr Weiss, with Orchestra of nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. now on issue. The subscription to the Society is One, Two, or Three Guineas per annum. For tickets or subscriptions apply at the Society's Office, No. 6, Room within Exeter Hall. Post Office Orders for Tickets to be made payable at the Charing Cross Office, to Robert Bowley.

MR. COSTA.—Just Published, price 6s., A New Portrait of Mr Costa, taken from life, and beautifully drawn on stone by C. Baugniet.—Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND.—Morning Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, Monday next, Feb. 18, 1856.—Mr Mitchell respectfully announces that MR. and MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT'S FIRST MORNING MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT will take place on Monday next, February 18, commencing at 2 o'clock. Programme—Part I. Overture, Jessonda, Spohr. Air, Ave Maria, Mr Swift ([illegible]), Cherubini. Scena, Crudel, and Aria, Non mi dir (Don Giovanni), Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, Mozart. Concertino (E minor), pianoforte, Mr O. Goldschmidt, Mendelssohn. Air, Oh, del mio dolce ardor, Miss Dolby, Stradella. Duo, Per piacer alla Signora (Il Turco in Italia), Madame Jenny Goldschmidt and Sig. F. Lablache, Rossini. Part II. Overture, Euryanthe, C. M. v. Weber. Air, Quando lasciai la Normandia, (Roberto), Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, Meyerbeer. Romanza, Deserto sulla terra (Il Trovatore), Mr Swift, Verdi. Duo la Mère Grande, Madame Jenny Goldschmidt and Miss Dolby, Meyerbeer. Tarantella, pianoforte solo, Mr Otto Goldschmidt, Thalberg. Song, My heart the Æolian harp resembles, Benedict. Il [illegible] Danza ([illegible]) Melody, Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Wedding March (Midsummer Night's Dream), Mendelssohn. Conductor, M. Benedict. Doors open at 1 to commence at 2 o'clock precisely. Reserved and numbered seats, One guinea; unreserved seats, 10s. 6d. The places will be appropriated according to priority of application, and no more tickets will be issued than the room can conveniently accommodate. Applications for tickets to be made at Mr Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

THE ENGLISH OPERATIC UNION.—An Association of Artists for collecting and performing untried Operas in the English Language. Composers desirous of having their Works tried, are invited to communicate with the Conductor, Mr Alfred Gilbert, 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street.—Prospectuses will shortly be issued.

EXETER HALL.—Mr George Case has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on Monday March 17th.

MR. WM. STERNDALE BENNETT respectfully announces to his friends and the public that his performances of Classical Pianoforte Music (10th annual series) will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday evenings, March 11th, April 8th, May 6th. Subscription ticket (for the three performances) one guinea, to be had of Mr W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square; Leader and Cock, 63, New Bond-street; and of the principal music-sellers.

ROYAL PANOPTICON.—MISS CLARA FRASER and Mrs. THEODORE DISTIN with the ORPHEUS GLEE UNION and a choir of Treble Voices, will perform Glees, etc., of the celebrated composers every evening at Eight o'clock. The Dioramas of WHITTINGTON and PUSS IN BOOTS continued, with the usual entertainment. Admission 1s. Doors open, Morning 12 to 5, Evening 7 to 10.

BRADFORD TRIENNIAL GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1856. A grand Musical Festival will be held in St. George's Hall, Bradford, Yorkshire, early in the Autumn of the present year. Conductor, Mr COSTA. SAMUEL SMITH, Chairman.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Hanover-square Rooms.—Subscribers and the public are informed that the CONCERTS will take place on the following Wednesday evenings:—April 9 and 23, May 14, June 4 and 18. Subscriptions for reserved seats, £2 2s.; professional subscribers, £1 1s.; unreserved seats, the number of which is limited, £1 1s. Subscribers' names received at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and of Messrs. Keith and Co.'s, Cheapside. W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

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ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Beethoven's Mass in C and Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise will be performed on Wednesday Feb. 20. Principal Vocalists—Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Stabbach, Miss Palmer, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Thomas. Tickets, 1s., 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s., may be had of the music-sellers, and at St. Martin's Hall.

HERR IGNACE TEDESCO (Pianist to H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Oldenburg) begs to announce that his CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Friday evening, the 22nd instant, to commence at eight o'clock. Herr Tedesco will perform Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, op. 29, several of his own compositions, and, in conjunction with Messrs. Sainton, Goffrie, and Paque, the Minor Quartet by Mendelssohn. Tickets at 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street.

MISS HUGHES (R.A.M., Mezzo Soprano), who has just returned to town from a very successful tour in the North of England with Mr Ellis Roberts, Harpist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, will be happy to receive engagements for Oratorios or Concerts.—Address, 86, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 60 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 24 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

MR. H. C. COOPER (Violinist) will, with his Pupil, Miss MILNER (Vocalist), who has created so great a sensation throughout the Provinces during the last few months, return to town for the season, on the 23rd of February. All communications to be addressed to Mr Cooper, 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

MISS MANNING begs to announce that she has returned to town to resume her professional engagements. Private lessons in singing and the piano. Classes held twice a week at Miss Manning's residence, 54, Dorset-street, Portman-square.

BARON CELLI, Maître de Chapelle to the late King of [illegible], and Professor of Singing to Mdmes. Grisi, Albertazzi, [illegible], Schoberlechner, etc., is in town for the season. Applications for lessons to be made at his residence, 16, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

MISS BESSIE DALTON begs to announce that her engagement with the Royal Panopticon (after being again and again renewed until the 100th time had been reached,) terminated on Saturday last.—40, Princes-street, Leicester-square, February 4th.

MR. COOPER (Violinist) will, with his Pupil, Miss MILNER (Vocalist), perform at Sheffield, on the 6th of March, and will be happy to accept engagements for the 5th and 7th of that month in any town or towns on their way from or to London. For terms apply to Mr Cooper, 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF POETICAL ELOCUTION, as adapted to the several purposes of Speaking, Reading, and Singing, by the Rev. Hugh Hutton, M.A. Select Classes for the study of the older English Poets, and the practice of General [illegible].—Address—No. 2, Prevost-road, Haverstock-hill.

AN ORGANIST for Archbishop Tenison's Chapel, Regent Street, will be elected at Easter, when a New Organ will be opened. Efficiency in teaching and conducting Parochial Psalmody and Chanting is indispensable. The final selection will be decided by a trial of skill. The greatest weight will be attached to testimonials of character. Salary £40 per annum. Application (by letter only) with testimonials, must be sent before the 29th February to the Rev. J. E. Kempe, The Rectory, Piccadilly.

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HÄNDEL'S WORKS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I trust you will allow me to make a few observations upon your review respecting my adaptation of sacred words to Händel's songs, as I do not deem it a personal question, but one relating to the art and science of music. In your review of my work you first allude to my dedication being made to the Händel Society, which you state is not now in existence. To this I can only express my regret that so admirable a society should have ceased to exist. The works produced by this society during the year 1844, and also for several years afterwards (being myself a subscriber and member), I always derived great pleasure in the receipt of their splendid and praiseworthy productions of the great master, the larger portion of whose voluminous compositions having been written in this country, entitling us to claim them as national property. It is well known that Händel wrote many Italian operas in this country; and it is also generally admitted that these compositions are now very difficult to obtain even a sight of, and to purchase them almost impossible, as very few copies being in existence, and those either in the Royal Library, the British Museum, or in the private libraries of a few of our most distinguished professors and amateurs, with whom they are highly prized and valued. Having met with an opportunity of purchasing thirty-two of these operas in full score, as published and edited during Handel's lifetime—it has been a source of great pleasure to me to look through the beauties of his early genius; and bearing in mind that the immortal composer lived and died, and left his manuscripts amongst us, made it a sacred duty on my part to transmit his text pure, and as far as possible unimpaired to the world. This was the feeling that animated the members of the Händel Society, and if I have so acted, I think I should have met with their unanimous approbation and approval. It is true, that I have selected songs from Händel's operas, and married them to sacred words, and your observation, that had Händel been living to see it, he might have rated me in much severer terms than would come gracefully from the pen of a reviewer. Again you say, "We have on many occasions expressed our strong disapproval of such liberties being taken with the works of great composers, who, being dead, cannot protest against the injustice done to them. The publication of Mr. Andrews is one of the most flagrant instances of this unwarrantable meddling, for which no defence can be suggested and no authority be urged." Upon this ground my case is strongly against your expressed judgment; and, in the first place, I can prove that Händel himself adopted the plan of selecting from his operas, and adapting sacred words to the same music; and with the sacred words so adapted by him these songs, now sung in his oratorios, are great favourites, and rendered highly effective by the energetic delivery of our first vocalists. Another professor of high repute, Dr. Samuel Arnold, also followed the same plan, and resuscitated many beautiful compositions from Händel's operas, to which he adapted sacred words. I may enumerate—1. "He layeth the beams" from *Ætius*; 2. "Lord, what is man?" from *Semele*; 3. "Lord, remember David," from *Sosarme*; 4. "Where is this stupendous stranger?" from *Alcina*; 5. "He was eyes unto the blind," from *Lotario*; 6. "He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter," from *Deidamia*; 7. "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!" from *Rodelinda*. Now, out of these seven adaptations, would any musician assert that Dr. Arnold did wrong in selecting these beautiful songs and putting them into a form more generally available than in their original state? viz., with Italian words, of a very loving and endearing character. I can hardly think such an assertion would be made; and more particularly if the chaste and beautiful style of Mr. Vaughan, or Mr. Bennett's singing of "Lord, remember David," happened to be in the memory of the individual making such an assertion. And again, how many thousands have been delighted by Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Knyvett, and Madame Clara Novello, singing "Holy, holy." Can it be asserted that religious feelings are not strengthened by such melody of the heart. I think not; but take the original words, and see if that powerful effect is produced, I answer, most assuredly not. It has been asserted, that Händel's greatest efforts were realised in his setting of text from Holy Writ. The obvious inference is that his early compositions would have that tendency. Whether in the adaptation from the Psalms of David, that I have taken, I may have succeeded to produce a religious sentiment (where previously it did not exist) so far as the words were concerned, experience will prove. That the melodies are well and appropriately wedded to sacred words will, upon a fair hearing in public, be judged, and by that ordeal I stand or fall. My principal object in alluding to this subject is to prove, that music may be wedded to other words than those the original composer set them to, and that, too, with good results. Those who remember Mr. Braham singing "Martin Luther's Hymn," would sigh to think that the delight might have been denied them from the very circumstance of its not having been composed to those words. And in addition to this, Madame Malibran never created a greater sensation in public than her never-to-be-forgotten delivery of Pergolesi's "Lord have mercy upon me," the original manuscript of which composition came into my possession a short time ago, and I need hardly assert that the composer never wrote the music to those words; and yet, what has been the effect of the adaptation? Has musical feeling and art been injured by it? In conclusion, I will allude to a well known beautiful composition of Cherubini's, "O Salutaris hostia." The singing of this song as given by Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Miss Dolby, Miss Maria B. Hawes, and Mrs. Lockey, was at all times attended with true devotional spirit in the hearer; and yet this song is objected to, and not allowed in the scheme of some of our musical festivals held in cathedrals,—the words being the objection. Now this being so, ought it to be termed "unwarrantable meddling" (not a very graceful term) to endeavour to remove the objection by selecting other words without mutilating the beauty of the composition? There is one great objection to this, which I must allude to, but which does not apply to my "Twelve Songs of Handel," which is that Cherubini's song is known to the present generation and admired, as it is. But this would not apply in future years, when the recollection has past away. Having a vivid recollection of many useful editorial remarks in the *Musical World* from its earliest origin, I trust that these observations may appear in your next number as a mark of courtesy to one of its earliest readers.

I remain, with every good wish, yours, &c.,

R. ANDREWS.

PROVINCIAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—I quite agree with the remarks in your "editorial" last week relative to the "criticism" so obligingly brought under your notice by our revered and mutual friend Albert, Prince of all the reigning monarchs of Mont Blanc—"May his shadow never be less!" I am no admirer of breaking a fly upon a wheel, and I therefore think that you perhaps expended more words than were necessary upon the wretched stuff which furnished the text for your article, but as you were kind enough to express a hope that it was not written by J. H. N., I have great pleasure in informing you upon the "highest authority" of the foreign correspondent, viz. (in my own) that I did not perpetrate the jumble of "criticism" in question. I am as fond of writing nonsense now and then as anybody, as you well know, but the illogical self-contradictory nature of the "critical" paragraphs quoted by you display a fund, I may say a *rudis indigestaque moles* of absurdity, which it is far beyond my humble talents to equal. I regret that the criticisms of the provincial press are so often trashy and illogical; but till the proprietors of the provincial newspapers employ and adequately remunerate competent gentlemen to write the musical, literary, and artistic portions of their papers, I fear the evil you deplore will always exist. At present many provincial proprietors and editors look upon the space devoted to such matters as wasted; and when they do permit the insertion of "criticisms," these compositions are generally left to a reporter, who writes about a concert just as he would about a gooseberry or a murder. It is high time that the "best possible instructors" should perceive that the arts are as well worthy of attention as murders and robberies, and that the opinions of gentlemen and scholars on music and the fine arts are as interesting and far more instructive and beneficial to the public, than the most minute details of crime and the verbatim reports of a vestry squabble. The proprietors of the press cry out against the absurd folly of the public in patronising the expensive newspapers of the metropolis in place of their own local journals, forgetful that an interesting and varied newspaper is cheap at 6d., and a dull one dear at 1d. I do not mean to say that all the provincial newspaper proprietors and editors are so niggardly as to ignore the daily increasing interest taken by the public in music and the *belles lettres*, for, as you well know the criticisms in one or two of the Manchester papers, for instance, would do no discredit to London, Paris, or German writers, but such persons are, I regret to say, the exception and not the rule.

Trusting that you will excuse the length to which I have spun out the thread of my discourse, but trusting that the interest I have felt in the subject will plead for me,

I remain your old and "own" correspondent,

Liverpool, Feb. 14, 1856. J. H. N.

ERNST AND MADAME VIARDOT

(*From the "France Musicale."*)

In alluding to the Second Concert of Classical and Historical Music of MM. Lebouc and Paulin, given at the Salle Pleyel, on the 29th ult., the *France Musicale* pays the following tribute of admiration to Ernst:—

"A new triumph awaited Ernst in Sebastian Bach's almost impossible *Chaconne* for the violin. Who does not know the demon-like *tours de force* with which Paganini has overcharged his muse? But these are child's play in comparison with those which Bach has written in this prodigious composition, and which will remain for ages the despair of adventurous violinists. Nevertheless, though replete with eccentricities, how fresh and elegant the ideas, how pure the form! It requires no small courage and no small self-denial to execute this *morceau* in public. The first sensation upon hearing it was that of surprise, the second of enthusiasm, and at the conclusion the demonstrations were such as are rarely witnessed. Ernst never previously, perhaps, in his brilliant and glorious career achieved a success so flattering to his self-love as an artist."

In the next paragraph the writer, speaking of Madame Viardot, is hardly less enthusiastic:—

"It was necessary," he says, "for Madame Viardot to sustain the enthusiasm of the audience at that point to which the grand violinist had brought it. She appeared, and applause rang from all parts of the room; she sang a sublime *scena* from *Iphigenia in Aulide*, of Gluck, and the plaudits were redoubled. This was not all; a universal call was raised, and the *cantatrice* was compelled to sing it a second time, which she did even with more warmth and energy than before. Madame Viardot," adds the critic, "brought this interesting *soirée* to a brilliant termination with two mazurkas, by Chopin, which she '*played*' with the throat of a nightingale, as Chopin used to '*sing*' them with feverish fingers."

The programme looked imposing, although the performance of two movements only of Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor was hardly in accordance with true musical feeling; and we are surprised that Ernst should have lent his sanction to it, more especially as the execution of the whole quartet is always one of his capital achievements.

Dramatic.—A Mr. Simpson, from the provinces, has appeared at the Haymarket in the *Stranger* with moderate success.——A very merry farce, entitled *That Blessed Baby*, from the virgin pen of Mr. Moore, was produced at the Adelphi on Monday night, and received with roars of laughter, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley sustaining the principal parts.——On the same evening a version of the French piece, *Un Mari qui se dérange*—to be remembered under the title of *Ranelagh*, adapted about two years ago by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, and brought out at the Haymarket Theatre—was given at the Olympic, and rechristened *Stay at Home*, with decided success.——The Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel, was burnt to the ground on Thursday morning last.

Vienna.—A novel attraction Quartet-Soirée was given on the 5th instant, by Herren Hellmesberger, Durst, Dobihal, and Borzaga. From the words on the top of the programme, "W. A. Mozart, geboren am 27 Jänner, 1756," (W. A. Mozart, born on the 27th January, 1756) and the selection of three pieces by him, the concert was evidently intended as a "Nachfeier" or "After-festival" of the grand one on the 27th ult. The Master's bust,—which on the above date stood in the large Redouten-Saal,—was placed, crowned with laurels, opposite the audience, and never was a more intelligent and respectful audience assembled within the walls of a concert room. Every ear appeared to pay homage with his whole soul to the genius of the great musician, and nothing disturbed the silence in which the pieces were listened to, except frequent and loud involuntary bursts of uncontrollable admiration. Even the artists, themselves, played with more than their wonted enthusiasm.

Boston, U. S.—Crawford's statue of Beethoven presented by C. C. Perkins, Esq., to the Boston Musical Hall, is to be erected and inaugurated in that city on the 1st of March, by a musical performance. The programme will include the Ninth Symphony, overture to *Egmont*, &c., &c.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(*Continued from page 86.*)

The poetic intention was first realised in the verse-melody; we became acquainted with the bearer and explainer of pure melody in the harmonic orchestra. It now remains for us to calculate accurately in what relation this verse-melody stands to the drama itself and what realising influence the orchestra might exercise on this relation.

We have already obtained from the orchestra the capability of awakening presentiments and recollections; we have regarded the presentiment as the preparation for the phenomenon which is finally manifested in gesture and verse-melody—and the recollection, on the other hand, as something derived from it, and we must now determine accurately what, in conformity with the dramatic necessity, fills, simultaneously with the presentiment and the recollection, the space of the drama, that presentiment and recollection were precisely necessary for the fullest completion of its intelligibility.

The points, in which the orchestra could express itself so independently, must at all events, be such as do not yet render possible the perfect meaning of the verbal thought in the musical sensation, on the part of the dramatic personalities. Just as we watched the growth of the musical melody out of the verbal verse, and recognised this growth as presupposed out of the nature of the verbal verse; just as we were obliged to comprehend the justification, that is to say the understanding of the melody out of the presupposing verbal verse, not only as something to be artistically thought and carried out, but as something to be organically brought about for our feelings, and to be presented to them in the process of parturition; we have, also, to picture to ourselves the dramatic situation growing out of the conditions which rise, before our eyes, to the height at which the verse-melody necessarily appears to us as the only suitable expression of a definitely determined point of sensation.

A previously-created ready-made melody—as we have seen—was unintelligible to us, because arbitrarily unpliable; a previously-created, ready-made situation also must be just as unintelligible, as Nature was unintelligible to us, as long as we looked upon it as something created, while, on the other hand, it is intelligible now that we recognise it as the Existing, that is the ever Becoming—as something existing, whose Becoming, in its nearest and its most distant stages, is continually present to us. The poet, by presenting his work of art to us in the constant organic process of becoming what it is, and making us organic witnesses of this process, frees his production from all traces of his creative powers, by means of which, without the eradication of the traces of it, he could only throw us into the technical, cold state of astonishment, with which the view of a masterpiece of mechanical skill inspires us.

Plastic art can only represent what already exists, that is to say what is motionless, and thus it never can make the spectator a convinced witness of the process pursued by a phenomenon in becoming what it is. The absolute musician, in his greatest confusion, fell into the error of imitating, in this respect, plastic art, and giving us what was ready made instead of what was in the process of becoming what it is. The drama alone is the work of art so communicating with our eye and ear both with regard to space and time, that we take a spontaneous interest in the process of its becoming what it is, and, therefore grasp what has thus become what it is as something necessary, and clearly intelligible through our feelings.

The poet, who now makes us the co-operating, and sole realising witnesses of this process accomplished by his work of art, must guard most carefully against taking the slightest step that would rend the bond of the organic process of becoming and thus wound our involuntarily enchained feelings by arbitrary expectation, his most trusty ally would instantly be rendered false to him. The organic process of anything becoming what it is consists, however, only in the growing-up from below to above—the springing from lower to higher organisms, the union of points of necessity into a satisfactory one. Now, just as the poetic

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intention collected the points of the action and its motives out of such points, which really are to be found in common life, but, on account of the manner in which they are connected, are endlessly expanded, and stretch into indiscernibly distant ramifications: just as, for the sake of an intelligible representation, it condensed these points and motives, and, in thus condensing, strengthened them: it must, also, for its *realisation* go to work in exactly the same manner as it did in the invention which was *thought*, of the above points; for its intention is only realised, by its making our feeling participate in its conception thus thought. That which is most intelligible to our feelings is our view of common life in which from inclination and necessity we act exactly as we have been accustomed to act. When, therefore the poet has selected his motives from this life and his accustomed view of it, he has, in the next place, to present to us his invented forms according to an exterior which is not so foreign to it as not to be capable of being understood by those engaged in it. He has, therefore first to show them to us in positions of life which shall have a recognisable similarity with those in which we have found, or might have found, ourselves: on such a foundation can he first rise to the construction of situations, the strength and miraculousness of which transport us precisely out of common life, and exhibit man to us according to the highest abundance of his capability. As these situations, from the fact of everything accidentally appearing in the meeting of strongly manifested individualities being avoided, rise to the height, at which they appear to us elevated above the ordinary human standard—so, also, the *expression* of the active and passive personages has necessarily to be raised, from one still recognisable for common life only by well calculated degrees, to such a one as that we described as elevated above the ordinary expression in the verse-melody.

Our present task is to determine the point which we have to lay down as the lowest for the situation and the expression, and from which we are to advance to the growth already mentioned. If we examine it more closely, this point will be precisely that at which we must place ourselves, in order, generally, to render possible the realisation of the poetic intention by the communication of it, and is a field where the poetic intention separates from common life, whence it sprang, in order to present to the latter the invented picture. At this point the poet places himself with the plain acknowledgment of his intention opposite those engaged in common life, and calls to them to give him their attention: he can not be heard before this attention is paid him willingly—until our sensations, distracted by common life, are collected into a condensed expectant sensation, just as the poet has already collected, out of exactly the same life, the motives and points of the dramatic action. The voluntary expectation or the expectant will of the auditors, is now the first realising point for the work of art, and determines the expression in which the poet must feel the latter—not only in order to be understood, but, at the same time, to be understood as the great excitement, caused by the expectation of something extraordinary requires.

The poet must, from the very beginning employ this expectation for the manifestation of his intention, and that by guiding it—as an undetermined sensation—in the direction of his intention, and no language, as we have seen, is more capable of doing this than the undetermined determining language of pure music—the language of the orchestra. The orchestra expresses the very expectant sensation itself, which sways us before the appearance of the work of art; according to the direction in which it corresponds with the poet's intention it guides and excites our sensation excited, generally to a presentiment which a phenomenon, required as necessary, has finally to fulfil.* If the poet now introduces on the stage the expected phenomenon as a dramatic personage, the excited feelings would only be wounded and undeceived if this personage were to manifest himself in a verbal expression which suddenly recalled to us the most common utterance of the life out of which we had just been transported.*

In the language which our sensation has called forth, must, also the personage in question now manifest himself and that, too, as of the same kind as the one to which our sensation was precisely guided. In this tone-language must the dramatic personage speak if we are to understand him with excited feelings; he must, however, at the same time, so speak in it as to be able to *determine* the sensation excited in us, and our generally excited sensation is determined only by being furnished with a fixed point, around which it can be collected as a feeling of human sympathy, and at which it can be condensed into especial sympathy for this one human being situated in this determined position of life, influenced by these surrounding objects, inspired by this will, and engaged in this purpose. These conditions, necessary for the feelings, of the manifestation of an individuality, can be convincingly represented only in verbal language, the language involuntarily intelligible to common life and in which we mutually communicate to each other a position and a will, which those the dramatic personage now represents to us *must* resemble, directly he would be intelligible to us. As our excited frame of mind, however, already required that this verbal language should be one not altogether distinct from the tone-language which excited our sensation, but that it should be already blended with it—as, so to say, the interpreter though at the same time, the participator in the sensation excited—the purport, also, of what is exhibited by the dramatic personage is quite spontaneously determined as one much raised above the purport of a position in common life, as the expression is above the expression of common life; and the poet has merely to keep to the characteristic element of this expression, required and obtained—he has only to take care to fill up the expression with the purport justifying it, in order to become perfectly conscious of the elevated station to which by the simple aid of the expression he has arrived for rendering his intention appreciated.

This station is one already so elevated, that it *can*, because indeed it absolutely *must*, allow the unusual and miraculous element, which is necessary to it for the realisation of its intention to be developed directly from it. It developes the miraculous portion of the dramatic individualities and situations in exactly the same proportion as the expression for so doing is at its command, namely—as the language of the representers, according to an accurate adjustment of the basis of the situation as one borrowed from human life and intelligible to it, can raise itself out of the already tuneful verbal speech to the actual tone-language, as the perfection of which melody appears, as required by the determined, assured feelings, as manifestation of the purely human purport of the sensation of the determined and assured individuality and situation.

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* I need only briefly touch upon the fact that by this I do not allude to operatic overtures now-a-days; every person of sense knows that these tone-pieces—whenever there is anything in them to understand—ought to be executed *after* instead of *before* the drama, in order to be understood. Vanity has seduced the musician—and this, too, in the most favourable instances—to fill, in the overture, even the prose almost with absolute musical certainty with respect to the progress of the drama.

* The music still retained between the acts of plays, is an eloquent witness of the thoughtlessness in matters of art of our theatrical poets and managers.

(To be continued.)

EXCHEQUER CHAMBER.

CROFT v. LUMLEY.

This case—a question whether warrants of attorney given by the lessee, under the circumstances, operated as a forfeiture, and whether money subsequently paid as rent but not received as such, was a waiver of the forfeiture—was argued on Saturday week. The arguments were resumed last Saturday (the 9th inst.), but judgment was again postponed.

MADRID.—*Don Pasquale*, *Nabuco*, *Il Barbiere*, *I Due Foscari*, and *Il Nuovo Mosè* have been played during the last week. Signor Ronconi has arrived, and will make his first appearance in *La Gazza Ladra*.

THE MOZART FESTIVAL.

(*From the Kölnische-Zeitung.*)

THE Mozart Festival has swept by—thousands have been delighted by the same strains of that master whose creations have become for so many, an essential and unalienable part of their intellectual existence. Mozart is one of the few and rare artists whose names belong to the history of the world, in so far as the latter is to be regarded as not being a history of battles alone, but also one of civilization. His greatness and his importance are firmly established for all ages, and we are only honouring ourselves by honouring him. On the occasion of the hundredth return of Mozart's birth-day, a musico-philanthropical association has been called into life, and adorned with his name—may it thrive and prosper! We have been reminded at Frankfort how much good has been already effected by the Mozart-Stiftung there—may it be as lasting in its results as Mozart's works! In Vienna an attempt has been made to discover the grave of our dear Wolfgang Amadée—perhaps it has been successful—but, in reality, it does not much matter, after all. There is one thing that has not been thought of on this occasion, namely that Mozart's manuscripts are not preserved in their greatest possible completeness for posterity. If nothing is done in the matter people will talk, in a hundred years, of the quartetto movements of our generation, as we now talk, perhaps with some exaggeration, of the generation which neglected to mark Mozart's grave with a stone.

It is well-known that nearly all Mozart's compositions in his original hand writing, are in the possession of the Messrs. André, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. His earliest and his latest works—printed and unprinted—an inestimable treasure—are all there. Messrs. André, who have a real love for art, are not alone proud of possessing these musical relics, but have, in the interest of art, made the best use of them, partly by publishing many works hitherto unknown, and partly by the politeness with which they allow them to be viewed, as well as in the free use of them which they granted Professor Jahn for his excellent work on Mozart. But it is manifest that the completeness and security of such a collection, with the changes to which the circumstances of private individuals are exposed, are not assured, so long as the collection is in the hands of such persons, however honourable. The question is, therefore, to place Mozart's manuscripts in some place where they may be safely preserved and easily accessible to posterity—only a public library unites both these advantages, and, therefore, within the walls of such an institution must these relics be deposited.

But in which one?

Prussians will propose Berlin; Saxons, Dresden; and Bavarians, Munich—but for Mozart's manuscripts, after all, there is "only one imperial city, only one Vienna."* However much the Viennese may have sinned against the great man, the influence which their manners and customs, their love of music, and the place they inhabit, together with its neighbourhood, exercised upon him cannot be denied, although it cannot be the object of these lines to prove it. Mozart belongs specially to Vienna, that is, to the Vienna of *his time*, just as Correggio belongs to the city of Parma—for there it was that he lived and loved, that he suffered and created—and although the outward covering of his mind can no longer be found there, at least the outward covering of the works of his mind, if I may so express myself, may be contemplated with respect and love.

But now comes the question at which good-nature stops. Who is to pay the expenses necessary for the acquisition of the treasures in question?

Who other than the descendant of Joseph II., that noble Emperor, who loved Mozart, and urged him to many of his most beautiful creations, even though he gave him but little money! Joseph did not think of money any more than Mozart—they were two geniuses; but the best proof how highly the partiality of his Emperor was prized by the musician is afforded by the fact that the latter refused the most brilliant offers from other places in order to remain near him.

We cannot, however, expect that a young monarch, in whose hands a part of the history of Europe rests, should think of original manuscripts, even though they are those of Mozart. The importance of their acquisition must be brought home to him; their preservation must be represented to him as the wish of the most educated and most eminent persons in the nation—and he will then, without doubt, expend, both readily and willingly, the two or three guilders, or even thousands if necessary, for the object in view.

Let musicians, and the lovers of music, bestir themselves in this business, from Hamburgh to Salzburg, from Berlin to Vienna, from Königsberg to Cologne. If in every city and in every little town, in which the strains of Mozart have produced their happy effect, addresses are drawn up, expressing this wish, and if these addresses bear the signatures of all those who love and exercise the art, such a chorus of thousands of voices will reach the ears of the mighty monarch, and assuredly not find them shut to the appeal. Herr Vesque von Püttling (Hoven) in Vienna, who is, at the same time, a high official and an excellent musician, will, no doubt, willingly allow the addresses to be forwarded to him in order when they are all collected to send them on in the right course, and a successful result cannot and will not be wanting.

May musical and non-musical papers interest themselves in this business, whether they look upon my project as good or bad. One thing is certain: we must profit by the present moment, if the question, like so many others having nought to do with material interests, is not to be carried away by the stream of time. In London, the manuscripts of Handel, that German musician whom England in so many respects made her own, are shown with pride in the Royal Library.* Beethoven's manuscripts are scattered about all over the world, and only the very smallest portion of those of Haydn are to be found—a lucky star has yet preserved those of Mozart. May they remain, for the most distant times, with the people whom the great man with pride named his own!

Cologne, 1st February 1856. FERDINAND HILLER.

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* "Es gibt nur eine Kaiserstadt, nur ein Wien," is a proverbial expression in Germany.

* Qy: Library of the British Museum.

JENNY LIND'S CHARITIES.—Madame Goldschmidt has forwarded a donation of £50 to the funds of the Royal British Female Orphan Asylum, and has presented £30 to the West of England Institution for the Blind, at Exeter. She has been elected a life-governor of the latter.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Company's band gave their usual weekly concert on Saturday, in the music room. The programme included among things of lesser note, Beethoven's overture in C, Op. 115; three movements from Mendelssohn's Italian symphony (A major)—*Andante con moto*, *Con moto moderato* and *Presto Saltarello*; and the overture to *William Tell*. It is not creditable to the conductor, Mr Augustus Manns, that, while a symphony by Dr Schumann is considered worthy to be given entire, one of Mendelssohn's should be damaged by the omission of the first movement. Dr Schumann to Mendelssohn is as brass to gold. Miss Grace Alleyne sang three songs: "I care and a true love" (Irish), Mendelssohn's Spring song ("Durch den Wald") and Beethoven's "Ah! perfido." These weekly concerts are likely to effect much good, and they well deserve encouragement. Half-a-dozen more strings would not greatly hurt the band.

MR. R. GLENN WESLEY, the pianist, gave an evening concert at Myddelton Hall, Islington, on Monday the 4th instant. He was assisted by Mad. Amadei, Mad. Onorati, Miss Eyles, Miss Lascelles, Mr Augustus Braham, Mr George Tedder, Mr Chas. Cotton, Mr Farquharson, Sig. Onorati, and Mr. Viotti Collins. Mad. Amadei was encored in the "Brindisi," from *Lucrezia Borgia*; Mr George Tedder in "All is lost now," from *Sonnambula*, and a serenade; and Miss Eyles in a Scotch song.

THE CLARIONET has just received another additional key, by Mr Wynne, of the Liverpool Local Pensioners' Band. This improvement produces four perfect notes (semitones), namely, the extreme D sharp, or E flat in the *chalumeau*, and A sharp, or B flat on the centre of the stave, making the chord of E flat in the *chalumeau* complete, and the scale of the clarionet perfect in all its chromatic tones, which comprise three and three-quarter octaves in the diatonic scale of forty-six notes.

PROVINCIAL.

Manchester.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Madame de Szczepanowska's second subscription concert came off on Tuesday evening, at the Town-hall Room, which was well filled. The vocalists were Miss Helen Taylor and M. Charles Guilmotte; the instrumentalists, in addition to Mad. Szczepanowska at the pianoforte—Mr. C. A. Seymour (violin), and Sig. Piatti (violoncello); Mr. D. W. Banks, accompanist. The programme contained enough for two concerts. The first part was not over until a quarter before ten; and at half-past ten, when I left, six pieces had yet to be given! Two of the earlier chamber works of Beethoven were played—namely, the trio, Op. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and sonata in F for pianoforte and violoncello, Op. 5. Mozart's violin and pianoforte sonata, was also executed in B flat. Mad. Szczepanowska acquitted herself ably. Mr. Seymour is still the best of Manchester violinists. Sig. Piatti gave his own *Souvenir de Puritani*, and also the "Litanei," by Schubert. Miss Helen Taylor sang the scena from *Der Freischütz*, and in two duets—"Per piacere" from *Il Turco in Italia* and "Crudel perchè finora," from *Figaro*—with M. Charles Guilmotte. This gentleman also gave Kreutzer's song, with violoncello *obbligato* called "The Mill." We recommend public singers—and Miss Helen Taylor in particular—to leave Venzano's valse, "Ah! che assorta," to Mad. Gassier, who has made it her own.

Leeds.—On Saturday the 9th, a concert was given under the management of the Recreation Society for the benefit of Mrs. Sunderland. The room was full. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Mr. Delavanti and the members of the society. Mr. Spark was conductor. The programme included among other things, the *finale* to Mendelssohn's *Lorely*. Mrs. Sunderland sang the solo *soprano* part of this fine composition in a highly effective manner, besides a ballad in which she was encored. Miss Freeman was also encored in a ballad.—On Thursday evening, the 7th inst., a great number of persons attended Mill-hill Unitarian Chapel, on the occasion of an organ opening. The instrument is built by Mr. Holt, of Bradford formerly, but now of this town.

Bradford.—St. George's Hall Company.—The annual meeting of the shareholders of the St. George's Hall Company was held, on the 8th Feb., in the saloon, Samuel Smith, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Olivia, secretary, read minutes of previous meetings, and Mr. Payne, solicitor, the report of the directors. From this it appeared that, to meet outstanding liabilities, the directors had obtained £8,000 on mortgage of the Hall and premises (having been authorised to borrow £12,000) to Mr. J. Sutcliffe, and £1,050 had been secured to parties by bonds. The income of the company during the year had been £1,[illegible]50 15s. 1d., and balance remaining after discharging expenses had been £35. Engagements of the Hall had increased. Directors proposed a grand musical festival towards the latter end of August or beginning of September. The chairman observed that the last festival had raised the reputation of the town, and it was desirable to hold one every three years, after the manner of Norwich and Birmingham. The report was adopted. Mr. W. B. Addison, Mr. Alf. Gernett, and Mr. Jos. Craven, were appointed directors, and Messrs. W. Cheesebrough, and G. G. Tetley, auditors.

York.—Mr. Barker gave a concert in the Festival Concert Room, on Monday the 11th, which attracted a crowded audience. The principal performers were Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. [illegible]brough and Mr. Lambert, vocalists; Mr. Thrush (violin) and Mr. H. C. Barker (pianoforte), instrumentalists. The band of the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars (stationed at York) under the direction of Mr. Wills, band master, attended and played several pieces during the evening. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored several times during the evening.

Ripon.—An evening concert was given in the Town Hall on Tuesday, the 5th inst. The performers were Miss Whitham, Messrs. France, Cattle, Riley and Butler, of the Ripon Choir. Miss Whitham was encored in all her songs. The glees were sung in a creditable manner. The whole was conducted by Mr. Bates, organist of Ripon Cathedral. There were many encores.

Liverpool.—(*From our own correspondent*).—Mr. Barry Sullivan, always a great favourite here, has been playing at our Theatre Royal every night this week, before numerous audiences. He acts with more care and judgment than of yore, and his performances are highly attractive in these days when good tragedians are as rare as dodos. Next week *Macbeth* entire, and as never previously given in the provinces, will be brought out on a scale of great splendour. Mr. Sullivan and Mrs. Vickery will enact the leading characters, and the music, both choral and instrumental, is to be given with every possible efficiency. It is to be hoped that Mr. Copeland will meet with the encouragement from the public that his efforts deserve. At the Royal Amphitheatre the French equestrians continue to attract, and are deserving of patronage. The performances were varied and pleasing.—Our Philharmonic Society intend giving Mr. Costa's *Eli* early in the coming season. It is said that Herr Reichardt, who is very popular here, will sing the tenor music.

Winchester.—Dr. Marks has been giving some concerts with his juvenile band at the music-hall. Among other pieces were played "The Grand Victory March of Sebastopol." Master Sturge on the cornet-à-pistons, and Master John Beard on the violin were much applauded. Miss A. Woodhill sang a cavatina from *La Gazza Ladra*. Dr. Marks presided at the pianoforte. He has educated 1,300 pupils whom he found idle in Bristol, during the last eight years, among the children of the operative classes. His desire was to foster a taste for music among them.

Keighley.—The annual tea party of the teachers of the Wesleyan Sunday school was held on Shrove Tuesday. During the evening addresses were delivered by the Rev. A. Dernaly, W. Exley, J. Norton, etc., etc., and selections of sacred music were sung by members of the choir, assisted by Miss Sellor, Messrs. Hurn, Denby, and Wright. Mr. John Sugden was the contrabassist, and Master W. H. Hoit presided at the organ. Selections from Handel's *Messiah* formed the chief part of the music. Mr. Thos. Overend, Miss Senior, Miss Banks, Messrs. Gott, Overend, R. Robinson, Master Croxall, and the boys belonging to the chapel choir were the singers.

Holme Lane End.—A musical entertainment took place on Shrove Tuesday in the Sunday-school, on the occasion of a presentation to Mr. John Hargreaves and Mr. John Faulkner, superintendants, of two Bibles handsomely bound in morocco leather, and to Mr. Christopher Middleton, the secretary, of a case of mathematical instruments. Each of these gentlemen made a suitable reply to Messrs. Bradley and Hainsworth, who presented the gifts on behalf of the teachers, friends, and scholars of the school. The band played selections from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., and several vocal pieces were sung by vocalists from the neighbourhood.

Dover.—On Tuesday evening the 5th instant, Herr Schulthes delivered a lecture on music in the rooms of the Philosophical Institution. Herr Schulthes performed on the pianoforte Mozart's *fantasia* in C minor, the "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven, and some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. The lecture was favourably received by a numerous audience. The "Catch Club" and the "Mechanics' Catch Club" have held meetings lately. The former has been well attended, but the latter not so well as usual.

Bristol.—The second lecture on the "Songs of Nations" was delivered on Wednesday evening, Feb. 6th, by E. I. White, Esq., at the Athenæum, who continued his musical tour through Germany, Switzerland, France and Great Britain. Specimens of the different national songs were introduced. The whole of the music was well executed, and many of the pieces were encored. At the theatre, Madlle. Nau, Miss Warrington, and Mrs. Allyn have been performing a series of operas, including *Norma* and *Lucrezia*, with fair success. Madlle. Nau's benefit on Friday the 8th inst., was a bumper. The opera was the *Puritani*.

Knaresborough.—The Philharmonic Society gave a concert in the Court House, on Monday the 4th inst. The vocalists were, Miss Whitham, Miss Ingram, Messrs. France, Butler, Ingram, Henlock and Snow. Encores were plentiful. The fife and drum band of the 5th West York Militia, dressed in uniform, assisted, under the conductorship of Mr. Davies, band master.

BUCKLEY.—On Sunday, the 3rd inst., a fine new organ, built by Messrs Gray and Davison, of London, was opened in St. Mary's Catholic Church. Dr Fisher president of St. Edward's College Liverpool preached in the morning. High mass was performed. The Rev. Mr. Rimmer preached in the afternoon, and collections were made towards defraying the expenses of the organ.

KIDDERMINSTER.—On Thursday evening, the 7th instant, Mr and Mrs. Paget made their first appearance at the Concert Hall. Mrs. Paget was encored in her first song, "A man's a man for a' that," and Mr Paget was encored in both the duets with his *cara sposa*. In lieu of one of Mr Paget's songs, who was taken hoarse, Mrs. Paget introduced Rossi's grand aria, "Ah rendimi," She also sang Hatton's ballad, "Mary Moore," and was warmly applauded. The choir sang several concerted pieces. Mr W. Haynes, the organist of the Abbey Church, Malvern, presided at the pianoforte, and performed on the organ the overture to "William Tell" (encored), and variations on Haydn's Hymn, by Edmund Chipp.

EVESHAM.—Mr T. W. Quarrell at the request of the committee of the Mechanics' Institute, gave a dramatic reading to a numerous audience on the evening of the 31st ult. The parts selected were the trial scene (*Merchant of Venice*), Wolsey's overthrow (*Henry the Eighth*), and Timon's misanthropy. Mr Wheatley's band attended and supplied the intervals by a performance of musical pieces from the operas *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, &c. One of De Beriot and Wolff's fantasias for violin and piano was executed by Messrs. Wheatley and F. Haynes. A vote of thanks was moved by the secretary to Mr Quarrell, Mr Wheatley, and his band, seconded by H. New, Esq. The company separated, the band playing the national anthem.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—A morning concert took place on Tuesday, in the Assembly Room, for the benefit of the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, by the proprietor of the rooms, Mr John Williams. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr Lockey, and Mr Lawler. The accompanyist was Mr T. Jolley. There was also a select professional chorus from Exeter Hall under the direction of Mr Surman. The programme consisted of a mixture of the classical and popular. A glee, "Days of my youth," from the posthumous works of Mr T. Cooke, was sung for the first time by Messrs Fielding, Lockey, Walker, Hook, and Lawler. Miss Dolby received an encore in "Bonnie Dundee." H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, H.R.H. Princess Mary of Cambridge, and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge were present.

CURIOUS AUTOGRAPHS.

At a sale of some autographs, which took place a few days ago, at the Salle Sylvestre, in Paris, the following letter from Talma to Ducis, the historical painter, was sold for fifty francs:—

"I believe it is definitively settled that we are to give *Macbeth* on the 15th of the month; wherefore fail not to make the same known to good Papa Ducis. He is sure to have a beautiful Frédégonde; indeed, it shall be my fault if she is not good. Georges is in love with her part; she feels all its importance, and that is a great matter; but she has need to do her utmost to obliterate the remembrance of Madame Vestris, who has been placed by the side of Madame Siddons so famous in England in the same character, and in the same scene where the engraver has preserved her in such striking traits and attitudes. I believe that she has the advantage over Madame Siddons in point of beauty, and with that and her intelligence, she can [illegible] the burning ambition of the character she has to represent, a natural address, and execrable [illegible]. In the fifth act, in the scene of somnambulism, she will strike the audience dumb."

The prices obtained were even more curious than the autographs. While a letter written by King Henry VIII. of England fetched 264 francs, one by Metastasio went for 15 francs. Such is the estimated commercial difference between the relics of a monarch and the relics of a poet.

MR. COSTA has sold the copyright of *Eli* to Messrs. Addison, Hollier and Lucas, for £[illegible], and has presented the whole amount to the committee of the Birmingham Festival, in trust for the charities for which that great meeting was established.

PARIS.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

I send the programme of the third meeting of the *Société des Concerts*. It is a curiosity in its way, as illustrating the principle on which the directors proceed in making their programmes:—

1. Symphonie avec chœurs de BEETHOVEN;
Solos chantés par Mesdames Dussy et Printemps; MM. Jourdan et Bussine.
2. Largo en fa dièse majeur d'un quatuor d'HAYDN,
Exécuté par tous les instruments à corde.
3. Air d'*Anacréon* de GRÉTRY, "De ma barque légère."
Chanté par M. Bonnehée.
4. Chœur des Génies d'*Obéron*, de WEBER.
5. Ouverture de *Guillaume Tell* de ROSSINI.
L'Orchestre dirigé par M. GIRARD.

I presume that the juxtaposition of Nos. 1 and 2 must have been intended to produce a very striking contrast, and certainly this object was attained. Beethoven's gigantic symphony was admirably executed, the three first movements especially. This magnificent work would alone have secured immortality to its composer. After hearing the symphonies in A, in C minor, the Eroica, the Pastoral, the overtures to Egmont and Leonora, one would think the almost limit of perfection in instrumental composition had been reached, yet the ninth symphony towers above them all, like Mont Blanc above its colossal Alpine brethren.

The execution of Haydn's *largo* by all the stringed instruments was remarkable as a *tour de force*; but coming immediately after Beethoven's *chef-d'œuvre* it reminded one somewhat of the climax, once devised by an enthusiastic foreigner,—"Magnificent! superb! pretty well!"

Grétry's air was exceedingly well sung by M. Bonnehée, and was redemanded—a compliment more rare here than in English concert rooms. The chorus from *Oberon*, too, was excellently given. In fact, the vocal performances were unusually good—*unusually*, because at these concerts, they are frequently of a very inferior description.

The overture to *William Tell* was *enlevé* with the greatest brilliancy, and set a nodding all the ladies' bonnets—so keenly did they (the ladies not the bonnets) appreciate its tunefulness, and thus the concert ended.

Important changes are reported to have taken place in the interior arrangements of the Grand-Opéra. M. Girard, it is said, has been removed from his post of general musical director, but retains that of director of the orchestra. M. Vauthrot, who, at the Opéra Comique, had replaced M. Girard as accompanist, succeeds M. Henri Potier as chorus-master.—M. le Baron Max de Weber, only son of Carl Maria von Weber, Director-General of Railroads in Saxony, has received from his Majesty Louis Napoleon the Cross of the Legion of Honour.—The three last representations of *Il Trovatore* at the Italiens, have, according to the *France Musicale*, produced more than 27,000 francs receipt. *Don Giovanni* was given last Saturday for the first time this season. Sig. Mario had resigned the part of Ottavio to Sig. Carrion. Mad. Grisi, it is expected, will make her *rentrée* on the 10th in *Norma*.

WAGNER'S TANNHÄUSER.—"One may judge," says *Le Guide Musicale* of Brussels, "of the difficulties presented in the score of *Tannhäuser* by the number of rehearsals which was found necessary previous to its production in Berlin. There were eleven rehearsals for the solo singers at the piano; ten for the stringed quartet alone; four for the quartet with the solo singers; two for the solo singers and chorus at the piano; three for the wind instruments; two for the full orchestra without singers; one for orchestra with singers; three for stage arrangements with the orchestra; three general rehearsals of separate scenes, and three general rehearsals of the opera entire—in all sixty-[illegible] rehearsals. In this summary we do not count the almost daily rehearsals of the chorus and solo singers among themselves for the *ensemble* of the duets, trios, quartets, and finales." And yet, after all this multifarious preparation, *Tannhäuser*, if we are to believe the *Athenæum* ("*ôute*"—) was a complete *fiasco*.

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NOTICE.

In consequence of the many applications we are constantly receiving to announce the arrival in town of musical professors, and their departure for the provinces or the continent, we beg to state that such favours are *advertisements*, and must be paid for. The tariff of our advertisement columns can be known at the office. It is also requisite to state that the announcement of arrivals, departures, etc., *in the body of the journal*, *among the paragraphs of news*, will of necessity entail a considerable extra charge.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Peterborough.—*We shall always be pleased to hear from our polite correspondent.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, February 16th, 1856.

Perhaps the anticipated *[illegible]* fever, in which London is expected to equal (if not surpass) Birmingham, it may not be out of place to say a word or two about a very different kind of "*apparition*."

The *Enfance du Christ*,* the last important work of a musician, who, however the opinions of connoisseurs may differ about his abstract qualifications, is unquestionably one of the remarkable men of his time, has just been given to the public in a convenient form. M. Berlioz, we firmly believe, will never become thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of the harmonious priesthood, since, though he does not attempt, like Herr Wagner, to work out a false and dangerous theory, his instincts are strangely opposed to what, since music was an art, has been considered musical. He is an innovator, not by calculation, but in spite of himself. How far this has influenced his career is matter of notoriety. M. Berlioz might write till he was double and criticise the labours of others in self defence, but he never would be able, with all his eloquence and subtlety, to persuade "absolute musicians" that music was his element. Into the intimate question, however, of the merits and pretensions of the French composer we do not propose to enter, assuming that our readers are well aware of the actual position he holds, of the idolatry with which he is worshipped by a special party, and the strong opposition of a large majority among purely musical thinkers. M. Berlioz is a man of lively fancy, and of a tone of mind both daring and original. Such men—as was successively shown in the instances of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, each the greatest genius of his period—inevitably find detractors, until the finger of death is placed upon the lips of jealousy, and the tongue of slander becomes silent in presence of the tomb. Then, and then only, when no petty egotism, no personal predilection or antipathy, no compromised vanity or anxiety for individual worldly interests can stand in the way of honest and impartial judgment, all that should go to the account of those who, largely endowed, have indefatigably laboured and endured, is accorded without a grudge. Whether M. Berlioz is destined in death to be cited as one who was in life a martyr to prejudice and the studied hostility of cliques, remains to be decided by posterity. There are many who cherish that idea, but a still larger number are opposed to it.

The *Enfance du Christ* is a short oratorio ("sacred *trilogy*") in three parts, of which M. Berlioz has supplied both poetry and music. The subject is drawn from that period in the life of the Saviour which comprehends Herod's persecution of the innocents, the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, and their return to Judea. These materials have been thrown into the form of a sacred drama with considerable felicity, and each section is marked by a special musical treatment. In the first part Herod, terrified by a vision, convokes the soothsayers. They inform him that his dream will be literally fulfilled, and his sceptre forfeited, unless he gives immediate orders for the massacre of the new born children. The King consents. Meanwhile, in the stable at Bethlehem, Joseph and Mary are admonished by angels to depart instantly for Egypt to save their child. The second part comprises the incidents of the flight—the leave-taking of the shepherds, and the night's repose in a meadow. In the third part the Holy Family, after a three days' journey, arrive, weary and worn, at the city of Sais, where they seek rest and shelter in vain, until the "Father of a Family," an Ismaelite, takes pity and receives them into his house. Here they are hospitably entertained for the space of ten years, when the time arrives for the fulfilment of the prophecy. Jesus returns to the scene of His mission, and the oratorio concludes with a prayer.

To deprive M. Berlioz of the orchestra is to cut off the wings of his imagination, for it is by orchestral colouring that he obtains the major part of his expression, and through its medium alone may the value of his musical ideas be tested. It cannot, therefore, be expected that we shall pronounce a verdict upon *L'Enfance du Christ* at present, what we have before us being only a vocal score with the orchestral accompaniments compressed for the pianoforte. The late Cherubini, on being told that M. Berlioz did not like *fugue*, is said to have replied—"La fugue n'aime pas Berlioz" ("Fugue does not like Berlioz"); but with even greater justice it might be retaliated by amateurs of the pianoforte, aware of the very small sympathy entertained by M. Berlioz (who plays on *the guitar*) for the instrument of their predilection—"Le piano n'aime pas Berlioz"—since, by no sort of contrivance can the combinations of the French romanticist (any more than those of Herr Wagner of "the Future") be made to sound well upon the pianoforte. There is between his music and the instrument in question an antagonism which nothing can reconcile. Nevertheless, the most inveterate of the artistic enemies of

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* *L'Enfance du Christ*, a Sacred Trilogy; the words and music by Hector Berlioz.

M. Berlioz are ready to praise the magnificence and variety of his instrumental effects, which are often astonishing and beautiful in an equal measure. So well as we are able to judge from the pianoforte arrangement, and the vocal parts, choral and solo, there is not that change of manner which French and German critics have professed to detect in the *Enfance du Christ*. It appears to us as clearly the music of Berlioz as anything in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Harold*, the *Requiem*, or *Faust*.

The musical plan of the new oratorio is as follows:—The dramatic personages, not to speak profanely, are Joseph (bass), Mary (*soprano*), Herod (bass), and the "Father of a Family" (bass); the principal tenor part is confided to a *recitant*, or narrator who connects the dramatic incidents and spoken dialogue by a detailed history diversified with reflections; the choruses are allotted to angels (*soprani* and *contralti*, divided) to the shepherds at Bethlehem, and to the family and retainers at the house of Sais (with tenor and bass voices added). The chief pieces in the first part are a *marche nocturne* for the orchestra, during which the patrol of Roman soldiers is supposed to be making its rounds at night; a long *scena* and air wherein the sleepless Herod gives expression to his wretchedness, like the king in the second part of *Henry IV.*; another instrumental piece, when the magicians, by means of cabalistic incantations, obtain the interpretation of Herod's visions; and a chorus where they urge the terrified despot to sacrifice innocent children in order to propitiate the spirits of evil. About the orchestral *morceaux* we shall not pretend to give any opinion until we hear them in their original shape; but of the effect of the chorus, which is in the gloomy key of F sharp minor, there can scarcely be a doubt. There is also about the air and duet for Mary and Joseph in the stable at Bethlehem a devotional sentiment and a tranquillity of expression, that, in spite of a certain vagueness, promise well. The close which leads to the interposition of the angels, appears unusually happy. Of the rest of Part I. we can say no more at present than that Mendelssohn, in the scene of Saul's conversion, has already done something of the same kind, and of this it may possibly be found hereafter that M. Berlioz has not been altogether unmindful.

The latter half of Part II.—the tenor air of the "recitant" in which the repose of the Holy Family on the first night of their journey to Egypt is described—was judged most favourably when sung by Signor Gardoni at the Philharmonic concerts. A nearer view of it confirms the impression then received of its grace and beauty. M. Berlioz has added a "pastoral symphony" which appears more quaint and less melodious than that in Händel's *Messiah*, and a chorus of shepherds, which, but for an abrupt and by no means pleasant harmonic transition (from a diminished seventh on B sharp—or, as some would call it, inversion of the minor ninth on G sharp with the root omitted—to the common chord of F minor) would be all of a piece.

The third part of the "trilogy" is the longest and most elaborate; but, with the best intentions, we are unable to understand it by aid of a mere pianoforte arrangement. We shall not do M. Berlioz so great an injustice as to criticise it with such imperfect means of judging. There appears to be considerable expression in the appeal of Mary and Joseph to the obdurate inhabitants of Sais, and much breadth and dignity in the air and chorus where the "Father of a Family" gives orders to dispense the comforts of his hospitable house to the tired and hungry wanderers. Among other things, a performance of music is got up in their honour, and this has given M. Berlioz an opportunity of displaying his originality and ingenious contrivance in a trio for two flutes and a harp, supposed to be played by three young Ishmaelites. But best of all, or we are much mistaken, is the bass solo and chorus in F major, "Allez dormir, bon père," which gives way to the last words of the "*Recitant*," describing the sojourn at Sais, and the ultimate return of the Holy Family to the favoured country. The prayer in unaccompanied chorus (to which allusion has been made) brings the oratorio to an end, in a solemn, impressive, and at the same time wholly unprecedented manner.

The English translation of the words has been made and adapted to the music by Mr. H. F. Chorley, whose task can hardly have been an easy one, and who must not, therefore, be arraigned for not having produced such harmonious verse as, under other circumstances, might have been anticipated.

In conclusion let us beg our readers not to receive what we have said as an expression of opinion. *L'Enfance du Christ* will doubtless be heard in England sooner or later, and it will then be time enough to take its merits or demerits, whatever they may be, into more serious consideration.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—When we read in journals of repute that Mr. Henry Russell is "a celebrated *composer*," we ought not to be astonished at anything else we read. Nevertheless, I must confess that an article on the anniversary meeting of the Purcell Club, which appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of the 9th instant, surprised me not a little.

Handel, it is affirmed, could see nothing in the music of Purcell. But Handel had whims. He could see nothing in Gluck, who was a greater man than Purcell, and indeed (like Mozart and Beethoven) cared not much for any other music than his own. Between seeing nothing in Purcell, however, and raising him as an *aurora borealis* to the skies, there is a long interval. Perhaps no composer that ever lived has been so unmeaningly overrated. Not satisfied with granting the praise which is his due, his admirers at times even go so far as to place him at the head of all musicians. There is a club called the "Purcell Club," which has been for a long time in existence, and meets every year to swallow a substantial dinner first, and to enjoy Purcell's music afterwards. I have nothing to urge against this club. It is, I can easily credit, a famous club in its way. We shall have a Bishop Club by and bye, and that will be much the same kind of thing. Besides, if people want to meet, and have good cheer, who can blame them? But I strongly object to making the names of dead men pegs upon which to hang sophistries.

The Purcell Club (like many such) cares more for eating and drinking than for the professed object of its institution. This has been shown in the sequel, since the performances are not good, nor do they advance the knowledge of Purcell one jot. Look, for instance, at the selections. Year after year we find the same hackneyed pieces, which shows that in the interim the members of the Purcell Club forget all about the idol of their periodical enthusiasm, and but for the feast in view would probably never be reminded of him. I have no sympathy for shams, and the Purcell Club is no better than a sham. Who are the members? How many of them know the difference between Purcell and Arne? How many of them, in short, know *anything* about music?

I remember very well the "Melodists," a club of the same kind. A number of middle-aged gentlemen (zealous and glowing musicians, of course) used to meet annually, and partake of a dinner, more remarkable for quantity than quality, helping out their digestion by glees and catches which had been listened to *ad nauseam* time out of mind. And yet the "Melodists" thought (or assumed to think) that they were perpetuating "the good old English school" of vocal music. Fudge! That "good old English school" has much to answer for. Half of the members used to be asleep, or at least dozing. It is not *quite* as bad as this with the Purcell Club. There is something more enlivening in the strains of one Henry than in such dull matters as the majority of "those fine old glees and catches;" but still, the one is as great a *sham* as the other, and thus quite as open to criticism.

With the opinion of the *Illustrated London News* about Purcell I have nothing to do. Purcell was, at the best, a "celebrated composer," and as just so much is said of Mr Henry Russell, what point is there left to discuss? To dispute from such premises would be sheer waste of ink. In the name, however, of truth and common sense I must protest against that passage in the article of your contemporary which refers to the Gresham Professor of Music. I never perused anything more extraordinary—and, with deference, permit me to add, anything less true. Let your readers judge.

> "There cannot be a better president of a musical institution than the professor of music in Gresham College. Though old in years, knowledge, and experience, Mr Taylor *retains all his youthful ardour and devotion to his art*. He has raised his professional chair, which for more than a century had been a mere sinecure, into *a most efficient and important school for music*. His lectures—in which learning, research, and solid information, are adorned and made instructive by the graces of eloquence and fancy—are constantly attended by eager audiences, who crowd the lecture-room to the doors; and it may be truly said that *no one man has ever done so much for the diffusion of sound musical knowledge and pure taste among the people of London*. The Purcell Club owes to him its existence; it was founded by him, with the aid of a few kindred spirits, twenty years ago; and so judiciously was it planned, and so ably has it been carried on, that its progress has been regular and uninterrupted. *It has become one of the most prosperous and important musical associations in England.* The works of the most illustrious of England's musicians, though they are, through foreign influences, at present too much neglected by his countrymen, are daily becoming known to a wider and wider circle, which the Purcell Club mainly contributes to extend, and which will one day embrace every English amateur worthy of the name."

I have italicised the most extravagant passages.

The retention of Professor Taylor's "youthful ardour and devotion to his art" is unique. The man who—because the English versions of Spohr's oratorios were his own property—sneered at Mendelssohn for years, must have possessed a queer sort of "devotion for his art" at any time. A still more monstrous application of "puff" is that which follows. Professor Taylor has created "a most efficient and important school of music." Has he? Where are the scholars? What have they learnt? Who, let me candidly ask, ever heard of a musician, a real *musician*, attending the lectures at Gresham College? But the next assertion "out-herods Herod." "It may be truly said that *no man has ever done so much for the diffusion of sound musical knowledge and pure taste among the people of London*"——as Professor Taylor! After this, the celebrity of Henry Russell as a composer may be accepted for an axiom, or at any rate smiled at for a harmless pleasantry. *Credat Judæus!* Why Professor Taylor has done nothing whatever for "the people of London." The "people of London" never heard of Professor Taylor. He tried to effect something with a small circle, in the centre of which he rotated upon his own axis; but even then he failed. He tried to persuade this very small circle, among other untenable propositions, that Mendelssohn was not a great composer, and that *St. Paul* was a long way behind *Calvary*. Did he succeed—even with the small circle? By no means. If he had been enabled to propose as much to "the people of London," "the people of London" would have laughed at him.

Turn over any collection of the Sacred Harmonic Society's programmes, and then refer to a file of *The Spectator*, belonging to the period when Professor Taylor was the musical critic of that harmoniously blessed journal. You will without fail come to the conclusion that the Professor's influence as a teacher has been wholly unrecognised, and that the "people of London" neither knew nor cared anything about him.

If all the musical community had dined at the late Purcell anniversary, the convivial enthusiasm of the *Illustrated News* would have been more intelligible; but since very few of them enjoyed that distinction it is wholly inexplicable. At the end of a capital dinner washed down with generous wines it is all very well to suggest a toast in honour of "the President," and to proclaim him in eloquent though perhaps unsteady prose, not merely "a jolly good fellow" but a demigod or better. That sort of post-prandial bombast, however, should be confined to the occasion.

The Purcell Club—that very "important musical association"—owes its existence to the Professor and "a few kindred spirits," and its progress has been "regular and uninterrupted." I have no doubt this is true. The grand attraction has always been the *dinner*; and so long as the dinner is good (the last dinner was at the Albion) the club will be regular in its attendance. A lover of Purcell is naturally a lover of turtle and punch. But what consequence it can possibly be to the musical art that a number of gentlemen (chiefly *amateurs*—of good living and of good music) should assemble, once a-year, to listen over their cups, to "Come unto these Yellow Sands," and "Full fathom five," I cannot, for the life of me, understand. Let them meet and be jovial, by all possible means; but let them not endeavour to make the world believe that their confarreation is of as much import to the modern public as the Eleusynian mysteries of old to the faithful and credulous amongst Egyptians.

An English Musician.

Birmingham,—Clarendon Hotel.

Mr. R. Andrews has sent us a long letter in answer to our criticism on his arrangement, or disarrangement, of certain of the opera songs of Handel. His tone is courteous, and we have therefore published his reply; but his arguments have not in the least changed our opinion. What he adduces in reference to Dr Arnold only shows that there have been other sinners as great as Mr R. Andrews. Beyond this it proves nothing, since Dr Arnold was one of a race of musical nonentities who acquired name and consideration by accident, without meriting either. The reference to Handel is scarcely more to the purpose. Handel had a perfect right to do as he liked with his own, and to readapt as many of his early opera songs as he pleased. But that is no reason why Dr Arnold or Mr Andrews should take the same liberties. A child may understand this without further explanation.

If Mr Andrews desires that we should enter into detailed criticism, we fear that his case would be much worse.

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We refrained from doing so in noticing his book because we sincerely thought that it should be dismissed at once as a publication setting (or following—it mattered not which) a decidedly bad precedent. What possible right had Mr. Andrews to make a market of the genius of Handel? Nevertheless, should we be persuaded of its necessity we are ready to undertake a task which we had fain avoid as unpleasant. We are ready to show that Mr Andrews has not only misappropriated the music of Händel but in some instances unwarrantably altered it—and, it is hardly necessary to add, *nowhere* for the better. About the Sternhold-and-Hopkins kind of poetry, too, which Mr Andrews has manufactured or caused to be manufactured for the occasion, we have no objection to say a word or two if called upon. Still we cannot but think the subject had better be dropt. It can gain very little by being agitated.

REVIEWS.

"Theoretical and Practical Cither School." By Carl A. Lane

Some ancient authorities, according to Herr Lane attribute the invention of the Cither (or Cithern, or Zither, or Zithern, or Kithara, or Kithara) to Mercury,* others to Thoth, an Egyptian mumbo jumbo of the Hermes cast. We believe Homer, who in his immortal Hymn to the God of Thieves and Lies, tells us how Mercury played on the lyre at noon on his first birthday, and four days after, when going to steal the herds of Phoebus (or Hyperion, or Delius, or Cynthius, or Paean, or Delphinius, or Nomios, or Lycius, or Clarius, or Ismenius, or Vulturius, or Smintheus, or Pythius, or Nomios, or Apollo) found a tortoise.

"Then scooping with a chisel of grey steel
He bored the life and soul out of the beast."

And further—again to quote from Shelley's magnificent translation, which to our fair readers will probably be more immediately intelligible than the Greek of the Bard of Scio:—

"——through the tortoise's hard strong skin
At proper distances small holes he made,
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within,
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space, and fixed the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretched o'er all
Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

"When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the chords and made division meet
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit,
Joyous and wild and wanton.——"

So, it would seem that Mercury not only invented the cyther but was the origin of the *pennillions*, of which our bardic friends in the Principalities are so conceited.

To those who are unacquainted with the form and construction of the cither the following may not be without interest:—

"The music for the cither is written as for the piano, on two staves united by a brace. The upper stave contains the melody, and the lower the accompaniment. Both melody and accompaniment are written in treble or G clef.

"The upper table is a flat sounding board provided with an eye or large aperture, through which the sound of the strings, reinforced by the tables, is communicated to the surrounding air. The lower table is also flat and acts as an additional sounding board. The tail piece is that side strip on which the strings are fastened; the iron pegs opposite the tail piece, by proper screwing, tighten the strings until they are in tune. The fingerboard is a narrow strip of ebony, upon which brass, silver, or steel stops are fixed at irregular distances. The object of the dots of metal or mother-of-pearl on the 5th, 7th, 12th, and 14th stop of the fingerboard is to afford a resting to the eye, in order that it may distinguish readily certain principal positions whence others may be quickly seen without confusion. Upon the fingerboard, which contains four strings, the tones and semitones of the melody are produced. All the other strings beyond the fingerboard being used for the accompaniment.

"The cither for which this method is intended and which is most generally in use, has 30 strings, 4 strings for the melody and 26 strings for the accompaniment. The melody strings are—1st and 2nd, A A on the second space; 3rd, D below the lines; 4th, G below the lines. The two first strings are of steel wire, the third of brass wire, and the fourth of brass covered with silver. The two A strings are in unison. The first A string is used only for chords. The number of notes agrees with that of the stops on the finger board. From one stop to the next is always a semitone, except the high notes from the 22nd step upon the A strings and from the 17th step upon the D and G strings. These are whole tones."

To the above we have only to add that Herr Lane's "Cither School" unites the qualities of comprehensiveness, intelligibility and succinctness, and those who would like to learn the instrument cannot do better than purchase it. The cither has of late years become greatly in vogue, we are informed (in the preface), in consequence of the "masterly performance" of a certain Herr Petzmayer, private musician to his Serene Highness the Duke of Bavaria, and it is practised by many princes and potentates in Germany.

No. 1.—"Plaintes d'une Captive."—Cantabile, pour le piano.
No. 2.—"Noce au Village."—Scène Champêtre, pour le piano.
No. 3.—"Vieux Menuet du 17e Siècle."—Pour le piano.
No. 4.—"Souvenirs d'Ecosse."—Marche des Clans, pour le piano.
No. 5.—"La Garde Passe."—Marche de Grétry, pour le piano.
No. 6.—"L'Ange du Berceau."—Chant du Soir, pour le piano.
No. 7.—"Les Ombres."—Chant du Soir, pour le piano.
Composés par Félix Godefroid.

Nothing can be more unpretending than these little pieces, and yet there is a something which distinguishes them agreeably from the majority of such bagatelles. They have all, without exception, individual character. Each one seems to possess a meaning of its own and no two of them are alike. The *Plaintes d'une Captive* (No. 1), which resembles the inevitable *largo* (the *morceau d'ensemble*) of an Italian opera *finale*, pleases us the least, although it is, probably, the most showy for the instrument. The *Noce au Village* (No. 2) is a pastoral as piquant and rustic as could be wished. Equally full of point in another style is the *Vieux Menuet du 17me Siècle* (No. 3), a quaint and primitive *scène de ballet*, to the measured strains of which any number of *perruques* and pig-tails might dance with ecstasy. The *Souvenirs d'Ecosse* (No. 4) and the *Garde Passe* (No. 5), are, perhaps, superior even to the rest for marked character and originality of thought. Both assume the military air, and yet they have nothing in common. M. Godefroid's tune in No. 4 (although, by the way, as unScottish as any we have heard) is just as catching and rhythmically pleasant as that of Grétry in No. 5. These two unaffected bagatelles, indeed, are worth playing over half-a-dozen times successively. The *Ange du Berceau* (No. 6) is a very graceful *notturno*, but in spite of that, less to be commended than some of its companions, since, like the *Plaintes d'une Captive* (No. 1), it is less original—recalling, indeed, a vast family of pieces kindred in spirit and form. *Les Ombres* (No. 7), another and a fresher composition in the *notturno* shape, has some charming points, and its character is well sustained; but, on the whole, there is a certain dryness about it, which suggests that it was not thrown off with the same ease and fluency as the rest.

M. Félix Godefroid, as everyone knows, is a famous harp player, and in all the seven pieces we have reviewed there is a certain suspicion of (to coin a word) *unpianofortishness*. This, however, is nothing when balanced with their merits, which in such brief and unambitious essays are really remarkable.

No. 1.—"Au Revoir."—Reverie pour le piano, par G. A. Osborne.
No. 2.—"Prière du Soir," pour le piano.—Dedicated to Miss Georgiana Bauer.—Par René Favarger.
No. 3.—"Deux Morceaux de Salon"—"Premier Nocturne," dedicated to Julius Amschel; and "Impromptu à la Valse," dedicated to William A. Morton.—Composed by J. Thorne Harris.

No. 1 is a pretty and plaintive mazurka in E minor, with an episode (*cantabile*) in the major. The whole is somewhat square-cut; but apart from that it is unexceptionably creditable to Mr. Osborne, its well-known composer. Why a French title?

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* "For Mercury first made the tortoise sing."

No. 2 is somewhat turgidly denominated by its composer, "*Effusion Religieuse.*" Nevertheless, *Twaddle* would be a more appropriate title for it. It consists of a brief introduction (*largo*), in which the executant is instructed to play "*serioso*" and "*piètoso*" (!) in alternation; followed by an *andante religioso* in A flat, which is interrupted by a lachrymose sort of episode in F minor, and then resumed without modification, until it evaporates ("PPP—*una corda*") at the foot of the page, into its natural and normal nothingness. We have rarely perused a bagatelle more obtrusively pretentious and at the same time emptier—not to say, which would be equally true, *spoonier*.

Of the two "*morceaux de salon*," by J Thorne Harris (Nos. 3 and 4), which are both written with extreme finish, the first, a *nocturne* in A flat, with a well-developed accompaniment in *arpeggio*, distributed between the two hands, must be praised for elegance if not for striking originality; while the second, an *impromptu à la valse* in B, laid out very much in the same manner as Weber's celebrated *Invitation*, can be unreservedly eulogised for both qualities, as well as for great variety and spirit. Mr Harris has evidently a graceful vein of melody together with a taste for and a command of, *recherché* harmony He also writes well for the instrument, the character of which he seems thoroughly to understand and appreciate. But why French titles?

No. 1.—"THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR."
No. 2.—"UNDER A HEDGE."
Songs sung by Miss P Horton in her "Illustrative Gatherings."
Composed and arranged by T German Reed.

These are two of the prettiest songs introduced in Miss P Horton's very deservedly popular entertainment, which seems to be running a new lease of prosperity at the Gallery of Illustration. They are both trifles, but such trifles as are likely to win and hold captive the ear of the public The melody of "Under a Hedge" (No. 2) is not Mr Reed's but that of "Fairest of the Fair" is his own; and a more graceful ballad—notwithstanding the exquisite art with which Miss P Horton accompanied its delivery—we could hardly wish to hear

"SACRED SONGS." The words selected from the Holy Scriptures, dedicated to Miss A Leslie Webster —No. 1 "Consider the Lilies"—2 "Remember thy Creator"—3. "I will arise."—Composed by W H. Birch.

In the graceful simplicity and flowing, if not very original, melody of these settings of sacred text consists their principal attraction. They are, moreover, easy, correctly written, and well adapted to the voice. On the other hand, short and unpretending as they are, they are open to the charge of diffuseness and needless repetition—faults which are especially distinguishable in No 1 ("Consider the Lilies"), less prominently so in No. 2 ("Remember thy Creator") and least of all in No. 3 ("I will arise") which begins like Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord."

No 1—"THE BREEZE IS BLOWING FAIR." Barcarolle, written by George Linley
No. 2.—"O! GENTLE DAY." Song, written by George Linley
No. 3.—"RACHEL." Song, written by George Linley Composed by René Favarger

In No 1 Mr George Linley, the poet, is exposed in a bark, on the open sea, to the fury of the storm, through the terrors of which M. René Favarger accompanies him with a stale melody and incorrect harmony. We need only call attention to one flagrant example —Page 2, Line 4, bars 3—4, to bar 1 page 3—on the words, "No matter we'll the tempest brave" In No. 2, Mr Linley the poet, is lamenting that some more than usually agreeable day "must die," and M. René Favarger helps him out of his blue devils with a staler (and this time maudlin) melody wedded to harmony not much better than the first In No 3, Mr Linley deplores the pending fate of a beloved child, and is consoled by M. Favarger in music of such a lugubrious tone and clumsy facture, that it is very difficult to get up any degree of sympathy for the poet's distress.

If an English musician were to publish such rubbish as these songs, he would be fairly impaled by the critics.

MDLLE. ERNESTA GRISI, sister of Carlotta Grisi, and cousin of Giulia Grisi, who will also be remembered as a very charming singer, with a sweet and flexible *contralto* voice, much admired in this metropolis some few years ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre and elsewhere, has arrived in London for the season. Her name alone is a strong recommendation were her talent not recognised, as it has long been.

M. JULLIEN'S provincial tour having terminated, he is reposing for a time at Brighton, previous to entering on a new and important undertaking

MR. W VINCENT WALLACE, the composer, has arrived in town, from Paris.

EXETER HALL.—Mr Costa's new oratorio, *Eli*, was performed last night for the first time by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society in presence of Her Majesty the Queen, and an immense audience. The principal singers were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Weiss. We shall give the particulars in our next.

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS.

THE third miscellaneous concert, on Monday evening, exhibited no falling off in attraction from its predecessors. If possible, the Hanover-square Rooms were more crowded than on the two previous occasions, and the reserved seats appeared to encroach farther towards the door-ways. The programme was interesting but lengthy It was not wise to place a concerto of Beethoven and two movements of a concerto by Molique (however excellent) in the same part. Madame Goldschmidt is the grand attraction, and everything else is subservient to her Any counter attraction is simply out of the question Whatever vocal or instrumental pieces are intended to relieve the *prima-donna*, had best be brief.

The songs of Madame Goldschmidt were not well distributed The first song came too early, and the two most difficult *morceaux* were in too close juxta-position. Let the reader judge for himself:—

PART I.	
Overture—"Egmont"	*Beethoven.*
Cavatina—"Deh vieni non tardar" *Figaro*	*Mozart.*
Mdme Jenny Goldschmidt	
Adagio and Rondo—Finale from Concerto, Violoncello, Sig Piatti	*Molique.*
Romance—"Quando le sere," Mr Swift, *Luisa Miller*	*Verdi*
Scena and Aria—"Casta Diva," *Norma*	*Bellini.*
Mdme Jenny Goldschmidt.	
Concerto (C Minor)—Pianoforte, Mr Otto Goldschmidt	*Beethoven.*
PART II	
Overture—"Ruy Blas"	*Mendelssohn.*
Aria—"Non paventar" *Il Flauto Magico*	*Mozart*
Mdme. Jenny Goldschmidt.	
Song—"The Garland," Mr Swift	*Mendelssohn.*
Trio—for Soprano and Two Flutes, "Hört Du," *Camp of Silesia*	*Meyerbeer*
Mdme. Jenny Goldschmidt; Flutes, Messrs, Pratten & Rémusat.	
{Nocturne (D Flat)	*Chopin.*
{Allegro (G Minor) of the Suites Anglaises	*J. S. Bach.*
Pianoforte Solo, Mr Otto Goldschmidt.	
Lied—"Der Sterne schaun," Mad Jenny Goldschmidt	*Mendelssohn.*
March—"Oberon"	*C M v. Weber.*
Conductor—Mr Benedict.	

The lovely *cavatina* from *Figaro*, coming too soon, its effect was lost. This song, it may be recollected, used to be one of Jenny Lind's "great hits" at Her Majesty's Theatre and seldom escaped a double encore. This time, however, it created little enthusiasm although the singing was perfect. In the *cabaletta* of "Casta Diva," Madame Goldschmidt sang transcendently. If anything could surpass this grand display it was the slow movement of "Non paventar," which, so far as regards expression, taste, and art, was unsurpassable. If there be one thing more than another which characterises Madame Goldschmidt's singing it is its earnestness, and this great quality was never more powerfully exhibited. The quick movement was not so faultless. Here Mad. Goldschmidt partly failed from want of means, the higher notes eluding her grasp. The most surprising performance of the evening, however, was the trio from the *Camp of Silesia*—introduced in the last scene of *L'Etoile du Nord*, and sung by Mad. Bosio at the Royal Italian Opera. This was really wonderful, and threw the audience into ecstacies. A more astonishing feat of vocalisation, indeed, was never heard. Mendelssohn's little song (sung in English with charming simplicity) was too quiet for a climax.

Mr Swift, who appeared for the first time for two years, made a very favourable impression. The song from *Lurline*, *Miller* requires both voice and feeling. Mr Swift lacks neither, though as yet he may not possess entire control of them. With time he may do great things, and it is his own fault if, with so fine a voice and such evident musical sentiment, he does not become eminent. We have heard him sing "The Garland" better. In the present dearth of English tenors, however, Mr Swift is a welcome acquisition to the concert-room, and will be still more so on the stage.

The remainder of the performance must be dismissed briefly. Sig. Piatti and M. Sainton were both much applauded. Herr Otto Goldschmidt executed Beethoven's concerto better than anything he has yet attempted—although all the movements were taken a little too slow. The band, under the able direction of Mr Benedict, played the overtures to *Egmont* and *Ruy Blas*, and the march from *Oberon*, with great spirit. A morning concert is announced for Monday at the Hanover-square Rooms.

MASONIC TESTIMONIAL TO MR. NEWCOMBE.

(From a Correspondent.)

In a former number of the *Musical World*, you gave an account of the masonic benefit given to Mr Newcombe, the lessee, in the Plymouth theatre. On Monday evening, the 4th instant, the presentation of the testimonial, which consisted of a beautiful silver inkstand, weighing nearly fifty ounces, and another substantial token in the shape of a purse containing 100 sovereigns, took place in the theatre, which was crowded to the roof. The proceedings began with Sheridan Knowles' *Hunchback*, in which Mr Newcombe, who was received with immense applause on his *entrée*, played the part of Modus. At the end of the play the presentation took place, under the direction of Mr P. E. Rowe, the P.P.G.D.C. The "brethren" were ranged on the stage in the form of a semicircle, and the testimonial was decorated with masonic banners, among which we recognised the banner of Druids from the Redruth Lodge and those of the Phœnix and Fortitude Lodges of Truro. Mr G. W. Soltau, one of the county magistrates, in an excellent speech, stated that the reasons for the present Masonic testimonial were in consequence of Mr Newcombe's noble conduct towards Mdlle. Julie, who was unfortunately burnt to death, and of other truly "Masonic" acts of that gentleman. At the end of the speech, which was frequently cheered, Mr Soltau handed Mr Newcombe the purse containing one hundred sovereigns; then, pointing to the silver inkstand, he said, "And now let me present you with that which you will perhaps value more than money, as there is something engraven thereon which weighs more than metal, and will be more appreciated and valued by you." Mr Soltau read aloud the inscription, which was as follows:—

"Presented, with £100, to brother J. R. Newcombe, manager of the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, by the Rt. Hon. Earl Fortescue, R.W.G.P.M. Devon, and a numerous body of Freemasons, in testimony of their cordial approval of his truly Masonic conduct upon many occasions, but especially upon that of the recent calamity which befel Mademoiselle Julie, whilst performing on the Plymouth stage, whereby he has maintained, in their fullest splendour, the especial ornaments of the order.

"*February 4th*, 1856. G. W. SOLTAU, *Chairman*."

The chairman then placed in the hands of Mr Newcombe a packet of letters from Freemasons in all parts of her Majesty's dominions, expressive of their cordial approval and sympathy. Mr Newcombe came forward, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. He made an eloquent speech, which terminated as follows:—

"I am profoundly sensible of these manifestations of regard and sympathy! This handsome and superb testimonial of your esteem will indeed be invaluable. Apart from the sad occasion which gave it birth, it will ever recall this, the proudest incident of my life, and it while be handed down to my children as a beacon to guide, and a stimulus to persevere in the path of rectitude and honour—(applause). With heartfelt sincerity I tender to you this poor expression of my thanks, and I entreat you to believe that to retain the high position I have the happiness and honour to hold in your good opinion will ever be the end and aim of my endeavours, and the highest object of my ambition."

During the evening the band performed a variety of music. The farce of the *Eton Boy*, in which Mr Newcombe sustained the characters of Captain Popham and Miss Fanny, brought the entertainments to a close. The receipts on the first night, with the subscriptions, were £130, and on Monday night, £106.

BERLIN.—The Mozart Festival was continued last week. The programme of the last of the *Königliche Sinfonie-soirées* consisted entirely of works of the great master. Some highly interesting compositions were performed by the Königliche Domchor on Saturday. Among others, Palestrina's motet, "Wie der Hirsch schreiet;" Gabrielli's chorus, "Herr der du bist vormals gnädig gewesen;" Marcello's "Terribilis est locus;" J. S. Bach's "Wie schön leuchtet uns der Morgenstern;" and Mich. Bach's motet "Nun hab' ich überwunden," besides several others. The second series, or cyclus as it is called here, of Stern's Orchester Concerts was inaugurated by a cantata, "Bleib' bei uns" of Seb. Bach, with orchestral accompaniment. Herr von Bülow played the same master's concerto in D minor. The programme included also Schubert's symphony in C major, and Herr Richard Wagner's overture to *Faust*.

The management of the Royal Opera House has given proof of its good taste lately by the operas *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Armida*, *Die Vestalin*, and *Idomeneo*—selected for performance during the carnival.

The following is a list of entertainments at some of the principal theatres of Germany on the 27th ultimo, in honour of the hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth. At Breslau, *Idomeneo*. Dessau, *Don Juan*, preceded by the overture to *Titus*. A large full length portrait of the great master and *tableaux-vivants* from various scenes in his operas were exhibited. Glogau, *Don Juan*, followed by the operetta *Mozart und Schikaneder*. Magdeburg, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, preceded by a prologue and Mozart's apotheosis. Dusseldorf, *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Carlsruhe, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, preceded by the overture to *Titus*, and a prologue.

ST PETERSBURGH.—After a delay of one month, caused by the illness of Mad. Bosio, Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* was produced on the 14th ult., with the following cast:—Peter the Great, Sig. De Bassini; Danilowitz, Sig. Calzolari; Ismailoff, Sig. Beltini; Gritzenko, Sig. Lablache; Catherine, Mad. Bosio; Prascovia, Mdlle. Marai; Vivandières, Mesdames Rossi and Taglafico. The action of the piece is altered, the characters changed, and the scene removed to Dalecarlia in Sweden, King Eric taking the place of Peter. So great was the expectation of a success, and such a demand for places, that the prices were raised. Notwithstanding this somewhat dubious act of policy on the part of the governing powers, the theatre was crowded to suffocation, and all the journals of St. Petersburgh recorded one of the greatest successes ever achieved at the Opera. The overture was enthusiastically applauded. Madame Bosio was encored in the song of the Bohemian in the first act, but declined repeating it. The chorus of drinkers, the prayer and barcarolle by Mad. Bosio were received with deafening applause, as was the finale in the second act. The performance was for the benefit of Mdlle. Marai, who was fortunate indeed in having such a night assigned to her. The heat is said to have been intense in the theatre.

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3.	Chorus—Let us go to pray		
4.	Recitative—Behold!	[illegible]	[illegible]
5.	Air with Chorus—Let the people		
6.	Chorus—Blessed be the Lord	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.	Recitative—Unto Thee, O Lord	[illegible]	[illegible]
8.	Prayer—Turn Thee unto me		
9.	Recitative—Hannah, how long	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.	Chorus—The Lord is good		
11.	Recitative—Hannah, why weepest	[illegible]	[illegible]
12.	Duetto—Wherefore is thy soul		
13.	Chorus—For every thing	[illegible]	[illegible]
14.	Recitative—My son!	[illegible]	[illegible]
15.	Air—If thou shouldst mark		
16.	Chorus—O ye kindreds	[illegible]	[illegible]
17.	Recitative—I am come		
18.	Solo and Chorus—Philistines, hark!	[illegible]	[illegible]
19.	Air—Hear my prayer	[illegible]	[illegible]
20.	Recitative—Eli, thus saith the Lord		
21.	Lord, cause thy face		
22.	Chorale—O make a joyful noise	[illegible]	[illegible]
23.	Solo—The Lord is in His holy temple		
24.	Recitative—Open unto me	[illegible]	[illegible]
25.	Air—I will extol Thee, O Lord		
26.	Recitative—Who cursed thee	[illegible]	[illegible]
27.	Solo and Chorus—Blessed is he		
28.	Chorus—Hosanna!		

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30.	Recitative—My mother, bless me!	[illegible]	[illegible]
31.	Trio—Thou shalt love the Lord		
32.	Solo—Go in peace Quartet—We bless you	[illegible]	[illegible]
33.	March of Israelites	[illegible]	[illegible]
34.	Recitative—Hear, O Israel	[illegible]	[illegible]
35.	Chorus—Hold not thy peace		
36.	Recitative—It is a good thing	[illegible]	[illegible]
37.	The Evening Prayer—This night I lift		
38.	Chorus of Angels—No evil shall	[illegible]	
39.	Recitative } Woe unto us, for we are spoiled	[illegible]	[illegible]
40.	Chorus }		
41.	Recitative—When shall I arise	[illegible]	[illegible]
42.	Chorus—Bless ye the Lord		
43.	Recitative—I wait for the Lord	[illegible]	[illegible]
44.	Air—Although my house		
45.	Chorus—Lament with a doleful	[illegible]	[illegible]
46.	Recitative—What meaneth the noise	[illegible]	[illegible]
47.	Chorus—The glory is departed		
48.	Ditto—Blessed be the Lord		
49.	Ditto—Hallelujah, Amen		

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VOL 34—No 8 SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1856 { PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

NOTICE.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Hanover-square Rooms.—Subscribers and the public are informed that the CONCERTS will take place on the following Wednesday evenings:—April 9 and 23, May [illegible], June 4 and 25. Subscriptions for reserved seats, £2 2s.; professional subscribers, £1 1s.; unreserved seats, the number of which is limited, £1 1s. Subscribers' names received at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and of Messrs. Keith and Co.'s, Cheapside. W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

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DEATH OF JOHN BRAHAM

This renowned father of English song died full of years and honors on Sunday morning last, at his residence near Hyde Park Gardens. His death was preceded by no very serious illness. It was, therefore, almost sudden. We cannot allow the occasion to pass over without giving some account of one whose whole life was devoted to his profession, and who exercised so powerful an influence on that branch of the art in which he excelled. For a longer and more detailed notice of the life of John Braham, however, we refer our readers to Nos. 30 and 31 of the *Musical World* of 1854.

John Braham was born in London in 1774, or according to other accounts, 1777. The former date is, we think, correct, so that he was in his eighty-third year when he died. He received the first rudiments of his musical education when seven years old from Leoni, a professor of note, and at the age of ten made his first appearance on the stage, at the Royalty Theatre, as Cupid, in *The Birthday*. His first public display as a singer was in the air—"Gentle God," composed by Dr. Carter, the author of "Oh! Nannie, will thou gang with me?"

When Leoni left England in 1786, Braham prosecuted his studies with Mr. Dams. In a short time he was enabled to take pupils, and, though so very young, soon established himself as a master. In the latter end of 1789, his voice broke, and he turned his attention to the pianoforte, on which he became a tolerable proficient under Dussek and other teachers. Soon recovering his voice, however, he accepted an engagement in Bath, where he met the well-known singer and professor Rauzzini, from whom he took many lessons. The fame of Braham was not long in reaching London, and Stephen Storace, the composer, went expressly to Bath to hear him, and at once engaged him for Drury Lane, where he appeared at the end of 1796. His success was so great that he was secured for the following year at the King's Theatre, and sang in Italian Opera with Madame Banti and Signor Viganoni in *Zemira ed Azor*.

Shortly afterwards Braham visited Paris, and remained there eight months. He gave several concerts, and was patronised by Madame Josephine, the wife of Napoleon. Although offered an engagement at the Italiens he declined accepting it, and proceeded to Italy with the intention of completing his vocal studies. In Italy he studied for some time under the best masters, and made steady progress in his art. He appeared for the first time in an Italian theatre, the Pergola, Florence, in an opera called *The Return of Ulysses* and created a powerful sensation. From Florence he went to Milan, where he sang with the famous Mrs. Billington. Thence he proceeded to Genoa, where he performed in *Lodoiska*, for thirty consecutive nights, with Marchesi, a male soprano of celebrity. At Leghorn, Braham made the acquaintance of Lord Nelson with whom he afterwards became a special favourite. From Leghorn he repaired to Venice, where Cimarosa began a new opera expressly for him, entitled *Artemisia*, which he did not live to finish.

On his return to England Braham accepted an engagement at Covent-Garden, and made his first appearance in the *Chains of the Heart*. From that time his name as a great singer may be dated, and his influence as an artist on his contemporaries began to be exhibited. He was acknowledged as one of the most gifted tenors of the day and became the idol of the public.

It is not necessary in this brief sketch to follow Braham's career from youth upwards. Enough to say that from 1806 to 1816 he was engaged almost every year as *primo tenore* at the Italian Opera, and eagerly sought for by the managers of all the theatres in England, Ireland, and Scotland. He was the original Tito when Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito* was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre; and Weber composed the part of Sir Huon, in *Oberon*, expressly for him.

In 1835, Braham opened the St. James's Theatre for English opera; the building of this house cost him £30,000. The speculation was unfortunate, and in a few years he lost the savings of more than a quarter of a century. The same year he purchased the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, and opened it with miscellaneous entertainments. This undertaking proved equally ruinous. From a wealthy man, Braham became almost penniless, and was obliged to sell off both his establishments. For several years he appeared occasionally at the two patent theatres, and sang with undiminished powers in Handel's Oratorios at Exeter Hall, and elsewhere. His last appearance in public was at the London Wednesday Concerts, in March, 1852.

We must conclude this sketch with a passage from the memoir in *The Musical World* above alluded to, where the writer speaks of Braham's influence on his own times.

"So great an artist as Braham could hardly have been before the public for more than half a century without producing the most decided influence on his time, and, consequently, all those singers who have aimed at excellence in the declamatory style, have taken him for their model. But, however correct and safe an example Braham offered in his own person, it was by no means an easy task to follow him. The power and largeness of his voice, which rendered his delivery so grand and emphatic, could not be imitated; and without these qualities the singer is precluded from attaining the highest excellence in lyric declamation. Art may effect much to supply the deficiency of voice, but its want must be always felt in lyric elocution. Braham produced a host of servile imitators, many of whom only caricatured his style and manner, but could not catch his beauties or his graces. There existed for many years a Braham mania among the tenor singers in England. Those who had strong voices bellowed at the top of their lungs, and imagined that thus constituted them rivals of their great archetype in energy and power. Those, on the other hand, with weak voices copied his expression and feeling, and fancied by so close an imitation that they had made amends for their want of power. Still the model being good, imitation could hardly have failed to originate some beneficial consequences. Braham's firm elocution, his clear and distinct enunciation, his method of producing the notes, the blending of his chest with the falsetto voice—one of his most striking merits—his correct judgment and refined and classic taste, could not be entirely thrown away for so long a period upon the mass of vocalists; and there is no doubt that at the present time his influence prevails largely wherever oratorios and sacred works are performed."

Braham was married in 1816 to Miss Bolton, of Ardwick, near Manchester. He was a widower for many years, and left six children—two daughters and four sons. Of the sons three are in the profession—Charles, Augustus, and Hamilton.

Pavilion Theatre.—A subscription has been opened on behalf of those who have been thrown out of employment by the burning of this theatre. Amongst the list of subscribers are included the names of Albert Smith, &c., &c. Mr. E. T. Smith has promised to give the committee *twenty pounds' worth of tickets* for Drury Lane Theatre, to be sold for the benefit of the sufferers. Professor Anderson, of Covent Garden, on the other hand, *has forwarded a cheque for twenty pounds*. The lessees of the Victoria, Standard, and City of London Theatres have promised a free benefit at each of their houses.

Cologne.—It is reported that the Männergesangverein intend shortly giving another series of concerts in London, for the purpose of enabling Mr. Mitchell to recover the losses incurred by their visit to Paris.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(*Continued from page 100.*)

A SITUATION proceeding from this basis, and growing up to this height, forms of itself a plainly separate member of the drama, which, in purport and form, consists of a chain of organic members which must mutually presuppose, complete and support each other like the organic members of the human body, which is a perfect and living one when it consists of the members which compose it by mutually presupposing and completing each other—when there are none wanting, but at the same time when there are none too many.

The drama, however, is a body that is always new, fashioning itself anew, and which has in common with the human body only the one circumstance of its being alive and presupposing its birth out of an inward necessity of life. This necessity of life of the drama is, however, varied, for it is not fashioned out of a subject that always remains similar, but takes this subject from the endlessly manifold phenomena of an immeasurably multifariously compounded life of different beings in different circumstances, which again have only one thing in common, namely, that—they are precisely human beings and human circumstances. The individuality of human beings and circumstances, which is never the same, obtains, by mutual contact, a physiognomy always new, and which furnishes the poetical intention with ever new necessities for its realization. Out of these necessities has the drama, corresponding to the above changing individuality, to fashion always differently and anew; and nothing, consequently, afforded stronger proof of the incapability of past and present periods of art for the fashioning of the true drama, than that poet and musician, from the very beginning, sought after and laid down forms which should as far first render the drama possible for them, as they might have some subject or other to pour into these forms and dramatize. No form, however, was more hampering and unsuitable for rendering possible the true drama, than the operatic form with its everlasting pattern of vocal forms, completely foreign to the drama; however much our operatic composers toiled and laboured to extend and vary them, the unproductive, disconnected patch-work—as we have already seen in the proper place—could only be broken up into a mass of perfect dirt and rubbish.

Let us now, on the other hand, present summarily to ourselves the form of the drama intended by us, in order, with all well defined and necessary change, ever fashioning afresh, to recognise it as one, in its nature, perfect, nay, as the only one and indivisible form. Let us, however, see what gives it this oneness and indivisibility.

The *one and indivisible artistic form* is imaginable only as manifestation of an indivisible purport; but we recognise the one and indivisible purport only by its being communicated in an artistic *expression* by means of which it is able to be manifested *completely* to the feelings. A purport which would presuppose a double expression, that is to say, an expression through which the person communicating would have to appeal in turn to the understanding and to the feelings, could also only be a disunited and disconnected one. Every artistic intention struggles originally for one and indivisible shape, for only in proportion as it approaches the latter does a manifestation generally become artistic; but its necessary division occurs precisely at the point where the expression at its disposal is no longer capable of completely communicating the intention. As it is the involuntary will of every artistic intention to communicate itself to the understanding, the dividing expression can be only such a one as is not capable of fully exciting the feelings; but an expression that is to communicate completely its purport, must completely excite the feelings. For the mere poet of verbal language this complete excitement of the feelings by means of his organ of expression was impossible, and what, consequently, he was unable thus to communicate to the feelings, he was compelled, for the purpose of completely expressing the purport of his intention, to manifest to the understanding; he was obliged to leave the latter to think that which he could not make the feelings experience, and he could, finally, at the point of settlement, pronounce his tendency only as a sentence, that is to say, as a naked, unrealized intention, by which course he was of necessity compelled to degrade the purport of his intention itself to an unartistic one. But if the work of the mere poet of verbal language appears as an unrealized poetic intention, the work of the absolute musician, on the other hand, must be described as one utterly devoid of the poetic intention, since, though the feelings might indeed be completely excited by the purely musical expression, they could not be determined by it. The poet, on account of the insufficiency of the expression, was obliged to split the purport into one of the feelings and one of the understanding, and thus to leave the excited feelings in a restless, unsatisfied state, while he plunged the understanding into a train of reflection that could not be satisfied, on this restless state of the feelings. The musician was no less active in compelling the understanding to seek a purport for the expression that so completely excited the feelings without satisfying them precisely in their greatest state of excitement. The poet gave this purport as a sentence, and the musician—for the purpose of pretexting an intention which really did not exist—as the title of the composition. Both had finally to appeal out of the feelings to the understanding: the poet, in order to determine feelings completely excited, and the musician for the purpose of excusing himself for feelings excited without an object.

If, therefore, we wish to describe precisely the expression, which as oneful itself should render possible a purport likewise oneful, we define it as one capable of communicating in the most suitable manner to the feelings a most comprehensive intention of the poetic understanding. Such an expression is *one which in every one of its points contains the poetic intention, but in every one also conceals it from the feelings, that is—realises it.* Even for the verbal language of tone, this complete concealment of the poetic intention would not be possible, if a second co-sounding organ of tone-language were not added to it, which, in every instance that the verbal language of tone as the most immediate container of the poetic intention must necessarily sink to such a depth in its expression that, for the sake of the indissoluble connection of the intention with the tone of common life, it can only just cover it with an almost transparent tone-veil, is capable of maintaining the equilibrium of the oneful expression of feeling.

The orchestra, as we have seen, is this organ of speech, at all times completing the oneness and indivisibility of the expression, and which, where the expression of the language of verbal tone of the dramatic personages sinks, as organ of the understanding, for the closest determination of the dramatic situation, to the exhibition of its most recognisable affinity with the expression of common-life, through its capability of the musical manifestation of the recollection or presentiment, so compensates for the lowered expression of the dramatic personage that the excited feelings continually remain in their elevated mood, and never have by similarly sinking to sink upon the simple activity of the pure understanding. The equal height of the feelings, from which they have never to sink, but merely to rise still more, is determined by the equal elevation of the expression and, through this expression, the equality, that is to say, the oneness and indivisibility of the purport.

We must, however, carefully observe that the compensating points of expression of the orchestra are *never to be determined out of the arbitrary will of the musician*, as a mere addition of sound, but *out of the intention of the poet alone*. If these points utter anything unconnected with the situation of the dramatic personages, and superfluous for them, the oneness and indivisibility of the expression is disturbed by a departure from the purport. The simple, absolutely musical embellishment of lowered [illegible] points in situations, pressed into service for the self-glorification of music in so called "Ritornelles," as well as for the accompaniment of vocal pieces, completely destroys the oneness and indivisibility of the expression and throws the interest of the sense of hearing upon the manifestation of the music—no longer as expression—but, to a certain extent, as the thing itself expressed. The above moments, too, must only be presupposed by the poetic intention, and that, too, in such a way that, as presentiment or recollection, they shall only direct our feelings exclusively to the dramatic personages, and what is connected with or proceeds from them. We must not be aware of these presageful or reminding melodic points otherwise than as appearing to us as a completion experienced by us of the manifestation of the personage who either will not or cannot yet utter before our eyes his full sensation.

These melodic points, of themselves calculated to maintain the feelings always at the same height, become for us, by means of the orchestra, to a certain extent, the guides of the feelings through the whole long-spun-out structure of the drama. By them we are always cognizant of the profoundest secret of the poetic intention, and immediate participators in its realisation. Between them as presentiment and recollection, stands the verse-melody as borne and bearing individuality, as presupposed out of a surrounding circle of feelings, consisting of the points of the manifestation, both of peculiar sentiments of the feelings and of strange ones woven in, as well as of those already experienced and those still to be so. The points of a significant completion of the expression of feeling fall into the background, as soon as the acting individual, perfectly agreeing with himself, steps forward to the fullest expression of the verse melody: the orchestra then bears this only according to its greatest power of explanation in order, when the coloured expression of the verse melody sinks down again to the merely toneful verbal phrase, to complete afresh by presageful recollection the general expression of feeling, and to presuppose necessary transitions of the sensation out of our own interest which is always kept alive.

These melodic points, in which we remember the presentiment, while they render for us the recollection a presentiment, will necessarily spring only from the *most important motives* of the drama, and the most important ones among them will, moreover, correspond in numbers with the motives which the poet has destined, as the compressed, strengthened fundamental motives of the action, compressed and strengthened in precisely the same way, to be the *pillars* of his dramatic structure, which, on principle, he does not employ in confusing multiplicity but in a lesser number, to be plastically arranged and necessarily presupposed for an easy and comprehensive view. In these fundamental motives, which are precisely not sentences, but plastic points of feeling, the intention of the poet, as one realized by the reception of the feelings, becomes most intelligible; and the musician, as the realiser of the poet, has, therefore, rightly so to arrange these motives condensed into melodic points, *in the most perfect accordance with the poetic intention*, that, in their well-determined and mutual repetition, the highest and most undeniable musical form shall quite spontaneously spring up for him—a form such as the musician hitherto arbitrarily put together and which can first be fashioned to a necessary, indivisible—that is *intelligible*—one, out of the poetic intention.

(*To be continued.*)

EXCHEQUER CHAMBER.

CROFT v. LUMLEY

The Baron *Alderson* delivered the judgment of the Court in this case. The Court of Error were of opinion that the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench ought to be affirmed. There were two questions—whether there had been a forfeiture of the lease of the Opera House, and secondly, if there had been a forfeiture, whether there had been a waiver of it by the acceptance of rent. The Court were of opinion that the three grounds set out as breaches of the covenant acted as a forfeiture; but the Queen's Bench had considered that the warrant of attorney which had been given by the defendant amounted to a forfeiture, though afterwards waived. This Court did not, however, consider that the executing warrant of attorney under the circumstances were encumbering the property so as to warrant a forfeiture. They were given under compulsion and were not voluntary, being given only to save expense and gain time. Therefore the judgment for the defendant Lumley must be affirmed.

Judgment below affirmed.

PROVINCIAL.

Edinburgh.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The opera continues to prove successful, particularly on those nights when the *Prophète* is performed. Last Thursday *Il Barbiere* was given for the first time with decided success, owing chiefly to the Almaviva of Herr Reichardt. Mad Fodor had hardly the *physique* for Rosina, but she sings the music very fairly, taking, however, great liberties with the text. The Figaro of Signor Mosari was too stiff, and he is not capable of executing the music properly. M. Zelger was very amusing as Dr Bartolo, taking Lablache as a model, although inclined at times to be somewhat practical in his jokes. Herr Reichardt's Almaviva was throughout graceful and gentlemanly. In the drunken scene there was nothing to wound the most fastidious taste, the singer never once forgetting he was the Count Almaviva. We were quite surprised at the ease with which he identified himself with the part, and could hardly believe that this was the same artist who two nights previously charmed us by his conception of the Prophet. Herr Reichardt's singing throughout was excellent, particularly in "Ecco ridente." In the second act, he introduced (after the questionable fashion in Germany) a *Lied* which was encored. Every one is disappointed that Mad Caradori and Formes are not with us this season. *Fidelio*, *Les Huguenots*, *Der Freischütz*, etc., might then have been performed.

On dit that Mr Black, the manager of the new Queen's Theatre and Operahouse intends giving a short operatic season. The theatre is one of the most elegant in the provinces.

Liverpool.—*Macbeth* has been produced at the Theatre Royal with great completeness in the scenic and accessory departments. Mr Barry Sullivan and Mrs Vickery sustain the principal parts. Mr Augustus Braham and Mr Hamilton Braham appeared on Saturday last at the Saturday Evening Concerts in this town, and had announced a series of concerts at the Concert-hall. The death of their father occurred on Sunday, and although a special despatch was forwarded from London it did not reach them till Tuesday morning; and though the morning editions of the local papers of Monday contained an announcement of the death of the father, the sons remained ignorant of it until the end of the concert on Monday evening.

Torquay.—The Amateur Concert in aid of the funds of the Torquay Infirmary came off on the evening of the 5th, at the Royal Hotel Assembly Rooms. There was a large assemblage, and the receipts amounted to nearly £170—a sum exceeding the deficiency of last year, and which will enable the committee to conduct the Institution without curtailing the relief afforded to the poor. The amateurs assisting were, the Lady Sophia Wyndham, Madame La Comtesse de Vogüé, Miss H. Johnson Danyell, Miss Sheet, Lord Graves, and C. Massegherd, Esq. The programme comprised solos and concerted pieces from popular operas, and trios by Signor Campana, to whose assistance, as director and conductor, the amateurs were greatly indebted. Mr Rockstro played some pieces on the pianoforte.

Ashton.—A ladies concert was given in the Town Hall by the Gentlemen's Glee Club, on Wednesday evening the 13th inst. The vocalists were Miss Heywood, of Manchester; Miss Thorley, Miss Heywood, Miss R. Heywood, with Messrs. Edmondson, Brierley, T. Newton, Wilkinson, Andrew, Smith, J. Newton, and Heap.

Leicester.—The Messrs. Nicholson gave their annual concert on the evening of the 12th. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle Rudersdorff, Miss Poole, Miss Manning, and Mr Frank Bodda. Messrs. H. and A. Nicholson performed on the flute and oboe. Miss Manning, Mr H. Farmer of Nottingham, and Mr F. Bodda, accompanied the vocal music. More than half the pieces were encored.

Halifax.—On the evening of the 13th inst. the members of the Second West York Yeomanry Cavalry band gave their annual concert in the Oddfellows' Hall. Mr G. S. Calvert played a solo on the cornet-à-pistons, and Mr Sutcliffe Greenwood a solo on the ophicleide. The vocalists were Mrs Sunderland and Mr Henry Phillips.

Southampton.—Dr Marks has been giving concerts at the Town Hall with his juvenile band.

Hyde.—A concert was given by the "Operatives" on the evening of the 14th, for the benefit of Miss Helen Williams, formerly a member of the choir, but who was educated at the Royal Academy of Music, London, whence she has recently returned. The orchestra played the overtures to the *Nozze di Figaro* and *Guillaume Tell*. The chorus sang Bishop's "Daughter of Error." Miss Helen Williams was encored in "The mountaineer," by Auber, and in a Scotch ballad, "Welcome my bonnie lad." Mr Perring was the other vocalist. Mr W D Banks presided at the pianoforte and also played solos.

Barnsley.—On the evening of the 11th inst. the Silkstone Church Choir gave their first concert in the National School-room. The performers were Miss Marshall, Messrs. Teasdale, Ford, Bottom, Bailey and Hale. Mr Ostram presided at the pianoforte. There were several encores during the evening. The vicar, the Rev J. L. Walton, at the close of the entertainment, addressed the audience.

Manchester.—On the evening of the 14th instant the members of the late choir at Hope Chapel Salford, assembled in the Great George-street lecture-room presented Samuel H Turner, their leader with a case containing copies of the *Messiah* and *Creation*, as a mark of esteem for his services during two years. Kent's Anthems and selections from *Messiah* were given.

Huddersfield.—The third quarterly concert of the Choral Society was given on Friday the 15th instant, in the Philosophical Hall when a selection from the *Messiah* was performed. Mrs. Sunderland was among the solo singers. The audience was numerous.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The third performance of Mr Costa's oratorio, *Eli* takes place at Exeter Hall on Friday evening next. Arrangements have already been made for its production at Dublin, Liverpool, Bradford, Bristol, and other provincial towns.

Manchester.—(*From our own Correspondent*).—The seventh concert of the Classical Chamber Music Society took place on Thursday evening, the 14th. The programme was as follows:—

Part I.—Grand Trio Concertante (MS.) (in F, op. 53), Molique; Sonata—pianoforte and violoncello (in D op. 58) Mendelssohn.

Part II.—Trio (in C minor op 1 No 3), Beethoven; Solo—violin (MS.) "Saltarello," Molique. Solo—pianoforte, selections from preludes and studies, Chopin.

This concert was one of the most successful of the series. By desire of several subscribers—and out of compliment to the composer—Molique's *Trio Concertante* (composed and dedicated to this society—and originally produced at the fourth concert) was repeated. It was only fair that so elaborate a composition should be heard a second time. Its performance was more satisfactory and the audience more pleased on becoming better acquainted with it. Mendelssohn's *duo sonata* was finely played by M. Hallé and Sig Piatti. The *adagio* was rapturously encored—a very unusual compliment at these performances. Beethoven's trio was a treat of another kind. Herr Molique gave a good example of *pure fiddling* in his own *Saltarello*—which was loudly applauded. The selections from Chopin were marvellously played by M Hallé. The room was crowded.

Birmingham.—Madame Goldschmidt has given two concerts at the Town Hall. On Wednesday evening the *Creation* was performed, with Mr Swift and Mr Weiss in the male personages. On Thursday evening there was a miscellaneous concert, when Madame Goldschmidt sang several of her favourite songs, among which were "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" (*Freyschütz*), "Squallida veste e bruna" (*Il Turco in Italia*), "Non Paventar" (*Flauto Magico*), Meyerbeer's tale from the *Camp of Silesia*, for voice and two flutes (Messrs. Pratten and Rémusat), and "John Anderson my Jo." Mr Goldschmidt played Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, and a "transcription" by Liszt. Mr Swift sang the *aria* from *Don Giovanni*, "Dalla sua pace," and Rossini's chamber duet, "I Marinari" with Mr Weiss. Mr Hagrove and Signor Piatti played solos on the viola and violoncello. The chorus sang a partsong by Pearsall, and the madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale" (*Festa*). The band played the overtures to *Oberon* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. At both concerts there was an immense crowd and great enthusiasm.

THE MILL HILL CHAPEL ORGAN AT LEEDS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

This organ contains 36 sounding stops, and six coupling stops; three sets of manuals (or "rows of keys"), and a pedal board of two-and-a-quarter octaves. The swell organ is carried down to CC and is the first, we believe, of this compass introduced into any new organ in Leeds. Great care has been taken by the builder with the mechanism of the instrument, which is executed in a very creditable manner. Of the tone and musical finish of the organ, we can in some respects, speak highly—in others, we are obliged to qualify our praise. Much of the lighter work, such as the stopped diapasons, gemshorn, flute, and a portion of the reeds, are well finished, and reflect credit on Mr Holt's ability for this kind of work. The whole effect of the organ however is weak in comparison with the number of the stops. The diapasons, especially are thin in tone whilst the mixtures and great organ reeds are deficient in that decision and body of tone which characterise the work of the leading metropolitan builders. The pedal 16-feet reed is good in the lower part, and speaks freely, but in the upper notes, there is a lack of both power and sweetness of tone. The bourdon speaks the *fifth* too strongly and is too indefinite in its tone, though the open pedal diapason is successful.

Whilst, therefore, the organ contains much that is well executed, there are points, such as we have specified, which indicate rather a falling off from Mr Holt's previous efforts than an advance.

The performances on the evening when the organ was inaugurated were provided by the committee on a most liberal scale, and were, on the whole successful. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, Mr Wilson (of York), tenor, and Mr Hinchcliffe, basso. There was a chorus of about thirty, selected from the different choirs in the town, and Mr Holt, who has been lately elected organist of the chapel, presided at his instrument. The first part was confined to selections from *Elijah*; the second was miscellaneous. Mrs Sunderland sang, "Hear ye, Israel" and other pieces, with more than her usual energy. Miss Newbound created a favourable impression by her execution of "O rest in the Lord." Mr Wilson was not so successful, being out of tune with "In native worth." Mr Hinchcliffe sang "Now heaven in fullest glory," extremely well. Mr Holt performed several pieces on the organ which, as an amateur, entitle him to much praise. The whole performance afforded satisfaction to the congregation which crowded the chapel in every part.

The Madrigal Society.—The 115th anniversary meeting of this society took place at the Freemason's Tavern, on Thursday evening, Sir George Clerk, president of the society. A great number of musicians and amateurs attended. Among the latter was Maharajah Duleep Sing, well known for his proficiency on the violoncello. During the evening, a selection of glees and madrigals was sung. The most interesting were "Sweetheart, arise" (Weelkes), "Come foggi" (Marenzio), "Die not, fond man" (Ward), "Bonny Boots" (Morley), and "Down in a flow'ry Vale" (Festa). Mr C. Potter was the conductor.

Philharmonic Society.—We are informed by the *Athenæum*, that Mad. Clara Schumann (late Clara Wieck) will play a pianoforte concerto at the first Philharmonic concert, and that Mr and Madame Goldschmidt will appear in the course of the season.

New Philharmonic Concerts.—We are given to understand, that Mr Benedict and Dr Wylde are to be joint conductors of the forthcoming concerts.

Brighton.—Mr and Mrs. Clare gave an entertainment at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., entitled "Moore and his Melodies." Mr Clare gave a history of the birth, parentage, and education of Moore and the musical illustrations comprised some of the most familiar songs of the poet. The hall was filled by the members and friends of the Brighton Athenæum.—A performance of sacred music was given on Monday by the "Pavilion Band," assisted by Mad. Amadei as vocalist.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—As was generally expected, *Don Giovanni*, at the Italiens, did not prove a hit. The Donna Anna of Mad. Frezzolini (though better than all the rest) wanted power. Mad. Borghi Mamo, the *contralto*, was too heavy for the music of Zerlina; Signor Carrion had not time to study the part of Ottavio, which was resigned in his favour by Signor Mario (a nice first tenor, truly, not to know such music by heart!); and Signor—or rather M. Everardi—who attempted to personate the libertine, was deficient in everything but voice. Signor Zucchini appears to have made a creditable Leporello. The opera was repeated three times, but did not attract. Signor Bottesini's new opera, *L'assedio di Firenze* will most probably be given this week with Mad. Penco, Signora Maria Graziani and Angelini in the cast. The representations of Mad. Ristori commence in the first week of March, under the direction of M. Bellotti-Bon. Her *répertoire* is to comprise *Ottavia*, *Rosmunda*, *Mirra* by Alfieri, *Pia di Tolomei* by Marenco, *Maria Stuarda*, by Schiller, *Medea*, by M. Legouvé (translated), *La Donna Bizarra*, by Goldoni, and some of the best comedies of the Italian theatre.—*Robert le Diable* is in rehearsal at the Grand Opéra, for M. Armandi, the tenor, who will make his *début* in the character of Robert. This tenor is already known in London. The new ballet, *Le Corsaire*, still draws money. According to the *France Musicale* each of the three last receipts realised 10,000 francs—a fact, we are told, unexampled in the history of ballet at the Grand-Opéra. If we are to believe all we read, the band and chorus of this theatre must be worked like galley slaves. Besides the active preparations going on for bringing out *Robert le Diable*, the following operas are said to be in rehearsal:—*La Reine de Chypre*, *Maitre Chanteur*, *Guillaume Tell*, and M. Billetta's new work. How would they manage here with the very independent gentlemen and ladies of the Royal Italian Opera Company, with Mr. Costa as conductor? The first representation at the Opéra Comique of Auber's new opera, *Manon Lescaut*, announced for Saturday last, was postponed for a few days in consequence of the indisposition of the tenor, M. Puget, to whom the part of Desgrieux was assigned.—At the Bouffes Parisiennes—that most fortunate of minor theatres—a complete success has been achieved by the new piece of MM. Jules Adenis and Offenbach, *Un Postillon en Gage*.

BERLIN.—At the last *Sinfonie-Soirée*, a new symphony by Herr Radeke was performed for the first time. The other full pieces were Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus* and symphony in F (No. 8) and Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture. Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach, also produced a novelty at their last *soirée*, in the shape of a quartet, by Mdlle. Emilie Mayer, which was favourably received.

At the Royal Opera-house, the operas for the last week were *Tancredi* and the *Prophète*. The king has conferred the Order of the Red Eagle, fourth class, on Herr Franz Commer, *Musik-Director*.

MUNICH.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* was produced for the first time, on the 2nd instant, with great success. The King and Queen were present.

GOTHA.—M. Hector Berlioz gave a concert on the 6th instant, in the theatre, on which occasion his *Enfance du Christ* was performed. Dr. Liszt was present.

VIENNA.—Flotow's new three-act opera, *Albin*, the book by Mosenthal, was produced for the first time, at the Imperial Opera-house, on the 12th instant. The house was crammed to suffocation in every part. The Emperor and Empress, the Grand-Duke Franz Carl, and the Grand-Duchesses Elizabeth and Marie together with several other members of the Imperial family "assisted" at the representation. The success was moderate. It is true that, after the first act, which pleased the most, the composer was called on two or three times, but not at all unanimously, while after the second act, an attempt made by a small number of the audience to bring him on again, was suppressed by unmistakeable marks of disapprobation from the majority.

The first Philharmonic concert, this year, took place in the Grand Redouten-Saal, on the 17th instant, under the direction of Herr Carl Eckert. It opened with Robert Schumann's overture to *Manfred*, which was new to the Viennese. Mad. Clara Schumann performed Beethoven's concerto in E flat, with the greatest success. The other important pieces were a duet for two tenors, from Gluck's *Iphigenia*; one for two soprani from Mozart's *Davidde Penitente*, and Beethoven's symphony in A (No. 7). Mad. Schumann has given her sixth and last concert.

The list of artists engaged for the Imperial theatre at Vienna, for the approaching season, comprises the following:—Mesdames Medori, Bendazzi, Lesniewska and Noras, *soprani*; MM. Beltini (Jerome), Carrion, Pancani, Bettini (Alessandro) and Sanchero, tenors; MM. De Bassini, Ferri, Everardi and Mazzelli, baritones; and MM. Angelini, Echevarria and Ruitz, basses.

NAPLES.—At Naples there is little doing in the way of novelty. Mad. Medori's benefit took place last week at the Teatro Massimo; the opera was *Don Pasquale*, and the lady, who is a great favourite, had a very full house. She was repeatedly recalled. At the Teatro Nuovo, *La Ermelinda* obtained very small success as regards the music, but the singers seem to have done their best. Report speaks rather favourably of Mad. Schiavi and Sig. Testa as having good style, although their voices are indifferent. The Theatre San Carlo opened on the 10th with *Leonilda*, Sig. Coletti making his first appearance since his return from Rome. On the 12th, *L'Ebreo* will be produced at the Teatro Massimo, with Mad. Stefani and Signor Coloni. On the 19th will be played Sig. Pacini's new opera, *Margherita Pusterla*. Madame Medori leaving on the 8th of March, her place will be filled by Mad. Beltramelli until the 15th. Sig. Graziani has been engaged by the directors of the Royal Theatre at a salary of 1,600 ducats per month (£300).

MADRID.—Sig. Ronconi has been earning golden opinions in Madrid. Night after night he is enthusiastically applauded in crowded houses. Whether as the father in *Linda*, or as the father in *Nabuco*, he is equally great in the opinions of the public, who cannot invent terms sufficiently glowing to testify their high appreciation of his services as an actor and a singer. *Rigoletto* is in rehearsal and will shortly be produced. Mad. Alaimo will make her *début* in *La Favorita*.

AMERICA.—The papers received this week do not contain the average quantity of news. One of the New York papers has a long article on the failure of the Italian Opera at the Academy of Music. The last only is worth recording. Mr. Paine, the manager, loses a considerable sum. The monthly expenses, it seems, averaged upwards of 25,000 dollars. The season closed with *Don Giovanni*, not one of the artists, excepting Mad. Lagrange in Donna Anna—(a part, by the way, for which she is physically and mentally unsuited),—escapes the critic's flagellation, Mad. Nantier Didiée coming in for the severest lash of all. The New-York Harmonic Society stimulated by recent success, had, according to our latest accounts, put Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* into rehearsal, and intended performing it towards the latter end of this month.—The "Singing Sisters" of Boston gave a concert at Stuyvesant Institute on the 24th ult. This vocal family comprises Miss Mary Hall, *soprano*; Miss Nellie Hall, second *soprano*; Miss Libby Hall, "*tenor*," and Miss Martha Hall, "*bass*" (!)—Mr. Theodore Eisfeld's *Soirées* continue. At the last the following pieces were played:—Haydn's quartet, No. 57; Mendelssohn's first trio for piano, and violoncello, op. 49 (Mad. Vincent Wallace (late Miss Helen Stoepel) at the piano); Beethoven's quartet, No. 10; and two quartets for male voices, by Mr. Eisfeld.

BOSTON.—The Mendelssohn *Quintette* Club gave their fifth concert on the 10th ult. This time there was at least a *quartet*, and by the composer after whom the club is named—the E flat, op. 24. The sixth was given on the 28th. The New-York Italian *troupe* of the Academy of Music had arrived in Boston, and commenced a series of performances. They opened with *Trovatore*, Signor Brignoli taking the part of Manrico, Mad. Lagrange that of Leonora, and Mad. Nantier Didiée Azucena. Of the ladies *Dwight's Journal of Music* speaks very highly, more especially of Mad. Nantier Didiée, who appears to have made a decided hit in the Gipsey Mother. The Italian company had also given *Linda di Chamouni*, *Sonnambula* and *Semiramide*. Rossini's work obtained the greatest favour, mainly, we are told, through Mad. Nantier Didiée's Azucena. Miss Elise Hensler made a favourable *début* in *Linda*. *Dwight's Journal of Music* is enthusiastic about Mad. Lagrange, who is thus apostrophised for her singing in *Ernani*:—

> "Such wonders of vocalisation, such bird-like ecstacy of trills, *fioriture*, liquid sustained notes, and so forth, in the very highest register, we have never more than once or twice heard."

We prefer Dwight when he writes of the music of *Semiramide* as follows:

> "And what sumptuous, voluptuous music it is! What an abounding wealth of melodic invention, at the same time that every character sings in the same vein, as if true to the gorgeous purple and gold monotony of Eastern life!"

Meyerbeer's *Prophète* had been put into rehearsal, and also *Don Giovanni*. It was a pity, as Dwight justly observes, that the Italian company, with so strong a cast, fresh from the performance of *Don Giovanni* in New York, should have neglected the opportunity of producing it on Mozart's Centenary birth-day. Besides that of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, concerts had been given by the German Trio, the Grand Union, and the Orchestral Societies.

In Philadelphia a grand centennial celebration of Mozart's birth-day was announced to take place on Monday, the 28th ultimo, under the auspices of the Musical Union. All the principal societies in the city, including the Concordia, Mozart, St. Cecilia, Liedertafel, Maennerchor, [illegible], Sängerbund, &c., together with a powerful orchestra, headed by L. Meignen, were to assist. During the evening Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq. was to deliver an oration on the "Life and Times of Mozart."

Mdlle. Parodi had returned to New Orleans, and was repeating her former successes.

REVIEWS.

No. 1. "May Morn," Rondo Capriccio. No. 2. "Spring Song." No. 3. "Autumn Song." No. 4. "Bianca," Romance. No. 5. "Madeline," Romance. No. 6. "Tenerezza," Romance. No. 7. "Primavera," Rondoletto. No. 8. "Gaiezza," Capriccio. No. 9. "Allegro Cantabile." Composed for the Pianoforte by Walter Macfarren.

There is a family air about these nine short pieces which would stamp them undeniably as coming from the same hand, were that fact not plainly certified in the title pages. They are all clever, thoughtful, and distinguished by a studied avoidance of commonplace. The author is evidently an admirer of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and well versed in that composer's music. But mingled with the Bennett-element we cannot fail to observe certain characteristics belonging to the manner of Mr. G. A. Macfarren (Mr. Walter Macfarren's brother—and originally, we believe, instructor). The combination of these very opposite styles presents a result by no means disagreeable.

On the other hand, while complimenting Mr. Walter Macfarren on the consummate musicianship displayed in every one of the compositions before us, we are unable to detect in any of them the mark of decided originality. Many of the leading ideas are graceful—as, for instance, "May Morn" (No. 1) and the "Allegro Cantabile" (No. 9), two of the best pieces, and most like Mr. Bennett. Others are pensive, without trenching upon that dangerous "morbidity" which is the curse of so many modern writers, steeped in a peculiar *Germanism* best described as an unhealthy concoction from the dregs of Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn. Among these we may cite as favourable examples, the "Autumn Song" (No. 3) and "Madeline" (No. 5), the first of which is eminently in the manner of Mr. G. A. Macfarren. One of the most attractive of the set is the romance in D major, entitled "Bianca" (No. 4), which is melodious and expressive, besides betraying a feeling for harmony by no means ordinary. The freshest inspiration appears to us traceable in the romance in B flat, called "Tenerezza" (No. 6), which, besides being well written, is elegant and out of the common way. "Primavera" (No. 7), a *rondoletto* in A, is pretty and flowing, and, but for the resemblance of its first theme to one of Weber's quick movements (the *finale* to the sonata in C), and the somewhat maudlin sentiment of the episode in G minor, "Gaiezza" (No. 8), would equally call for praise. Nevertheless, after "Tenerezza," which, as we have hinted, is the freshest—the "Allegro Cantabile," and the romance called "Bianca," are the worthiest of commendation, as the most tuneful, and, at the same time, most highly finished.

The prevalent faults of Mr. Walter Macfarren seem to be a monotony arising from frequent repetitions of themes or fragments of themes (take the "Spring song"—No. 2—for example), and by no means neutralised by changes in the accompaniments, which are sought for rather than not found; a habit of making the bass sing duets with the melody, which in the end becomes tiresome, and too evident a striving after unusual harmonies. Nevertheless, balancing merits and defects, these nine compositions, unpretending as they are (though *too* pretentious in some respects, perhaps, considering their length and form), are very creditable to the author, and may be fairly classed in the category of good music for the pianoforte.

No. 1.—"La Rose et le Rossignol." Idylle. Pour le piano. Dedié à Mrs. Speir.
No. 2.—"Romanesca et Capriccioso." Souvenir de la Norvège. Pour le piano. Dedicated to Mdlle. Eleanor Crawford. Composés par J. B. Schachner.

No. 1 is a ballad without words, in G, with a profusion of shakes in the same key. The "Romanesca" in No. 2 is a ballad without words, in E, with no shakes in the same key. In the "Capriccioso" of No. 2, Herr Schachner (Op. [illegible]), gathering up his reminiscences of Norway, plainly shows that he recollects very little about that frigid country. The feature of this piece is an attempt to imitate snow flakes by means of scale passages on the top notes of the keyboard, to be played with the pedal down. There is not a shadow of an idea in any one of these pieces, although the "Romanesca" suggests the notion that the composer is endeavouring to remember the theme of "Angiol d'Amore," in the *Favorita*, but gives it up in despair.

"Le Lac." Dedicated to Alexandre Batta. By G. Paque.

This is the well known romance of M. Niedermeyer (composer of the opera of *Marie Stuart*, and concoctor of Rossini's *Bruce*), arranged by M. Paque, the violoncellist, for pianoforte and violoncello.

No. 1.—"A Midsummer-day Dream." Cantata. Composed, and dedicated to Mrs. E[illegible] Wesley, by B. A. Martin.
No. 2.—"O[illegible] the Wild Scotch Sands." Ballad. Words by the Rev. Dr. Bethune; music composed and dedicated to Miss Scott of Arbroath, by J. P. [illegible]
No. 3.—"White Roses Fair." Song. Written by George Linley, composed by His Royal Highness Prince Gustav of Sweden.

There is nothing offensive in No. 1, except its length. No. 2 may be praised both for words and music, since both are excellent imitations of the old Scottish ballad type. No. 3 is without faults and without ideas. Its correctness may be explained by the fact of the composer being a prince and able to pay for a *Kapellmeister*.

"JACKSON IN F."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—No doubt you are aware that a medley which goes by the dignified name of "Jackson in F" has been sung in many churches and places of worship for several years. "William Jackson of Exeter," as he is generally called, died in 1803, and this service (it was certainly not known before the year 1812, about which period it began to be introduced into the Exeter parish churches, and was sung at the cathedral of that city.)

Jackson was succeeded as organist of St. Peter's by his pupil James Paddon, who some years afterwards published Jackson's Church Music, and with it the "Service" in F.

In 1834, Paddon was on his death bed, and some few weeks before he died, declared that Jackson did not write the "Service" in F.

As it may be desirable to place the [illegible] on the right [illegible], perhaps this statement will be useful to some of your readers.

I may add that my informant can be well authenticated. Hoping your numerous readers will carefully digest this matter,

Believe me ever to be yours very truly, Oxon.

NOTICE.

The volumes of the *Musical World* for 1854 and 1855 being nearly out of print, orders should be sent immediately to secure the few remaining copies. Price 20s. each.

In consequence of the many applications we are constantly receiving, to announce the arrival in town of musical professors, and their departure for the provinces or the continent, we beg to state that such favours are *advertisements*, and must be paid for. The tariff of our advertisement columns can be known at the office. It is also requisite to state that the announcement of arrivals, departures, etc., *in the body of the journal, among the paragraphs of news,* will of necessity entail a considerable extra charge.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An English Musician.—*The letter of "An English Musician"—dated* "Birmingham, Feb. 16th," *but only received to-day (Friday)—is under consideration.*

M. A. (Cantab.) *If "M. A." will enclose his name and address, his letter shall appear.*

Oboe.—*Will "Oboe" oblige us again with his card? We have mislaid it.*

H. Andrews (Manchester).—*The letter of our correspondent is an advertisement. It is, however, under consideration. The verses can on no account be published otherwise than in the shape of an advertisement. Mr. Andrews might just as well request us to publish the whole of the twelve poems to which he has married Händel's music without Händel's permission.*

DEATHS.

At Vienna, in the 87th year of her age, Mademoiselle Gottlieb, the original representative of the character of Pamina, in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*.

At his residence in Paris, on Monday the 18th instant, the celebrated German poet and satirist, Heinrich Heine.

At his house in Hyde Park Gardens, on Sunday, the 17th, John Braham, the eminent vocalist, in his 83rd year.

On the 10th inst., suddenly, at his residence, 18, Compton-terrace, Islington, John Hunter, Esq.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, 1856.

The chronicles of 1855 recorded the death of a man who had every right to the denomination of Father of English Composers; and now, in 1856, we have the task of announcing the demise of one equally entitled to be called the Father of English Singers. Less than the short space of a twelvemonth has seen the last both of Henry Bishop and John Braham. Each played an important part in the musical history of this country. Each, in his sphere, and compared with surrounding luminaries, was a star of the first magnitude. Our present business, however, is with the last, whose recent and unexpected demise has been the topic of the week.

Braham will be cited henceforth as a singer of preeminent talent in an age which was remarkable for great singers. As a composer it may be said, without offence, that he is already forgotten. In this last capacity, indeed, he did not shine. His works, ephemeral in the strictest sense, though popular for a time, having served their turn, were deservedly consigned to oblivion. But in his capacity of singer, Braham has as just a title to immortality as any one ever blessed with a voice and a musical instinct.

A writer in *The Times* remarks: "There is scarcely a person living too old or too young to have heard Braham sing." And yet with what different feelings must the great vocalist have been listened to by those of the present age and those of his own time, who belonged distinctly to another generation! We who knew Braham in these latter days may be justly said to have looked upon the shadow of the past, the ghost of an effete celebrity. But such and so well founded was the reputation of the man, that even when four years since, at the London Wednesday concerts, in Exeter-Hall, he came before the public with a voice that could scarcely boast of one healthy note, the appearance was allowed to pass for the reality; the memory of some made common cause with the faith of others, and ousted the critic from his chair. Here was a veteran of nearly eighty winters, less competent to his task than even a Crimean general, yet willing and eager to obtain the sympathies of scarcely fewer than 2,000 people! He declaimed "The Bay of Biscay" with an energy and good-will which showed the once vomiting volcano to be not quite extinct, and that many sparks of the ancient fire still remained unquenched. Had he outlived a century Braham would have been the same. His enthusiasm was indomitable. If you warned him that his singing days were over, he would set you down for a fool, an infidel, or at least an impertinent fellow. Those who loved him never hinted anything of the kind in his presence, however (presuming that their love was tempered by respect and a proper consideration for his age) they might secretly make a petition to the dispensing powers that each time he appeared in public might be the last.

Few men have lived longer, and all things weighed in the balance, few have lived happier than Braham. His early youth displayed a rare example of the Hebrew industry and application, attended by the most advantageous results. From the first flush of manhood to the extreme of middle age, just where the unseen bridge conveys us, *pauvres humains* ("unfeathered bipeds," as Voltaire defines us), from ripe maturity to the verge of natural decay, his career was a series of artistic triumphs, accompanied by the highest fame and the most ample pecuniary recompense. He was successful as an artist, and happy in his home. Courted out of doors, honoured and caressed by his own friends, wealthy and prosperous—what more could man desire? But alas!—this was not sufficient. Braham had most probably not seen *Vanity Fair* and the other works of Mr Thackeray, or blessed as he was with no common share of shrewdness and sagacity, he would have read and digested a lesson or two that might have served him. Without the cares, the "travel" and the griefs of kings, Braham was a king—a pastoral king, the king of his own hearthstead, revered, and cherished, and beloved. He wanted *nothing*—positively nothing. He was advanced in years. He was rich, and in the possession of good health. He had a wife and family, "troops of friends, and all that should accompany old age." But still he was dissatisfied. He yearned for more. Though venerable and (metaphorically) grey, he muttered in his heart "Excelsior"—possibly without knowing much better what "Excelsior" means than the vulgar world at large, or than that dashing host of young and tempting maidens who hourly make an intellectual feast upon the minor versicles of Henry Wadworth Longfellow, which spoil their dainty appetites (not for lunch—but) for the conventional dinner. Braham, we say, had all that mortal could dream of to render mortal happy. Yet, like a restless spirit, ever eager to be on the wing, he yearned for some fresh motive to urge him into new and vigorous action. He found it soon—too soon. We live in a world where decoy-ducks and man-traps are rife, and in an age when there are not half a sufficiency of scare-crows to drive us away from the forbidden fruit. Braham was caught in the snare of *Speculation*—that hideous phantom of the nineteenth century. He joined hands with Speculation, and he speculated with and lost his fortune, the reward of half a century of physical and mental toil.

Over this period of Braham's career it is superfluous to linger. Nor is it requisite to say more than that he pledged and forfeited the whole of his worldly gains in the St. James's Bazaar, the Theatre, and the Colosseum in the Regent's Park. He came forth from these transactions with an empty pocket but a spotless name; and, preserved from the shame of "following at the funerals of his own reputation," he outlived his misfortunes.

Braham was blessed with a daughter, and in that admirable and respected lady his wrinkles, his grey hairs, his failing strength, and tottering limbs found a help, a refuge, and a mainstay, such as is only found in women, or, to speak more faithfully, in angels—for what else are women, reader?—*good* women!—what else are they than angels! Ask our incomparable Makepeace, who, accused of viewing society through a distorted medium, with "a lato eye and a moony diaphragm," of turning everything sour that he discusses, and of all sorts of selfish and unbelieving (literary and philosophical) misdemeanours, has nevertheless painted us such women, such simple, genuine, and *womanly* women as it would be difficult to meet with out of Shakspere's plays. Braham had also sons—a goodly company of famous fellows, with large hearts and capital voices. These clung round the old tree in its decay, with the closeness, but without the egoism, of parasites, warming and cherishing the *pater familias*. His daughter and his sons were "God's gifts" to him; and it must be pleasant for all of us to learn that old Braham, to the end of his days, was as happy as the younger and more vigorous Braham, crowned with laurels and deafened by the applause of multitudes—nay, if we may be allowed to express our own private opinion, far happier. Thanks to the love and duty which to the last surrounded him, which tended his sick bed, and ministered comfort and consolation, at a time when life was ebbing quick, and the spirit about to fly from the once stalwart frame that had so long confined it, to a purer and a loftier abode! We conscientiously believe that, during the progress of an unusually protracted life Braham scarcely experienced one pang to embitter it. He died as he had lived, in undisturbed serenity. Rest his ashes! Like all of us, he had his faults—his pride, his little vanities, and what-not; but over these the grave has spread a veil, which ever to raise again would be indecorous. The remembrance of Braham must long endure in the sphere which his talents most adorned; while, apart from that, his name will be respected as that of one who did his duty to his fellows, owed no man a grudge, and could not count an enemy.

The new directorate of the Old Philharmonic Society is giving signs of vigour. Its vigour however, if we may credit reports, seems to be exercised to the detriment rather than for the benefit of the institution. The first step of importance was an egregious blunder. If the Philharmonic Society cannot afford eight performances in the season it cannot afford any. The reduction in the number of concerts was, therefore, to no purpose. It would have been better for members to balance accounts and disperse.

Unless the directors have "a bone to pick" with professional subscribers (whom they conciliated some years ago by the issue of privileged tickets at half the regular price of subscription) we are puzzled to *guess* what could possibly have induced the resolution of which we complain. Instead of being too many, eight concerts are too few. And now we are only to have six! Next year, perhaps, it will be four; the year after two; and in 1859 we may have to write—who knows!—the epitaph of the Philharmonic Society—

Hic jacet.——Requiescat in pace!

This would be a pity after so long and flourishing a reign. And yet the policy of the actual directorate is nothing short of suicidal.

Will our readers believe that, through a silly and unnecessary measure, the orchestra has just lost its two *chefs d'attaque*—in other words its two best and most experienced violins? It is unhappily a fact. M. Sainton and Mr Blagrove have both resigned. The cause of their resignation may be stated in a few words. The old leaven of twaddle which used to be the upsetting principle of the Society of British Musicians, appears to be now in excellent odour at the Philharmonic. The twaddle about "native talent," and that sort of thing, is all the rage—as if our musicians were no better than a parcel of frozen-out gardeners. And this, bearing in mind the names and antecedents of certain directors, becomes all the more ridiculous from its inconsistency—to say nothing of its *insincerity*. When Messieurs ——— and ——— are come to such straits that they feel compelled to fall back upon the worn out jargon of protection, we may rest assured it is a sham. Beware of wolves in the skins of sheep, ye lambs of members!—"forty feeding like one," as Wordsworth says in his bucolic. Beware, ye innocents—beware!

Do our readers believe that consideration for the artistic claims of Mr H. C Cooper had anything whatever to do with his recently contemplated elevation to the post of leader, side by side with M Sainton and Mr Blagrove! If so they must be very credulous. We have a higher opinion of their shrewdness. They believe nothing of the kind. M Sainton's retirement from the Queen's private band (where he has been replaced by a fantastic Hungarian patriot) was an act too bold and independent ever to be forgotten in quarters it would be superfluous to name. M. Sainton's retirement from the band of the Philharmonic Society would hardly have astonished some or displeased others. But the secession of Mr Blagrove was not reckoned on—was never, indeed, even suspected. Mr Blagrove, nevertheless, like his comrade from the South of France, declines either to sit at a third desk, or to play at a second desk under Mr Cooper. And so both Englishman and Frenchman have withdrawn with their fiddles.

Into the question of the respective merits of Messieurs Sainton, Blagrove, and Cooper (Blagrove, Sainton, and Cooper—Cooper, Sainton, and Blagrove—Blagrove, Cooper and Sainton—Cooper, Blagrove and Sainton—or Sainton, Cooper and Blagrove) we are not disposed to enter. We wish only to protest, first, against the unsoundness of the policy which has led to these disastrous results (for they are nothing short of disastrous), and second, against the still unsounder policy of splitting the post of honour into three, and dividing its duties among three professors. Of the "native talent" cry we are sick. To argue against it would be waste of ink. But the ill consequences arising from a plurality of leaders or conductors has been demonstrated again and again.

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Why was the system of changing the conductor at every concert abandoned? Why was the inevitable antagonism between leader and conductor when both were presumed to exercise authority done away with by dispensing with the leader? The abuses had become so notorious that a radical change was inevitable. To return once more to the ancient system would be unpardonable, after the immense advantages derived from its abolition. And yet this idea of appointing three leaders—or rather, three *chefs d'attaque* since the office of leader is virtually extinct—can only be viewed in the light of a retrograde movement. The accession of two such players as M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove from the violins of the Philharmonic band cannot be sufficiently regretted, but even that is better than the alternative. Two *chefs d'attaque* is one too many; three would merely serve to put the conductor to further inconvenience. If such legislation is persisted in, the days of the Philharmonic Society must soon be numbered.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY—THE LAST PICTURE

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I have seen to-day, for the first time, the new picture in the National Gallery attributed to Paul Veronese.

As one of the witnesses examined by the "Select Committee on the National Gallery" of 1853, and as one of those who, in 1853, signed the "Protest and Counterstatement" against the report of that committee, I now emphatically protest against the purchase of a picture so bad, and so scoured and repainted as the one in question.

To expend public money on so worthless a picture is not only a gross misapplication of the revenue, but it is also calculated to bring the nation into contempt as establishing, presumptively, that works of the lowest type are the most congenial to us, and that in selecting even these, we are incompetent to distinguish the genuine from the spurious.

It has been stated officially that *one thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven pounds* were paid for this picture. I will venture to assert that no picture valuer worthy of credit would appraise it at one-tenth of that sum; but, I repeat that at no *price* ought it to have been purchased. Even as a *gift* it would not be worth the space it occupies in the National Gallery.

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kempton, Feb. 20th.

Crystal Palace.—The Saturday concerts have been so well attended as to induce the directors to make an addition to the concert room. There is still not anything like room enough, however. Little more than half the visitors on Saturday were accommodated. When the fine season commences, and the Crystal Palace may be expected to attract fifty persons where it now attracts ten, a much larger arena must be found than the present if the concerts are to be continued. The programme of Saturday included the following *morceaux*:—

1. *Overture*, "Les deux Journées," Cherubini. 2. Solo, violoncello, "Souvenirs des Puritani," Mr George Collins, Piatti. 3. Sacred song, "Miserere," Miss Palmer, Martini. 4. Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber. 5. Songs, Miss Palmer—1, Hunting Song—"Le Lièvre"—Gounod; 2, "Are you angry, Mother?" H. R. Bishop. 6. Symphony in D minor, No. 4, R. Schumann.

The audience seemed to prefer the vocal music, and bestowed the greatest share of their applause on Miss Palmer. Dr. Schumann's symphony was certainly "caviare to the multitude," and, after all, we did not find it so superior to that of Mendelssohn as to entitle it to the honour of being performed entire, while Mendelssohn's (the "Italian") was shorn of its first and most elaborate movement.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

On Friday (the 15th inst.) Mr Costa's oratorio of *Eli* was produced for the first time in London. Exeter Hall—which might have been anticipated—was crowded, and yet not quite so crowded as we had expected. If report may be credited, the effect of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt's concerts has been highly prejudicial to the Sacred Harmonic Society; and even the attraction of Mr Costa's new work was not powerful enough to wrestle with the absorbing interest they excite.

We need scarcely remind our readers that *Eli* was given at the last Birmingham Festival (in August, 1855), and with a success altogether unparalleled. Such a demonstration as took place on that occasion Mr Costa can hardly look for again; and his most devoted partisans will not deny that the reception accorded to his oratorio at Exeter Hall was "a very gentle breeze" in comparison. Evidently they manage these things better in Warwickshire.

And yet at the Town Hall, Birmingham, there was no Queen. There were only Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr Mason, &c. At Exeter Hall, London, were assembled Her Majesty the Queen Victoria, H. R. H. (the distinguished amateur and composer) the Prince Albert, and no less than four of those Royal children destined to be the boasts and blessings of this favoured realm. All these came to hear *Eli*—accompanied moreover by the duchessly Duchess of Sutherland and a suite too numerous to mention, and too dazzling to scrutinize curiously—much less with that 'anxious polyscopity' bestowed by M. Berlioz upon the "hurried strokes" of our "genial madman," Ludwig van Beethoven.

No sooner had the gorgeous company entered the hall—where seats were prepared for them in a reserved and barricaded enclosure, at the base of the orchestra, so arranged that the too near contact of Her Majesty's loving subjects was skilfully prevented and no wind could venture between the illustrious party and its nobility—no sooner had apparitions so consoling to those who hold stalls, and otherwise frequent "this Vanity Fair of ours," than shouts rent the (rather stifling) atmosphere, and the highly inspiriting strains of our venerated National Anthem came forth from the right loyal orchestra of players and singers (in white cravats) and "went up," with as merry a noise as possible. Mad. Rüdersdorff sang the first verse solus, in a manner which the *Athenæum* will most probably designate as "strenuous"—an apt and choice epithet, by the way, of which Mad. Goldschmidt has enjoyed the *primeur*. Mr Costa then waved his *bâton* to another kind of tune and *Eli* began, with that subdued and well remembered organ prelude, in F major, which Mr. Brownsmith (on an instrument exclusively gigantic), "roared like any sucking dove"—in other words played to perfection. The rest of the overture, too (which is in another key) went equally well. Indeed the members of the band that night were like men possessed. They did not play quite so well—it is true, as the associated instrumentalists at Birmingham (to do which, indeed, was barely possible); but they played from beginning to end in a style that declared, in the plainest terms their high respect for Mr Costa and their boundless admiration for his music. It was pleasant to find a set of "used up" fellows ("used up," we mean, naturally, in reference to their capacity for receiving new musical impressions) so much on the alert—as full of zeal, energy and unaffected enthusiasm, in short, as if they had been listening for the first time to *Israel in Egypt*, *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, or *Elijah*.

We wish we could record just as much in favour of the chorus-singers. But we have (we are not ashamed to confess it) a sly leaning towards the truth—the naked truth—and the naked truth compels us to say that the execution of the greater part of Mr. Costa's choruses, by the "voices" of the Sacred Harmonic Society, compared with the execution of the same choruses at Birmingham, was (we appeal to Mr Costa) "as chalk to cheese." Some went well, some very well, others not quite so well, others indifferently well, others indifferently ill, others higgledy-piggledy, and others all to pieces.

The solo singers we can praise more unreservedly. Mad. Rudersdorff (in spite of several moments of "high pressure" declamation—in plainer terms, of exaggerated emphasis, and so forth) sang on the whole better, or at least with more legitimate effect, than on any previous occasion we can recall. To this lady was entrusted the music of *Hannah*—the at first barren, and afterwards fruitful, wife of Elkanah, mother of the chosen prophet, Samuel. Miss Dolby undertook Samuel, a *contralto* part with two charming contralto songs—a morning prayer and an evening prayer—both of which she sang to perfection. (The representatives at Birmingham of these two personages were Mad. Castellan and Mad. Viardot Garcia—"la divina Paulina.") The very lengthy and invariably slow (as to *tempo*, we mean—we are not alluding to quality) recitatives and airs of Eli, the high priest of the Temple, and guardian of the Ark, were confided to Mr Weiss, who (without effacing the remembrance of Herr Formes, at Birmingham) delivered them throughout with eminent ability. The music of the other bass part—the "Man of God"—could scarcely have been allotted to a more earnest and competent interpreter than Mr Thomas, a young singer who advances leisurely but surely on the path to excellence. To the careful manner in which the second (and very insignificant) tenor part was sung by Mr Montem Smith, an acknowledgment is also due. The finest singing of the evening, however, was undoubtedly that of Mr Sims Reeves, who, not only in the tremendously arduous and difficult battle-song, "Philistines, hark! the trumpet sounding!" (which is instrumented with strength and fulness enough to have silenced the lungs of Incledon in his prime) distinguished himself highly—but in all the other music of the principal tenor part, which chiefly appertains to the quiet and somewhat tame personage of Elkanah, displayed even more than his accustomed talent.

There were two encores. The first was for Mr Sims Reeves, in the war song (with chorus) alluded to above; the second for Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Mr Reeves and Mr Weiss, in the unaccompanied quartet—"We bless you, in the name of the Lord!"—to more exquisitely pure and faultless part-singing than which we never listened.

The performance "went off," as the phrase is, with great spirit. Mr Costa had a flattering reception, and the applause at the end of each part of the oratorio was received with fresh and increased ardour the instant the Queen and her distinguished party had retired. At the end there was what is termed "an ovation" in honour of the popular *chef d'orchestre*, who bowed repeatedly in acknowledgment, and in a strongly marked manner (for the second time during the evening) expressed his entire satisfaction with the (instrumental) members of the orchestra.

Eli was repeated last night. This second performance will be noticed in our next, when a detailed analysis of the oratorio will be commenced in the page devoted to "reviews."

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS.

The first morning concert of Madame Goldschmidt took place on Monday at the Hanover Square Rooms. The attendance was very large, every seat, reserved and unreserved, being occupied. The pieces selected by Madame Goldschmidt on this occasion were not so generally exacting as those at the last evening concert. Moreover she sang in two duets, so that her fatigues were light in comparison. The programme was as follows:—

Part I.—Overture, "Jessonda," Spohr. Air, "Ave Maria," Mr Swift (Clarionet Obbligato, Mr Lazarus), Cherubini. Scena and Aria, "Non mi dir," Mdme. Goldschmidt (*Don Giovanni*), Mozart. Concerto (G minor), Pianoforte, Mr O. Goldschmidt, Mendelssohn. Air, "Oh del mio dolce ardor," Miss Dolby, (*Stradella*). Duo, "Per piacer alla Signora," Mdme. Goldschmidt and Sig. F. Lablache (*Il Turco in Italia*), Rossini.

Part II.—Overture, "Euryanthe," C. M. v. Weber. Air, "Quando lascia la Normandia," Mdme. Goldschmidt (*Roberto*), Meyerbeer. Romanza, "Deserto sulla terra," Mr Swift (*Il Trovatore*), Verdi. Duo, "La Mère Grand," Mdme. Goldschmidt and Miss Dolby, Meyerbeer. Tarantella, pianoforte solo, Mr Otto Goldschmidt, Thalberg. Songs, "My heart the Æolian harp resembles," Benedict, and "Invitation to dance," Dalecarlian Melody, Mdme. Goldschmidt. Wedding March (*Midsummer's Night Dream*), Mendelssohn.

Of the *morceaux* sung by Madame Goldschmidt we preferred the air from *Roberto il Diavolo*, and liked the song from *Don Giovanni* the least. The latter was given first, and the great singer—as is generally the case with her in the concert room*—had not warmed herself into the enthusiasm which is so marked a characteristic of her singing. There was a want of *abandon*, of which, in her best moments, no one can ever accuse Madame Goldschmidt. In short, "Non mi dir" created but little sensation; and no doubt some who heard the "Nightingale" for the first time, must have felt disappointed. In Rossini's sparkling duet, on the other hand, she displayed a fund of animation, and a perfect command of voice. Madame Goldschmidt's comic vein is not of the genuine Italian humour. Nevertheless, it is hearty, and like all she does, *original*. She was well supported in the duet by Signor F. Lablache, who sings Rossini's music with no small zest and *laisser aller*. The graphic scene, however, from Meyerbeer's opera, was, as we have hinted, the "gem" of the concert. This, it may be remembered, was Jenny Lind's first triumph in England when, in 1847, she appeared at Her Majesty's theatre as Alice and spell-bound the English public by the witchery of her voice and singing. Alice was Jenny Lind's dramatic masterpiece, and no vocalist has ever approached her in the scene of the caverns. So far as singing went, the Madame Goldschmidt of 1856 gave us no reason to bewail the Jenny Lind of 1847. A more exquisitely finished and brilliant performance we never heard on or off the stage. Meyerbeer's concert-duet is dramatic and full of character. It was sung perfectly by both ladies, our fair countrywoman, Miss Dolby, appearing to no disadvantage by the side of her illustrious partner. The duet, which is written with a pianoforte accompaniment, was admirably played by Mr Benedict. The two songs which Madame Goldschmidt gave immediately in succession were both delightful—the one refined, the other exquisitely natural. Mr Benedict's song is charming. The "Invitation to Dance" is a wild and simple "peasant's-tune," which Madame Goldschmidt sang with extraordinary vigor and effect, accompanying herself, and terminating the concert with immense *eclat*.

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* On the stage Jenny Lind was never apathetic. She was as full of fire and energy in her first scene as in any other part of her performance.

Miss Dolby was irreproachable in Stradella's gloomy song; and Mr Swift confirmed the favourable impression he derived from his performance at the last evening concert. This gentleman's voice is a gift of which he should be conscious and endeavour to turn to the very best account.

The second pianoforte concerto of Mendelssohn is one of the most difficult ever written, the last movement particularly. Herr Otto Goldschmidt exhibited as usual his predilection for the best music in his choice of it, and played his very best. The *Tarantella* of M Thalberg was just as spirited in another style. Herr Goldschmidt was much applauded.

The band, under the able direction of Mr Benedict, executed the two overtures and the march of Mendelssohn with remarkable vigour

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY

The programme of the concert on Monday evening was as follows:—

Part I.—Symphony in G, letter Q, Haydn; *madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed," A.D. 1560, Richard Edwards; *part song, "Departure," Mendelssohn; concertante for two violins, Messrs. Ries and J. D. Pawle, Kalliwoda; overture (*The Men of Prometheus*), Beethoven.

Part II.—Overture (*The Sleeper awakened*), G. A. Macfarren; madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," (about A.D. 1600), Wilbye; *part-song (by desire), "The wreath," Benedict; march, from *Athalie*, Mendelssohn.

Conductor—Mr Henry Leslie.

On the whole the performance was a creditable one, and went off with considerable spirit. Mr Henry Leslie's choir deserve most honourable mention for their charming singing, which was thoroughly appreciated by the audience, who vociferously encored three out of their four *morceaux* (distinguished by "stars" in the programme). The piece which was not encored moreover—the lovely and very difficult madrigal of Wilbye—merited the compliment as well as any of the others, since it was quite as well executed. We may as well suggest to the band how very much more effective their playing would be, if they would determine to follow the good example set them by the choir and make a greater difference between *pianos* and *fortes* than they are in the habit of doing. They also want clearness, and this is only to be attained by constant practice and strict attention to the directions of their conductor. We grant that the orchestra is improving; but as the members are capable of still better things, we do not hesitate to give advice even though it may be unpalatable. The duet for violins was capitally played by Messrs. Ries and J. D. Pawle.

The room was crowded, and the audience was as the amateur audience usually is.

The next concert will take place on March 3rd. This may almost be called "An Evening with the Directors of the Amateur Musical Society," since there is to be a song by Mr Alfred Pollock, a solo for oboe with orchestral accompaniment, by Mr S. W. Waley, a trio, "Memory," by Mr Henry Leslie, a march by Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, and two songs by Mr Val. Morris. In addition Madlle Angelina is to play Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor, in which she made so great a sensation last season, and there is to be a symphony by Mozart, and one of the light and brilliant overtures of Auber.

Mr. Balfe and Mr. Bunn.—The report that these two gentlemen are engaged together in the composition of a new opera is unfounded.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Professor Anderson, not content with his dramatic speculation, or not pleased with its results, has ventured upon a series of operatic representations, the first of which took place on Monday night, when the *Bohemian Girl* was *attempted*. Mr Anderson can hardly be taxed with an eager desire to "revive English opera." That he has not been actuated by any strong sympathy for the cause of music was shown in the result. The music of the *Bohemian Girl* was mutilated *ad libitum*; the orchestra was very inefficient, the chorus worse. Professor Anderson evidently views music with the eye of a necromancer.

To speak of the performance of Balfe's popular opera would be, in Johnsonian phrase, "To waste criticism on unresisting imbecility." With the exception of Mr Henry Haigh, who sang the music of Thaddeus extremely well, and was encored in "When other lips," and Mr Farquharson, who displayed excellent comic humour in Devilshoof, we can find nothing to praise. Miss Lucy Escott was out of sorts, and we have seldom heard a less competent Arline. It is due to Mr Loder, the conductor, to state that he had no hand in the "curtailments."

Mr Haigh has also appeared, with Miss Lucy Escott, Mr Durand, etc., in the *Sonnambula* (English version, of course).

MEYERBEER AND HIS OPERAS.*

I am acquainted with no study more interesting than that of the phases of the talent of a great artist. There is no investigation more useful for the direction of a young man entering upon his career with the sentiments and instincts of art, but not yet capable of appreciating his own qualities or distinguishing those by which he may obtain a conspicuous position. Beginners, however, do not trouble themselves about this, for all they know of their model is the works which have immortalised him. None of them inquire through what gradations he has passed before producing these works; none of them are aware by what transformations of ideas and opinions he has renounced successively his original tendencies, and sacrificed what he at first borrowed from the formulas of others, previous to retiring within the limits of his own individuality and developing that principle of his own faculties which was destined to form the distinctive characteristic of his talent. Excited by *amour-propre*, every young composer wishes to be a Beethoven, a Meyerbeer, or a Mozart such as he knows them in their finest works, and whispers complacently to himself that he equals, because he imitates, them.

There is one incontestable truth evident to any person gifted with the power of observation: no man possesses great and sterling talent at the outset of his career; the finest productions of an artist are those of his mature age and the results of his experience. This rule has no exception. Raphael and Mozart seem to disprove it; but the contradiction is simply an apparent one, for these great men, having commenced creating from their very infancy, passed through, in their youth, those transformations which others undergo only at a riper age. The first instincts of Raphael led him to imitate the Greek painters of the fourteenth century; he then became the pupil and imitator of Perugino, and, when he was fifteen, produced pictures scarcely to be distinguished from those of his master. At the age of seventeen he modified his style, and, in the picture of a "Holy Family" executed by him at Fermo, with a signature placing the date of the picture beyond doubt, already displayed that sentiment of ineffable grace which charms us in all his Madonnas, and is the most absolute characteristic of his individuality, although the study of the antique and the sight of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," subsequently developed within that feeling of grandeur which we admire in all his works in the apartments of the Vatican, in his "St. Paul preaching at Athens," and in his magnificent cartoons, so well known to artists. It was at the time of executing these grand pictures that he attained the highest degree of his sublime talent, and manifested his power by two transcendent qualities, force of sentiment and originality. At that epoch it was that he ceased to live, and, for him, old age was thirty seven years. Mozart did, when he was seven, what others can scarcely do when they are twenty-five. Hardly had he entered on his fourteenth year, when he wrote his first opera, *Mitridate*, successfully produced at Milan and followed by four other dramatic works, not less successful at other Italian theatres. He soon followed the tracks which had been previously opened by other celebrated artists, but, in spite of his success, did not cease to study;

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* Translated from the French of M. Fétis.

his individual feelings gradually developed themselves, finally supplanting those traditional ones which had first occupied their place. Lastly, at the age of twenty-four, a complete transformation took place in this great man's talent, and was displayed in *Idomeneo*, an admirable creation, played at Munich in 1780. The principle that had produced this work was subsequently strengthened by study and meditation, and his genius being fully developed six years later, gave birth to the immortal *chefs-d'œuvre* the *Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Juan*. Mozart reached his thirty-sixth year and died, after accomplishing during his short life all the revolutions which the talent of others experiences only in a long existence.

These modifications of thought and talent distinguish the history of all great artists. It is true of Händel and Gluck, the first of whom was not in possession of all the strong and original qualities of his talent before he had attained a mature age, and the reformer of the French opera not before he was an old man. This was, also, the case with Beethoven, who, burying in oblivion the productions of his early youth, would only recognise as his first work the set of three trios, for piano, violin and violoncello, published when he was twenty-eight. In this work, as in all those which followed it for several years, Beethoven was still influenced, without being aware of the fact, by his exclusive admiration of Mozart. This is evident in the form if not the ideas of his productions. Gradually the artist became more conscious of his own powers; he studied them; he meditated over them; but, to effect the complete development of his talent, he sketched out all his works, wrote down all his thoughts in little books which he carried constantly with him, subjected them to a thousand transformations of modes, harmony, and rhythm, and never ceased submitting them to partial or total ameliorations, until they at last satisfied the sentiment of the Beautiful with which he was vaguely animated, and which only assumed a distinctive character by long and continuous labour.

To these instances of progress or transformation of talent and ideas, we must add that of Meyerbeer. From the time that he was eighteen, when he produced at Munich, his first dramatic work, entitled *Jephtha's Daughter*, every part of his talent has undergone a radical modification. Like the great artists I have mentioned, Meyerbeer, also, sought to know himself for a long time, meditated much, and, comparing in the course of his studies the paths followed by his predecessors, never ceased striving to enter that in which his individuality might be entirely developed. On his arrival in Italy, he found that country intoxicated with the melodies of Rossini, and, probably without being aware of it, was influenced by the general infatuation. This is the epoch of his first transformation, for freeing himself gradually from the trammels of his education, which was completely German, and in some degree opposed to the Italian music of the day, he took a liking for the new forms by which Rossini caused the works of his predecessors to be forgotten, and greeted Ausonian ears with a description of harmony to which they had previously been strangers. Rossini had just effected a sort of compromise between Italy and Germany, by inspiring the first with a taste and a craving for the harmony in which the other was so *fertile*, and by teaching Germany that the concessions made to the necessity felt by Italians for melody were no obstacle to richness of harmony. Meyerbeer was probably the first German artist of his time to perceive what novelty might result from this union. His opera of *Romilda e Costanza*, written in 1818, at Padua, for the celebrated singer Signora Pisaroni, was his first step in the new route on which he had just entered. The *Semiramide Riconosciuta*, produced at Turin in 1819, and *Emma di Resburgo*, represented at Vienna the following year, and enthusiastically received, marked more and more the reform in the opinions and ideas of the composer. *Margherita d'Anjou*, produced at Milan, in 1822, and *Esule di Granata*, sung by Lablache and Signora Pisaroni, the following year, did not display any new modification in Meyerbeer's talent; but the *Crociato*, first brought out at the Theatre De la Fenice, at Venice, in the month of December, 1825, and afterwards applauded on all the theatres of Italy, proved that the composer's talent had become matured, and that certain highly interesting qualities of composition were now added to the forms of Italian melody and a system of harmony already bearing the impress of a freer fancy.

After this success, which was bruited abroad all over Europe, Meyerbeer returned to Paris, where he had previously resided for various periods, and where, there is reason to believe, he had already turned his thoughts with a view to more important works and more significant results. It was at this time that he became better acquainted with Scribe, who undertook to write him a work of grand proportions. Whatever may have been, up to that epoch, the merit displayed in the productions of the composer, we may be allowed to say that he was still seeking to know himself. A secret instinct told him that the complete development of his individuality would only be the result of a new principle, for a principle is a whole world. A principle, without doubt, is not genius; but it is more: it is the source of ideas—the medium with which the imagination is tinged. Several reasons, and, in the first place, a wish to be brief, prevent me from stating how this principle was revealed to Meyerbeer; the important point, however, is that it was revealed to him.

His marriage, family annoyances, and his bad state of health, compelled him to put off the realization of his idea of writing a French opera, and the result was that his labours were interrupted for a considerable time. This period of repose was not lost, for it was then that serious meditations and a powerful impulse communicated to the dramatic sentiment of the artist, led him to enter that path in which he has since rendered himself illustrious. The six years following the representation of the *Crociato*—six years of study, observation, and analysis—had at last united, in one complete whole, all the sentiments of energy implanted by Nature in Meyerbeer; and all the novelty with which during travels he met ideas, all the [illegible] in which the philosophy of the art lends to style, and, lastly, all the certainty with regard to the effects he desires to produce which mechanical experience gives an artist. The result of all this was *Robert le Diable*, represented at the Grand-Opéra in Paris, in the month of November, 1831, and since then played, with unceasing applause, in every place where there are a theatre and persons to sing.

(*To be continued.*)

MDLLE. RACHEL.—The illustrious tragedian has reached New-York *en route* for France via England.—(*Times correspondent.*)

PICCO.—Our readers may have observed among our "Notices to Correspondents," the following:—"We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a card from Mr Gay, '*Director of Picco*.'" We confess to having been in the "dark" as to the meaning of the words, "*Director of Picco*." On Thursday afternoon, however, the mystery was unravelled by Professor Anderson the "necromancer" at Covent Garden Theatre. "Picco" is a man, and "the Sardinian Minstrel" is his synonyme. Picco is twenty-five years of age, and has been blind from his birth. He plays upon an instrument, and its synonyme is "Tibia." This "Tibia" is in length three inches, in shape a whistle, and it has three holes in the tube. Upon this curious or rather common piece of machinery, to our great surprise, "Picco" performed a *fantasia* or medley of popular airs (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr Lejeune) in which the most rapid scales and *bravura* passages were executed with astonishing *facility*, to say nothing of delicacy, taste, and feeling. The tone "Picco" produces is between that of a flageolet and *flauto* "Picco"-*lo*"—at times somewhat shrill, at others as soft and *sonoro* as possible. Altogether, "Picco" is a most ingenious fellow, considering the means he has at command. The "Sardinian Minstrel" will no doubt become popular during the season. His talent is peculiar, his instrument peculiar, and his appearance extremely prepossessing.

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7	Recitative—Unto Thee, O Lord	[illegible]	[illegible]
8	Prayer—Turn Thee unto me		
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10.	Chorus—The Lord is good		
11	Recitative—Hannah, why weepest	[illegible]	[illegible]
12.	Duetto—Wherefore is thy soul		
13.	Chorus—For every thing	[illegible]	[illegible]
14.	[illegible]—My son!	[illegible]	[illegible]
15.	Air—If thou shouldst mark		
16.	Chorus—O ye k[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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18.	Solo and Chorus—Philistines, hark!	[illegible]	[illegible]
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21	Lord, unto Thy face		
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23	Solo—The Lord is in His holy temple		
24.	Recitative—Open [illegible] to me	2	[illegible]
25.	Air—I will extol Thee, O Lord		
26.	Recitative—Why camest thou	[illegible]	[illegible]
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32.	Solo—Go in peace Quartet—We [illegible] you	1	[illegible]
33	March of Israelites	[illegible]	[illegible]
34.	Recitative—Hear, O Israel	[illegible]	[illegible]
35.	Chorus—Hold not thy peace		
36.	Recitative—It is a good thing	2	[illegible]
37	The Evening Prayer—This night I lift		
38.	Chorus of Angels—No evil shall	1	
39.	Recitative } Woe unto us, for we are spoiled!	3	[illegible]
40	Chorus		
41	Recitative—When shall I arise	3	[illegible]
42.	Chorus—Have ye the Lord		
43.	Recitative—I wait for the Lord	[illegible]	[illegible]
44	Air—Although my house		
45.	Chorus—Lament with [illegible]	1	[illegible]
46.	Recitative—What meaneth the noise	[illegible]	[illegible]
47	Chorus—The glory is departed		
48.	[illegible]—Blessed be the Lord		
49.	[illegible]—Hallelujah, Amen.		

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The Musical World.

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VOL 34—No 9 SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1856. PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

NOTICE.

Boosey and Sons beg to announce that they have removed their Concertina and Military Instrument departments to new premises, at No. 24, Holles-street. The Music Publishing and Library business will be continued at No. 28.—*February 23rd.*

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Hanover-square Rooms.—Subscribers and the public are informed that the CONCERTS will take place on the following Wednesday evenings:—April 2 and 23, May 14, June 4 and 25. Subscriptions for reserved seats, £2 2s.; professional subscribers, £1 1s.; unreserved seats, the number of which is limited, £1 1s. Subscribers' names received at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and of Messrs. Keith and Co.'s, Cheapside. W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

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MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND.—Exeter Hall.—HANDEL'S MESSIAH.—Mr Mitchell respectfully announces that the Oratorio of THE MESSIAH will be given for the second and last time at Exeter Hall on Tuesday Evening, March 18.—Principal Soprano part by Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, it being her last appearance in London until the month of May next.—The Chorus and Orchestra will consist of more than Six Hundred Performers.—Conductor, Mr Benedict.—Prices of admission: Stalls (numbered and reserved), One Guinea; Unreserved Seats (Body of the Hall), 10s. 6d.; West Gallery, 10s. 6d.; Area (under West Gallery), 7s. *** The tickets will be appropriated according to the order of application, and no more will be issued than the Room can conveniently accommodate.—Doors open at seven, to commence at eight o'clock precisely.—Correct Books of the Oratorio are given with the tickets.—Applications for tickets to be made at Mr Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

CONCERT MONSTRE.—Exeter Hall.—Mr George Case has the honor to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on Monday, March 17. The attractions will be of the same popular description as have always characterised Mr Case's concerts, embracing all the available talent of London. Tickets, 1s., 2s., and 2s. 6d.; reserved seats, numbered, 3s. 6d.; stalls, 5s.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Exeter-hall.—On Wednesday, the 12th of March, will be performed Haydn's CREATION. Principal vocalists—Miss [illegible] C. Whitham, Mr Wilbye Cooper and Mr Lawler. Leader—Mr Thirlwall. Organist—Mr T. Jolley. Conductor—Mr Surman (founder of the Exeter-hall Oratorios). The Oratorio will be preceded by Dr Elvey's new anthem, "Oh! be joyful in God," solo part by Mr Dyson. Composed and dedicated by special permission to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. Conducted by the composer. Tickets—Western area, 1s.; reserved area, 3s.; gallery, 2s. 6d.; central reserved, 5s.; to be obtained of the principal music-sellers, and at the office, No. 9, Exeter-hall, where may be had correct editions of the words, at the lowest prices. 100 special reserved seats will be appropriated for sale, for the benefit of the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows at Kingston-on-Thames. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and £1 each, may be obtained of the Secretary at the offices, Palace Chambers, St. James-street.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE.—Messrs. Gray and Davison having completed the large organ for Sherborne Abbey, beg to announce that Mr W. T. BEST, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, will perform A SELECTION OF ORGAN MUSIC on Wednesday evening, March 5, at 8 o'clock, in the Exhibition Room of their Manufactory, New-road, Fitzroy-square, where tickets may be previously obtained.

HERR IGNACE TEDESCO (Pianist to H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Oldenburg) begs to announce his Second Morning Concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday, March 13th. Herr Tedesco will perform in a Quintette by Spohr, and repeat several of his own new compositions, amongst which are "Souvenance," "Second Grand Galop," and "Scène de Carnaval." Tickets 10s. 6d. each. Reserved Seats, 15s., to be secured of Herr Tedesco's Publishers, Messrs Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND.—EXETER-HALL.—The NIGHTINGALE FUND.—It is respectfully announced that MR and MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT will give an EVENING CONCERT of SACRED and MISCELLANEOUS MUSIC, with full Band and Chorus, at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 4, 1856, the proceeds of which will be presented to the Nightingale Fund. The programme will comprise Mendelssohn's Hymn, "Hear my Prayer, O God," for soprano, chorus and organ—Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, pianoforte, orchestra, and chorus—pianoforte, Mr Otto Goldschmidt. The 130th Psalm, for soprano, solo, and chorus, by Mr Otto Goldschmidt (first time of performance)—solo part by Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Meyerbeer's Trio, "Nord Stern," for soprano and two flutes—Madame Jenny Goldschmidt; flutes, Messrs. Pratten and Rémusat. Finale to Weber's "Euryanthe"—soprano part, Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Beethoven's March and Chorus from the "Ruins of Athens." The full programme will be duly announced. Conductor, Mr Benedict. On this occasion the seats throughout the hall will be numbered and reserved, price one guinea each. Applications for tickets received by Mr Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street. The places will be appropriated according to priority of application, and tickets will be ready for delivery on and after Monday, March 3.—Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.—A Concert of Classical Orchestral and Vocal Music is given every Saturday, under the direction of Mr August Manns, in the temporary Concert Room, by the Queen's apartments, commencing at half-past two. The following are among the compositions which have been performed at these concerts: Symphonies—Beethoven, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 7 and 8; Mozart, in G minor and E flat; Mendelssohn, Nos. 1, 3, [illegible]; R. Schumann, in D minor. Overtures—Beethoven, Leonora, Fidelio, Coriolan, Op. 124, and [illegible]; Weber, Oberon, Freyschutz; Mendelssohn, [illegible], Isles of Fingal, Midsummer Night's Dream; Cherubini, Les deux Journées, Lodoiska; Spohr, Jessonda; Spontini, Olympia; Van Bree, in E flat; Rossini, William Tell. Miscellaneous—Concerto for clarinet and band, Weber; Intermezzo, Verhulst; Sonatas for pianoforte and violin, Mozart and Beethoven; Pianoforte concerto in [illegible], Beethoven; Meditation, Gounod; Non temer, Mozart; "Ah! perfido," Beethoven; "Infelice," Mendelssohn, &c. &c. Vocalists, Miss [illegible], Miss Dyer, Miss [illegible], Mr Leffler. It is intended to follow the above, from time to time, by other works of similar character, including the music in "Egmont," and selections from the ballet of "Prometheus," both by Beethoven; Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille and Melusine;" Franz Schubert's Symphony in C, and Overture to Rosamunde; Romance for violin and orchestra, Beethoven; Concerto for violin, viola, and orchestra, Mozart; Robert Schumann's Symphony in B flat; Symphony by M. Gounod, &c.

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SIGNOR VERONI will sing at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday Evening, March 6th, at the Concert given (under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty) for the Milliners' Benevolent Institution.

SIGNOR VERONI will sing on Saturday Evening, March 8th, at the Grand Concert given by Picco, the Sardinian Minstrel, in the Hanover-square Rooms.

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ANDREWS *v.* HANDEL

To the Editor of the Musical World

SIR,—The insertion of my letter last week was an act of courtesy on your part—which I acknowledge with thanks, & would not again have requested the same favor, had not your observations upon my letter required it. In allusion to your remark that this "unwarrantable meddling, for which no defence can be suggested, & no authority be urged"—I instanced the precedent of Dr Samuel Arnold—enumerating several established favorite Songs which were so treated by him. Of Dr Sam. Arnold we can none of us speak from personal acquaintance, as he was born in 1740 & died in 1802 therefore by his works alone, or by *history* can we reach him—I will take either or both, & assert him to be a man both eminent & popular as a Composer, and fully entitled to a high rank among our accomplished Musicians from the fact of his very elaborate labors of compiling, and handing down "Handel's works" to the present day in their most complete form via Dr Arnold's Edition—surely a Man that devotes the labour of years for such a task calls for some respect in our day?—and of his Oratorio Compositions! The Cure of Saul, The Resurrection, The Prodigal Son, are described by *Dr Burney* as being worthy of the disciple of so good a Master as Handel & with whom he had much intercourse—The Redemption also compiled by him from the works of Handel, and it is through the medium of this Oratorio writes *Mr Hogarth* in his "Musical History" that several of Handel's finest Italian Opera Songs are introduced. On the death of Dr Nares Dr Arnold was chosen his successor as Organist and Composer to his Majesty; and while in this situation writes Mr *Hogarth*, Composed a number of Services & Anthems for the use of the Chapel Royal. In addition to his other numerous works his Collection of "Cathedral Music" forming a continuation of that of Dr Boyce is a monument of his zeal, energy & judgment!

It may be that Dr Arnold is better known to the public as a writer of operas. "The Castle of Andalusia" & "Inkle & Yarico" &c., were highly successful in the days of English opera, & will always be enjoyed and listened to with delight, so long as the people of England retain a taste for the pure & genuine *Melody* of their own country. With this I beg to enclose the words of the two songs introduced into my works for which I am indebted to a clerical friend and in requesting that they may be placed before your readers in full I trust that I am not asking more than you can grant space for: with regard to the Ten Songs the words are from the Bible, according to the references given to the "Psalms of David." The Music references I have also forwarded for your use. Any further remarks you may think well to offer in "Review" of my work will be received by me with an enquiring spirit to improve, & I trust that in this spirit, they will be given to your readers.— I remain, yours obliged,

84, Oxford street, Manchester, R. ANDREWS

We annex the words of the songs according to the wish of our Correspondent.

SONG OF THE PENITENT

Oppressed with guilt and shame,
 Low in the dust I lie;
I dare not plead thy name,
 And yet I fear to die
O Father! to thy face,
 Thy smiles of love I see!
Say! is there yet a place
 Within thy heart for me?

To thee and to thy laws
 Alas! I gave no heed;
I sinned without a cause
 In thought, and word, and deed.
Will then thy righteous eye
 Look on these tears that roll!
Or heed the bursting sigh
 That rends my inmost soul!

"Repent, believe, obey"
 Thy voice, O Lord, I hear!
"With all thy sins away!
 "The lamb of life is near"
'Tis done—thou rise and live!
 "And keep thy heart for me."
Yes! thou I all must give
 Who gave thy Son for me

Roll on, thou beauteous world, in lustre glowing,
But not alone dost tread thy shining way!
Ten thousand pilgrims who thy road are following
With thee in unanimous march in long array
Suns, planets, stars in endless system blaze,
And fill infinity with light and praise

But tell me, Powers of Air and Earth, and Ocean,
For whom reserved your high, imperial State?
See how all living things with mute devotion,
The lofty footsteps of their monarch wait!
Thy throne is set, Viceroy of God! ascend,—
And bid the universe before thee bend.

To complete our gratuitous advertisement, and, we trust, the satisfaction of Mr Andrews, we append a catalogue of the names of his songs, and of the operas from which he has "wrenched" (Wagner) the same:—

1.	"Bow down thine ear, O Lord!"	*Parthenope.*
2.	"Be merciful unto me"	*ditto.*
3.	"Unto thee, O Lord"	*Porus.*
4.	"In thee, O Lord!"	*Parthenope*
5.	"Bless the Lord!"	*ditto*
6.	"Behold the eye of the Lord!"	*Flavius.*
7.	"Plead thou my cause!"	*Orlando.*
8.	"I will sing!"	*Radamistus*
9.	"Roll on, thou beauteous world!"	*Admetus.*
10.	"Have mercy, Lord!"	*Porus.*
11.	"O Lord, rebuke me not"	*Rinaldo.*
12.	"Oppressed with grief"	*Parthenope.*

Further, and to make a clean breast of it, we add a *quasi* defence of Mr Andrews, based upon the Dr. Arnold argument, and from the pen of a Cantab Master of Arts:—

Cambridge, Feby 20 1856.

SIR,—Although myself much averse to the unfortunately prevailing fashion of clipping and arrang[illegible] (or rather as you have most appropriately termed it—"deranging") for particular motives (most generally pecuniary motives) the works of composers of acknowledged excellence I do not & cannot bring myself to consider that you can dispute the argument made by Mr Andrews in his letter published by you last Sat— in which he alludes to certain adaptations & arrangem^ts of Handel's music made by Dr Arnold, as a proof against what Mr Andrews wishes to insinuate you will—viz that by taking the initiative of Dr Arnold, & adapting the music of celebrated composers to other words a clever musician may render an obligation to the world by presenting it with fine specimens, which had, but for the adaptor's skill, been consigned to oblivion.

The compositions resuscitated by Dr Arnold & named in Mr Andrew's letter, are such as are known most intimately by most Professors & Amateurs of the Musical Art and, need I add most deservedly admired.

Who has not always listened with delight to "He layeth the beams"—"Lord remember David"—"He was eyes unto the blind"—"Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty" &c. &c.—Or again most particularly such as had the rare chance of hearing the celebrated Harrison sing his greatest song which was an adaptation from Pergolesi—"O Lord have mercy"—

Still, this same practice carried too far is productive of the most baneful and vitiating effects which every true musician will most zealously decry.

What more painful or disgusting than to hear fine passages from Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*" & other great works, cut up & manufactured into chants & "kyries"—Here is the extreme of a practice thus made revolting, in the eyes of sincere musicians. Yet, vice the case as one, through whose means, rare, & heretofore lost gems are presented to the world it may be considered in a pleasant & a welcome light. But now comes the question—who shall judge of such compositions who shall determine whether they be gems of "purest ray serene"?

In the present instance I cannot speak of Mr Andrews adaptations, as I have not seen them—nor indeed, respecting the merits or demerits of them have you yourself spoken. If they are anything like the class introduced by Dr Arnold—they will be indeed valuable acquisitions to Handel's admirers & since Mr Andrews has so modestly announced his intention of either standing or falling by the verdict of the public & has not attempted the "[illegible]" business on works which are *already* popular we may patiently wait the issue and at all events respect him for having attempted to rescue what in his opinion, An ardent wish of doing a meritorious act, was worth bringing to the light.

Apologising for so lengthy an epistle I remain yrs. truly

M. A. CANTAB.;

And now, we presume, Mr. Andrews will not be surprised at our declining any farther communication on the subject, except in the form of an advertisement.

THE LIND INFLUENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—A proof that the "Jenny Lind influence" cannot injure what is really good, cannot deteriorate from the market value of performances at which the public receive a fair equivalent for their money, may be cited in the case of M. Jullien. In London, as we all remember, the concerts at Exeter-hall did not rob M. Jullien of one shilling. At Liverpool, hundreds were sent away by M. Jullien from St. George's Hall, unable to obtain admittance, within a day or two of the "Lind" apparitions. Many other cases might be cited.—I am, sir, yours,

Liverpool, Feb. 26, 1856. OBSERVER.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Gathering, from a constant perusal of your journal, that you are of the number of those whose study it is to elevate the public taste in music, I think you will allow me to inform your readers, that by going to the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, Leadenhall-street, on Sunday evenings, they can hear Bach's organ compositions successively performed;—a prelude and its accompanying fugue being played on each occasion.

It might not be altogether out of place to observe, what a pity it is that organists in general do not adopt the plan of giving a course of performances from the works of the great composers.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, P.

[P.'s communication would have been more interesting had he named the organist, and informed us whether he played Bach's music well or ill.—ED.]

THE LATE MR. TURNER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—J. M. W. Turner died some time in the year 1851; he bequeathed his large fortune, consisting partly of landed property and partly of pictures, to the nation; the latter on condition that a suitable gallery should be provided for them within the period of ten years. Can you inform your readers whether any steps are being taken to secure the bequest? The heir-at-law, it is said, is quite alive to his reversionary interest, and not without hopes that the remissness of Government may, as too often happens, prevail to his advantage.

Yours, &c. J. H.

[We must confess some sympathy with the "heir-at-law."—ED.]

MR. COSTA'S "ELI."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Pray raise your voice against the unfairness of publishers in withholding the copies of Mr. Costa's oratorio any longer from the subscribers.

It was quietly hinted, at first, that the publication was delayed in deference to the wishes of the composer. But this act is wrong. The work was promised, if I mistake not, very early in January.

I, for one, should enjoy the performances much more with the music in my hand, and I had a right to expect it.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Wednesday. A SUBSCRIBER.

MISS EMMA STANLEY'S SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN is running a successful career at St. Martin's Hall, and is attended nightly by admiring audiences. The entertainment provided by the fair ex-actress is one of the pleasantest and most amusing in London, and sends everybody away not only gratified but instructed. The lecture is well written, and the various characters are assumed with graphic power. Miss Emma Stanley never showed herself more thoroughly an actress than in *The Seven Ages of Woman*, which we recommend to our readers as a panacea for the "blue devils."

PICCOLOMINI.—*On dit.*—Mr. Gye is now in Italy in search of the Sardinian Nightingale.

MEYERBEER AND HIS OPERAS.*

(Concluded from page 125.)

NEVER was there a transformation so complete as that effected in the talent of the author of the *Crociato*, passing, without any intermediate process, from that work to the composition of *Robert le Diable*. The artist was suddenly revealed to himself in this opera, which, under whatever aspect it is viewed, bears the stamp of originality. Nothing in it reminds you of what preceded it. There have been many criticisms on it, but they all prove this fact. The eccentricities pointed out in these criticisms constitute the originality of the work, from the very circumstance of their going beyond the usual order of ideas. It is incontestable that beauties of this description do not belong to the Beautiful which consists in simplicity; that there is a profusion of the means of producing effect; and that art springing from such a source acts more particularly on the nervous system than on the faculties of the affections; but these remarks in no way detract from the glory of the artist, who, no less fertile in invention than powerful in the combination and gradation of his effects, drew entirely on his own resources for the creation of this dramatic [illegible]. "This work will not run ten nights," said the judges at the last general rehearsals and at the first representation. "It will go round the world," I replied. Time has decided who was right. The fact is, putting aside the greater or less amount of sympathy which this music at first inspires, I recognised the characteristics of invention evident in it, and was profoundly convinced of the infallible effect of this quality upon the masses. I saw that the situations had in every case been felt by the composer, and that he had imbued himself with the passions of the personages; I made allowances for the supernatural nature of the subject, which justifies the use of a rather exaggerated colouring, and, lastly, I felt, from my own experience, perfectly convinced that the public could not fail to be touched by the strong emotions produced by this gigantic work. Now, whatever the class of ideas on which a work of art is founded, it is indisputably art itself, if it produces profound emotions. It has nothing in common with that pretended art, sprung from a methodical spirit of system, which certain persons are now endeavouring to render popular in a corner of Germany, and whose discrepancies they explain by attacking the intelligence of the audience. Art which does not make itself understood, and which does not move the mind, is not true art.

The artist who achieves a great success in spite of criticism, must expect to find the latter under arms, and drawn up in battle-array, if he again enters the lists. Meyerbeer experienced this when, after several years spent in observing the general effect of *Robert le Diable*, he produced the *Huguenots*. As we are aware, the author of the libretto slowly prepares the knot of the interest of the drama by long preparations. The first two acts are almost devoid of action, and it is only in the finale of the second act that the catastrophe of the principal subject, the love of Valentine and Raoul, commences to be perceptible. The critics did not fail to render Meyerbeer responsible for this want of movement and interest, and affected to ignore the remarkable amount of fine music with which he filled up the void. If, however, the attention of the public had not been absorbed by the great beauties of the fourth act, they would have rendered more justice to the elegance and distinction of the pieces constituting the first two. In the third act, the interest increases, and the composer colours his music with stronger and more varying tints. As for the fourth act, every one knows by what a progression of effects, and by what rhythms the artist moves the heart, and causes it to experience widely different feelings. At present there is only one opinion with respect to this prodigious fourth act—one of admiration. In sober truth, the critics did not prove themselves to be more enlightened than the vulgar public as to the cause of the emotions produced by this part of Meyerbeer's work, for they contented themselves, according to their custom, with simply stating the effect without seeking to discover the principle. With Frenchmen particularly, the effect produced is the only law which guides critics in their decisions. The consequence of this is, the effect being different at different times and under different circumstances, the public appreciation of the same work changes from black to white in the space of a few years, and declares, one day, the same thing excellent, which, at another time, it anathematises. If, however, we would discover the real value of a production of art, we must examine it more closely, and seek the principle whence it sprang. Now, the principle which had brought about the formation of Meyerbeer's talent in the *Huguenots* was this—*of reaching the culminating point of the work and the highest point of the interest by a constant progression of effect and*

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* Translated from the French of M. Fétis.

by realising this progression through variety in the forms and means employed.

Variety of the forms is in some sort the peculiar quality of Meyerbeer. Not only does he display this in the diversity of plan, distinguishing the various pieces in his operas—a diversity in which he surpasses all other masters—but also in his power of producing it by the disposition of the rhythms. It would be a most interesting study to show how many new forms he has introduced into dramatic music. There is scarcely an air, a duo, a *chansonette*, a concerted piece, or a chorus in his great works, not remarkable for some novelty, either in the arrangement of the ideas, the manner of breaking them off, or the mode of returning to them. With regard to the various rhythms, no one is better acquainted with, or has so successfully carried out the art of diversifying their character and melody by an original disposition of the time and measure, and the construction of the phrases. It is even my opinion that Meyerbeer has not yet exhausted all his combinations of this kind, and that in some future work he will produce new effects with this powerful agent of melodic thought.

Meyerbeer has distinguished himself no less by the diversity in the means he employs to effect his ends; for his instruments too differs in this respect from those of all other composers. It is worthy of remark, too, that the selection of the combinations of the various instrumentals is never the effect of a caprice in Meyerbeer, but always corresponds with the situation and the character of the personage.

Lastly, progressive effect and impression, as far as concerns the interest of the drama and the situation, form one of the transcendent qualities of this composer's talent. This is not disputed even by his enemies. It is this principle which, in the benediction of the poniards in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, causes the effect to pass all bounds, and when the audience think they have reached the climax of their strongest feelings, enables the artist to go still farther and produce unexpected emotions. This, too, explains how, when wishing to give a character of grandeur to his productions, and setting out from a simple melody, he rises gradually to the most powerful combinations, and reaches a degree of energy which cannot be surpassed, and which was never previously obtained. It is thus that, in the fourth act of the *Prophet*, he developes the simple touches of melody into colossal proportions, combining them so as to form the whole substance of the admirable finale. The chant of the singing boys and the despairing phrase of Fides alone compose the groundwork of this prodigious conception.

But, although excelling in producing paroxysms of nervous emotion, it must not be imagined that Meyerbeer confines himself to this alone. Look at him in the fourth act of the *Huguenots* I have mentioned. After the departure of the fanatics, who have just exhausted all emotion of the kind under consideration, by the ferocious accents of their passions, nothing more is to be done with physical sensibility. All, however, is not over; two unhappy beings remain before us on the stage, and to them the sympathies of our hearts are attracted. It is, therefore, to the heart that the composer must address himself in this situation. Who will dare to assert that Meyerbeer has not found within his breast the most thrilling accents to express the agony and ecstasy of love? Who has not the following phrases of such tenderness, as graven on his heart: "*Le danger presse et le temps vole. Toi, mon seul bien, toi mon idole! Ah! quel éclair et quel transport!—quel mot du ciel s'est fait entendre! Tu l'as dit, oui, tu m'aimes!*" Sentiment was never expressed with greater eloquence.

Two opposite parties always judge an artist of great talent; for his works please the one and are distasteful to the other, from a multitude of motives, which it would take too long to examine. It is not even necessary that interests should clash for this divergence of sentiments and opinions to manifest itself; a thousand other causes may produce it. We need not, therefore, be astonished that Meyerbeer should have met with detractors, and these critics, more or less impassioned, should have raised their voices in the midst of an almost universal expression of applause which saluted the productions of this celebrated artist. Among other reproaches addressed to him, it has been said that his melodies are deficient in simplicity; that he is only successful with grand subjects; that he carries the effect of sonority to excess; and that, in general, he wants grace and lightness. He might have been contented with replying to these criticisms by the almost fabulous success obtained by his works; but, like a true artist, he asked himself whether these criticisms were, perhaps, founded on fact, and whether some of smaller proportions than those to which he was accustomed could be produced by his imagination? The *Etoile du Nord* is the result of that inquest held by the artist upon himself. If we merely consider the brilliant success it has attained, this work is, without doubt, highly interesting; but, like everything produced by the illustrious composer, it contains something more than the bare elements of success; something more than the effect experienced by the public, however great its charm; it offers us a new principle, not only producing a work, but, when carried out, showing us what may be done in future.

This opera, differing from the preceding ones, acted immediately by the charm it possessed, and had not to undergo the ordeal of several representations before being understood by the public. Whence comes this difference? In the first place, from the proportions of the various pieces. A certain exertion of spirit is necessary for enabling us to follow the grand development of a complicated subject, but, when the thoughts of the composer are comprised within narrower limits, it is comprehended much more easily. Most of the pieces in Meyerbeer's last opera are short, or at least divided into different parts, which, taken separately, form a whole. The composer seems to have studiously avoided grand airs, grand duos, and grand concerted pieces; when several consecutive scenes are set to music their progress is rapid, and the melodic, harmonic, rhythmic and sonorous character of the piece changes immediately from one scene to another.

The score abounds in melody, of which the composer is so prodigal that it is easy to perceive that the work cost him little trouble to produce. It possesses, however, in all its parts an elevated character while the variety of form displayed in it is so remarkable as to strike the least skilled in such matters. This variety of form is analogous to nothing we find in the works of other artists, or even of Meyerbeer himself; it is something entirely unusual and full of charm and novelty.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(*Continued from page 116.*)

In opera, the musician had hitherto not even attempted to obtain one indivisible form; each separate vocal piece was a form filled up for itself and only connected with the other vocal pieces of the opera as something similar in external structure, but in no way actually so on account of a form-determining purport. Unconnectedness was thus the peculiar characteristic of operatic music. It was only each single tone-piece that possessed in itself a connected form derived from purely musical considerations, maintained from custom and imposed upon the poet as a compulsory yoke. The connection in these forms consisted in a theme, ready-made from the beginning, alternating with a second middle-theme and repeated capriciously on musical grounds. Alternation, repetition, abbreviation, and extension of the themes composed the movement, presupposed entirely by them of the larger, absolute instrumental tone-piece, the symphonetic composition, which endeavoured to obtain a useful form out of a connection, most possible of justification to the feelings, of the themes and their repetition. The justification of the latter depended, however, solely upon an assumption thought but never realized, and the poetic intention alone can really render this justification possible, because it demands it as a necessary condition of its intelligibility.

The principal motives of the dramatic action, become melodic moments, accurately distinguishable, and completely realising their purport, are fashioned, in their significant repetition, always well-defined—similar to rhyme—into a one and indivisible artistic form, spreading not only over the more limited portions of the drama, but over the entire drama itself,* as a uniting and connecting series, in which not only these melodic points appear as mutually explaining each other, and therefore one and indivisible, but, also, the motives of feelings or phenomena incorporated in them, as containing the strongest and the weakest ones of the action, as mutually presupposing each other, and one and indivisible according to the essential attributes of the kind—manifest themselves to the *feelings*. In this connection is the realisation of the perfect one and indivisible form attained, and, through this *form*, the manifestation of a one and indivisible purport, and consequently this purport itself in truth first rendered possible.

If we now comprehend under one exhaustive expression everything relating to this subject, we shall designate the most perfect one and indivisible artistic form as that form in which the most extended connected series of the phenomena of human life can—as purport—be communicated in so perfectly intelligible an expression to the feelings, as to be manifested in all its points as perfectly exciting and perfectly satisfying the feelings. *The purport must, therefore, be one always present, in the expression, and the expression, consequently, one always presentiating according to its compass; for that which is not present is grasped by thought alone, while only what is present is seized by the feelings.*

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* The one and indivisible connection of the themes, which the musician has hitherto attempted to effect in the overture, should be given in the *drama itself*.

In this oneness and indivisibility of the *expression* continually presentiating itself, according to its connection, grasping the purport, the previous problem of the *oneness and indivisibility of space and time* is simultaneously and decisively solved.

Space and time could, as abstractions from the actual corporeal quality of the action, captivate the attention of our drama-constructing poets, only because a useful, perfectly realising expression of the poetic purport they desired was not at their disposal. Space and time are qualities thought of actual sensual phenomena, which, as soon as they are thought, have in truth already lost the power of manifestation; the body of these abstractions is the actual element, which strikes the senses, of the action manifested in a certain space around, and in a duration of movement presupposed out of it. To place the oneness and indivisibility of the drama in the oneness and indivisibility of space and time, is tantamount to placing it in *nothing*, for space and time are of themselves nothing, and first become something through being *negatived* by something *real*, a human action and its natural adjuncts. This human action must be that which is of itself one and indivisible, that is to say, connected; according to the possibility of making its connection one that may be grasped depends the supposition of its duration, and according to the possibility of a perfectly suitable representation of the scene depends the extension in space; for it only desires one thing: to render itself *intelligible* to the feelings. In the most useful space and in the most compressed time, a perfectly unuseful and unconnected action may be spread out at pleasure—as we see sufficiently in our unity-pieces. The oneness of the action is presupposed, on the contrary, out of its intelligible connection itself, but it is only by means of one thing that it can intelligibly manifest the latter, and this one thing is not space and time, but the *expression*. If we have accurately settled this expression, in what has gone before, as one and indivisible, that is to say, connected and always presentiating the connection, and designated it as quite capable of being realized, we have obtained, also, in it, that which in space and time was necessarily separated, as something again united and, where it was requisite for intelligibility, always present; for its necessary presence does not lie in the space and in the time, but in the *expression*, which is exerted on us in space and time. The conditions springing from the want of this expression, as they were connected with space and time, are thus abrogated by the acquirement of it; time and space even are annihilated through the reality of the drama.

Thus, then, the real drama is no more influenced by anything from without, but is a *something organically being and becoming*, which has developed and fashioned itself out of the inward conditions to the only point of contact, again presupposing it, to without, the necessity of the intelligibility of its manifestation—and that, too, of its manifestation as it *is* and *becomes*—and obtaining its intelligible shape by bringing forth from the *stem* inward necessity the all-realising expression of its purport.

CHAPTER VII.

In this representation now terminated, I have pointed out possibilities of expression, which a poetic intention may and which the highest poetic intention *must* employ for its realization. The rendering these possibilities of its expression evident, is presupposed solely out of the highest poetic intention; but the latter cannot be grasped, until the poet is conscious of the possibilities in question.

Whoever has so understood me, as if it had been my object to set up a capriciously invented system, according to which musician and poet shall henceforth work, has not wished to understand me. But whoever will moreover believe that whatever I may say that is new is founded upon absolute assumption, and is not identical with experience and the nature of the matter developed, will not be able to understand me, even though he should desire to do so. Whatever I may happen to say that is new is nothing but what was previously unknown in the nature of the matter, and which has become known to me, becoming thus known to me as a thinking artist, because I grasped according to its connection what had hitherto been grasped by artists only separately. I have thus not *invented* anything new, but merely *discovered* the connection in question.

It now only remains for me to define *the relation between the poet and the musician*, as resulting from the above statement. In order that I may do this briefly, let us first consider the question: "Has the poet to *limit* himself for the musician, and the musician for the poet?"

Freedom of the individual has hitherto appeared possible only in a—wise—limitation to without; moderation of his impulses, and thus of the strength of his capability, was the first demand of the political community on separate individuals. The full recognition of one individuality was necessarily regarded as tantamount to the restriction of the individuality of others, and self-limitation was, on the contrary, the highest virtue and wisdom. Strictly speaking, this virtue preached by the wise, sung by didactic poets, and finally required by the State as the duty of the subject, and by Religion as that of humility, was one never existing: wished—but not practised—thought, but not realised, and as long as a virtue is demanded it will never, in truth, be practised. The practice of this virtue was either owing to despotic compulsion—and thus without the merit of the virtue, as it was imagined, or it was necessarily voluntary and unreflecting, and in that case the realising power was not the self-restrictive will, but—*Love*. The same sages and lawgivers who required the practice of self-restriction through reflection did not for a single instant reflect on the fact that they had under them serfs and slaves, from whom they cut off every possibility of the practice of this virtue; and yet these persons were, in truth, the only ones who really restricted themselves for the sake of another because they were compelled to do so; among themselves, in the case of every ruling and reflecting aristocracy, self-restriction consisted only in the cunning of egotism, which suggested to them that exclusiveness and carelessness for others, and that abandonment of others, which, in outward forms, borrowed from respect and friendship, knew how to assume an almost gracious appearance, was only possible for them by other men, precisely as slaves and vassals, being at their disposal, and alone rendering possible for their masters this exclusive, well-defined independence. We see in the fearful demoralisation, revolting to every true man, of our present social condition, the necessary result of the demand for an impossible virtue, which demand is, finally, enforced by a barbarous police. Only the complete disappearance of this demand, and the reasons, out of which it was formed—only the abolition of the most inhuman inequality of men in their position in life can produce the *imagined* result of the demand for self-restriction, and that by rendering possible *free-love*. Love, however, produces this imagined thought in an immeasurable high degree, for it is not *self-restriction*, but something endlessly more—namely—*the highest development of the strength of our individual capability—simultaneously with the most necessary impulse of self-sacrifice for the benefit of a beloved object.*

(*To be continued.*)

Mr Thomas, the English Harpist.—Mr Thomas gave a concert at Nice during the last month, which was attended by all the aristocratic visitors, among whom were her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Baden, and her suite, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, the Duchess de Sagan (Princess de Courlande), the Prince de Sagan—Prince and Princess Schönbourg, Duke de Dino, the Duke de Parme, etc., etc., Mr Thomas performed several of his own compositions on the harp, which were received with immense applause.

PROVINCIAL.

Manchester.—Madame Szczepanowska gave her last concert for the season on Tuesday evening the 13th February. The vocalists were Miss Helen Taylor, and Mr. Gulmeve. The instrumentalists, besides the *bénéficiaire* (pianoforte) were Mr. Seymour (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). Madame Szczepanowska played in a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, by Beethoven, and a sonata for piano and violin by Mozart, with Mr. Seymour. Mr. D. W. Banks accompanied.

The Yarwood's concert, in the Athenæum library hall, on Monday the 11th February, was well attended. Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Brooke and Mr. Delavanti were the principal vocalists. The instrumentalists were Herr Unger (pianoforte), Herr Seelegraber (violin), and Mr. R. Thorley (violoncello). They played Beethoven's trio in C minor (op. 1). Mr. Yarwood was prevented by illness from appearing at his concert. Mr. D. W. Banks accompanied.

Liverpool.—(*From our own Correspondent*.)—The first full-dress subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society is fixed for the 11th of March, when Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* will be given. It was intended to commence with Costa's *Eli*, but its production has been deferred.—The Festival Choral Society commence a performance of Handel's *Joshua* in St. George's Hall for April.—Mr. Best's organ performances in St. George's Hall continue attractive.—Mr. Mitchell, of London, was present at the last on Monday night, when that famous *impresario* inspected the new Concert Hall, which is rapidly approaching completion. Mr. Mitchell, it is said, intends either engaging St. George's Hall or the new Concert Hall, for two more Lind concerts in April.

Derby.—Mad. Goldschmidt's morning concert took place in the Lecture Hall on Saturday, the 23rd February, under the superintendence of Mr. Helliwell. Mad. Goldschmidt's performance consisted of the prayer from *Der Freischütz*; "On mighty pens," from the *Creation*; a song composed by her husband, "This world is all a fleeting show;" the *scena* and *aria*, "Care Campagne" (*Sonnambula*); "John Anderson my jo," and the "Bird song" of Taubert, in all of which she enchanted the audience. Mr. Goldschmidt played, in conjunction with Signor Piatti, the *adagio* and *finale* from a violoncello sonata by Mendelssohn, a *sarabande* and *allegro* from one of the *suites* of J. S. Bach and the tarantella of Thalberg. Mr. Swift sang in a very satisfactory manner in "Ave Maria," by Cherubini, and the *aria* "Ah si ben mio," from the *Trovatore*. Signor Piatti played a solo on the violoncello, and Herr Wilhelm Ganz was the pianoforte accompanist.

York.—Mr. Barker, of the Cathedral Choir, gave a concert in the Festival Room on Monday the 11th Feb. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Sims Reeves, Messrs. Barker, Lambert and Hillbrough. The instrumentalists, Mr. Thirlwall (violin), Mr. H. C. Barker (pianoforte), and the band of the 7th Hussars, under the direction of Mr. J. R. Willis. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in "Bonnie Jean," and "My pretty Jane." Mendelssohn's Four-part song was well sung by Mrs. Sunderland, Messrs. Barker, Lambert, and Hillbrough, and Messrs. Thirlwall and H. C. Barker were much applauded for their performance of a duet for violin and piano. The military band played several pieces, among which must chiefly be praised a selection from the *Trovatore*, arranged by Mr. Willis, the master of the band, in which the solo playing of Messrs. Willis, Holmes and Nutt, on the clarionet, cornet, and flugel horn, were heard to advantage. Mr. H. C. Barker accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte. Mr. Sims Reeves, after expressing his satisfaction at the performance of the band to Mr. Willis, presented the senior non-commissioned officer with a handsome present in money, to be divided among the men.

Leicester.—M. and Madame Goldschmidt gave a concert at the New Music Hall, in the London road, on Monday last. They were assisted by M. Sainton on the violin, Signor Piatti on the violoncello, and Mr. Swift, the new tenor. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was accompanist at the piano. Madame Goldschmidt sang an air from the *Creation*, a song by Mendelssohn, an aria from *Roberto* by Meyerbeer, the ballad of "John Anderson, my Jo," and the "Echo Song," with her accustomed talent. Herr Goldschmidt played the trio (op. 97), by Beethoven, for piano, violin, and violoncello, in conjunction with M. Sainton and Signor Piatti; the *allegro* and *scherzo*, at the commencement of the first, and the *andante* and *finale* at the beginning of the second part of the programme, an arrangement not to be commended. M. Sainton played one of his own compositions, and Mr. Swift sang airs by Cherubini and Verdi.

Huddersfield.—A concert was given in the Philosophical Hall on Wednesday night, by Mr. Wood. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Mary Newbound, and Mr. Henry Phillips. The attendance was numerous. Mrs. Sunderland was encored in "The Captive Greek Girl." The first appearance of Miss Newbound in this town was successful, and one of her songs was encored. Mr. Henry Phillips received encores in two of his songs, and the concerted pieces went off with spirit.

Clifton.—Mr. H. C. Cooper, the well known violinist, gave a concert in the Victoria Rooms on Monday evening, the 19th Feb. The vocalists were Miss Milner and Mr. Winn, and the instrumentalists, Mr. Ensor (pianoforte), Mr. H. C. Cooper and Herr Kreutzer (violins), Mr. Webb (viola), M. Paque (violoncello). The programme consisted of Haydn's quartet for stringed instruments, in F (No. 32), Mozart's in D (No. 7) and Beethoven's in C (No. 9), Hummel's trio in E, for piano, violin, and violoncello, and vocal music by Spohr, Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Pacini. The instrumental music was well played, and was attentively listened to. Miss Milner was encored in Pacini's "Sommo Cielo" (violin obbligato, Mr. H. C. Cooper). Notwithstanding the concert chiefly consisted of classical music the audience numbered little short of five hundred, a satisfactory proof of an increasing taste for music of the highest school among the residents of Clifton and its neighbourhood.

Peterborough.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The Cathedral Choral Society gave their first concert of secular music on the 19th Feb. Several pieces were tolerably well given, the best being Mendelssohn's hunting song, "Now morning advancing." We are bound to say, however, that there appeared a great want of unity in most of the performances. The singers were not up to their work. Nevertheless, judging from the many encores, the audience were pleased. The attendance was good, which should stimulate the members to persevere. Mr. Speechly accompanied on one of Broadwood's grand pianofortes, lent by the Dean and Chapter.

Brighton.—Madame Oury has announced a concert for the benefit of the Nightingale Fund, to take place in the first week after Easter. The Pavilion Band will perform several selections, overtures, &c. Among the vocalists will be Miss Dolby and Mad. Rudersdorff. Mad. Oury will perform her last two compositions, "The Sicilienne," and grand fantasia on *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.

Bootham.—On Friday evening, the 23rd February, a concert was given by the pupils of the Yorkshire School for the Blind, at the school, Manor yard, to the members of the Working Men's News and Reading Rooms, at York, and their friends. The attendance was so numerous that many persons could not gain admittance. The proceeds will be devoted to the Working Men's Institution.

Dublin.—(*From a Correspondent*.)—An amateur operatic performance, for the benefit of the Irish Academy of Music, was given in the Brunswick-street Concert-room on Saturday last, under the direction of M. Kettenus, a violinist who has distinguished himself at M. Jullien's Concerts. The Lord Lieutenant was present, and a large assemblage of the rank and fashion of the capital. The concert room was elegantly fitted up as a theatre. The opera was Wallace's *Maritana*, supported by Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Geale, Mr. Alexander, Major M'Clintock, Sir Jocelyn Coghill, Captain Fellows, Captain Esmard and Mr. Gore, A.D.C. The Marchioness of Downshire—with whom the performance originated—presided at the pianoforte in the orchestra, which was partly composed of professionals and amateurs. Previous to the opera, the Hon. Edward Lesser recited a prologue, written for the occasion. The performance appeared to afford unqualified satisfaction, and was highly creditable to M. Kettenus.

PARIS.

Two "events" have occurred in the musical world of Paris during the past week—the production of Signor Bottesini's much-expected and long-delayed opera, *L'Assedio di Firenze*, at the Italiens; and the first appearance of Madame Marie Cabel at the Opéra-Comique, in Auber's new opera, *Manon Lescaut*, also brought out for the first time. Both were successes, the last-named more particularly, Madame Cabel creating the greatest enthusiasm from beginning to end of her performance. The new opera by Auber is, according to all accounts, a decided advance on *Jenny Bell*, being more sparkling, more spirited, and more full of real tune. No doubt the subject had something to do with these results. The coquettish Manon and the sentimental Desgrieux could hardly fail to inspire a composer, who possesses so warm a feeling for the picturesque and beautiful. Everybody knows the romantic tale of *Manon Lescaut*. No story extant, if delicately handled, could afford a happier subject for the dramatist. We shall be able next week to enter fully into the merits of the music and the libretto. At present we can only record the success of the opera, for which of course it was in no small degree indebted to that incomparable artist who will prove, or we are much mistaken, the greatest acquisition the Opéra-Comique has enjoyed for many years—to Marie Cabel.

Of Signor Bottesini's opera we can speak more at length. The scene of *L'Assedio di Firenze* is laid in the beginning of the 16th century. The reader of Italian history will remember the siege of Florence, which commenced in October 1529 and lasted for eleven months, during which the inhabitants suffered all the tortures of prolonged famine. It is related that more than twenty thousand citizens and soldiers perished in that time. An episode in the history of the siege has furnished the story of the opera. The youthful Ludovico Martelli, on the side of the Republic, sent a challenge to Giovanni Bandini, in the army of the Emperor Charles V. Bandini accepted the challenge. The combatants met with two seconds, in presence of the Florentine and Imperial armies, and fought, the seconds engaging at the same time. The second of Martelli, named Dante di Castiglione, slew his opponent; but Martelli was so seriously wounded by Bandini, that he was forced to yield himself vanquished, and died shortly afterwards. The records of the period hinted that patriotism alone was not the cause of the duel, and that there was a lady in the case. It was this hint which inspired the poet, or rather the romancist. The lady was Maria de Ricci, wife of Signor Niccolo Benintendi. M. Corghi, the reputed author of the *libretto*, merely altered the original book which was written at New York, by M. Moretti, who took his story from *L'Assedio di Firenze*, a romance by F. D. Guerrazzi. The librettist has interpolated the character of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who figures largely in the poem.

Whatever differences of opinion exist as to the special merits of the music, all agree in proclaiming Signor Bottesini a thoroughly accomplished musician, and his opera a very able work. The choruses are universally praised for their vigour and character, and the orchestration for its richness and variety. A chorus of women in the first act has been particularly noticed for its grace and elegance, and is by some considered the capital *morceau* of the opera. A *cavatina* for Michael Angelo in the second act also produced a great effect. A scene in the third act, where Bandino and Ludovico meet Maria in presence of Michael Angelo, and sing a quartet, is said to recall the second finale of *Lucia*. Signor Bottesini, however, has not availed himself of Donizetti's ideas, but has treated the situation in a novel manner and with dramatic power. This scene was greatly applauded. The opening chorus of this act, more especially the *ritournelle*, is said to be beautiful. The fourth and last act—as is too often the case in modern operas—is described as not so suggestive in situations, nor so rich in musical illustrations. The final scene, where Ludovico enters wounded and dies on the stage, again reminds some critics of the last scene of *Lucia*. Here, however, the musician appears once more to have displayed originality in his manner of treating the subject, and has nothing in common with his predecessor.

The reception accorded to the new opera must have been flattering to the composer. The execution was entrusted to Madame Penco (Maria), Signors Mario (Ludovico Martelli), Graziani (Bandini), and Angelini (Michael Angelo). Madame Penco sang delightfully, and Signors Graziani and Angelini acquitted themselves in their parts with excellent effect. As for Signor Mario—a first performance being nothing more than a rehearsal—little need be said. He was not himself—he never is entirely himself on a first night. The public should wait until the second, third, or fourth. Mario, in all probability, will then be *himself*—that is something beyond comparison. The directors have spared no expense in the scenic decorations and dresses. The "getting up" of the *Assedio di Firenze* indeed, is praised by all the authorities as splendid and complete.

M. Amandi has appeared at the Grand Opera as Robert in *Robert le Diable*. His voice and singing are praised, but his acting criticised. The change in the direction of the Théâtre Lyrique has at last taken place. M. Carvalho has been nominated in lieu of M. Pellegrin. A new opera, in one act, called *En venant de Pontoise*, has been produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, and introduced Mdlle Claire Courtoise. Both piece and artist were successful.

Two concerts were given lately at the Tuileries—one on Tuesday week, at which MM. Roger, Bonnehée, and Mad. Tedesco, among others, assisted; the second on Tuesday last, when Signors Mario and Graziani, and Mad. Penco were the singers. A concert was also given on Monday, on the occasion of the grand reception of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, when Signors Mario, Graziani, Zucchini, Mesdames Frezzolini and Borghi-Mamo were engaged.

BERLIN.—A concert was given last week in the Gesellschaftshaus by Herr Damrosch, assisted by Herr Engel's band. The overtures to *Ruy Blas* and *Egmont* were performed. Herr Damrosch played Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and several *pièces de salon*. There is a great deal said of Madlle. Michal, a new singer from Stockholm, who will shortly appear at the Royal Operahouse, and who sang the other day at a *matinée musicale* given by Herr Bock. Her voice is praised, not for its strength, but for its roundness and unusual compass. At the Royal Operahouse we have had lately the *Prophète* (Madlle. Johanna Wagner as Fides), *Don Juan* and *Armida*. (Gluck's, not Rossini's.) Herr Carl Formes, the bass, is expected immediately. Among other parts, he will appear as Falstaff, in Nicolai's *Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*.

BRESLAU.—A new opera, entitled *Die Weiber von Weinsberg*, (that eternal subject) by a local composer, Herr Carl Schnabel, the *libretto* by Dr C. Grosser, is announced.

AMERICA.—The papers which have reached us from the new continent, inform us that Mozart's centenary was especially commemorated in one city only—St. Louis, where a festival was given supported by resident talent. The programme was made up of the *Requiem*, the Twelfth Mass, selections from *Don Giovanni*, *Zauberflöte* &c.

At New York concerts without number have been given in the different Music Saloons, since our last. The most important of them were Messrs. William Mason and Carl Bergmann's third *Matinée*, Mr Theodore Eisfeld's third *Soirée*, Mr Gottschalk's two concerts—one of which comprised nothing but Spanish and Cuban music—and Mr Morgan's "Pianoforte Recitals." A new and spacious concert room, called "The City Assembly Rooms," was inaugurated on the 8th of February, and pronounced the finest music hall in New York.

At Boston, the fourth and last concert of the Orchestral Society, falling in the week in which the birthdays of Mozart and Mendelssohn occurred, was devoted to a performance of the works of the two great masters. The Mozart selection consisted of the "Jupiter" symphony, the overture to *Il Flauto Magico*, and a duet from *Le Nozze di Figaro*. That of Mendelssohn included two movements from the "Italian" symphony, the *Capriccio Brillant* in B minor for pianoforte, the "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and extracts from *Elijah*. We cannot compliment the "Orchestral Concert" on its selection, or its reverence for great works. The mutilation of the A major symphony was indefensible.

NOTICE.

The volumes of the *Musical World* for 1854 and 1855 being nearly out of print, orders should be sent immediately to secure the few remaining copies. Price 10s. each.

In consequence of the many applications we are constantly receiving to announce the arrival in town of musical professors, and their departure for the provinces or the continent, we beg to state that such favours are *advertisements* and must be paid for. The tariff of our advertisement columns can be known at the office. It is also requisite to state that the announcement of arrivals, departures, etc., *in the body of the journal, among the paragraphs of news*, will of necessity entail a considerable extra charge.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To those whom it may concern.—*In order to save further unnecessary trouble we beg to state, once for all, that no communication to the Editor of* The Musical World *will receive any attention whatever unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer. We must also add that no communications intended for* The Musical World *will be noticed henceforward, unless they are addressed to the Office, 28 Holles-street.*

J. R. W. (Scarborough).—*Certainly not Mr Lindsay Sloper.*

W. M. T. (New York.)—*Mdlle Sophie Cruvelli non est. Madame the Baronne Vigier is now the name and title of the lady whom our correspondent so greatly and (reasonably) admires.*

Fanatico.—*The article about Signor P. A. Fiorentino is true to the letter as "Fanatico" will see, very shortly.*

An Admirer of Berlioz.—*Mr H. F. Chorley. Our correspondent must have glanced at rather than read, the article.*

To Publishers. (Music sent for Review).—"*Plaintes d'une Captive*," "*Rose au Village*," "*Vieux Manoir, Souvenirs d'Ecosse*," "*La Garde Passe*," "*L'Ange au Berceau*," and "*Les Ombres*," by Felix Godefroid.—"*Au Revoir*," by G. A. Osborne.—"*Prière du Soir*," "*The breeze is blowing*," "*O gentle day*" and "*Hope*," by Rene Favarger.—"*The fairest of the fair*," and "*Under a hedge*," by T. German Reed, *have already been reviewed.*

H. C. C. (Bristol.)—*We are always happy to receive communications from our Correspondent, but at the same time, he must bear in mind that our limited space renders it impossible for us to publish detailed accounts of any musical performances in the provinces, except those at the "Festivals," or such as may be of unusual and special importance. The bare record, indeed, of their having taken place, is ordinarily as much as we can find room for.*

Classicus.—*If "Classicus" will send his name and address, his letter and quotation shall be published.*

A Subscriber.—*Will our Correspondent send his name and address? We have mislaid his card.*

M. A. Cantab.—*Has our Correspondent anything to say himself upon the subject to which he refers? If so we shall be glad to hear from him.*

DEATHS.

On Saturday Feb. 23—aged 46 years—at her residence in Paris—Mad. Allan (*née* Despréaux), one of the most distinguished actresses of the Comédie Française.

On Thursday Feb. 12—aged 53—in Paris—Alexandre Montfort, a French dramatic composer.

Recently, at Geneva—at an advanced age—Madame Wilhelmine de Chézy, authoress of the *libretto* to Weber's *Euryanthe* and of other literary productions.

At Philadelphia—on the 17th ult.—Miss Adele Hohnstock, a pianist of repute.

At Constantinople—recently—Donizetti Pasha (brother of the celebrated composer), for many years director of the music of the Sultan, and much esteemed in European Turkey.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON SATURDAY, March 1st, 1856.

Two essays, under the head of "*The Lind influence upon Art*," have appeared in the columns of our able and widely circulated contemporary *The Sunday Times*. These essays—which are earnest, eloquent, and well written—seem to us to maintain a sophistry. Their chief argument goes to prove that the sums lavished by the English public upon Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt are "abstracted from the floating capital with which the requirements of an ordinary London season are sustained." With deference, we cannot but regard this as delusive. No such "floating capital" exists. The "capital," whatever it may happen to be, is created by the attraction, and where there is no attraction the other is simply imaginary. Nine tenths of those who pay to hear (and to see) Jenny Lind are persons to whom musical performances in general afford little interest, and who, but for so peculiar a temptation, would never probably be seduced into a concert-room.

But the sophistry is not exactly there. Let us, *argumenti gratiâ*, admit the "floating capital" and that Mad. Goldschmidt absorbs a large portion of the money which would otherwise be devoted "to the requirements of an ordinary London season." Where is the harm? Does she prevent amateurs from attending benefit concerts, and from paying a guinea, or half a guinea, for performances artistically (our contemporary invokes "Art") worthless? If so, she deserves the thanks of the musical community—since of all conceivable impostures these benefit concerts are the most monstrous. What has the public to do with Mad. Goldschmidt's treaty with Mr Mitchell? Nothing at all. Mad. Goldschmidt gives concerts, and demands one guinea for reserved seats, and if Mr Mitchell can make his terms with Mad. Goldschmidt and the concerts pay, so much the better for Mr Mitchell. There are teachers of singing and the pianoforte out of number, who ask the same price from their patrons, while the entertainment they provide for the money is scarcely worth one-eighth of that at which Mad. Goldschmidt is the chief attraction. The public, then, is not imposed upon at all in the case of the Swedish songstress. If any one is to be pitied it is Mr Mitchell—that is, presuming he loses, which he don't.

The instance of Bradford, cited by our contemporary, does not affect the argument. As we have hinted, the Jenny Lind mania is not a musical mania, but a mania *per se*. At Liverpool the agent of Madame Goldschmidt was paid £1,000 for two concerts, and the profits of the St. George's Hall Committee amounted to £1,600. Now we really can see no reason why Madame Goldschmidt should commit the same oversight in other large towns, and make Bradford, etc., the concession which (inadvertently no doubt) she made to Liverpool. The state of the public mind considered, we confess our surprise that Madame Goldschmidt should sing (and Herr Otto Goldschmidt play) at any concert whatever, public or private, under £1,000 sterling of the realm. True, the thing is unprecedented; but are not all great fortunes realised much in the same fashion?—and is not the admonition to "make hay while the sun shines" universally applicable.

That which most puzzles us is the exact interpretation our contemporary would have us give to "the requirements of a London season." What, in the name of common sense, are the "requirements?" We should like to be informed, but are unable to guess. Is our "English opera" (!) worth supporting, under the alternate direction of Mr E. T. Smith and Professor Anderson, at the two theatres once so glorious, now sunk in the lowest depths? So far as we are concerned every guinea abstracted from these large establishments (as now directed) through Mad. Goldschmidt or through no matter what influence, is a claim upon our gratitude.

Let us have English opera as it should be—as it might be—as it would have been long since, but for a want of unity in the musical profession—and we shall be the first to welcome, the first to support it. But as matters stand now we should prefer seeing Mr Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* played to empty benches, since every time it is played as it has been lately played at Covent Garden Theatre is equivalent to an extra blow administered to the cause. If, then, Mad. Goldschmidt interferes with such speculations as those now going on at the two "great patent theatres," so much the better. We esteem her all the more.

Whether the Philharmonic Concerts are likely to be injured by Madame Goldschmidt remains to be proved. At present it is difficult to believe anything of the kind, since by a strange caprice she has consented to sing at one of them in the course of the season—*gratis*. That such a favour would be far more worthily bestowed upon the Sacred Harmonic Society we cannot help thinking, the claims of the Philharmonic Society to any consideration being, to say the least, apocryphal. If however Herr Goldschmidt is to play, or to have a symphony performed (Herr Goldschmidt is a very industrious composer), the mystery becomes solved at once. He has not written an oratorio yet; but that may be ready for 1857 or '8, and then Mr Bowley and the Sacred Harmonic Society may have a chance.

But without entering further into details, we must insist (and the gravest question lies here) that "the cause of native art," to which our contemporary alludes so pathetically, has nothing at all to do with the *prestige* of Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, or with that of any foreigner whatever. The cause of native art is in the hands of native artists, who, up to this time, have treated it scurvily enough. Any attempt to *compel* the general public to become its advocates must naturally (and justly) fall to the ground. *Attract* the public by legitimate means, and leave off all this whining and rhodomontade about the neglect of that which is literally not worth patronizing! High as we place Art of every denomination, we cannot repel the conviction that its enjoyment comes chiefly in times of leisure. Would it delight a statesman returning from his parliamentary labours, or a stockbroker from his transactions on Change, to look at a dull and stupid picture, simply because an English painter had produced it? Not at all. Why then, in moments of recreation, should the public (which pays), tired out with the business of the day, and anxious for a new and wholly different excitement, be expected to find the much-desired relaxation in dull music any more than in dull pictures of English growth!

We have nothing to say to the mistakes of managers and speculators. If Mr Bunn paid Malibran £125 a-night, it was his own business, and his ultimate loss. The public were admitted to Drury Lane Theatre at the accustomed prices, and the public had, therefore, no right to complain. So with Jenny Lind. What Mr Mitchell pays her, or what she pays Mr Mitchell, is equally a secret. The public is invited to the concerts, at prices by no means unusual; and if Mr Mitchell is eventually ruined (which he won't be) that is nothing to the public. The distinction is clear enough. There are many who announce concerts at one guinea *per* reserved seat, the room is full, but all, or nearly all the tickets are given away; while Mad. Goldschmidt announces concerts on precisely the same terms, the room is full and all, or nearly all, the tickets are *sold*. This applies to the provinces as well as to London. What reason, then, is there for complaint, on the part of anyone who pretends to advocate the public cause? Managers and speculators, we admit, too often cut their own throats. But that is surely a matter apart. It has nothing whatever to do with the merits of artists, and exercises only an indirect influence upon the interests of art.

To conclude—our contemporary uses these words:—

> "The sums paid to hear Jenny Lind are after all, paid *only by a class*, and prevent its members dispensing the amount which, during the ordinary season, falls in the hands of a variety of artists."

That the sums are paid by "a class," we admit; we have, indeed, suggested as much already. But it is "a class" which, for the most part, does not care one straw about the advancement of "English art," or (abstractedly) about that of any art whatever. It is a class that pays, and can afford to pay (no matter how much) wherever it expects to be amused—"a class" that supports Albert Smith at his prices, just the same as it does Jenny Lind at her prices—"a class," in short, that "follows the fashion," and of which an excellent account is rendered by Mr Thackeray in his *Vanity Fair*.

But the above does not even touch the soundness of our argument, nor in any way help that of our intelligent, much respected, but in this instance (we think) mistaken contemporary.

An able translation of M. Oulibicheff's treatise on the leading characteristics of Mozart's genius and works (*The Mission of Mozart*) is now publishing in the columns of *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Boston). We regret that want of space, and press of other matters, should prevent us from transferring it, or parts of it, to our columns, even at the risk of being soundly rated by Mr Dwight, who was so angry at our appropriation of *A Review of The History of Music before Mozart*, and *An Analysis of Don Giovanni*.

If our contemporary *will* put out such tempting baits, he must expect that some hungry literary fish may occasionally bite. We offered him, in exchange for the *Review* and *Analysis*, the *Opera and Drama* of his favourite, Richard Wagner; but Mr Dwight only took a slice or two, and rejected the rest. Did it taste so bitter? For our own parts, we can scarcely imagine more dainty fare for satisfying the Boston appetite and assuaging the Boston thirst, than the third volume of *Opera and Drama*, which is so peculiarly intelligible, and discloses so clear and easily followed a plan for the guidance of young musicians ambitious of distinction and eager to think as composers for the theatre.

Talking of America, by the way, there is Mr Fry, a very adventurous explorer in the realms of fantastic art. Why does not Mr Fry try his hand, and produce an opera after the rules laid down (so tersely) by Herr Wagner?—not in Herr Wagner's *music*, but in the third volume of Herr Wagner's book, the reduction of which into English has been so painful a labour that we shall really be surprised if our translator rises from the completion of his task with a single hair of his head retaining its original colour. And to think that all this should go for nothing! That our American contemporaries who, a while ago, were full of Herr Wagner's praises, should have let slip so famous an opportunity of allowing their hero to unfold his argument at length! Perhaps we shall be told that we have helped Herr Wagner to drown himself in the depths of his own theories. It may be so. We shall at least have rendered a service to the art, which that false teacher has long struggled to destroy, but which he can never succeed in destroying so long as even a Savoyard or a blind fiddler is tolerated in the streets. So long as one of these is permitted to grind, or to scrape, the tune of "Life let us cherish," in the streets, melody will prevail ("wrenched out of the mouth of the people," or not) and the Wagnerian labours be in vain.

We have not alluded to the new translation from M. Oulibicheff simply for the purpose of calling attention to Mr. Dwight's continuous efforts in the good cause, though they are sufficiently worthy of acknowledgment. We had another reason. Scarcely a year has passed since the musical journals of "The States" were advocating Wagner and his "future drama" with a warmth and unanimity worthy of a better cause, and now without an exception to be noted, the transatlantic pens have ceased to write the name, much more the praises, of that man of Zurich, of whom Zurich knows so little and Weimar so much—too much. How is this? Has truth at last prevailed among our excellent, though now and then not over temperate cousins? We hope sincerely so, and, the wish being father to the thought, congratulate them in advance. Of all places in the world we should regret to observe in America, where music is advancing everywhere so rapidly, the steady progress of a grave and pernicious error. Even in Germany the Wagner mania is gradually dying away. The successive failures of *Lohengrin*—"that best work"—have opened the eyes of the unwary; while the sneers bestowed upon "Venus" and "the Minstrel" at Berlin—where *Tannhauser* has been brought out with unprecedented care and magnificence—may be said to have administered to "that second best work" a death blow.

Let our American friends, however, get up *Tannhauser* or even *Lohengrin* (*l'un vaut l'autre*) and judge for themselves. We will answer for it the quality of common sense and the genuine feeling for music are too rife among them to allow of any other result than one being probable. That ingenious cacophony, the overture to *Tannhauser*, may possibly have deceived a few (only a few) American amateurs, but how long will the deception reign? Not very long we are convinced. The "*expression which, in every one of its points contains the poet's intention, but in every one also conceals it from the feelings*—THAT IS, REALISES IT"* has yet to be accepted among sensible Yankees, and when accepted Mr. Fry, or Mr. Bristow, or at any rate Mr. Dwight, must explain what that "expression" means before it can be generally understood and applied by the rising composers of the New World. We appeal to these gentlemen for an interpretation of Herr Wagner's meaning "in all its points." They are musicians, and therefore (according to Herr Wagner) "realisers of the poet." Will they kindly "realise the poet"—not in the "co-sounding organ of tone language," but in plain English—and place us under a lasting obligation? We look "towards" them.

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* "*Ante*"—Page 118 (*literal translation*).

We were in hopes that the question of Andrews *versus* Händel had been settled. But it appears not. Mr. Andrews sticks to his point with wonderful pertinacity, the weakness of his argument considered. And further to embroil the matter, he has found an advocate, in the person of "M. A. Cantab"—whose letter, together with that of Mr. Andrews, will be found in another page.

Now, with deference to Mr. Andrews and his new apostle, we have not changed our opinion. What is said, by both, of Dr. Arnold, fails to touch the question. The sins of Dr. Arnold have been visited upon himself, and the obscurity that surrounds his name is simply poetical justice rendered to his living insignificance. Dr. Arnold, but for his edition of Handel's works, would have been long forgotten; and the incorrectness of that edition is his chief title to immortality. Had his labours been complete and satisfactory, the "Handel Society," to whom Dr. Arnold has dedicated his twelve disarrangements of the great master's songs, would not have existed.

Dr. Burney's critical opinion upon music is not worth one straw, nor can we agree with Mr. Hogarth in his extravagant estimate of the merits of Dr. Arnold's compilations. Of Dr. Arnold's "operas" (!) the less said now the better.

Nevertheless, had Dr. Arnold been a musical phenomenon, instead of a musical nonentity, that would not in any way have lessened the force of our objections to the "unwarrantable meddling" which Mr. Andrews has practised with the music of Händel. Why does not Mr. Andrews "leave well alone?" Why would he force us to expose his misdemeanors? We are *compelled* to say, in self defence, that such concoctions as those with which he has favoured us possess no merit whatever, that any school boy could do the same, and probably better, and that the poems which (at his own request) we have printed are rubbish. We would rather have avoided this plain speaking, but Mr. Andrews took us by the button hole, and, to rid ourselves of prolix and vapid small-talk, we had no alternative.

We have also to suggest that before he again rushes into print, Mr. Andrews should learn to write English and to pen it intelligibly (his letter and that of his advocate—M. A. Cantab—are published *according to copy*), otherwise his prose may run the same risk of being arraigned as his dealings with the music of Handel.

RACHEL.—The Paris correspondent of *L'Etoile Belge* announces the arrival of Mdlle. Rachel in the French capital, from her American tour. We hope the news is true this time, and that it will not be contradicted next week after the manner of Jules Lecomte, who every seven days, is obliged to swallow some of his own words and "*canards*." If Rachel has really come back, and restored to health, she will be just soon enough to read a lesson to the histrionic lunatics, with MM. Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier and Fiorentino at their head. M. Legouvé will be distracted about his *Medée* and we shall not pity him—since he deserves no pity.

MEYERBEER has left Venice and returned to Germany. His brief sojourn in the city of the Doges, during which his *Crociato in Egitto* was revived, has raised a hope that the great musician will compose a new Italian opera, especially for the Fenice at Venice. Such an event would give an impetus to operatic music in that decaying theatre, which has long been sinking for want of wholesome nourishment, in the shape of something fresh and genial—for want of an opera, in short, in which shall not be detected the worn out *cabalette* of the last quarter of a century.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The first concert of the season for the exhibition of the students took place at the Institution, Tenterden-street, on Tuesday morning, in presence of a numerous audience. When last year the performances were removed from Hanover-square, the rooms in the Institution were found inconvenient and too small. This year the front and back rooms have been thrown into one, which now forms a spacious saloon, and affords every convenience to visitors. The programme on Tuesday was as follows:—

PART I.—Mass, No. 2, *Haydn*; solo parts by Misses Bignall, Mackenzie, Louisa Pocknell, Shepherd, May, Messrs. Regaldi, and Wallworth.—Quintet in E flat (*Hummel*) pianoforte, Mr. Waddell; violin, Mr Folkes; viola, Mr Williams; violoncello, Mr Aylward; and double bass, Mr Blakestone.

PART II.—Hymn, "I will give thanks," *Palestrina*.—Song, "Plead thou my cause," Miss Spiller, *J. B. Calkin*.—Trio, "Jesus, heavenly Master" (*Crucifixion*), *Spohr*—Misses Spiller, Whyte, and Mackenzie.—Concerto, (1st movement) violin, Mr Isaac, *Mendelssohn*.—Preghiera, "Pietà, Signore," Miss Whyte, (*San Giovanni Battista*) *Stradella*.—Trio (Canone), "Ti prego," *Curschmann*; Misses Spiller and Shepherd, and Mr Barnby.—Chorus, "Pignus futuræ gloriæ," (*Litany*) *Mozart*.

The best performance was the fragment from Mendelssohn's violin concerto by Mr Isaac, which was so good that we could have listened to the other movements with great pleasure. Spohr's trio from the *Crucifixion* was also a good performance.

The execution of Haydn's music was not irreproachable, although in some instances praise was due to the singers. The quintet was creditable to all concerned, more especially to Mr Waddell, the pianist. Stradella's old-fashioned Preghiera, sung by Miss Whyte, is also entitled to mention.

The objection to this concert was that it did not contain one composition from the pen of a student.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Saturday concerts are increasing in attraction; but, unfortunately, every one who attends, however well-disposed, cannot hear the music. Those who are compelled to stand "au large," are hardly able to catch a note. No doubt this will be amended, and as a spacious concert saloon is imperatively demanded, it is reasonable to suppose that one will be constructed. The directors have naturally waited to see how musical entertainments would answer. Now that they find they have become fashionable at the Crystal Palace, they will further consult the public convenience.

The programme of last Saturday's concert was as follows:—

1. Overture, "Olympia" Spontini. 2. Allegretto, 8th Symphony, Beethoven. 3. Scena and Aria, "Infelice!" Mendelssohn—Miss Dyer. 4. Concerto, pianoforte and orchestra in C minor (op. 37), Beethoven, pianoforte, Mr W. H. Adams. 5. Song, "A bird sat on an alder bough," Spohr—Miss Dyer; violin obbligato, Mr Manns. 6. Violin solo, "La Melancholie" Pastorale, Prume. Mr Van Heddeghem. 7. Concert overture, J. B. Van Bree.

It was gratifying to witness the attention paid by so large and mixed an assembly. The concerto of Beethoven appeared to please, although the execution was by no means first rate. Miss Dyer was encored in Spohr's charming little song, in which Mr Manns played the violin (which ought to be a clarinet) *obbligato*. Mr van Heddeghem selected a somewhat dull piece from the pen of a somewhat dull composer. Herr J. B. Van Bree's overture is not a *chef d'œuvre*, but there was too much bustle at the end for those who had not heard it previously to make anything out of it.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second performance of *Eli* took place on Friday se'nnight. The executants were the same as before, and the oratorio, on the whole, as may be supposed, went more smoothly. The audience this time unrestrained by the presence of royalty, gave vent to their feelings and broke down the barriers of conventional etiquette. Four times they called for "encores," and four times the call was obeyed. The first encore was again awarded to Mr Sims Reeves, to whose execution of the war song, as the *Athenæum* justly says, "there have been few vocal displays comparable;" the second to Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss, in the unaccompanied quartet, "We bless you in the name of the Lord;" the third, to the air, "I will extol thee," by Mad. Rudersdorff; and the fourth, to the evening prayer, "This night I lift my heart to thee," sung by Miss Dolby. The Hall was filled in every part, and Mr. Costa was again received with acclamations, which were repeated at the termination of the performance. *Eli* was given for the third time last night.

ROYAL PANOPTICON.—The Mozart and Mendelssohn commemorations having proved unusually attractive, the birth-day of Handel afforded the directors a fitting opportunity of giving an annual celebration. Handel was born on the 24th of February (1684) which day falling this year on a Sunday the commemoration—as in the case of Mozart's centenary—was necessarily deferred till Monday. The programme comprised the serenata, *Acis and Galatea*, which was given entire. The solo parts were taken by Miss Ellen Lyon, Mrs Henri Drayton, Mrs. Theodore Distin, Miss Brentnall, Mr George Perren, and Mr Henri Drayton. The chorus consisted chiefly of the Orpheus Glee Union. Mr George Perren sang "Love in her eyes sits playing" extremely well. Mr Seymour was encored in "Would you gain the tender creature." Another encore was awarded to Mr Henry Drayton, in the bass song, "O ruddier than the cherry." Miss Ellen Lyon sang "As when a dove," and was much applauded. There was a large attendance. Mr H. T. Clapp presided, with his usual ability, at the organ.

ST MARTIN'S HALL.—The programme of Mr Hullah's last concert, on Wednesday evening, the 20th Feb., consisted of Beethoven's Mass in C and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, the last, one of the most difficult works that could be selected for amateur choralists. Nevertheless, Mr Hullah's "upper class" pupils got through it in a manner highly creditable to themselves and their instructor. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Palmer, Miss Banks, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Thomas. The band played the instrumental movement to the *Lobgesang* extremely well. Mr Sims Reeves never sang more finely. He was enthusiastically encored in the magnificent tenor solo (in which the passage "Watchman will the night soon pass" occurs). This compliment was eminently deserved. The Mass of Beethoven, though much easier and more generally known, was almost as badly as the *Lobgesang* was well performed. How is that, Mr Hullah?

MR MIRANDA'S CONCERT.—This gentleman (Mr Howard Glover's promising pupil) gave a concert on Monday evening in Sussex Hall, Leadenhall-street. He was assisted by Miss Poole, Miss Stabbach, Miss Lascelles, and other well known vocalists. Mr Miranda was encored in a charming serenade by Mr Howard Glover, "Love wakes and weeps," in the "Donna è mobile" (*Rigoletto*) and in "Good bye Sweetheart." The room was quite full and the concert gave general satisfaction.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN delivered his lecture on "The Ancient Keyed Stringed Instruments" at Camberwell Hall, on Tuesday evening. He was assisted by Mr H. C. Cooper and Miss Milner. The audience, which was numerous, appeared highly gratified. Mr Salaman read his lecture again at Sussex Hall, Leadenhall-street, on Thursday evening. On both occasions the entertainments were given by the Literary and Scientific Institution. The Mechanics Institution of Maidstone engaged Mr Salaman to deliver the same lecture, at the Corn Exchange, yesterday evening, and nearly one thousand persons were attracted.

EYRE ARMS, ST JOHN'S WOOD.—Mr Forbes' third subscription dress concert took place on Wednesday evening. The concert room was full. The vocalists were Mr Sims Reeves, Miss Messent, Miss Magner and Mr Bodda. Mdlle. Coulon played a solo on the pianoforte, and Signor Paggi a fantasia on the oboe. Mr Sims Reeves was encored in a new ballad, and Signor Paggi in his oboe solo. Mr Forbes was assisted in a pianoforte duet and trio by Miss Emily Spiller and Miss Chandy.

HERR IGNACE TEDESCO'S CONCERT.—An evening concert was given on Friday, the 22nd inst., at the Hanover Square Rooms, by Herr Ignace Tedesco, pianist to His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. This artist is not unknown to fame

He was the master of Herr Schulhoff, and takes his station as a writer for his instrument, among the modern light composers of Germany. Herr Tedesco's style properly belongs to the drawing-room school. Nevertheless, that he has a sympathy for the great masters was shown by his programme, in which he introduced Mendelssohn's quatuor in B minor, and Beethoven's Sonata, in D minor, Op. 30. His most complete success, however, was achieved in his own compositions, several of which he executed with the greatest effect. Of these he played no less than eight, of various degrees of merit. In the instrumental department he was joined by Messrs. Jansa, Goffrie and Paque, who assisted in Mendelssohn's quatuor, and by Herr Oberthur, who performed two solos on the harp. Some vocal pieces were sung by Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Stabbach. The accompanists were Herr Schloesser and Mr Calkin.

Quartet Concerts, Crosby Hall.—The fourth of Mr Dando's annual series of six took place on Monday evening. The throne room was full. Mr Benson was the vocalist, and Miss Binfield Williams the pianist. The chief novelty was Onslow's trio in G major (op. 3) for piano, violin, and violoncello (first public performance in this country). Miss Binfield Williams has long been popular at Crosby Hall. The trio was favourably received.

Madame Allan, the celebrated comedienne, whose death is announced in the present number, was buried at the church of Notre-Dame de Lorette, at Paris, on Tuesday last. The funeral procession was very numerous, many of the distinguished actors and actresses of Paris, and most of the *litterateurs* attending. Madame Allan was one of the remarkable actresses of the Comédie-Française. She made her first appearance in 1827, at the Théâtre-Français, under the name of Mdlle. Despréaux. Thence she went to the Gymnase, and married M. Allan, of that theatre. Subsequently she proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where she remained ten years. She returned to Paris in 1844. Mad. Allan was celebrated for her performance in the "*proverbes*" of M. de Musset. She was rehearsing the new piece of Mad. Sand when she was seized with the illness which led to her death. She suffered greatly for some time in advance, and Dr Ricord, who attended her, considered it necessary, after consultation with MM. Velpeau and Andral, that an operation should be performed. Mad. Allan, however, expired the night before the operation was to have taken place.

Miss P. Horton.—The Gallery of Illustration has been filled every night during the week to witness this popular lady's performance, in her entertainment of "Illustrative Gatherings."

Mozart.—The Archbishop of Vienna, according to the Viennese papers, has refused to allow a monument to be erected to the composer of *Don Juan*, as he considers the worship of genius *idolatry!* This report has since been contradicted.

Signor Donizetti, brother of the celebrated composer, died at his house in Pera, on the 10th February, after a long and painful illness. He was much esteemed, and displayed great skill in training the Turkish military bands, which have now attained much proficiency in playing. He had made a large fortune, and had been pensioned off by the Sultan with the rank of "Pasha" shortly before his death.—*Daily News.*

Signor Verdi lately received from Parma the cross of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, which had been sent to him by His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel.

Signor Bottesini's New Opera.—At the end of the article in *Le Ménestrel*, on the first performance of *L'Assedio di Firenze*, the writer says, "The success of this first representation was 'pyramidal,' and nothing need prevent M. Bottesini from believing himself a new musical Messiah."

Dramatic.—Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal children attended a morning performance of *Jack and the Bean Stalk* at the Adelphi on Saturday, and expressed themselves highly gratified with this entertainment. The Royal Party have also visited the Haymarket and the Olympic during the week.—A new equestrian melodrame has been produced at Astley's, entitled *The Arab and his Faithful Steed.*—A three-act comedy, from the pen of Mr. Bayle Bernard, is in rehearsal at the Haymarket, and will be shortly produced.—The report that Miss Cushman had taken the Haymarket Theatre for next season has been contradicted.—A man named Hurrum was nearly killed by a man named Quennel at the Surrey Theatre, during the performance on Saturday night. Hurrum is in a very precarious state.

REVIEWS.

"Eli,"—an oratorio—the words selected and written by William Bartholomew. The music composed and dedicated to Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, by Michael Costa.

The vocal score of Mr Costa's oratorio, with the orchestral accompaniments compressed by Mr Lucas, for the pianoforte, will be welcome to admirers of *Eli*, as an agreeable substitute for the full "partition," which would probably be of no great use to many of them. The task of Mr Lucas has been accomplished in a masterly manner; and the book is produced in a style worthy of an eminent firm and of a host of subscribers.

A narrow examination of *Eli* does not tend to modify the first impressions derived from its performance. Its beauties are not profound but *ad captandum*, and may be appreciated at once. There is nothing elaborate in the music, and nothing of that subtle character which eludes the grasp of uninitiated or inattentive hearers. All is plain, straightforward, simple as a hammer "and that is the humour of it."

We have failed to detect in Mr Costa's sacred music the "nationality of style which is *Italian*," set up by the *Athenæum* in its defence. Our contemporary was doubtless at a loss for something to say, and said thus much. But, in sober truth, the absence of any particular style is among the chief characteristics of the oratorio of *Eli*. It is French, Italian, German—

"Everything by turns, and nothing long."

Mr Bartholomew's arrangement of the materials drawn from Eli's history is by no means ingenious. Unfitted as the subject is for a sacred oratorio (that is for our modern notion of a sacred oratorio, which makes *dramatic* interest a necessity), it might have been treated to better advantage; and we must excuse the composer who has been in a great measure bewildered by the rambling incoherency of the poet. Still the book is not destitute of good, nay of picturesque and even grand situations. For example, the scene in the Temple of God, at Shiloh, presented opportunities for a variety of expression. The prophet, the people, Elkanah the faithful coming to sacrifice, and Hannah, the desolate and childless, to pray—offer abundant chances for contrast and combination. But the music leaves them comparatively untouched. There is not one *solemn chorus*—that of the people ("Let us go") being more trivial than templar. The chant and "Amen" would do very well in a plain church service, but these are out of place in a poetical work. Something more should have been done with them, to prevent their assuming the appearance of a "clap-trap"—which we are quite aware was not intended. The chant may be "Hebrew;" but its introduction in this naked manner is a mistake. The chorus, "Blessed be the Lord," is, however, to the purpose. There is an approach to loftiness in the opening, and the fugue ("Amen") though wholly unelaborate, and containing too many trite sequences, is the clearest, the most sparingly modulated, the freest from mere *remplissage*, and therefore the best in the oratorio. Nevertheless, there is a fault at the very outset, which no good musician ought to have committed. The theme is in E flat, and at the fifth bar modulates, through an E natural, into the dominant, when the first answer begins, instead of coming in a bar before, which would have made the conduct of the movement more difficult, but more in consonance with the strict laws of fugue. One great rule in fugue-writing is to avoid full closes; but this fugue in E flat of Mr Costa sets out with no less than *five* of them—in pockets, as it were. At the 6th bar there is a full close in F, at the 11th bar a full close in B flat, at the 16th another in F, at the 21st another in B flat, at the 26th another in E flat. This is contrary to all precedent, and can only be denominated as fugue-madness. A man should carry out what he attempts, or leave it unattempted, and there was no absolute reason why Mr. Costa should introduce fugues, or imitations of fugues, into his oratorio.

A fugue that may be taken into separate pieces, and stowed away like a child's puzzle, is only a fugue in name.

That which pleases us best in the early part of *Eli*, is the second movement of the overture, in D minor, which is in the imitative style (like the overture to *Elijah* in D minor), and is remarkably well written, clever, and effective. The opening *andante* in F major, for the soft organ, is pretty but out of place. Later in the oratorio, as an unaccompanied quartet for the principal solo voices, it is in place. Nor do we much admire the way in which the overture is brought to a close. The theme, which sounds well in the minor key becomes insipid in the major, and its effect, when given to the flute, is insignificant. The chorus, "Let us go and pray," in which we have elsewhere objected as "trivial," is not, however, without prettiness; but should prettiness and the impulse to praise God have anything in common? We think decidedly not. The second part of this chorus—"I will also go"—which begins in B minor, is remarkable for Mr Costa's usual indulgence in full closes, in divisions of eight (or more, or less, as the case may be) bars, and the interrupted cadence, which brings us to G on the word, "thanks," at the *poco più mosso*, instead of in B minor, which the ear anticipates, acts as a sensible relief. The whole of the *coda* is animated throughout. The short chorus, preceded by Eli and ... "Let the people praise thee," is extremely melodious and pleasing, and scored with a purity of which the oratorio of Mr Costa contains many striking examples.

(*To be continued.*)

"MURILLO; OU, LE PEINTRE MENDIANT DE MORALES." Par G. Meyerbeer.

Those who are desirous of contemplating the author of the *Huguenots* and the *Etoile du Nord* in a Spanish dress, may see him costumed to admiration in this charming little song, where the wild character of the bolero (with appropriate accompaniments, suggestive of the national castanets) is contrasted with a *cantabile* of exquisite melodic beauty. Meyerbeer can assume the characteristics of whatever people he chooses to represent in his music; but the great point is, that in all his transformations he is invariably himself—*spirituel*, dramatic, and original. Such a song as "Murillo" in these barren times is a godsend. The words of M. Langle, too, are very good.

No. 1.—"CHORUS OF COMPANIONS."—Choral March in four parts, composed by W. E. Becker.

No. 2.—"TRY ME, O GOD."—Vocal Anthem for two voices, composed by Charles Coningsby.

No. 1 which may be remembered at the Amateur Musical Society though not very new, is remarkably spirited, and has the advantage of being quite as effective on the pianoforte as it can possibly be with the voices.

No. 2—"Try me, O God"—is an extremely well written anthem, rather melancholy in its general tone, but not inappropriately so, considering the character of the words which are grave and beseeching. It begins with a duet for two voices, tenor and bass, the harmony of which throughout is pure and faultless. To the duet succeeds a four-part chorus in the same key (F minor) and in the same words. The writing here calls for similar praise, although page 5 line 2 bar 4 a point of imitation, which commences two bars previously introduces a D natural in the treble voice part upon the sustained harmony of C minor with a very dissonant effect. It is bold, however, and may be defended by numerous respectable examples. In consequence of the modulation being sparing everywhere else, a bold transition through extraneous harmonies, from the key of B flat minor back again to the dominant major and so to a full close in the original key (F minor), has a startling and by no means a bad effect. After this, however, we think Mr Coningsby cuts his own throat, and destroys his own point by introducing the major chord of F in the concluding bar.

RONCONI.—In consequence of the services he rendered at Granada during the cholera, Sig. Ronconi has been appointed, by the Queen of Spain, Honorary Professor of Vocal Declamation at the Conservatoire de Musique in Madrid.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S benefit is announced to take place at Covent Garden Theatre on Monday and Tuesday next. On Monday the entertainments will commence at one o'clock in the day and continue at intervals till midnight. Mr Charles Mathews is to assist the professor on this occasion with the "gun trick," and Mr Leigh Murray with his imitations of Mr C. Mathews, Mr C. Kean, etc. On Tuesday night there is to be a *bal masqué*.

MR. MORRIS BARNETT.—It is reported in the American papers, that this gentleman, well known for his performance of *Monsieur Jacques*, is recovering from the illness that he has suffered from since his arrival in "Yankee land" and that he has not yet made up his mind whether to return to England, or continue to follow his profession in America.

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6	Chorus—Blessed be the Lord	[illegible]	[illegible]
7	Recitative—Unto Thee, O Lord	[illegible]	[illegible]
8	Prayer—Turn Thee unto me		
9	Recitative—Woman, how long		[illegible]
10	Chorus—O the Lord is good		
11	Recitative—Hannah, why weepest	[illegible]	[illegible]
12	Duetto—Wherefore is thy soul		
13	Chorus—For every thing	[illegible]	[illegible]
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17	Recitative—I am come		
18	Solo and Chorus—Philistines, hark!		[illegible]
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20	Recitative—Lo, thus saith the Lord		
21	Lord, cause thy face		
22	Chorus—O make a joyful noise	1	[illegible]
23	Solo—The Lord is in His holy temple		
24	Recitative—Open unto me		[illegible]
25	Air—I will extol Thee, O Lord		
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39	Recitative } Woe unto us, for we are spoiled	[illegible]	[illegible]
40	Chorus		
41	Recitative—When shall I arise	[illegible]	[illegible]
42	Chorus—Praise ye the Lord		
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45	Chorus—Lament with a doleful	1	[illegible]
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VOL. 34.—No. 10. SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1856. {PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT LIND.—Exeter Hall.—Evening Concert in behalf of the Nightingale Fund.—Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt will give an evening concert of SACRED and MISCELLANEOUS MUSIC, with Band and Chorus, at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday next, March 11, the proceeds of which will be presented to the Nightingale Fund. Programme: Part I.—Symphony (G Minor), Mozart. Motett, for Soprano, Chorus, and Organ, "Hear my Prayer, O God," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Air, "A te [illegible] affanni," Mr. Swift ([illegible]), Mozart. Choral Fantasia, Pianoforte, Orchestra, and Chorus. Pianoforte Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Beethoven. The 130th Psalm, and other Passages of Scripture paraphrased, with the introduction of Martin Luther's Chorale, "Ein' feste Burg," for Soprano Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra—Introduction, Air, "From the Deep I cry," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Chorus, Martin Luther's Chorale, "From depths of woe I cry to Thee." [illegible] Chorus, "[illegible] the Idle," Duett, "From Thee [illegible] and Mercy sought," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt and Mr. Swift. Chorus, "Then [illegible]," Arioso, "Though all [illegible] night," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Chorus, "Then in the Lord hope" (first time of performance), Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. Part II.—Overture to Shakespeare's play of "The Tempest," Benedict. Aria with Chorus, "[illegible] tromba," Madame Jenny Goldschmidt (first time in Italian), Bellini. Concertstück, for Pianoforte, with Orchestral Accompaniments. Pianoforte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, C. M. von Weber. Trio, for Soprano and Two Flutes, "[illegible]" ([illegible] Silesia), Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Flutes, Messrs. R. Sidney Pratten and Rémusat, Meyerbeer. Part Song, "When the West with evening glows," Mendelssohn. Finale, "[illegible]" (Euryanthe). Soprano part by Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, Madame Weiss, Mr. Swift, and Signor F. Lablache, C. M. von Weber. March and Chorus from "The Ruins of Athens," Beethoven. Conductor, M. Benedict. Doors open at Seven, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. On this occasion the seats throughout the Hall will be numbered and reserved, price one guinea each. Applications for tickets received by Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT LIND.—HANDEL'S MESSIAH.—Exeter Hall, March 18.—Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that the Oratorio of THE MESSIAH will be given for the second and last time at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday Evening, March 18.—Principal Soprano part by Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt, it being her last appearance in London until the month of May next.—The Chorus and Orchestra will consist of more than Six Hundred Performers.—Conductor, M. Benedict.—Prices of admission: Stalls (numbered and reserved) One Guinea. Unreserved Seats (body of the Hall), 10s. 6d.; West Gallery, 10s. 6d.; Area (under West Gallery), 7s.—Doors open at seven, to commence at eight o'clock precisely.—The tickets will be appropriated according to the order of application, as more will be issued than the room can conveniently accommodate.—Correct Books of the Oratorio are given with the tickets.—Application for tickets to be made at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Hanover-square Rooms.—Subscribers and the public are informed that the CONCERTS will take place on the following Wednesday evenings:—April [illegible] and [illegible], May 14, June 4 and 25. Subscriptions for reserved seats, £2 2s.; professional subscribers, £1 1s. Unreserved seats, the number of which is limited, £1 1s. Subscribers' names received at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and of Messrs. Keith and Co.'s, Cheapside. W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

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MR. JOHN CHESHIRE will perform on his Presentation Harp, by Messrs. Erat, the following pieces at Mr. Forbes' Concert at the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, on Tuesday next, March 11th:—Grand Fantasia in E flat, Op. 35—Parish Alvars. Finale of "Les Grand Fantasia"—Parish Alvars. Reverie, "[illegible]"—Cheshire. Likewise, at Miss Bignell's Soirée at the Marylebone Institution on Thursday next, 13th:—La Danse des Fées—Alvars. Le Village Fête—Cheshire. Finale "Mosè."

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HERR IGNACE TEDESCO begs to announce that his SECOND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, March 18. In addition to several of his new compositions, Herr Tedesco will perform Beethoven's Grand Sonata in F minor, Op. 57; and, in conjunction with Messrs. Jansa, [illegible], and Payne, in Spohr's First Grand Quintet, Op. 53. Vocalists, Madame and Signor Ferrari, Miss Stabbach, Madame [illegible]. Solo violin, Herr Jansa; harp, Herr Oberthür, who will perform his grand duet from Lucrezia Borgia, for harp and piano, with the Author. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 15s.; to be secured of Herr Tedesco's publishers, Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street.

MADAME GASSIER, MADAME CARADORI, MADAME LUCY ESCOTT and the following celebrated artistes will sing at Mr. GEORGE CASE'S CONCERT MONSTRE, Exeter Hall, on Monday, March 17: Miss Poole, Madame Weiss, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mrs. Henri Drayton, Madame Howard Paul (late Miss Featherstone), Miss Ransford, Miss Stabbach, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Julia Bleaden, Miss Mary Keeley, Miss Lascelles, Miss Lucy Stuart, Miss [illegible], Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss [illegible] Collins, the Misses Brougham, the Misses Wells, and Madame Amadei; Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. George, and Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Henri Drayton, Mr. Hamilton Braham, Mr. Farquharson, and Mons. [illegible]. Instrumentalists—Miss E. Collins, Miss L. Taylor, and Miss [illegible]; Herr [illegible], Signor Piatti, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, Mr. Henry Cooper, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Viotti Collins, and Messrs. R. and J. Case. Tickets, 1s., 2s., and 3s. 6d.; numbered reserved seats, 5s.; stalls, [illegible]. To be had of Mr. Case, 76, [illegible]-street; 32, Holles-street; 24, Bishopsgate-street-within; and at the principal Music-sellers and Ticket-offices.

HERR REICHARDT begs to intimate to his Friends that his Operatic Engagement in Scotland concludes on the 22nd instant, after which he will return to town. All communications may be addressed, Theatre Royal, Glasgow, or 36, Golden-square.

MISS HUGHES (R.A.M.) Vocalist, 63, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

MISS BESSIE DALTON, Vocalist (soprano). Communications to be addressed to her residence, 36, Princes-street, Leicester-square.

MISS LOUISA VINNING begs to announce that she is prepared to accept engagements for oratorios and concerts, in London and the Provinces. Communications to be addressed to Miss L. Vinning, Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

MR. ALOYS KETTENUS, violinist, has the honour to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has arrived in town for the season, and will be most happy to accept engagements for concerts, &c. All communications to be addressed to his residence, 34, Belgrave-square.

MR. LAMBERT (of York Cathedral) Vocalist, Bass, is open to accept engagements for Oratorio or Concert, in or out of London.—Communications to be addressed to his residence, 31, [illegible]-terrace, York.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131b, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 30 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 12 Divertimentos at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

PIANOFORTE TAUGHT.—A Gentleman, a first-class Pianist and Teacher (late a performer at the Crystal Palace), wishes to fill up some disengaged hours during the week by the addition of a few pupils. For terms, address J. H. M. 13, Tonbridge-place, New-road.

NO. 76, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE.—These spacious and elegant rooms to be let for private parties, concerts, balls, and soirées; also smaller rooms for classes, etc. For terms, etc., apply on the premises, No. 76, Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

FIRST VIOLIN STRINGS, that will not break even if tuned to La; always in tune; never turning false, even from perspiration. One returned for Six Stamps sent to Mr. Young, Assembly Rooms, Poplar.

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DIRECTOR:
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Terms £12 per annum.

For further information apply to the Secretary, Cologne.

PIANOFORTES.—OETZMANN and PLUMB beg to inform Music-sellers and Professors that in consequence of their having made great improvements in the manufacture of their instruments, substituting machinery for manual labour, and taking advantage of the new Patent Steam Drying process, are enabled to offer to the Trade superior Pianofortes in Oblique, Semi-Grands, and Cottages, in all variety of woods and designs, at considerably reduced prices. [illegible] as a visit to their Manufactory will prove the great advantages ensured. [illegible] Manufactory [illegible]-street, Tottenham-court-road. Alexander and Co.'s Harmoniums at trade prices.

SCARBORO' SPA SALOON PROMENADE.—The Cliff Bridge Company are prepared to receive Tenders for the ensuing season. The terms of the engagement may be had on application to the Secretary, to whom sealed Tenders must be sent on or before the 31st inst. By order,
Scarboro', March 1, 1856. ROBT. HARE, Secretary.

BEETHOVEN'S Thirty-two Sonatas for the Piano, in two volumes, with Portrait and the Composer's Biography, price 30s. Mozart's original Piano works, in two volumes, with Portrait and the Composer's Biography, price 30s. Sent carriage free. A wonder of cheapness, being the [illegible] about 1d. Apply to the Universal Circulating Musical Library, 186, Newgate-street, London.

TO PARISH CHOIRS AND CHORAL SOCIETIES.— New Te Deum and Jubilate in A, very easy, price One Shilling; New Te Deum and Jubilate in G, very easy, price One Shilling. Composed and arranged for Four Voices, with Organ, Pianoforte, or Harmonium accompaniment, by W. H. Birch. Each service sent postage free on receipt of 12 postage stamps. Address W. H. Birch, Amersham, Bucks.

NEW SONG.—ONE CHEER MORE.—New Song to an old Jacobite Air, dedicated to the men of our gallant Army, by Lady Maxwell (Monreith). Published by Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh, and Chappell, London.

NEW SONGS, particularly adapted to the time.—"I would not [illegible] small fame," and "Messages from home," composed by I. E. Darling, arranged by Frank Romer. Sold by Wm. Robinson, 6, Wardour-street, and all music-sellers.

MR. BALFE'S NEW SONG

"THE FIRST KISS."

Written by DESMOND RYAN. Illustrated by J. BRANDARD.
Published this day.

One fine night as homeward hieing,
When good folks in bed were lying,
I espied the fair [illegible]
Standing by her cottage door.
Softly, softly I stole near her,
[illegible] her from the [illegible] there,
When her tiny hand I seized it,
Anger flush'd her cheek all o'er.

"Do not fear." "Pray let me go, sir;
You are rude. I'd have you know, sir."—
"Lovely maid! one kiss—deny not—
Grant one kiss—I ask no more.
Grant a kiss! Grant lips can answer,
Such I never gave to man, sir."
"Courage take for once, and try love;
It were folly to deny love."
"Quit my hand, and you may take
One salute for pity's sake!"

"Here's my cheek, sir." "Thy lip were sweeter!"
"You're too bold, sir!" "I'll grow discreeter!"
"If mamma could only see me—
Holy saints! what would she say?"
"Save the moon that shines on high, love,
Looking down so sweet and shy, love,
None can see how you and I love,
Grant the happy hours away!"

Price 2s. 6d.

Published by BOOSEY & SONS, 28, HOLLES-STREET.

VOCAL MUSIC.—Gratis and Postage Free.—Just issued, a new edition of Robert Cocks and Co.'s Catalogue of Vocal Music, being the most extensive list of modern songs, duets, glees, &c., extant. Address to the publishers, Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street.

NEW BALLAD.—"Look up." By W. T. Wrighton, (composer of "The Postman's Knock," &c.), words by L. M. Thornton, 2s. Words and music combine in the expression of the cheerful sentiment of the title.

NEW BALLAD.—"The heart should have some tuneful strings." Music by W. T. Wrighton (composer of the "Postman's Knock," &c.), words by [illegible], 2s. "A song which will make Mr. Wrighton still more of a favourite with the admirers of melody."

J. W. HOBBS'S LATEST BALLADS:—I come from the Spirit Land—She was Sister to the Angels—Footsteps of Angels—The Beggars and the Flowers—I heard thy fate without a tear—Far, far away at sea—The Soldier's [illegible]—Stars of the Summer Night—and I'll Whisper to thee. 2s. each.

W. T. WRIGHTON'S LATEST BALLADS.—Look up —The Heart should have some Tuneful Strings—Prayer—Smiles and tears—The Postman's Knock—Change—Like a Flower—Winter's Warm Fireside—Orphan's Lament—Sweet Spring—and the Brightest Flower. 2s. each.

London, ROBERT COCKS and CO., and of all music-sellers.

RUDOLF NORDMANN'S
NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Published this day.

	s.	d.
1.—[illegible], Romance on a beautiful Air from the Pré aux Clercs, by Herold	[illegible]	[illegible]
In the press.		
2.—LA SICILIENNE, from "Les Vêpres Siciliennes"	[illegible]	[illegible]
Just published.		
3.—SARDINIAN NATIONAL HYMN	[illegible]	[illegible]
4.—[illegible], Souvenir [illegible] on the celebrated [illegible] Air, by [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Of this popular composition the Sunday Times says, "The whole forms an extremely agreeable piece, and will specially recommend itself to players of moderate pretension by the capability of yielding considerable effect at a very moderate expenditure of trouble."

	s.	d.
5.—LA MIA LETIZIA, the beautiful Cavatina, from Lombardi, as an effective piece	[illegible]	[illegible]
6.—AH! CHE LA MORTE, from "Il Trovatore"	[illegible]	[illegible]

"The great scene in 'Il Trovatore' is the last but one, in which the plaintive 'Miserere' is chanted by the prisoners within the tower, alternately with the trembling song of the captive troubadour. This scene has been adapted, with great dramatic effect, for the pianoforte by Herr Nordmann, and forms a most interesting piece for the amateur."—*Critic.*

	s.	d.
7.—IL BALEN, from "Il Trovatore"	[illegible]	[illegible]
8.—SI LA STANCHEZZA. Do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
9.—DI QUELLA PIRA. Do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.—LA DANSE DES FÉES. Third Edition	[illegible]	[illegible]
11.—THE NUN'S PRAYER. Sixth Edition	[illegible]	[illegible]
12.—LA DONNA È MOBILE. Sixth Edition	[illegible]	[illegible]

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IL TROVATORE, COMPLETE FOR PIANOFORTE (without words), in cloth, price 5s. Il Trovatore for Pianoforte, four hands, in two books, 5s. each, or complete in cloth 8s. Il Trovatore, with Italian words, complete 21s. All the songs 1s. each. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

VERDI'S NEW SONG.
"WE'LL LAUGH AND SING ALL CARES AWAY."

From the Popular Opera, "La Traviata."

"Come laugh and be happy and banish care,
True mirth is a blessing few mortals share;
Our days are but brief and our joys decay,
Let us merry then be while we may!
Both here and [illegible] bliss in store,
And pleasure shines before us;
If sometimes grief come o'er us,
'Tis [illegible] to deplore!
Then let us be happy while yet we may,
And laugh and sing all cares away!

"They say that this life is o'erfraught with woe—
That joy flies, and from us long ago—
They know not the sweets on this earth we find,
When friendship and love are entwin'd.
'Tis best to take what fortune sends,
And smile at future sorrow;
Why should we fear the morrow
When joy to-day attends?
Then let us be happy while yet we may,
And laugh and sing all cares away!

Price 2s.

Published by BOOSEY and SONS, 28, Holles-street.

THE CAMBRIDGE PROFESSORSHIP OF MUSIC

On Tuesday morning last, the election of a Professor of Music in the place of the late Dr Thomas Attwood Walmisley took place at ten o'clock in the School of Arts.

The numbers at the close of the poll were as follows:—

Mr W. S. Bennett ...	173	Mr Barry ...	8
Dr Elvey ...	24	Mr G. F. Flowers	1
Mr C. G. Horsley	21	Dr S. S. Wesley ...	1

The result, we need scarcely add, has given great satisfaction. The Cambridge *Senate* are a little wiser in their generation than the Professors of Law and Medicine in the Edinburgh University. The Professorship, to which no salary is attached, was founded in 1684. The late Professor, Dr Walmisley, was elected in 1836. There were, we understand, nearly forty candidates.

THE MUSICAL PROFESSORSHIP OF CAMBRIDGE.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—I was somewhat surprised this morning at seeing my name inserted in your report of the election of the Cambridge Professor of music, as I took pains last week to make it known that I withdrew from the competition and to prevent votes being tendered in my behalf.

I withdrew, not because I undervalued the honour of the appointment, but because, having omitted to take any steps to obtain it till a very recent period, I found too many of my friends had already yielded to the numerous solicitations of other candidates to leave me any likelihood of success.

I trust you will be so kind as to give this letter insertion, as it will account for the position in which my name appeared in the election.

Your obedient servant,
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY
(Organist of the Cathedral and College, Winchester).

Winchester, March 5th.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—When writing to you last week on the subject of a performance of Bach's fugues at St. Andrew's, Leadenhall street, I purposely abstained from any personal allusion to the organist, lest my letter should assume the appearance of an advertisement.

Since, however, you seemed to think my communication deficient in the information it contained, I beg to tell you that the gentleman referred to is Mr W. Rea. This said, I think you will agree with me that any comment on the performance is unnecessary.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

London, March 6th, 1856. F.

ELECTION OF AN ORGANIST.—A trial of skill on the organ preliminary to the appointment of an organist for Archbishop Tenison's Chapel, Regent street, came off on Monday last at the parish church of Piccadilly, in the presence of the clergy of the parish, the churchwardens, and a number of musical professors and amateurs. Mr. Hopkins, organist of the Temple Church, acted as umpire, and returned, out of a large number of candidates, Messrs. Stone, Lings, and Aveling, as the best performers. From these three the trustees will select their organist. A grand new organ for the chapel is being constructed by the well-known builders, Messrs. Gray and Davison, which is to take its place for use in divine service, first time on Easter Day.

RUSSELL INSTITUTION.—The large library of this old established Literary Institution was fitted up, for the first time as a Lecture Theatre on Tuesday evening last, for Mr Charles Salaman's lecture on the "History of the Pianoforte and its Precursors," which he delivered, on that occasion, before a very numerous audience. Miss Milner and Mr H. C. Cooper added to Mr Salaman's own illustrations on the virginal, harpsichord, and pianoforte, some well-selected vocal and violin compositions. The company, by frequent applause, manifested their gratification of the entertainment.

BINGLEY.—Mr Von Hartman gave a concert in the Oddfellows Hall on Thursday evening the 28th ulto., assisted by his two daughters.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. V.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

An ably-written memoir, which appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, for the month of July 1851, has furnished us with the groundwork of the following sketch. As, however, the memoir has omitted several incidents and interesting particulars with which we have made ourselves acquainted, and touches but slightly upon the musical acquirements and talents of the composer, we present it to the reader in a modified shape, satisfied that it will constitute no unwelcome addition to our Gallery of Native Artists.

Michael William Balfe was born in Dublin in 1808. In his infancy he did not exhibit any of the qualities of a musical phenomenon, nor was it, indeed, until he was in his fifth year that he afforded any idea of the peculiar bent of his mind. He passed the first four years of his life in Dublin, and then accompanied his father on his removal to Wexford. In young Balfe's case the small county town had more influence in turning the tide of his fortunes than the great metropolis. Although there were eight or nine regiments at the time stationed in Dublin, each with its band, the boy, perhaps, had never heard one of them, not being old enough to visit by himself, nor having any one to take him to the Castle Yard of a morning, to the Rotunda Gardens of an evening, the Squares of an afternoon, or the reviews in the Phœnix Park, where he might occasionally have his ears exhilarated and entranced by strains of military music. At home he seldom or never heard music, not one of his family, strange to say, having had any great partiality for the divine art; nor had he even the advantage of a legendary and tuneful nurse, who might have swayed his childish inclinations towards song, and awakened by her lullabies the earliest dawnings of his genius. At Wexford his heart was first stirred towards music. An infantry regiment was quartered in the town, and Master Balfe had greater opportunities of hearing the band play than in Dublin. By repeated entreaties he obtained permission to attend all the performances.

Mr Meadows, the band-master, soon distinguished the lively and intelligent boy as the most anxious and constant of his youthful auditors, and made his acquaintance. In a short time he invited little Balfe to his house, and the two became intimate friends. In addition to his clarionet playing, Mr Meadows was a tolerable master of the violin. Balfe showed a great leaning to the fiddle, was always scraping on it, and, to the astonishment of the band-master, taught himself the scale without assistance. Not this feat only, but frequent conversations with his *protégé* convinced Mr Meadows that Master William had a talent for music. He accordingly called on the father and proposed giving the boy instructions gratuitously. The offer was accepted, and Balfe had just entered his fifth year when he received his first lesson.

Scarce six months had elapsed—during which period the boy was incessant in his application, and gave entire satisfaction to his master—when Mr Meadows paid a special visit to Balfe's father and informed him that it was necessary his son should be placed under a more experienced teacher, if it was desirable that he should continue his musical education.

"Has he made such progress?" inquired the father.

"Progress, sir!" ejaculated the band-master. "He has just composed a polacca for our band, and, would you believe it, scored every bar of it himself. We rehearsed it to-day, and I could hardly persuade the men that it was written by the little fiddler, as they call him."

This at once determined the father to do all that lay in his power to forward the education of his son, who had displayed such precocity and already held out such promises for the future. Old Mr Balfe then made up his mind to return to Dublin, and, in the meanwhile, during the preparations for removal, that no time might be lost, he placed the boy under Mr Hickie, a respectable professor of music at Wexford. The Polacca, which was played by the band under Mr Meadows, was lately—may be now—in the possession of this Mr Hickie.

A few months subsequent to the interview between Balfe the

Google

older and the band master, our hero and his family left Wexford; and the Wexonians to this day affirm that their city is the place of Balfe's birth. But this honour Balfe himself repudiates. The Wexonians claim the poet Moore as a fellow townsman, and history "denies of it," as Mrs. Gamp says, and the men of Wexford have been twice proved liars. Both Moore and Balfe were born in Dublin, and the capital will not forego its rights on any account. If some man of Wexford comes forward with Leinster obstinacy to deny this, we shall refer him to the parish registries.

Directly after they arrived in the metropolis, young Balfe was placed under the care of Mr O'Rourke, a clever violinist and a good musician, known afterwards in England as Rooke, the composer of *Amilie* and other operas. From this gentleman he received instruction in violin playing and composition for nearly three years; and in May, 1816, when no more than eight years old, Balfe made his first appearance in public at a concert in the Royal Exchange, and performed a violin concerto written expressly for him by his master. Mr O'Rourke having left Dublin to reside in London, our hero pursued his violin studies with Mr James Barton, for many years leader of the band at the Theatre Royal, and also took lessons in composition from Mr Alexander Lee. When little more than nine years of age Balfe composed a ballad called "The Lover's Mistake," which became popular both in Ireland and England, and which Madame Vestris used to sing in *Paul Pry* with great success. Of this song Mr Willis, publisher in Westmoreland-street, gave the youthful composer *twenty copies*, as a remuneration, and in the course of a few years upwards of sixty thousand more were sold.

The history of "The Lover's Mistake" is curious as an instance of the readiness of our little musician. Mr Alexander Lee having one day given his pupil an exercise, and finding when he came back that Balfe had not done any of it, locked him up in the music-room, and left him there for several hours. Balfe objecting to imprisonment, made up his mind to remain idle, and looked out of the window until he was tired. Then finding the cupboard open, to his great delight he discovered a pot of raspberry jam, upon which, including the remains of a loaf, he made a hearty repast. Having had enough jam—*jam satis*—he turned for weariness to the piano, and, seeing some verses lying on the desk, beginning "Young Fanny, a beautiful maid," sat down and wrote a tune to them. When his master returned home he was so pleased at this, that he forgave Balfe his lesson and the depredation on his jam-pot, and took him forthwith to Mr Willis, who, equally delighted, offered our composer the munificent terms we have mentioned for the copyright of the song. The verses, however, not meeting with the approval of the publisher, he employed Mr Haynes Bayly to prepare new words, who accordingly wrote "The Lover's Mistake." The ballad afterwards appeared in the *Miniature Lyrics*, a musical publication, to which Sir John Stephenson, Messrs. Bishop, Horn, Alexander Lee and other well known composers, were accustomed to contribute.

Balfe made his first professional tour when only ten years old, in company with Messrs Alexander Lee, Ward, McCleon, Miss F. E. Kelly, &c. He sang in *The Spoiled Child*, and took the Boy's part in "The Chough and the Crow" in *Guy Mannering*. He used also to play first fiddle in the orchestra, and was on the whole a generally useful member of the *troupe*. It was when they were at Galway that an accident occurred which furnished the Green-room with gossip for a long time after.

The Galway Theatre of the period was built over a cellar in which resided one or more families. The typhus fever was prevalent in the city; one of the inhabitants of the cellar caught it, and died on the morning preceding the first performance. Of course there was a "wake"—and what is a "wake" without the "Keenthecaun," or howl for the dead. The Galwegians, true to tradition, did not neglect it on this occasion, but as soon as candles were lit, gave utterance to the conventional groans, sobs, cries, and hysterical laughter in honour of Billy Shawn Moore, the "corp" that invited them all to his funeral "feste." What cared they for Mr Ward's *Virginius* above their heads—or the calls for silence of the Roman soldiery in the forum? Mr Ward, however, cared a great deal for what was going on below in the cellar. Against the howlings of the hired mourners it was impossible to make head. The lamentations for Billy Shawn Moore were heard distinctively all over the theatre. It was impossible for the performance to go on. What was to be done—except to buy their silence? A messenger was forthwith despatched to the cellar and on payment of a sum for beer and tobacco, it was arranged with the chief howlers, that all noises should cease at the rising of the curtain, and to be renewed, however, if necessary, between the acts, and before the farce began; peace was established, and *Virginius* was represented with few interruptions.

(*To be continued.*)

PROVINCIAL

Oxford.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The University and the town were greatly excited on Wednesday by the public performance of an exercise for the doctor's degree in music, composed by Mr E. G. Monk, precentor and musical professor of St. Peter's College, Radley. The great Sheldonian Theatre, a building similar in extent and in the purposes to which it is applied to the Senate-house of Cambridge, was attended by the Vice-Chancellor and all the chief dignitaries of the University in state, and a multitude of students, towns-folk, and visitors from London and different parts of the provinces, numbering little less than four thousand. The work consists of Gray's poem of "The Bard," which forms the subject of an ode for solo, chorus, and orchestra, of about an hour in length, comprising eight pieces. The first of these, a march, is a clean, melodious, and simple, but certainly the least meritorious portion of the composition. This is followed by a long and animated chorus, "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king," which is succeeded by a very spirited air, "Hark how each giant oak," sung by Mr Thomas in a manner fully to sustain the good esteem he is rapidly gaining in London. The long and charmingly written chorus, "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue," contains some admirable vocal effects, and, though not the most effective, is the best constructed movement in the whole work. The arietta, "Dear lost companions," is graceful and melodious, and in this Mr Thomas appeared to even greater advantage than in the previous song. The fanciful Incantation Chorus is well conceived, and its good effect was warmly appreciated by the audience, who redemanded it with enthusiasm. The next piece, another air, "Girt with many a baron bold," has a savour of vulgarity at variance with all the rest of the work; the spirited singing of Mr Thomas obtained for it, however, a genuine encore. The final chorus is a fugue for eight voices, throughout which the tune of "God save the Queen" is sustained as a canto fermo by the brass instruments, with excellent and very novel effect; this is an admirable piece of contrapuntal elaboration, the merit of which is as perspicuous as its construction is complicated and ingenious, as was proved by the rapturous cheers that compelled its repetition. Mr Monk must be as proud of his genuine success as the University has reason to be of its new doctor.

Ibid.—The University Amateur Musical Society gave Handel's oratorio, *Samson*, in the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening. The *élite* of Oxford were present. The orchestra numbered about 150. The professional solo singers were Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Cole, from London, and the Messrs. Blythe, of Magdalen, and Mr Duncombe, of Brazenose, Oxford.

Manchester.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The eighth and last concert of the season took place at the Town-Hall on Thursday evening. The programme was as follows:—

Part I.—Trio (in D minor, Op. 19) *Mendelssohn.*—Sonata quasi Fantasia, pianoforte (Op. 27) *Beethoven.*

Part II.—Quartet (in F, Op. 49) *Beethoven.*—Solo, violoncello, "Bergamasca," *Piatti.*—Solo violin, "Lucrezia," *Sainton.*—Solo, pianoforte, Nocturne, (in F sharp, Op. 15), Grand Polonaise, (in A flat, Op. 53), *Chopin.*

This concert brought the season to a close with *éclat*. Mendelssohn's grand trio is an established favourite here, and never was heard to greater advantage. The playing of MM. Sainton, Hallé and Piatti, was all that could be desired. The "Moonlight Sonata" was given with the utmost expression by M. Hallé.

The quartet, which was a novelty to us, was well executed by MM. Sainton, Carrodus, Baetens, and Piatti—it was listened to attentively, but not thoroughly appreciated. The solos by MM. Piatti and Sainton, were much applauded. M. Hallé, who at the end of the concert was greeted by a double round of applause gave Chopin's Nocturne and Polonaise with his wonted energy.

BIRMINGHAM.—(*From a Correspondent*).—I am sorry that I cannot report the success of *Guglielmo Tell*, which was produced for the first and last time, last Monday. Although Herr Reichardt kindly consented to sing the small part of the Pescatore in order to strengthen the cast, the opera was a complete *farce*.[*] The audience were so disappointed and angry that they called for the manager and hissed him!! A somewhat different scene was enacted on Thursday, when Herr Reichardt's benefit took place. The house was brilliantly filled, and the *beneficiare* was enthusiastically received. The first and last acts of *Lucrezia*, the grand scene from *Fra Diavolo*, and the second act of *Il Barbiere*, were indeed capable of showing off the varied talents of the artist. His Gennaro was excellent. Herr Reichardt was called before the curtain amidst great cheering, and a shower of bouquets. He then sang "The Farewell," an English ballad composed for this occasion by himself, and being once more called forward, gave the last verse again. On Friday the third operatic season closed with selections from *La Favorita*, *Le Prophète*, and *Don Pasquale*. The Manager announced at the close that he would next season resume the operatic performances.

GLASGOW.—(*5th March* 1856—*From a Correspondent*).—The third season of the Italian opera commenced on Monday evening, under the joint direction of Mr George Wood, of Edinburgh, and Mr Edmund Glover, of the Theatre Royal here. The opera was *Don Pasquale*, with the following cast:—Norina, Madame Fodor; Don Pasquale, Mons. Zelger; Dottore Malatesta, Sig. Monari; Ernesto, Sig. Neri Baraldi.—The performance on the whole was rather a failure, its redeeming points being in the singing of Monsieur Zelger and Sig. Neri Baraldi. On Tuesday evening Verdi's *Il Trovatore* was presented for the first time in Glasgow, with Madame Fodor as Leonora, Madame Widmann as Azucena, Signora Bellini as Inez, Sig. Neri Baraldi as Manrico, Sig. Monari, as Il Conte di Luna, Sig. Boccolini as Ferrando, and Sig. Verani, as Ruiz. The opera was given with great spirit, and made a decided impression, Madame Widmann and Sig. Baraldi particularly distinguished themselves. The orchestra, numbering about thirty performers, under the direction of Sig. Orsini, was efficient. The performances terminated on each evening with a Ballet, entitled *Night and Morning*.

LEEDS.—A concert was given on Saturday evening in the Music-hall. The vocalists were Miss Whitham, Miss Newbound, Messrs. Cooper, Delavanti, and Lane. Herr Schmidt played two solos on the cornet-à-piston. Mr Spark conducted. There were endless encores.

BATH.—A morning concert was given in the Pump Room on Monday the 25th ult. The vocalist was Miss M'Iver. The instrumentalists were Mr H. C. Cooper (violin), Mr Williams (cornet-à-pistons), and Master Summers (pianoforte).

HARROW.—Handel's *Messiah* was given for the benefit of the organist, in the Speech room of the Public School on Thursday. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Miss Stabbach, Messrs. Montem Smith and Tillyard. Mr Harper (trumpet) also assisted. The performance was under the patronage of Dr Vaughan, and Mr Surman was the conductor, and Messrs. Frank Mori and Jolly were the accompanists at the pianoforte.

BATLEY.—On Wednesday evening, the 20th February, the sisters, Sophia and Annie, gave their entertainment entitled "Sketches from Nature," in the Public Hall.

SKIPTON.—On Friday evening, the 22nd February, a concert was held, under the auspices of the Skipton Temperance Committee, in their lecture-room, in aid of "The Home Visitor Fund." Upwards of 400 persons were present.

LINTHWAITE.—On Friday evening, the 22nd February, a concert was given at the "Coach and Horses." The performers were Mrs. Sunderland, Mr Hinchcliffe, and Mr Schofield. Mr Wood presided at the pianoforte.

MOSSLEY.—On Saturday evening, the 16th Feb., the annual meeting of the Mechanics' Institution was held in the New Connexion Methodist School-room. The mayor of Manchester presided. About 600 were present. A musical programme was gone through. The vocalists were Mrs. Winterbottom, Miss Shaw, Mr Slater, Mr Smith, and Mr Inkersall; Mr D. Oldham presided at the pianoforte. A feature in the entertainment was the performances of the singing class of the institution.

ALTRINCHAM.—The audiences of the "Concerts for the People" have so increased that, on Saturday evening, the 16th Feb., the billiard room, adjoining the Town Hall, was thrown open. Mrs. Brooke, Messrs. Baxter, Bethel, and Delavanti were the principal vocalists. Mr Weston presiding at the pianoforte. At the close of the first part, the Rev. H. Christopherson spoke of the interest all were taking in the experiment, and complimented Mr Weston upon his management, and proposed a vote of thanks to Earl Stamford and his steward, Mr Heywood, for the use of that hall. The second part of the concert consisted of a selection of Scotch music. "Auld lang syne," assisted by the audience, concluded the evening's amusement.

BRIGHTON.—Madame Sala gave a concert on Thursday morning in the Pavilion. The vocalists were Madame Sala, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Ransford, Mr Weiss, and Mr C. K. Sala; and the instrumentalists, Mr F. Jewell (flute), and M. Edouard de Paris (pianoforte). Mr J. G. Callcott was the accompanist at the pianoforte. There were several encores, and the concert was very successful.

SOOTHILL.—On Thursday evening, the 28th ult., a concert took place under the superintendence of Messrs. G. Wilkinson and T. Wood. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Crossland, and Messrs. W. H. Lee, H. Hartley, T. Wood, and G. Wilkinson. Mr H. Hartley presided at the pianoforte.

HALIFAX.—The 199th performance was given by the Halifax Choral Society on Tuesday evening, the 26th ult., in the Odd-fellows' Hall. There was a large attendance of subscribers. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Misses Freeman, Tankard and Bancroft, and Messrs. Emery, Townsend, Gledhill, Crossley and Carter. The music for the first part was Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, and for the second, Mendelssohn's *Ave Maria*. This was followed by Haydn's Third or Imperial Mass. Mr Frobisher conducted, and Mr W. H. Whitaker was leader.

HUDDERSFIELD.—Mr Wood's concert came off on Wednesday evening, the 27th ult. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, Mr H. Phillips, and Mr Hirst. The attendance was large.

BIRSTAL.—Seven of the Society of Change Ringers of Birstal, with the aid of George Carter, from Tong, ascended the tower of the parish church, on the 23rd ult., and rang a true peal of Kent treble bob major, consisting of 6048 changes, in three hours and forty two minutes, the greatest number of changes ever rung on these bells. The company were as follows:—George Carter, treble; Joseph Barrowclough, 2; James Beaumont, 3; William Smith, 4; Jos. Goodear, 5; Wm. Goodall, 6; Thos. Goodear, 7; Benj. Parkinson, tenor. The peal, which is in three equal parts, was composed by Mr William Sottenstall, of Sowerby, and conducted by W. Goodall.

SKIPTON.—On the evening of the 22nd ult. a concert was given in the Temperance Lecture Room for the benefit of the "Home Visitor," consisting of sacred and secular music and recitations. With the exception of Miss Senior, all the performers were natives of the place.

BURY.—On Monday evening, a concert was given in St. Thomas's school room, Radcliffe, for the benefit of Mr. Wright Fletcher, organist at the Wesleyan Chapel, Radcliffe Close, a professor of music upwards of fifty years. The performance was under the patronage of the Rev. Thomas Fletcher, Richard Bealey, Esq., and Edward Hutchinson, Esq. There were upwards of 100 performers, the majority of whom gave their services, and about £32 was realised.

[illegible].—On Friday evening, 22nd February, a concert was given by the pupils of the Yorkshire School for the Blind, at the school, Manor-yard, to the members of the Working Men's News and Reading Rooms of York, and their friends. The proceeds will be devoted to the Working Men's Institution.

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[*] But why attempt such operas with such means? ED.

REVIEWS.

"Eli"—an oratorio—the words selected and written by William Bartholomew. The music composed and dedicated to Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, by Michael Costa.

(*Continued from page* 141.)

The fugal chorus in B flat, with its interminable full closes, is succeeded by something decidedly more musical—we mean the recitative and air in G ("Turn Thou unto me"), where the barren Hannah prays for a blessing which Mr. Bartholomew is too modest, we suppose, to designate by name. Nearly all the recitatives in *Eli* are good; and in them alone do we observe the "Italian" fluency upon which *The Athenæum* has descanted. The present is one of the simplest; but the succeeding air is melodious throughout; and the phrase in the minor key upon the words, "The troubles of my heart are enlarged," is remarkably expressive. The close, too, is pleasing—though a little *French* (not "Italian"), with its semitonic inner part upon a tonic pedal.

A dialogue between Eli and Hannah leads to a sort of four-part canon—"The Lord is good"—in E major, for chorus. The theme, graceful, though not very original, is led off by the *soprani* and answered a fourth below by the *alti*; the *tenors* then lay hold of it on the octave, and the *bassi* retort a fourth beneath. This is extremely good, but there is not *much* in it. We prefer all that follows, when the imitations are over—not so much because some of it reminds us of Mendelssohn, as because it is really charming. The writing is smooth and effective from beginning to end, and the accompaniments are well written.

More recitative (there is too much recitative, by the way, good as it is) conducts us to a duet—in A, for *soprano* and tenor—Hannah and Elkanah—"Wherefore is thy soul cast down?" which commences like the middle movement of Beethoven's sonata in G (Op. 14), but otherwise so strongly resembles one or two of Spohr's operatic duets, that but for its greater simplicity we might readily lay it to the account of the exclusively *German* (not "Italian") master. The duet is, nevertheless, fluent, tuneful, and agreeable, and cannot fail to please.

The scene which follows, descriptive of the riotous behaviour of Hophni and Phineas (Eli's two sons) with the abandoned women in the precincts of the Temple, though the situation is one of marked and characteristic interest, must be ranked among the *coups manqués* (which comprehend most of the *great* suggestive points) of the oratorio. M. Adolphe Adam ought have set it much in the same manner. The *Athenæum* is wrong in insinuating that we have condemned this scene for any other reason than for its weakness, and wrong in citing Händel as an apology for Mr. Costa. (Händel was too great a man to be dragged forward in support of a feeble argument.) The scene of the orgy in *Eli* is theatrical to a degree; but it is not on that account we complain. We complain of it because it is wishy-washy theatrical; because of the chance of effective contrast and ingenious combination, presented by the rebuke of the priests, little or nothing is made; because Hophni and Phineas are not brought out, as they should be, prominently (are, in fact, "nowhere"); because (pages 67—8) there occurs a series of chromatic progressions which are puerile; because the sudden transition into F, after the passage in E, where the chorus ascends in chords of sixths, is not good; and finally because the whole is too much spun out, its want of "absolute" musical interest taken into consideration. These are our arguments for objection—and these are neither "dramatic" nor "operatic," nor even "theatrical" arguments. Let the *Athenæum* point to similar weaknesses in the pieces cited from Händel, and we shall bow to his authority.

Eli reproaches his sons in a somewhat laboured recitative (carefully accompanied) and then sings a slow air. All Eli's airs are slow, which we cannot but regard as an oversight, either of the compiler of the words or the composer of the music. But this slow air (in E flat)—"Thou shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord!"—has two or three fine points. Let us instance the pause upon the dominant seventh of F minor—to the words "Who shall stand?"—which is perfectly well contrived; and again the whole of that passage which commences on the words, "But there is forgiveness," both melody and harmony in which (we may fairly wink at the Mendelssohnian tinge) are for the most part appropriately grave and beautiful. We have only two slight objections to this clever and ably sustained song. One is that E naturals and E flats come too frequently and closely alternated in various parts of the harmony, and so disturb the ear in its appreciation of "tonality" (may we use the word?). The other is that the fifths in the accompaniment (page 69—bars 2, 3) between a prominently sustained part and the bass (G, G flat, treble—C, C flat, bass) have an unpleasant effect. Let no one rate us here for pedantry. We are not finding fault with consecutive perfect fifths in similar motion, because they are what they are; but because they sound ill as they are used in this song. Mr. Lucas is an unlikely man to have made a bad arrangement from the orchestral score, and these fifths are consequently not merely uncomely but authentic. We have heard a vast deal about great masters writing consecutive perfect fifths, in similar direction, between extreme parts, which may be probably all right; but we are not aware of a single instance where the law against them—which is so easy to obey as it is *logical* and wise—has been violated to advantage.

We now approach (very respectfully) a *chorale*.

(*To be continued.*)

"Twilight"—Valse à deux Temps—par J. Cruickshank, Esq.

J. Cruickshank, *Esq.* (Why "Esq."? and why "Twilight"?—when all the rest is French) has composed a really graceful set of waltzes "*à deux temps*," and has not dedicated them to M. Jullien—a great authority in such matters—without some show of reason. No. 3, a sentimental tune in F minor, pleases us the best of the set; but they are all pretty. Some engraver's errors have escaped notice, which it would be as well to look to in preparing the "second edition" of "Twilight."

"One Cheer More."—New Song to an old Jacobite air.—Dedicated to the men of our gallant Army by Lady Maxwell, of Monteith.

The old "Jacobite air" is good, and the words are by no means bad, although the stereotyped puff of Majesty is becoming somewhat pale and sickly. With the arrangement of the melody we have no fault to find, except (page 3, line 1, bar 5—and line 3, bar 3) where the note C—on the word, "Their"—comes very harshly so close upon the chord of D flat. A, would be more correct and just as vocally effective.

Our rooted objection to making a musical market of the war and its incidents is, we must add, not at all removed by the song before us.

"Oh fare thee well, my once lov'd 'Rose'"—song—written and composed by Frankland Evans.

This die-away drawing-room ballad would do for Miss Blanche Amory and "*ses larmes*." The words are about a "heart that trusted too well" (which would fit Miss Blanche), and "how can trust no more" (which would not fit Miss Blanche). They are also about "moments too blissful to forget," and a "love that once was all somebody's." The music is about the words, and suits them to a hair. And (Nym to the rescue) "that is the humor of it."

"The Queen of the Gipsies," Valse-à-deux Temps;—"Angelina" Valse;—"The Mountain Daisy" Valse-à-deux Temps;—"Bridal of the Fairies," Valse;—"The Scotch Polka;"—"Circassian Polka;"—"The Bacchante Polka;"—"The Sebastopol Polka;"—"The Satory Polka;"—"The Rustic Polka;"—"The Sultan's Polka;"—"The Pelissier Galop;"—"The Polka Mazurka or Varsoviana from L'Etoile du Nord;"—"The Bonnie Dundee Quadrille;"—"Geneva Quadrille;"—"The Royal Fern Quadrille;"—by Charles D'Albert.

Were not the popularity of M. D'Albert's dance pieces so well attested by the time, the very elegant manner in which they are got up by the publishers, with the pictorial assistance of the well-known Mr. Brandard, would alone suffice to recommend them in an extended circle. In the sixteen pieces before us (among which are some established favourites, for instance "The Sultan Polka," "The Bonnie Dundee Quadrille," etc., with others, new and almost, if not indeed quite, as good—for example, "The

Mountain Daisy," "The Polka Mazurka," and "The Palissier Galop") Mr Brandard in his illustrated title pages, has displayed a variety of invention little short, in its way, of that manifested by M. D'Albert in his music. If the sale of the new pieces we have specialised in parenthesis approach anything near the numerical standard of that attained by "The Sultan Polka," or "The Bonnie Dundee Quadrille"—of the first of which, if we are not misinformed, six hundred per week, and of the latter one thousand, are even still printed—we may congratulate both the composer and his London publishers. A writer in the *Sunday Times*, in a clever critique on the recent contributions of M. D'Albert to the Muse Terpsichore, alluding to the epithet "inspired dancing-master" having been applied by some severe contrapuntist to Auber, declares, that in his opinion, it would be much more appropriately bestowed upon the Newcastle Minstrel—a verdict in which we heartily concur.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES is singing at Melbourne to large audiences, with immense success.

M. BERLIOZ.—A letter of the 20th ult. from Weimar, gives an account of a concert that took place under the direction of M. Berlioz at Gotha. The *Enfance du Christ* was given, and a setting of a poem by M. Théophile Gautier, entitled, "Le spectre de la Rose," which Madame Falconi sang with the orchestra. Before the concert the Duke de Gotha, who was present at the rehearsal in the morning, presented the cross of his order to M. Berlioz.—*Morning Chronicle.*

MR. JOHN THOMAS, the English harpist, had the honor of playing before their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of the French, all the Plenipotentiaries now in Paris, and a large assemblage of the French aristocracy, at a Concert given in the Tuileries on Sunday night. A small stage was erected at the end of the great Salle Flores, and among other entertainments, a Vaudeville was performed by M. Levassor and Mad. Félix.

ALEXANDRE MONTFORT, the dramatic composer, died on the 12th of February, in Paris, where he was born, on the 12th of May, 1804. M. Montfort studied under several masters, among others, Berton, Boieldieu and M. Fétis. He gained (of course—as everybody does) the *premier prix* at the *Institut*. In 1837 he wrote the music to a ballet, *La chatte métamorphosée en femme* in which Fanny Elssler filled the principal character, and in 1839 he composed an opera in one act called *Polichinelle*. M. Montfort afterwards produced at the same theatre (Opéra Comique) *La Jeunesse de Charles-Quint* (1841), *la Sainte-Cécile* (1844), *la Charbonnière* (1845), *l'Ombre d'Argentine* (1853), and *Deucalion et Pyrrha* (1855).—*Guide Musicale*—Brussels.

RONCONI.—The Imperial Court of Paris was occupied on Friday week with the appeal of Mad. Ronconi against the sentence of the Tribunal of Correctional Police condemning her to three months imprisonment for adultery with one Cattabeni. The court, after declaring that it had full jurisdiction in the case, although the parties were foreigners, decided that Ronconi had excited his wife to commit adultery; but it said that Mad. Ronconi was entitled to establish, if she could, that Ronconi himself had committed adultery, and it postponed the affair to the 7th March to enable her to produce proof thereof if possible. Ronconi, through his advocate, has appealed to the Court of Cassation against the judgment of the Imperial Court, given on Friday on the appeal of his wife.—*Galignani.*

MESSRS. GRAY AND DAVISON.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert visited the Manufactory of these eminent firm, on Monday afternoon, and inspected among other organs the new one for Sherborne Abbey, which has just been completed. His Royal Highness himself tried the organ. Mr. George Cooper played several pieces, and the Prince expressed himself highly gratified. Sir George Smart and Mr. Anderson were present.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE.—Mr. W. T. Best, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, played a selection of pieces on the new organ intended for Sherborne Abbey, Dorsetshire, on Wednesday evening, in the exhibition room of the builders, Messrs. Gray and Davison. The instrument, which is very fine and powerful, consists of three manuals and pedal organ. It has forty stops, tremulant, &c. The cases are of oak, and are in accordance with the architecture of the Abbey, which is said to be one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in the country. The following programme was played by Mr. Best, who is one of the most accomplished organists of Europe:—

PART I.—Organ Sonata (No. 3), *Mendelssohn*. Fuga (F minor), *Händel*. Andante, with variations, *W. T. Best*. Grand Offertoire, No. 4 (Op. 36), *Lefébure Wely*.

PART II.—Fuga (F major), *W. Friedemann Bach*. Pastorale (Op. 25), *Hermann Berens*. Pastorale, *Kullak*. God save the Queen, with variations and finale, *W. T. Best*.

The room was filled by an audience composed of the chief amateur and professional organists in London, and Mr. Best was frequently and warmly applauded.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The one hundred and eighteenth anniversary dinner of this society took place on Thursday evening at the Freemasons' Tavern. Nearly two hundred sat down to table. The Earl of Westmoreland was in the chair, Lord Burghersh on his right, and the Hon. Mr. Dundas on his left. The noble chairman, after the customary toasts had been drunk, stated that nearly £3,000 had been paid out of the funds in the past year to aged musicians and their families. The chief musical pieces performed during the evening were an air and chorus from Lord Westmoreland's opera, *La scompiglia Teatrale*, the solo part sung by Madame Rudersdorff; a duet by Verdi, "Il pianto," sung by Mr. and Madame Ferrari; Bishop's five-part glee, "Now by day's retiring lamp;" a madrigal by Mr. McMurdie, "When Chloris weeps;" and Longfellow's "Take thy banner," set by Mr. Onward as a five part song. The noble chairman was greatly applauded on his *entrée*, and the evening passed away in a most satisfactory manner.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The fourth concert of the season took place under the direction of Mr. D. Francis on Monday evening last. The vocalists were Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Lucy Escott, Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Eyles, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Miranda, and Mr. Farquharson. The instrumentalists were Mr. Richardson, flute, and Mr. W. G. Cusins, pianist. The room was filled by an audience who had the modesty to redemand no less than ten pieces, out of the twenty-three that were on the programme. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in "The last rose of summer," "Bonny Jean," "The Bay of Biscay," and in a duet with Mrs. Sims Reeves, "Un tearro ioi." Miss Louisa Vinning did the in "Vagha dal ciel," from the *Etoile du Nord* and "Lo here the gentle lark" (flute *obbligato*, Mr. Richardson). Mr. Miranda, Mr. Howard Glover's popular song "Love sounds the alarm" (*Acis and Galatea*) extremely well, and the rest exerted themselves creditably. Mr. W. G. Cusins played a solo on the pianoforte, and Mr. Richardson one on the flute. The vocal music was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We hear from good authority that the noblemen and gentlemen connected with Her Majesty's Theatre held a meeting on Wednesday last, and subscribed £40,000 to pay off the debts of that establishment.

COVENT GARDEN.—A benefit for the poorer classes of sufferers by the recent fire at the above theatre is about to be organised by a number of gentlemen actors, at the head of which are the well known amateurs Messrs. Arcedeckne, Markwell, and Willert Beale, whose exertions in the cause of charity have long been notorious.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Mr. Benjamin Webster was desirous of having his new Adelphi Theatre built entirely of iron, but was opposed by the Committee of the Board of Works, on what grounds we are unable to say.

MR. JAMES ANDERSON and Miss Elsworthy have been playing a successful starring engagement at Hanley, Bristol, and Bath, and go to Lynn next week.

MR. HERBERT INGRAM, the well-known proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, has been elected Member of Parliament for Boston.

EASTBOURNE.—Mr. Cunningham, of Lewes, gave a lecture "On Song, its Influences and charms," in the Trinity National School room, on Tuesday last. Miss Payne assisted the lecturer in the vocal illustrations. There was a large attendance of friends and members of the Literary Institution, in connection with which the lecture was given.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A Subscriber.—*The melody of "Life let us cherish," is attributed to Mozart.*

Musica.—*We accept with pleasure*

M M F. (Glasgow)—Opera and Drama *will be finished in three more numbers. We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent from time to time.*

BIRTH.

On the 27th of *February*,—at Bushan Hill, near *Crawley*,—the wife of John Jarvis Broadwood, Esq., of a daughter.

DEATH

At Florence,—on the 21st day of *February*,—Theodore Doehler, the celebrated pianist.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, March 8th, 1856.

Covent Garden Theatre is a heap of ruins, flanked on all sides by blackened walls, which rear their bare heads proudly and in gloomy silence, like the Roman senators of old awaiting their own doom.

On the 6th of April 1847 the Royal Italian Opera was opened to the public. On the 5th of February, 1856 it was utterly demolished—a short life, at least, if not a merry one.

The cause of this lamentable incident is shrouded in mystery. One thing, however, is certain:—if not the work of some lunatic it has been occasioned by negligence so flagrant, that to palliate or defend it is impossible. Many accounts of the conflagration which have been publicly circulated are as incoherent as they are antagonistic to each other. One says this, another that; but none gives any satisfactory explanation—and for the best of reasons. Those who consider the total destruction of such a building a matter of light importance are welcome to speak of it with levity. We are not of their way of thinking; but, on the contrary, regard the event as a national calamity.

If Mr. Gye, upon whom falls the chief weight of the misfortune, does not summon to account everybody officially engaged in the theatre from the afternoon of Monday to the morning of Wednesday, he will fail in what, to him, as a man of position and integrity, is an imperative duty. The fire was inexplicable, its progress unexampled, and its ravages incalculable. No pantomimic transformation, indeed, could be more sudden than the demolition of Covent Garden Theatre. It was like magic.

At four o'clock a.m. we left the theatre, where a scene was enacting the like of which we religiously hope may not again be witnessed in any of our places of public entertainment. A scene more disgusting was never beheld. The lowest haunts of infamy could scarcely find a parallel. We shall not shock the morality of our readers by describing its worst features. Let them imagine all that a modest pen would disdain to write. Let them conjure up a motley exhibition of spangles, rags, and dirt—the emptying, as it were, of Holywell Street and its vicinity—a dismal dreary music, a tattered masquerade, a rampant and prevalent intoxication, poison to eat and poison to drink, the fumes of bad tobacco everywhere (for *smoking* was the rule rather than the exception), and all conceivable forms that grossness could assume, and in their mind's eye they may trace some faint picture of the orgy upon which, though by no means superstitious, we are inclined to believe that the devouring flames acted as a judgment. Think of the Royal Italian Opera, the Temple of Music, dragged down to such an abyss of degradation!

The "Carnival Benefit," which took place the day previously, and lasted from one o'clock p.m. till after midnight, was sufficiently at variance with everything respectable, not to say *tolerable*, but the masked ball would have disgraced a brothel.

Why was the Royal Italian Opera sub-let to a professor of legerdemain? Why was not so great a desecration visited with unanimous disapproval? Are we arrived at such a state of moral indifference that nothing is to be petted but expediency, and that any temporarily prosperous charlatanism *must* be endured—nay encouraged! But it is useless to ask further questions. The climax is attained, the end accomplished, and that magnificent theatre, unsurpassed in Europe, lies buried in dust. The noble portico stands frowning in its solitude—a *memento mori*—mocking, as it were, the mutability of human work, and grinning like some gigantic skeleton at the ruin in its wake. No more on that once favoured spot will be heard those voices which ravished the ear and penetrated to the heart; no more will be seen those faces so cherished and familiar. Grisi has looked her last look; Mario has uttered his last sigh; Ronconi will make us laugh and weep no longer. The glorious band of musicians must disperse, and go each his own way—since the Royal Italian opera was their chief support. How many poor, hard working, and meritorious people are thrown out of bread, it is melancholy to contemplate. The public in ordinary can have little notion of the diversified occupations which, within the walls of a large theatre, give to numbers the means of honourable existence. The great singers require no sympathy. *They* can thrive elsewhere. But the subordinates of every denomination—the members of the band and chorus, the supernumeraries, the machinists, the porters and messengers, the *corps de ballet*, the box keepers, ticket-takers, and so on *ad infinitum*—we cannot specify them all—they, poor people, are the chief sufferers and really merit compassion.

And all this misery might have been avoided with just as much precaution as involved the commonest attention to the daily and nightly routine of business. Not only is Mr. Anderson to blame—and that unhappy gentleman, who could already count two theatres burned to the ground while under his direction, is severely to be reprehended for his negligence—not only Mr. Anderson, but every official in the theatre from the time at which the "Carnival Benefit" commenced until the fire broke out (or rather was discovered—since it must have been making slow but fatal way for many hours in advance) towards the end of the masquerade. Every man should be called to strict account for what he saw and did, for what he may have heard or suspected, during those one-and-forty ill-spent hours. But more than all the firemen and the superintendents of the gas, principals and subordinates, should be interrogated in such a manner as to be made answerable for their contempt of duty—presuming that contempt of duty can be proved against them, which we fear must be the case. Indeed had not certain duties been neglected, the conflagration would have been *impossible*. What, then, were these duties?—and by whom neglected?

We have no desire and no authority to accuse any one in particular, but we insist that unless every man actively connected with Covent Garden Theatre—from the Wizard of the North down to the humblest menial—be subjected to minute inquiry, there will be an excuse for unpleasant insinuations, and the public will with difficulty be induced to regard any theatre safe in future. Some may view this dreadful accident as a matter of small importance; but let them endeavour to paint to themselves what might have been the consequences had it taken effect earlier in the night, while some thousands of people were assembled. The element of destruction had undoubtedly been making way in the department situated over the "flies," for hours; and had it burst out sooner, how frightful the result! Certain death to the majority, injuries for life to many or most of the others. *Then* we should have heard an outcry! And yet the full conviction that such a catastrophe was possible, even probable, makes it equally imperative on all in authority to sift the matter to the bottom. If ever Coroner's Inquest was indispensable it is now—on the remains of Covent Garden Theatre. The Coroner is summoned to investigate the origin of *one man's* death; how much more requisite the wisdom of his inquest in this case—upon ruins that might have crushed a thousand lives at once.

In our experience, we had never witnessed such a conflagration as that of Wednesday morning. We quitted the theatre (as already told) at four o'clock, distressed with the oppressive heat, overpowered by foul odours, and disgusted with a scene that spread itself out before us, a thousand times more revolting than the orgy of Raphael and his companions, described with such power by De Balzac*—more revolting, because vulgarity and coarseness were added to the other offensive constituents of the *tableau*.† Shortly after five A.M., observing an extraordinary brightness in the sky, we began to think we had miscalculated the time, and that the sun had risen with a splendour unprecedented in this brumous atmosphere. A closer examination, however, made it evident that there was a fire somewhere, and a fire of terrific fierceness. We sallied forth (our readers will excuse, for once, this disregard of the impersonality of *editors*) in company with a painter, who, as we passed by Burlington Arcade into Regent Street, compared the appearance of the atmosphere to one of Italy's most glorious sunsets. (It was, indeed, a sunset for the Royal Italian Opera.) Anything so beautiful, so imposing, so terrible and treacherous at once, in its brightness and in its calm, is rarely beheld. The writer of a leading article in *The Times* says—"To give an idea of the mass of flame it will be sufficient to say that a person standing in Bow Street, out of the immediate glare of the conflagration, could clearly discern the Surrey Hills touched with the reflection of that famous torch." We did not perceive "The Surrey Hills" from Regent-street (since, like the Spanish fleet they were "out of sight"), but we had a very striking image of Mount Vesuvius, as one might picture that famous volcano, when viewed from the streets of Naples, during the progress of an eruption. The sky indeed was nothing but the reflection of an awful blaze of fire which (little did we dream of such a calamity!) was rapidly consuming our favourite theatre in its embrace—just as that hapless nymph was scorched in the much too hot caress of Jove. At Long Acre, a suspicion which began to torment us inwardly was outwardly confirmed by the assurance of a passer-by that "It was Covent Garden Theatre burning." A few steps onwards allayed all doubt. What less than two hours before had been, or seemed to be, the Covent Garden Theatre so long and worthily remembered—the Royal Italian Opera we have all admired in its splendour—but afflicted with a dirty face that could easily be washed, and degraded by a spectacle that we hoped to be witnessing for the last time—"poor dear Royal Italian Opera," as we feel quite sure Mr. Thackeray, who remembers Sophie Cruvelli in *Fidelio*, would say—what had seemed to be the Royal Italian Opera was now a prey to that element which only plays with to destroy, and which when it furtively approaches combustible objects is as cruel as cats to unoffending mice. Covent Garden Theatre, after an interval of eight and forty years, was once more in flames—and hopelessly in flames, as a single glance was enough to show.

To describe the rest is not in our province. Moreover, details will be found in another page. To record what we felt would scarcely interest our readers, who, musicians and amateurs of music, would have felt exactly as we did, and may therefore judge of our sensations by what they believe would have been their own at such a sight. One thing was certain:—The Royal Italian Opera was doomed to inevitable destruction and music to a loss not likely to be repaired in the time of many of us living.

The crowd had of course assembled—for as sharks will follow in shoals a ship that is condemned just when the rats are about to leave it, so, while the rats were fleeing in dismay from the burning hulk of old Covent Garden, did human sharks congregate in masses, to enjoy (and, perhaps, to profit by) the shipwreck. The police did their utmost to keep the vicinity clear, that the firemen might not be impeded in their unhappily almost impotent labour of salvage. The conflagration meanwhile advanced with a velocity wholly unparalleled and, as it were by magic, seized on various parts of the building simultaneously. From roof to base the whole of the vast interior was soon one raging furnace. Vulcan forging Jupiter's thunderbolts, in the crater of Etna, could scarcely suggest to the classic mind a spectacle more terrible and grand. An awful crash now told that the roof had fallen in—and how many of the anxious and excited lookers-on must have thanked Heaven that at so ominous a moment they were safe outside! Soon every window cracked and blazed, every door and aperture vomited angry flashes, the grim walls themselves seemed on fire and the roof of the portico (*which is unconnected with the interior*) was a tossing sea of flame. And then came the reflection that within the walls the pitiless element was destroying so many many works of art, so many treasures never to be restored! All that array of 47 operas, those costumes and decorations, those glittering suits of armour,* those trenchant swords, those pointed spears and harmless guns, those gorgeous and magnificently painted scenes of Grieve, of Telbin, and of Beverley—books, instruments, music engraved and copied in parts and in score,† pictures (some by Hogarth), costly glass and furniture of every description, the noble chandelier, the countless candelabras, that memorable crystal curtain which was wont to rejoice the eyes of Jullien's innumerable patrons, all the dainties, all the wines, the dishes and the glasses of Mr. Payne (who had been feeding the dissipated throng at absolute prices), all the magic boxes &c. of Professor Anderson (which were for the most part saved)—these, and other objects without number (was the sad conclusion) were now ministering to the God of Fire, who, insatiate, would swallow all and "leave not a rack behind." And as an appendix to this sad reflection arose the thought that *nothing* was insured (except the necromantic machinery of Mr Anderson—for £2000) and that many—how many!—people must be irreparably ruined.

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* *La Peau de Chagrin.*

† *A tableau vivant, by the way, of which the most lassés and dégagés of Parisian "Professors" would have been ashamed.*

* Which cost Mr Delafield no less than £200 each.

† Our contemporaries are wrong in stating that the scores of the *Elisire d'Amore* and *Oberon* cannot be replaced—since if not engraved in many places (which is improbable) they can be re-written from the vocal and orchestral parts—which are everywhere.

But it was inevitable—as Fate is inexorable! Some poet might compose an eloquent description of the event for the eloquent Rachel to deliver, with flashing eyes, dishevelled hair, and outstretched arms. She would declaim it as she declaims the confession of Phèdre, or the death-speech of that desolate Camille. It must have been written that Covent Garden was to be immolated at the shrine of Mammon, or to the demons of incapacity and sloth, like our brave army before Sebastopol. William Russell has gone back to the Crimea, or he could arraign the guilty in appropriate terms, and cause them to be dragged before a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry, the justice of whose decisions should be narrowly weighed, upon the spot and among the offenders, by a Government Commission, whose corroboration (together with the corroborators) should be again arraigned before another commission of professional elders, in the hope of setting it aside.

From half past five till nearly noon the fire raged with more or less intensity, until, somewhat later in the afternoon, Covent Garden Theatre was literally "gutted" and nothing remained of it but naked walls, defaced and scorched and crumbling—still erect and proud, however, like the remnant of a band of warring giants, standing firm and resolute, guards of honour to defend the bodies of the slain. Within these walls was a shapeless mass of rubbish—the vestiges of what was once an architectural glory.

Mr Anderson was everywhere, and in the wild despair which had seemingly laid hold of him gave directions for impossible enterprises, and almost lost his self-command. But luckily he saved his boxes. There was also the active, zealous, and intelligent Mr Ponteau—one of the most earnest and faithful servants that ever held office in a theatrical establishment—doing his utmost to be serviceable, and often to good purpose. Colonel Brownlow Knox, one of the proprietors and managers of the Royal Italian Opera, was present while the conflagration was at its fiercest, and none could be surprised at the anxiety so visibly portrayed in his countenance as, piece by piece, the noble building succumbed to the superior power that was without remorse assailing it.

After having hinted that "to describe" the ravages of the fire was out of "our province," we have insensibly glided into a description—a very pale and insufficient one, we must entreat indulgent readers to believe. Indeed a perfectly accurate description is as impossible as to inveigh in terms of sufficient severity against the unpardonable negligence which led to the catastrophe.

And now, reader (forgive prolixity—Covent Garden Theatre is only burnt down once in half a century)—listen to the explanations addressed to the public with unexampled audacity by certain of those employed. Listen, and know how, if you were there, you have escaped by a miracle, or by truly providential interference. We extract from the report of *The Times*:—

"As to the origin of the calamity, nothing is known at present. That the fire broke out in the carpenter's shop there can be little doubt from what has been already stated;* but—but there is too much reason to fear will remain a mystery. It was the duty of one of the firemen to accompany the gasman when he ascended into the carpenter's shop to light the central chandelier, and this office on Tuesday night fell upon Castle. The latter states he went with one of the gasmen in the service of Mr Payne (who has the direction of the lighting of the theatre), and that, after completing the duty *they tested the safety of their lighting-rod by pouring over the wood of the rod a small quantity of spirits of naptha. The rod was then left suspended over the beam of the chandelier*, and Castle and the gasman returned down stairs by the light of a glass lantern. This was shortly before 7 o'clock in the evening, AT WHICH HOUR BOTH THESE MEN DECLARE ALL WAS PERFECTLY SAFE."

"At which hour"—seven o'clock—"all was safe." And we may conclude, from what follows, that from seven o'clock p.m. till four o'clock a.m. not a soul went near the flies—an interval of *nine hours*—with five regularly-engaged firemen attached to the house while all this smoking and bestiality was proceeding, and gas had been burning the day previous from one o'clock p.m. without cessation. We cannot remember a case of such monstrous indifference to property and to life. But let us proceed with *The Times*:—

"At four o'clock in the morning one of the flymen *had occasion*" (after a lapse, mind, of *nine* hours) "*had occasion* to ascend to the second floor, and even then he detected no smell of smoke, no indication of danger of any kind."

Now either this "flyman" did not go up at all, or he must have gone up in a condition which made it a flagrant impropriety to order him or even permit him to ascend. It is notorious that the smell of smoke was disagreeably evident to many *before* four o'clock—not to persons up stairs, but down stairs, in the refreshment-rooms and near the orchestra. What, then becomes of the testimony of one "flyman?" As *The Times* adds, with simplicity and truth:

"It is clear however from the rapidity with which the flames gained head, that the fire must have been smouldering for a considerable period."

Say *for nearly nine hours*, and we shall not be very wide of the fact.

"In what manner it originated—whether from carelessness, or any other cause—it seems impossible to say."

From some cause it must have originated, and that cause we unhesitatingly denounce as "carelessness"—gross, unexampled—why should we mince the matter?—*sinful* "carelessness"—"carelessness" that might have led to manslaughter, had the effects of it come earlier. Such "careless-

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* The statement of *The Times* is as follows:—"A man who was engaged in conversation with Castles, the fireman, observed a bright light shining through the chinks and crevices of the flooring in the carpenter's shop high overhead. In an instant both of them left the stage and hastened towards the point of danger. Neither their departure nor their errand had been observed, and the crowd below them still kept up the chorus in the finale of the National Anthem. The carpenter's shop extended, with the single exception of a comparatively small space devoted to the scene-painters, from one end to the other of the building, and lay between the ornamental ceiling and the roof of the theatre. Through an open space in the floor of this *atelier* the central chandelier was lighted. When the two men entered the place they were nearly suffocated by dense black smoke. Castles threw himself on his hands and knees, and endeavoured to crawl towards a smouldering heap which he observed near the centre of the workshop. The smoke was, however, too much for him, and he was compelled to make a speedy retreat, without having been able to open the fire mains on the floor. Descending to the next "floor," he succeeded in turning on the mains, but before he could fix the hose the fire falling from the workshop above overtook him, and drove him to the next "floor." The imminent peril was now evident to him. He saw the fire had obtained a mastery which could not be controlled, and his next step was to cut away those parts of the scenery most likely to be affected by the increasing fire. The orchestra had not ceased playing the National Anthem when the sudden descent upon the stage of one of the beams, round which part of the scenery was rolled, gave the first intimation of danger to the assemblage below. Mr Anderson himself was the first to give the alarm of "Fire!" and the terror and tumult which this announcement occasioned may readily be imagined.

"ken" was never known before, and it is to be hoped may never be recorded again.

The story about the gas escape—which follows, in *The Times* report—instead of helping out those in whose hands was temporarily invested the management and direction of the theatre, makes their case *infinitely worse*, as the reader may gather by aid of his own intelligence:—

> "It appears generally admitted that *for some time past there has been an unusual escape of gas in the house*. Mr. Sloman, who has for many years held the office of machinist and carpenter at this theatre, *has been so forcibly impressed with the danger arising from it that he has actually waited upon two or three of the proprietors*—Mr. Salmon and Mr. Robinson *among others**—and *represented to them that if something was not done* HE FEARED THE THEATRE WOULD SOME DAY BE BURNT DOWN. *Mr. Sloman has called the attention of the firemen to the circumstance*, BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN DONE."

Now, in the name of humanity, can this be true? We appeal to Mr Sloman. Did Mr Sloman ever mention the fact to Mr. Gye, or to Colonel Knox, or to Mr Augustus Harris, or to Mr Fouteau?—did he mention it to Mr Anderson? If so, where is his excuse? If yes, how can those gentlemen exculpate themselves to whom he mentioned it? One party or the other is in a dilemma. Was it *desirable* that the theatre should be burnt and a new one built, or the performances resumed elsewhere? We are candid enough to own that all this evidence (and no paper is so uniformly careful in collecting evidence as the *Times*) is not merely perplexing but positively bewildering. "What next?"—indeed! Here is an officer, important behind the scenes, who informs certain proprietors that 'for some time past there has been an unusual escape of gas in the house,' and "that if something is not done he fears the theatre will some *day be burnt down*;" and yet the proprietors "do nothing!" *Credat Judæus!* The statement would be incredible but for the known good character of Mr Sloman. *The Times* adds, again simply and truthfully:—

> "Whether the fire originated from a gas leakage or not is of course uncertain."

But the fact of unparalleled and indefensible negligence—we reiterate, and shall persist in reiterating—cannot by any means be regarded as "uncertain." Interpret the matter as we may, to this conclusion we are forced. If the story about the escape of gas be true, then charges must be brought against higher personages than flymen, firemen or gasmen. If on the contrary (as we are inclined to believe, since the other proposition is almost impossible to entertain) there was no unusual escape of gas—the fire originating at some period during the progress of time consumed by the "Carnival Benefit," the interval between that and the *Bal Masqué* and the masquerade itself—then Mr Anderson and those about him in responsible places must make a clean breast of it, and reply like men, however blameable, to any questions that may be asked.

One more quotation from *The Times*, which favours the last (our own) idea, and we have done:—

> "The precautions adopted against fire in the theatre were necessarily of the most stringent nature, for subsequently to its re-erection, after being burnt down in 1808, no insurance-office would issue a policy upon it. To reassure the public against the alarm then created the architect took pains to erect *a tank on the roof of the theatre, calculated to hold 18 tons of water, which by means of double mains on every floor could be thrown upon any part of the building at a moment's notice. Four firemen were appointed to watch and guard the theatre against fire. It was their duty to go over every part of the building, and to see that the fire mains were always accessible and always charged.* This arrangement has continued up to the present time, and, of the four men on duty last night, one of them had been attached to the theatre for nearly 40 years. With all these precautions, it may naturally be asked why such a calamity was permitted to take place. *The answer is plain; instead of visiting every part of the theatre, as was their duty, the firemen on this occasion confined themselves to the more genial atmosphere of the stage; and, as has been stated, the first discovery of a fire in the roof was made by one of their body, James Castles, while engaged in conversation with another attaché of the theatre upon the stage.*"

We must beg the reader's attention to the tank of "18 tons of water," available "at a moment's notice;" and also to the other passages which we have italicised ourselves. Where was Mr Anderson, and what was he about, to allow his firemen "to confine themselves" to the more genial atmosphere of the stage," instead of attending to duties which involved the safety of enormous property and of untold lives? Let us entreat of those who read us to reflect, leisurely and without prejudice, on the remarks we have considered it our duty to offer upon this incomprehensible disaster. We have had but one object, and that object will be fully achieved if they who are the greatest sufferers by a calamity which has deprived the metropolis of one of its noblest architectural ornaments, and one of its richest sources of refined and intellectual entertainment, are induced to set on foot, *without delay*, a strict, impartial, and uncompromising investigation.

IT is reported that Mr E. T. Smith, of Drury-lane theatre, has purchased *The Sunday Times* newspaper for £3,000, and paid a deposit of £500. We understand, however, from a printed circular, that Mr Levy—who has managed the paper with great energy and ability since the commencement of 1856—has applied for an injunction against the transfer. This injunction is likely to be granted on the strength of a previous agreement with the proprietor, which gives to Mr Levy the right of purchase at the end of a given period not yet elapsed.

Nevertheless, the paper will not be brought out by Mr Levy this week, who wisely withdraws for the moment the services of a staff of greater excellence than has ever worked before on *The Sunday Times*, and which Mr Levy had the sole credit of organising. Those who wish well to *The Sunday Times*, and to periodical literature, cannot but be anxious for the success of Mr Levy's application.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Messrs. Mitchell and Sams, whose names were mentioned in an advertisement in *The Times* of Thursday as receivers of subscriptions for the sufferers by the late calamitous fire, have written to the papers to state that the insertion of their names in the advertisement was without their consent or knowledge. At the same time they add, that they will be most happy to aid the subscription by every means in their power.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt has consented to sing at one of the concerts of the above society, and Herr Otto Goldschmidt will play at another.

PARIS.

THE theatres have nearly all repeated the entertainments they gave the public last week; consequently there is not much to record. The Odéon has produced a comedietta called *Le Réveil du Mari*, with success; the Variétés has revived *Un* [illegible], and the Gaîté *Henry III.*, in which MM. Frédérick Lemaître and Laferrière play the two principal characters. The number of concerts during the week have not been great. Those given by M. Servanget and Mdlle. Langlomé, a pianiste who plays, *con amore*, the works of Mozart and other great masters, have been the best attended.

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* The "others" must be named.

TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE BY FIRE.

THE glory of Covent Garden Theatre has departed; the light of the Royal Italian Opera has fled into darkness; that magnificent temple of art which, for nine years, had won the admiration of Europe, is now a smouldering heap of ruins, a chaotic mass, out of which nothing can be formed. "But yesterday it might have stood against the world," and now its grandeur and beauty are scattered to the winds. It has passed away like a dream. It is numbered with the things that have been, and, to be recognised, must be recalled.

Professor Anderson spoke like a true prophet when he announced that his monster benefit would terminate in a blaze of triumph. Every one saw the blaze, but who felt the triumph? None, we are assured. The burning of Covent Garden is a public calamity, the consequences of which are deplorable to consider. The sympathy of all London is with Mr Gye and those attached to his establishment; and if commiseration could restore the theatre, the Royal Italian Opera would be regenerated and rebuilt in an incredibly short space of time.

How the theatre caught fire is still a mystery which time, perhaps, may elucidate. The masked ball took place on Tuesday night, and the five firemen—whose special business it is to look after the safety of the theatre—state that at eleven o'clock p.m., they had, as usual, examined every part of the house and found all safe. It is to be lamented that the five firemen did not think it worth their while to look after the theatre some hours later. A very small amount of exertion on the part of one of the five would have averted the destruction of Covent Garden, and have saved the loss of £200,000. But the five firemen were, no doubt, better engaged.

About four o'clock, some of the orchestra felt the presence of smoke sensibly. It did not, however, occur to any of them that a fire was the cause of it. One of these gentlemen was so affected by the smoke that he threatened to leave the platform in spite of the remonstrance of the conductor. At half past four the audience had dwindled away to some two or three dozen persons who were sauntering lazily about the stage. The band was playing the second part of the "National Anthem," when suddenly a blazing rafter or scene roller fell from the ceiling, striking one of the masters of the ceremony slightly on the foot, and scattering the burning embers in all directions. The universal consternation may be better imagined than described. The ladies screamed and fled towards the doors; the gentlemen went to look for their partners, several of whom were seated in boxes in various parts of the house; the band hurried off, dragging their instruments with them like the frightened minstrels in the last scene of *Don Giovanni*, and the theatre presented such a scene of terror and confusion as only a sudden conflagration could originate. Fortunately few people were present, and no difficulty presented itself to the maskers for making their escape. When the burning rafter falling from above left no doubt that the house was on fire, the fire watchmen, now alive to the danger, anxiously bestirred themselves, and made for the upper part of the theatre to turn on the water from the tank placed on the roof. It was too late, they were unable to reach the main cock, and were driven back by the flames and smoke. In the meanwhile all those employed in the theatre were made acquainted with the accident. The alarm soon spread and a general rush was made to save the property. Fear, however, had deprived everybody of any presence of mind. The flames were roaring through the building like muffled thunder, and the noise and scene might well have appalled the stoutest heart. Comparatively little was saved in consequence. Mr Costa's papers and his private pianoforte were rescued—surely something more valuable and less cumbrous than the latter might have been secured. Mr Gye's "Four Seasons," by Hogarth, to wit. Mr Hingston, the secretary of Professor Anderson, was engaged in the treasury when the alarm was given, and contrived to carry off all the money taken at the doors, and the Professor's "traps." What Mr Anderson lost in the fire we have not ascertained. All his magic appurtenances were saved; something he did lose, but what has not transpired. He was insured, however, for £2,000, so that, individually, he has nothing to complain of. In the meantime the fire had made rapid progress. It commenced with the ceiling, and gliding downwards, like a multiplied boa, from box to box, enveloped the whole interior of the house in flames, and shut out all hopes of saving the building. All now fled the theatre. Two "gents"—gents of the real species, the *Bal Masqué* gents—alone remained on the stage, and exhilarated by the sight, a potent one, danced vis-à-vis to the flames, and sang a duet in unison. Luckily for them, some gentlemen, desirous of seeing the last of the old house, rushed in through the stage door, and seeing the two "gents" so demean themselves at the risk of their lives, carried them off, much against their inclination.

The scene outside defies description. In five minutes after the alarm was given, all access to the theatre was blockaded, and the streets in the neighbourhood were crammed to suffocation.

Fire-engines from the different stations arrived in a short time, and began playing on all parts of the theatre. It was soon seen, however, that to save the building was a hopeless task, and the superintendent, Mr Braidwood, directed the firemen to throw water on the adjacent houses to prevent the sparks from setting them on fire. By this means, no doubt, a vast deal of property has been rescued from destruction, since, even with all the aid of the fire-engines, no less than seventeen houses in Bow-street, Hart-street, and Covent Garden Piazza, have been injured.

At six o'clock the roof fell in with a terrific crash, and the fate of Covent Garden Theatre was sealed. The flames, smothered for nearly half a minute by the falling timbers and slates, broke out with redoubled fury, and the conflagration became sublime in its intensity. At this moment the Surrey hills were visible to those in the upper windows in the north side of Hart-street, and to spectators at the top of Bow-street.

The whole of the magnificent and costly wardrobe is lost. The scores of more than fifty operas have furnished food for the flames. The rumour, however, that the scores of *Oberon* and *L'Elisir d'Amore* belonged solely to the *répertoire* of the Royal Italian Opera, and are therefore lost to the world, is doubly wrong, inasmuch as many other theatres possess scores of these operas, and, if they did not, the scores could be obtained from the parts which exist in nearly all the lyric theatres of Europe.

We shall have more to say about Covent Garden next week. At present it must suffice to state that no lives are lost; that the building and property are not insured—or only for a comparatively small sum; and that Mr Gye expresses his determination to carry on his Italian Opera in some other theatre in London.

On Thursday Her Majesty and the Princess Royal paid a visit to the ruins. They arrived about four o'clock, attended by Lady Churchill, Major-General Buckley, and Captain the Hon Dudley de Ros. Mr Gye, who had come to London from Paris in the morning, was in attendance at what used to be the entrance to the royal box in Princes-place, and conducted Her Majesty over the ruins. After making several enquiries, and expressing her sympathy to Mr Gye, Her Majesty left the scene of desolation. About five o'clock his Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended by Colonel Phipps and Captain the Hon Dudley de Ros, arrived at the royal entrance in Princes-place, and was conducted by Mr Gye round the ruins of the theatre. His Royal Highness remained nearly half-an-hour.

LEIPSIC.—At the fourth subscription quartet concert in the Gewandhaus, Mr Henry Litolff performed, with Herren David and Grützmacher, a new (third) trio of his own composition. A quartet in G by Haydn, and the Rasoumoffsky quartet in F by Beethoven, were also executed.

DRESDEN.—Mr Gye has paid the forfeit of 1000 thalers for Mad. Burde-Ney, who had concluded an engagement with the manager of the theatre at Königsberg, and whom Mr Gye has engaged for the London operatic season.

VIENNA.—In spite of all that has been done for it by artists, scene-painters, and costumiers, Flotow's opera, *Albin*, continues a non-success. It will in all probability be withdrawn.

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FOREIGN.

Leipsic.—(*From our own Correspondent*).—On the 31st Jan., the 15th Gewandhaus concert took place; the programme embraced Symphony (No. 4, D minor) (Schumann); Scena et aria, from *Vestale* (Spontini), by Mdlle. Bianchi; Overture, *Leonore* (No. 3), Beethoven; Duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore* (Donizetti), Mdlle. Bianchi and M. Eilers, and the Serenade for wind instruments (Mozart). The last piece occupied the whole of the second part. It was played for the first time at the Quartet *Soirée*, but the subscribers to the Gewandhaus, curious to hear it, prevailed on the authorities to produce it at one of their concerts. It was well performed and enthusiastically received. Mdlle. Bianchi, who has become a favourite, is engaged for a series of concerts. Mr Henry Litolf, an Englishman, appeared at the 16th concert. He performed his Symphonie Concerto, for piano (No. 4), and conducted his overture, *Die Girondisten*, both for the first time here. His performance created a marked sensation. The programme also comprised Symphony in A major (Mendelssohn); Trio from *Azor und Zemira* (Spohr), by Mdlles. Bianchi, Koch and Dreyschock; Scena ed duet, from the *Huguenots*, by Mdlle. Bianchi and M. Eilers, concluding with Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*.

The programme of the 17th concert included overture MS. (Schindelmeisser), first time; Beethoven's symphony in C minor; concerto for violin, composed and played by M. Dupuis; fantaisie for violin (M. Léonard), played by M. Dupuis; arioso from the *Prophète*; and scena ed aria, "Ecco il punto" (*Titus*), sung by Mlle Rosa de Alna. The overture, although well played by the band, met with no extraordinary success. It sounds too much like Mendelssohn. The performance of the C minor symphony was magnificent. M. Dupuis, in both pieces, proved himself a clever violinist. Mlle de Alna sang the aria from *Tito* best of her two pieces. The concert, of which I wrote in my last, given on Mozart's birthday in aid of a "Mozart Scholarship," realised 511 thalers (about £75). One gentleman who does not wish his name to be known, gave 100 thalers (£15). Before the object, however, can be obtained, a few more thalers will be required. We hope the directors will not be so tardy as the committee of the "Mendelssohn Testimonial Fund."

A concert was given on the 18th of February at the Gewandhaus, for the benefit of the poor. The programme included the overture, *Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt* (Mendelssohn), *Frühlings* overture (H. Von Sahr), symphony in C major (Franz Schubert), aria from *Il Barbière*, and three Russian songs, sung by Mdlle. Bianchi, and a violin *fantasia* played by Herr Dreyschock. Mendelssohn's overture, played by such a band as that of the Gewandhaus, was, indeed, a treat. Herr Von Sahr's new overture is a work of no pretensions. Schubert's symphony closed the concert with *éclat*. Mdlle. Bianchi deserves no small praise for the manner in which Rossini's *aria* and the Russian songs, which she sang in the original language with great effect. The fantasia, by M. Dreyschock, was loudly applauded.—Since I wrote the last, *Prince Eugene*, by Schmidt, and *Der Freischütz*, have been produced. The former contains some pretty music, but the plot is wretched. The one performance was not creditable to the Leipsic stage. Weber's masterpiece has been given twice; the characters were distributed as follows:—Herr Stürmer, Ottakar; Herr Behr, Oberförster; Madame Richter, Agathe; Madame Bachmann, Annchen; Herr Brassin, Caspar; Herr Schneider, Max; Ein Eremit, Herr Cornar. The first representation was by no means satisfactory. The second was an improvement. The part of Annchen was taken the second time by Dlle. Eike, a young *débutante*, who achieved a decided success. She has a weak but very pure voice, and sings with feeling. After the aria, in the second act, she was enthusiastically applauded. Madame Richter as Agathe, sang better than ever I heard her before. Herr Schneider and Herr Brassin admirably. *Des Adlers Horst*, an opera by Herr Glaser, is in preparation, and will shortly be produced.

Berlin.—An admirable performance of Mendelssohn's *Paulus* took place last week before a crowded audience, by the members of the *Singacademie*. Mad. Habermann, Madlle. Hoppe and Herren Mantius and Krause especially distinguished themselves in the solos. Liebig's band accompanied *con amore*. On Saturday evening, the well-known teacher of singing, Mad. Zimmermann, gave a concert in the rooms of the Singacademie, as a tribute to the memory of a promising young musician, Theodor de Witt, who died, a short time since, at Rome. The programme consisted of a "Sanctum ergo" by De Witt; a chorus: "Selig die Todten" by Fasch; a Christmas cantata, and sacred song: "Gieb dich Zufrieden," and "Sei stille," by De Witt; and selections from Mozart's *Requiem*. The Swedish *prima donna*, Madlle. Michal, was announced to appear as Isabella, in *Robert le Diable*, on Thursday, at the Royal Opera House, but being taken ill in the course of her journey from Hamburgh, Mad. Tuczek-Herrenburger sustained the part. We have had also, in the course of the week *La Vestale*, and *Orpheo* with Madlle. Johanna Wagner, as Orpheo, Madlle. Trietsch as Euridice, and Mad. Köster as the Vestal.

On Monday evening, their Royal Highnesses Prince Frederick William and the Prince of Prussia visited Dr. Theodor Kullak's New Academy of Music.

The petition of Herr Mantius to be allowed to retire from the Royal Opera has been refused on a plea most flattering to that esteemed tenor.

Magdeburg.—A grand musical festival will be celebrated towards the end of May. The orchestra and gesangvereine of Berlin, Brunswick, Dresden, Leipsic, &c., with Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, MM. Roger, Léonard, Servais, Joachim, Litolf, and many others, will assist.

St. Petersburgh.—The 100th anniversary of Mozart's birth was duly observed. The Philharmonic Society gave a Mozart Festival at which were performed the *Jupiter* symphony, the motet and other pieces from *Don Juan*, a quintet from *Così fan tutte* and a comic duet from *The Seraglio*.

Madrid.—Señor Huerta, the guitarist, who has been killed by various journals, is here and in good health.

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OPERA AND DRAMA

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 173.)

We were obliged to recognise as the indispensable foundation of a complete artistic expression the *language* itself. That we have lost the intelligence of the feelings of language we were compelled to regard as a loss for which nothing could compensate, as regards the poetic manifestation to the feelings. When we exhibited the possibility of the re-vivification of language for the artistic expression, and, from this language, once more restored to the intelligence of the feelings, deduced the complete musical expression, we depended certainly on a supposition which can only be realised by life itself, and not by the artistic will alone. If however, we assume that the artist, for whom the development of life has expanded according to its necessity, has to meet this development with plastic consciousness, his endeavour to raise his prophetic presentiment to the height of an artistic fact would decidedly have to be recognised as completely justified, and, at any rate, the praise would have to be awarded him of having at present moved in a reasonable artistic direction.

If we now glance at the languages of those European nations which have hitherto taken an independent part in the development of the musical drama, or opera,—and these are only the Italian, French, and German languages—we find that of these three nations only the *German* possesses a language which, in its common use, is still immediately and visibly connected with its roots. The Italians and French speak languages, the signification of whose roots can only become intelligible to them by the study of older and so-called dead languages. It may be said that their languages—as the precipitate of a historical period in the admixture of nations, whose presupposing influence upon these nations has entirely disappeared—speak for them, but they themselves do not speak in their languages. If we were now to suppose that, even for these languages, entirely new conditions, as yet completely undreamt of by us, for their transformation in a manner intelligible to the feelings, could spring up from a life, which, free from all historical pressure, entered upon a fervent and significative intercourse with Nature—and if we could at the same time be assured that precisely art, if in this new life it was what it should be, would exercise an extraordinarily important influence upon the transformation in question—we must acknowledge that the most fertile influence of this kind must arise from that art which in its expression is founded upon a language whose connection with Nature is already more evident to the feelings than is the case in the French or Italian language. This foreboding development of the influence of the artistic expression upon that of life cannot in the first instance proceed from works of art, whose root foundation is laid in the Italian or French language, and, of all modern languages, German alone is capable, in the manner we have seen to be necessary, of being employed in the enunciation of the artistic expression, if only for the simple reason that it is the only one which even in common life has retained the accent upon the root-syllable, while in the other two languages the accent is laid, in accordance with an arbitrary convention contrary to nature—and without signification in itself—on the inflection.

It is therefore the fundamental point of language more important than anything else that directs us, in the search for an artistic expression of the highest kind, to be completely justified in the drama, to the German nation; and were it possible for the artistic will alone to produce a perfect dramatic work of art, this could now be only in the German language. What presupposes this artistic will as one that can be carried into practice, lies, in the first instance however, in the association of the *artistic representers*. Let us consider the effectiveness of this upon the German stage.

(To be continued.)

MORE CONFLAGRATIONS.—The theatres of Saint-Pierre d'Alcantara, and of Bourges, in France, have been lately burnt down.

PRAGUE.—Wagner's *Lohengrin* was produced on the 25th ult., before a crowded house.

BASLE.—Mdlle. Anna Zerr is singing here in *La Sonnambula*, and *Martha* with great success.

MADRID.—The operatic composer, Señor Carnicer D Ramon, died here a short time since.

COLOGNE.—Meyerbeer's *Étoile du Nord* was produced for the first time here on the 28th ult.

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36.	Recitative—It is a good thing	[illegible]	[illegible]
37	The Evening Prayer—This night I lift		
38.	Chorus of Angels—No evil shall	1	[illegible]
39.	Recitative / Chorus—Woe unto us, for we are spoiled	1	[illegible]
40.			
41	Recitative—When shall I arise	[illegible]	[illegible]
42	Chorus—Bless ye the Lord		
43.	Recitative—I wait for the Lord	[illegible]	[illegible]
44.	Air—Although my house		
45.	Chorus—I mourn, with a doleful	1	[illegible]
46	Recitative—What meaneth the noise	[illegible]	[illegible]
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The Musical World.

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VOL 34—No 13. SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1856 {PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has much pleasure in announcing to the subscribers and the public, that Mr Otto Goldschmidt and Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind have most kindly consented to perform for the Society. Mr Otto Goldschmidt will perform on the Fourth, and Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind at the Fifth Concert of the season. Conductors—Mr Benedict and Dr. Wylde. Subscription for the series—reserved seats, £2 2s.; professional subscribers, £1 1s. The first Concert will take place on Wednesday, April 2. Subscribers' names received by Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co. 201, Regent-street; and by Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co. Cheapside.
Wm. Graeff Nicholls, Hon. Sec.

MUSICAL UNION.—H.R.H. Prince Albert, Patron.—Willis's Rooms, Tuesday, April 1st, at Half-past Three o'clock.—Quartet in D, Mozart; Trio, D minor, Mendelssohn; Quartet No. 1 in F, Beethoven; Solos, Violoncello and Pianoforte. [illegible]—[illegible], [illegible], Hill, and Franchomme (from Paris, expressly for this occasion). Pianist—Hallé. Visitors' Tickets, Half-a-guinea each, to be had of Cramer, Beale, and Co., Regent-street; Chappell, and Ollivier, Bond-street, where letters are received addressed to J. ELLA, Director.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Howard Glover begs to announce that he will give a series of ENGLISH OPERATIC PERFORMANCES at the above theatre, commencing May 10th, next, and that he has already secured the services of Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mr Weiss, Mr. Miranda, etc., who, supported by a first-rate band and chorus, will perform in several of the most popular Operas of the day. All applications respecting the Musical Department to be addressed to Mr. Glover (post paid), at his Chambers, 346, New Oxford-street.

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ROYAL PANOPTICON.—HAYDN COMMEMORATION (Born March 31st, 1732,) Monday, March 31st, 1856.—"CREATION" (first two parts). Principal singers—Miss Bamford, Mr Wilbye Cooper, and Mr Lawler, with a selected chorus. To commence at 8.30. [illegible]. Admission 1s. Reserved seats, 1s. extra. Children and Schools, half-price. The Institution is open daily from 10 to 5, and 7 to 10.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN announces to his Friends and Pupils Two Chamber Concerts, which will take place on Monday evening, April 7th, and Wednesday Evening, April 30th, at 27, Queen Anne-street, when he will perform selections from the pianoforte works of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren, and some of his own compositions, assisted by eminent artists. Tickets at Leader and Cock's, 63, New Bond-street, and of Mr. Walter Macfarren, 58, Albert-street, Regent's-park.

MR. HAROLD THOMAS'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at No. 58, Welbeck-street (by the kind permission of Mrs. T[illegible]) [illegible] Evening. Artistes—Miss Birch, Miss Poole, Mr Tennant, M. Sainton, M. Paque, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett, W. G. Cusins, and Harold Thomas. To commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

ARGYLE ROOMS.—The St. Patrick Quadrilles, played for the first time on the occasion of M. Laurent's Benefit, with great success, will be published this day. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

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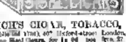

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UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The election of the new musical professor at Cambridge, and the passing of some new and very important statutes with reference to music at Oxford, naturally attract the attention of all who are interested in the advancement of our art and the honour of its members to the consideration of music in our two great Universities, and to the influence these institutions have or might have upon its progress.

That King Alfred founded the music school in Oxford gives the respectability of the greatest antiquity, and of its being a part of the original design of the institution, to the inclusion of music in the educational course of the University, and to the care for this art in the formation and administration of its laws. That, up to this day, England is the only country in which degrees are conferred to distinguish men of musical attainments, and that since the first Bachelor of Music was created by the University of Cambridge, in the middle of the fifteenth century, degrees have continued to be granted by both Universities, prove the higher esteem in which musicians have been held in this country than in others, where academical honours are conferred in the other faculties, and that this esteem, even in the present day, when the unmusicality of England is a vulgar proverb, is still acknowledged. King Alfred's school of music has become the whimsical anomaly of a school without scholars; and the anomaly extends to the University which confers degrees as testimonials of studies that cannot be pursued within its unmelodic precincts. The anomaly ends not here; for the degrees themselves have become anomalous,—yes, indeed, so great has been the system of abuses into which they have fallen that, except in a few most rare instances of real musicians, whose support of academical honours has been the only stay by which these University distinctions have been saved from falling into universal contempt, the title of Bachelor or Doctor of Music has, for the last half century, been rather a token that the bearer of it has had nothing but his title to attest his musicianship than a diploma of his artistic genius and of those acquirements by which alone the greatest endowment of nature can be developed.

That the degree conferred by the Archbishop of Canterbury should be, and is, and always will be contemptible, is intrinsic in the very nature of the distinction which is conferred by one who thus testifies to the ability of another in a faculty with which himself has not necessarily an acquaintance; and no one, consequently, who felt himself to be an artist, would submit to bear a title which cannot but be regarded as an indignity by all who are conversant with its merit. With the degrees conferred by the Universities the case is completely different in principle however similar also, we have of late found the practical result to be; since these establishments have each a chair of music which has always been filled by a professor who has enjoyed the respectful consideration of musicians, and every candidate for a degree must pass the examination as the necessary stepping-stone to distinction.

Many have been the conjectures as to the cause of the false position in which music stands in connection with the Universities; many and many have been the expressed wishes that such relationship should cease rather than be the means of imposing on the uninformed dullards and dabblers, and dancing masters, with titles that in every other faculty but music would be a guarantee of profound knowledge and masterly proficiency. The most probable of these conjectures appears to be that the source of all this lamentable abuse is in the incompetency of the musical chair, being professors without practice, and in the candidates for degrees having to pass an examination that by no means tests their knowledge of music. Unlike every other professor in the University, the professor of music has had no pupils, and has not made the slightest pretence of teaching; unlike the graduates in every other faculty, bachelors and doctors of music have had no personal communication with their examiners, and have received the certificate upon the strength of an exercise of their composition of which no proof was exacted, and which in one instance at least of a graduate whose name is not unfamiliar in the advertisements and correspondence of the public journals, may not have been written by the person who claims it.

The social position of the present musical professor at Oxford, his honourable status in the University, and his connection and relationship with the chief authorities of the institution, give him an influence among these authorities such as his merits as a musician alone never could have gained for him; and it is much to his honour and greatly to the advantage of our art in all its bearings upon University administration, and in all the bearings of University administration upon it, that he has been actively exerting this influence to remove the cause of the ill odour in which unmusical distinctions in music stand among musicians, and the results of his exertions that have yet appeared are in the highest degree satisfactory for the present and promising for the future. The most valuable of these signal reforms are, first, the establishment of a practical school of music in the University. From this I see the possibility of very extensive and very advantageous results, so great that one may scarcely dare to follow one's own suppositions to the conclusions to which they would tend. By means of this school, which is to incorporate the study of music in the usual routine of the University course, men of classical attainments and consequent refinement of taste, will enter the world with a necessary knowledge of the principles of this art, which will enable them to appreciate, perhaps even to comprehend the merits, and thus to sympathise with the aspirations of musicians, the tone-poets, whose subtle medium of expression is at present, for the most part, as an unknown tongue to them. By means of this school, ministers of the Church will acquire such practical facility in music as will qualify them for the fulfilment of such portions of their duty as are involved in musical execution,—I refer, of course, to the intonations in the performance of the cathedral service,—and we may thus be rescued from the worse than ludicrous effect of the nasal delivery and the tonal inaccuracy that now often profane what should be the gravest solemnity. By it they may learn the value of music as an element of church service; they may be led to know that the value is annulled, that the probable good effect is replaced by a positive evil if such music be not of a high character, and its execution, on a scale, as to the numbers concerned in it, and as to the efficiency of their performance, equal to the character of the music. They may thus be enabled so to discriminate the merits of musical artists as to be able to choose the best, disposed to defer to their proficiency and willing to co-operate with them in making their talents an important means of extending the influence of the religion they profess; by it they may be incited to emulate for the English Church the musical character it held in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the French ambassador, on visiting Canterbury Cathedral, declared that "The Pope himself never had his ears so effectually drawn towards heaven as he had been by the divine excellency of the music he had heard;" and this is the testimony of one himself skilled in the art, who had witnessed the performance in the Vatican of the music of Palestrina and of Allegri, if not under their own direction, while yet the tradition of their full intention was uncorrupted. By means of this school, students may be attracted to Oxford expressly for the pursuit of music, and, having the opportunity which is in itself sufficient incentive to an ingenuous mind, they may there enjoy those advantages of intellectual culture which cannot but exalt them as artists, and thus, elevating their social position, extend their intellectual influence. The establishment of this school is the first and chief of the results of the zealous activity of the present professor for the cause of music in the University, and he deserves for this much the most unqualified acknowledgment.

Second, it is now enacted that any candidate for a degree must attest the genuineness of his exercise by word and signature; that he must pass an examination before a board of three competent judges, of which the professor will be president; and that at this examination he will be required to answer any questions that may be proposed to him on the theory of music, and to write exercises, such as canons or fugues or orchestral scores, in the presence of his examiners, upon subjects that may be there presented to him. The first clause of this statute, if necessary as a form, must surely be superfluous as a fact, since any one whose point of honour was so blunt as to allow him to bear the credit of another man's composition, would as little scruple to attest what he manifestly implies by submitting a work for examination. The personal examination is, on the other hand, so obviously indispensable, that one learns with amazement of its present first introduction; now a man's knowledge of the principles of his art will be tested, and, what is of still greater consequence, his power to apply them; now pretension will go unveiled, since the indisputable evidence of what one does, by certifying what he can do, will be the most valid attestation of what he has done, the most hopeful guarantee of what he may do. If there be any who now enjoy musical distinctions on the score of other men's scores, I marvel at their capacity of enjoyment, which must surely be akin to that of the lady whom Leigh Hunt describes as "enjoying a delicate state of health;" but their enjoyment must, I surmise, assume another quality when it becomes founded in the consciousness that it is unique, that none in all time to come can possibly participate in it. Let all honest men and conscientious musicians unite in another cordial vote of thanks to the present professor, who has had the discernment to discover a most foul abuse, the boldness to attempt its correction, and the influence to attempt it with success.

A third point in the new legislation is, that the incumbent of the musical chair must give public lectures in the course of every university term. There is much to be said on the subject of musical lectures, far more than I have now space or inclination to advance, the

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some of which is that they might be employed with admirable and most useful effect as a form of instruction; that instead of being, as all the musical lectures I have ever heard have been, more or less indifferently bad programmes of the more or less indifferently bad concerts which go by the name of "illustrations" interspersed with dates, antique announcements or title pages, and anecdotes, sentimental or humorous, of musical composers, executants, and notable performances, they might be made, as lectures upon every other art and upon every science, religious, moral and intellectual, are made, an interesting, satisfactory, and attractive medium of teaching principles, from the first technical rudiments to the highest and subtlest abstractions, of explaining successively the points of grammar, the forms of construction, and the greatest necessity in proving music to be a living art, the essentials of expression. The historical chitchat that under the title of "Lectures on Music," stands a sufficient apology for collecting large assemblies at low prices to witness the otherwise unattractive performances of one or more second rate executants, may be (perhaps) appropriate to the pretensions of a polytechnic or a literary institution; on any subject other than music they certainly would not be,—but as portion of an academical course I feel confident that lectures of an entirely different character might be attended with the most beneficial consequences. The present Oxford professor is a scholar no less than a musician, and he thus combines the two requisites for a lecturer that, in the case of our art, are but rarely found in one person, and because so rarely, perhaps, never exerted in this particular, which I cannot but regard as eminently desirable. Hence, we may hope for the best result from the operation of this statute, for a good commencement will do very much to ensure a correspondent continuance. Thus, as in the re-establishment of the school, the original design of the founder of the University will be restored, since King Alfred expressly ordained that musical lectures should be delivered in Oxford, and appointed Friar John of St. David's as the first lecturer.

The last statute of general interest is the raising of the professor's salary, exclusive of fees, from £13 to a £130 per annum. Yet, however individually advantageous to the professor for the time being, this is a point of truly general interest, since it will enable the professor to devote so much of his time to the duties of his office as should enable him adequately to fulfil them; it will make him, to a great extent, independent of the fees of students who attend his classes, and of candidates who submit their exercises, and will thus make him a worthy member of the academic body as distinguished from the "music-master" of general esteem, as connected with boarding-school associations and high commissions in the selection of pianofortes and printed music. On the principle that nothing is ever given to a man because he wants it, we may be sure that this statute would never have been enacted at the instance of a professor to whom it might have been supposed that the addition to his income was a consideration; however, the present professor is independent of all such considerations, his motives in this matter were manifestly known to be disinterested, to be for the sake of his office and not for himself, to be desired for the sake of the cause his office is expected to promote. Here then again music and musicians are indebted to Sir Frederick Ouseley for a sterling advantage which, we may infer from all surrounding circumstances, nobody but himself who could have held his office would have been able to obtain, and he merits less in his ability than in his spirited exertion of it.

Thus much has an active Professor effected in Oxford. The appointment of the new Cambridge Professor stimulates very high expectations with respect to the sister University. If these, too, be realised, the state of music cannot but be very materially affected, and we may well hope, as materially improved throughout the country.

It may be asked what business of mine is the passing of these statutes, which I have been thus verbose to explain; and perhaps, to give authority to what I have advanced, it may be expected that I should anticipate such enquiries by a justification of these remarks. Whosoever may expect such justification may in all likelihood be dissatisfied at what I have to say, which, however, I shall say for my own satisfaction, as being the person chiefly or solely concerned. I am interested in the progress of my art, and anxious to promote this directly or indirectly; I am consequently grateful to any man or body of men who may occasion such a state of things as induces to its advancement. Matters wholly indifferent to this subject occasioned my presence in Oxford, on the day when the enactment of these laws took place, and I was naturally a party in several conversations on the subject. I was thus made so fully familiar with it, so I could not but be deeply interested in the matter. I have met with no public report of the proceedings,—and measuring the extent of other people's interest by my own, I trust in looking that in some measure this may extend to the length of the present remarks.

G. A. MACFARREN.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I feel it incumbent on me to contribute whatever authority I may claim from twenty years' pursuit of art, ten of which were passed in Italy, towards exposing the disgraceful character of the last purchase for the National Gallery. I have no hesitation in pronouncing the "Adoration of the Magi" a work of the lowest type of the Venetian school, and so damaged by what is called "cleaning," and by repainting, that even such slender pretensions to notice as it may once have possessed are entirely extinguished. It is my deliberate conviction that the "Adoration of the Magi" is not deserving of a place in the National Gallery.

I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without remarking that the wasting of two thousand pounds of public money on such a work is the natural consequence of placing the National Gallery under the control of three such notoriously incapable men as Sir C. Eastlake, Mr. Wornum, and their German "travelling" adviser Herr Mündler.—I remain, sir, yours obediently,

ALFRED STEVENS.

7, Canning-place, Kensington, March 26.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

NO. V.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

(Continued from page 166.)

NEXT morning Balfe and his young friend took their passage on board a Gravesend steamer, just about to start. Gravesend, however, had no attraction for them, and they made up their minds to go to Rochester. For this purpose—no other mode of conveyance presenting itself—they went to a livery stable and hired a couple of ponies. Not being judges, they were satisfied with what the livery-stable keeper offered them. The animals were so lean and starved as to call for a pointed remark from Balfe, upon which the ostler observed, "It was because they was in tip-top condition, like race-osses." This was satisfactory, and our friends, with some slight qualms, mounted their steeds, and left the yard—the admiration of beholders. The journey to Rochester was not remarkable for rapidity; the riders were not eager to put their horses to the test, and the horses, like gamecocks, preferred standing still to galloping. The travellers, arrived at their destination, rode to the best hotel, gave their horses to the ostler, who led them off with a grin, entered the commercial room, and ordered the best dinner that could be provided. The best dinner that could be provided was a long time making its appearance, but at last it was served. Balfe and his companion seated themselves *tête-à-tête*, and four waiters were in attendance—two a-head.

"What wine would you like, gentlemen?" demanded the first waiter.

"Let me see," said Balfe. "What say you, Sir George?" with a sly wink at his friend.

"Suppose, Lord William"—exclaimed the other, returning the wink—"we say sherry and champagne for dinner."

"Good, Sir George"—interrupted Balfe. "A bottle of your best sherry," turning to the waiter, "and ditto of your best champagne. Mind, the best."

"Yes, my lord," replied waiter number one, who whispered to waiter number two, who made a sign to waiter number three, who gave directions to waiter number four, who left the room and returned in a short time with two bottles of "the best" sherry and champagne.

"Of course you have good claret?" asked Balfe.

"The best in Kent, my lord," answered the head-waiter.

Whether the waiters really believed they were serving men of rank the history does not state. Before dinner was over, the two young gentlemen were jolly; when the cloth was removed, they were still jollier; and before the bottle of claret was half finished they were *non compos*. Next morning my lord and the baronet returned to Gravesend. The extreme servility of the landlord—who seldom met with such capital customers—was gratifying to their pride, but the ostler's tongue in his cheek, as he pocketed Balfe's half crown, with a "Thankee, me lor," was more significant than respectful; and putting heels to their lanky steeds, the two distinguished gentlemen rode out of Rochester much faster than they had ridden into it. When they arrived in London, about fifteen shillings remained of the ten pounds which had been thought inexhaustible.

About this time Balfe's voice "broke," and became a barytone. He was strongly advised by his friends and some vocal teachers to study singing with a view to the profession. They did not urge him without reason. A good barytone was a greater rarity than even a good tenor, and Balfe's voice was of excellent quality, of average range, and very flexible. He wanted power, and might not have suited the Verdi school but was well adapted for English music, and especially for comic opera. In obedience to the counsel of his friends, Balfe studied singing with perseverance for one year and made up his mind for the stage. With this intent he resigned his engagement in the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1825. Mr Cooke, manager of the Norwich circuit, being in London at the time, and happening to hear Balfe sing, immediately offered to engage him to play Caspar in *Der Freischütz*. Balfe's success at Norwich, however, was jeopardised at the outset. On the night of his first appearance he was seized with an attack of "stage fright," and was unable to go before the public until the manager had primed him with champagne. Even then he felt anything but at ease, and wished himself back to his desk in the Drury Lane orchestra. Nevertheless he got through the first scene tolerably, and being well received by the audience, was beginning to regain his natural pluck. Unfortunately Mr Cooke kept on administering the champagne, and when the incantation commenced, Balfe could hardly keep on his legs, and walking down the stage overturned the pot containing the combustibles for red and blue fire, and set the whole place in a blaze. Overpowered by the horrible fumes Balfe dropped and fainted, a cry of "Fire!" was raised, the ladies screamed with terror, and those who were able rushed frantically towards the doors. The curtain fell, the fire was quickly extinguished, and Balfe carried off to his dressing-room. Little damage was sustained. Meanwhile the audience were making their escape from the theatre, Mr Cooke hurried into the street, and in a forcible appeal, assured them the fire was entirely extinguished, and induced a good many to return to the theatre. Caspar however, was unable to reappear, and the manager himself was compelled to read the part, the music, of course, being omitted. The Norwich journals were unanimous in condemnation of the new barytone, and prophesied that he would never succeed either as a singer or an actor. That the newspaper critics were no true prophets was proved some years afterwards, when Balfe obtained a lucrative engagement at the Norwich Festival, on which occasion the critics were as liberal of praise as they had formerly been profuse of censure.

Disappointed at his failure Balfe returned to London, postponing, if not resigning, all further thoughts of the stage. But a circumstance occurred which changed the current of his fortunes, and opened new prospects of success.

Dining one day with a friend, he was introduced to an Italian amateur, Count Mazzara, who was travelling for pleasure in England. After dinner, Balfe was requested to play on the violin, and his performance greatly pleased the Count, who was still more delighted when our hero sang two songs of his own composition. The Count at once invited Balfe to Rome, to remain his guest as long as he pleased, and to pursue his studies there at his (the Count's) expense—adding that the Countess could not fail to be pleased with one who bore a striking resemblance to a dear son whom they had lost only the previous year. Balfe, enchanted with his good fortune, accepted without hesitation, and, having arranged his affairs—which involved no complicated machinery—set off with his new and generous friend for Paris, en route for Italy. During their sojourn in the French capital, the Count introduced his young *protégé* to the celebrated Cherubini, director of the Conservatoire, who, having heard him sing and play, offered him gratuitous instructions, if he would remain in Paris. Balfe, however, with many thanks, declined the proposal, and proceeded to Rome with his patron, stopping on the way at Turin and Milan, and paying his first visit to the Italian Opera. They arrived at Rome late in the evening. The Count took his young friend straight to the palace, and leading him to the apartment where the countess was seated with her daughter, approached and said "I bring you a son." The countess gazed upon the youthful stranger with astonishment, and, struck with the extraordinary likeness to her son, burst into tears, and kissed him repeatedly. Balfe, who could hardly believe that his good fortune was anything but a dream, retired to his room, and fervently prayed that Heaven might enable him to show himself grateful for such kindness.

(*To be continued.*)

The Sufferers by the late Fire.—Mr Mitchell, of the Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, having received numerous sums of money to be applied to the temporary relief of the labourers, mechanics, and others, thrown out of employment by the recent destruction of Covent-Garden Theatre, and yesterday morning having been entrusted with the munificent sum of one hundred pounds, by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, requests us to announce that he is ready to receive any additional subscription, and that arrangements will be made for affording immediate assistance to the most pressing cases, and for a proper application of the funds which may be kindly entrusted to him. A list of the subscribers may be referred to.

Covent-Garden Theatre.—One of the shareholders of Covent-garden Theatre applied to Mr Hall to countermand the order signed by Mr Henry, authorising the demolition of the walls, as a measure of safety. In support, it was alleged, that there was no danger in permitting them to remain. The walls were firm, and several architects had given their opinion that they were secure. Their demolition, now going on under his worship's order, was unjust to the shareholders and proprietors, whose property was being wantonly destroyed. If it should be decided to re-build the edifice, the walls and elevation would be required, but apart from this the work now going on was ruinous. The fragments of brick and stone-work hurled into the ruins, were burying valuable property which might never be recovered. Mr. Hall was not the magistrate who signed the order, and could not interfere. He ultimately referred the applicant to the government surveyor, Mr Reeve. We are happy to understand that his protest was attended by the desired result.

Receipts of Covent Garden Theatre.—A return of the receipts of this noble building for every season, from 1809 to 1832, was given in some years ago to a parliamentary committee. The largest receipt was for the season 1810-11, viz., 99,110*l*., and the smallest that for 1828-29, viz., 41,029*l*. The aggregate of the 23 seasons was 1,913,348*l*., or an average of 86,041*l*. per season.

Middleton.—The "Mendelssohn Society" gave *St. Paul* in the Temperance Hall, on the 10th. Mr B. Turner was the leader of the band, Mr T. Whyatt, organist, and Mr Matthew Bradford, conductor.

Maidstone.—Mr Charles Salaman gave his lecture on "Ancient Musical Instruments" at the Corn Exchange room before the members of the Literary and Mechanic's Institution on the 29th, assisted by Miss Milner, vocalist, and Mr H. Cooper, violinist.

Portsmouth Organ.—This instrument (believed to be one of the last built by Father Smith), after undergoing repairs and additions, under the hands of Messrs. Gray and Davison, was re-opened on Sunday, March 9th by Mr John Hiles, organist of the church, who played a series of voluntaries from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Spohr, etc. The case of the organ, as usual in Father Smith's instruments, is of oak, elaborately carved, and the front pipes are of pure tin. It is now tuned on the equal temperament system.

Gloucester.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—An entertainment called *Leaves from the Life and Lays from the Lyre of William Shakespere* was given here last Monday by Mr Harkins, a comedian well known in London. He was assisted by Miss Harland, Miss Marie Stanley, and Mr Lindly Norman. The first lady was encored in several songs, and the entertainment was very successful. Mr Charles Cotton has given his *Night with Nelson* twice at the Working Man's Institute.

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Chorlton-upon-Medlock.—The Concert Hall Band, under the direction of Herr Steingraber, gave a concert in the Mechanics' Institute on the 8th.

Bury.—On Monday evening, the 10th of March, a "Cheap Concert" was given in the large lecture hall of the Athenæum. The singers were Mrs. Brooke, Mrs Sunderland, Mr E. Wrigley, and the choir of the Athenæum. Mr D. W. Banks, of Manchester, was the conductor.

Li[illegible].—On the 14th, the members of the "Mutual Improvement Society" gave their first soirée in the National School-room. A musical entertainment was included. The vocalists were Miss Bancroft, Messrs Carter, Sladdin, and Priestly. Mr C. Dewhirst presided at the pianoforte. A vote of thanks was accorded to the chairman. The National Anthem was then sung and the company dispersed.

Leeds.—The Recreation Society gave a concert of sacred music on Saturday evening, the 22nd of March, in the Music Hall. The principal vocalists were Mrs Sunderland, Mrs. Gill, Mr Hargreaves, and Mr Garner. Selections from Mozart's *Requiem*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, and Mr Costa's *Eli*, were performed. The room was crowded. Mr Spark was the conductor.

At the Princess's Theatre Mr James Anderson and Miss Elsworthy have appeared in the play of *Ingomar*. The audience was very numerous, and the success of the two performers immense.

Mr. Spark gave a concert to the members of the "West-end People's Institute" on Saturday at the Spring Gardens, Kirkstall-road. About 200 mechanics were present. Several glees and choruses were sung by Miss Hicks, Miss Swift, Messrs. Benson, Hargrave, and Webster. Miss Newbound sang two songs, in both of which she was encored. Master Davidson played Weber's *Invitation*, and a duet with Mr Spark.

Liverpool.—Mr E. W. Thomas, associated with Mr Chisholm, has opened "Clayton Hall" for his cheap concerts. The performers during the week have been Madame Newton Frodsham, Mrs Fielding and Signor Veroni vocalists, and Mr E. W. Thomas, Mr Lidel, Mr Sorge, Mr Chisholm, Mr Wicket, Mr Streather, Mr Percival and Master Ratcliffe instrumentalists. Miss Adelaide Thompson is the pianiste. The theatre has not been so well attended as usual in Easter week. Mr Charles Mathews is engaged next week at the Theatre Royal. Mr Best did not continue his organ performances during the season, at St George's Hall. Mr Willis, of London, has purchased the business of Mr Bewsher, principal organ builder here. Messrs. Gray and Davison are also about to open a branch establishment.

Manchester.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Mrs. C. F. Anthony's concert came off in the Library Hall of the Athenæum on the 26th. The instrumentalists were Mad. Szczepanowska, pianoforte—Herr Steingraber, violin—Master Lockwood, harp—and Mr C. F. Anthony, accompanist. The vocalists were Mrs Brooke, Miss Isherwood, Mr George Cooper, M. Guilmette, and the *bénéficiaire*.

Madame Lind Goldschmidt, Herr Otto Goldschmidt, Herr Ernst, Signor Piatti, and Mr Weiss, appear at our Town Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings next.

Hyde.—Last week the members of the Mechanics' Institution held their annual *soirée*. The chairman (Dr Hudson) gave a brief outline of the benefits of mechanics' institutions. Other addresses were delivered. Mr D. W. Banks presided at the pianoforte; and Hibbert's Choral Society gave a selection of songs, glees, and choruses.

Worcester.—Madame Goldschmidt Lind gave a concert in the Music Hall on Tuesday. The room was crowded, every available place being occupied. Her reception on the present occasion was enthusiastic, and every piece she sang was applauded to the utmost. In 1848 Madame Goldschmidt, it may be remembered, gave the sum of £840 to the Local Hospital, the proceeds of her concert.

Wolverhampton.—Dr Mark gave a concert on Monday evening, the 24th of March, in the Corn Exchange Rooms. The executants were his pupils Masters J. and E. Sturge and Beard, and Miss Leila Mark.

Brighton.—The concerts of the Royal Pavilion Band have been attended with success. The band have performed selections from *Don Giovanni*, *Robert le Diable*, *Il Barbiere*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Il Trovatore*, etc., etc. The singing of Miss Louisa Vinning in "Qui la voce" (*Puritani*), was much applauded. Sig. Li Calsi was the accompanist.

Ipswich.—Mr Alfred Bowles gave a concert, aided by the members of the Musical Union, in the Corn Exchange Rooms, on the 14th inst. There was a large audience. The vocalists were Mrs Weiss, Mr Weiss, and Mr A. Mann. The orchestra numbered nearly 150. The first part was devoted to selections from Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Haydn's *Creation* was given complete in the second. Mr A. Bowles conducted.

Edinburgh.—Mr H. Hausmann gave a concert in the Hopetown rooms on the 15th inst. The performers were Miss Cicely Nott and Herr Reichardt, vocalists, Mr Lichtenstein, pianoforte, Mr J. Thorne Harris, Harmonium, and Mr Hausmann, violoncello. Signor Bellini and Mr C. J. Hargitt accompanied the vocal music.

Paris.—The expected performance of *Il Trovatore* at the Italiens on Tuesday the 11th was quite quashed in an unprecedented manner. Mario being indisposed, the management substituted Sig. Mongini. The band was in the orchestra, the artists were dressed, and the public assembled, when a notice was received from Sig. Verdi's publishers to stop the representation. There was no time to change the opera; the audience was dismissed, money was returned to those who had paid, and the theatre was nearly empty, when the authorisation of M. the Vice-President Fould to play the *Trovatore* reached the house. It was, however, too late. The subscribers are to have an extra night to make up for the loss.

Mad. Ristori has appeared in *Maria Stuarda*, and Rosmunda in Alfieri's drama of that name.

At the Opéra Comique M. Halévy's new opera is in active rehearsal.

M. Prudent's concert at the Salle Herz, on Wednesday the 19th inst., attracted a numerous audience. Mad. Viardot and Sig. Gardoni were the singers.

All the theatres in Paris gave morning representations on Monday, at the expense of the Civil List. Mdlle. [illegible] made her *début* on Sunday week at the Italiens in *Sonnambula*, with great success if we are to credit the leading journals of Paris. Grisi appeared on Monday in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was executed on Tuesday and Saturday in the same week, and the same master's choral morceaux, "Fede," "Speranza," and "Carità." The *Stabat Mater* was sung by Mesdames Penco, Borghi-Mamo, and Fosal, and Signori Gardoni and Angelini. Madame Ristori continues to attract.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique a new comic opera, in two acts, entitled *Mam'zelle Geneviève*, music by M. Adolph Adam, has been produced for the *rentrée* of Mad. Meillet.—Vivier's concert is announced to take place early in April. Mad. Viardot and M. Gueymard are named among the singers. Mad. Medori has been engaged by the directors of Grand Opera for ten performances in September next. She will appear in *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.—The artists belonging to the Italiens are thus disposed of by *La France Musicale*:—Mad. Borghi Mamo and Signors Everardi and Carrion will proceed to Vienna. Signor Graziani goes to London. Madame Frezzolini remains in Paris. Madame Penco has refused all offers of engagements for the present, and also remains in the French capital. Signor Mongini leaves for Naples. We have reason to believe some of these statements are untrue.

Vienna.—Herr Josef Hellmesberger gave a concert of chamber music in the Musikverein-Saal, on the 5th. Among other pieces were Beethoven's Septet, one of Spohr's double quartets, and Mendelssohn's Ottet. Another concert worth notice was given by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in the large Redoutensaal, on the 9th. The principal attractions were Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* and Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*.

Berne.—A grand musical festival, chiefly of sacred music, is announced for the month of August. It is said that the chorus will be composed of 3,000 persons.

ITALY.—A new *opera buffa*, by Signor Sarria, entitled *D. Mascada*, has been played at the Teatro Nuovo at Naples, with success. The composer has been before the public on two previous occasions, and with credit. The book is described as of the worst description, devoid of style and interest, but the composer has written some sparkling music notwithstanding. The principal singers were Mad. Eboli and Sig Conti. At the San Carlo, Sig. Tommasi's new opera, *Guido e Ginevra*, has been again produced for the last appearance of Mad Medori; both the lady and Sig. Coletti were recalled.

At the Scala, Milan, a new opera in three acts, with a prologue, entitled *Elnava*, was brought out on the 4th with success. The poem is by Sig Bolognese and the music by Sig Petrella. The former is said to contain good situations, which have been turned to advantage by the composer. The music is pleasing. Two pieces decided the fate of the opera—the *finale* of the prologue and the chorus, "Rataplan;" both were encored. The execution was good, and the *maestro* was called some twenty times(!) before the curtain. The parts were filled by Mesdames Weiser and Signoral, Signori Nanni, Guzziani, Corsi, Alessandrini, Rodnelli, and Laietti.

This has been the month of new operas, and all have been successful. *La Vergine di Kent*, *libretto* by Sig Prati, music by Sig. Villanis, was produced on the 2nd, at the Royal Theatre, of Turin. The poet has some reputation in Italy but he had never written for the stage. The subject he has chosen does not possess much dramatic interest. Sig. Villanis has already written four operas—*La Sposa*, for Turin; *La Figlia di Leone*, for Venice; and *Il Matrimonio d'una Cantante*, for Turin—all of which were well received. The new opera has added to his fame. The new singers acquitted themselves well, more particularly Madame Brambilla and Sig. Crivelli.

The Pergola, at Florence, is closed for the season.—Signor Pappalardo has been paying a visit to his native country Sicily and produced an opera, *Il Corsaro*, previously given in 1846. The Sicilians are proud of their countryman, and his work was received with enthusiasm.

ROME.—The Philharmonic Academy, which had ceased to exist since the revolutionary year of 1848 has given signs of resuscitation. On the 8th instant, a performance of Rossini's *L'Assedio di Corinto* took place. All the leading nobility of Rome and numerous foreigners of distinction were present. Periodical concerts will be given as in former years.

LEIPSIC.—(*From our own Correspondent*.)—The programme of the 18th Gewandhaus Concert embraced the overture to the *Vestale* (Spontini); scena and aria, with clarionet obbligato (Spohr), by Mdlle. V Bianchi; concertstück for oboe (Rietz), by M. Diethe; trio from *Fidelio* (Beethoven); overture (op. 115) (Beethoven); trio from *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (Cimarosa); symphony, C minor (Taubert) (MS.) The overtures were well played, especially Beethoven's, which is given at these concerts every year. Mdlle. Bianchi sang Spohr's scena well. It was originally composed for *Der Zweikampf*, and afterwards introduced into *Faust*. Herr Diethe who has been connected with the band upwards of twenty years, gained great applause in the concertstück. The new symphony of Taubert was received with approbation.

The last concert but one came off on the 6th of March. Programme as follows:—Symphony, E flat (Mozart); aria e duet from *Stabat Mater* (Rossini), Mdlle. Bianchi; concerto for the piano, G minor (Mendelssohn), Mdlle. Marie Wieck; duet, *Semiramide* (Rossini), Mdlle Bianchi and M Eilers; overture, *Manfred* (Schumann); recitative and aria, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Mdlle. Bianchi; thirty-two variations, piano solo (Beethoven), Mdlle. Marie Wieck; overture *Der Freischütz* (Weber). Mdlle Marie Wieck is the sister of Clara Wieck, now Madame Schumann. Both sisters received the greatest part of their musical education from their father Friedrich Wieck. Marie performed the G minor concerto tolerably, but was more successful in Beethoven's well known variations, which won general applause.

TRIESTE.—Our Opera season was brought to a conclusion last night, after a very unsatisfactory campaign for both the manager and the public, the former being (as it is said) a heavy loser, and the latter having been constantly dissatisfied.

ST PETERSBURG.—The Italian Opera season has just terminated with a brilliancy with which the general belief in the approaching conclusion of peace had no little to do. The Emperor Alexander having terminated his period of mourning, there was a grand gala at the Imperial Theatre and the whole Court attended the performance in state. The opera was *Il Trovatore*, in which Madame Bosio, Mdlle de Meric, Signors Tamberlik, Debassini, and Tagliafico, sustained the principal characters. At the entrance of the Emperor Alexander all the audience rose, and the national hymn was executed. The following day the company performed *Rigoletto* before the Emperor and Court at the Winter Palace. After the opera Mad. Volnys appeared in the little French piece *Parti en la demeure* and the whole concluded with M. Perrot's new *ballet* of *Grazielda*, in which Madame Fanny Cerrito and Mdlle. Bogdanoff danced. Thirty two presents, valued at from 3,000 francs to 8,000 francs each, were distributed to the *artistes* according to their rank in the theatre, by order of the Emperor Alexander. All the singers of the Italian company are pledged for next season, except Signor Tamberlik, who is engaged for the opera at Rio Janeiro.

HAMBURG.—(*From a Correspondent*.)—*Tannhäuser* has been produced with Madame Nottes in the principal character. The theatre here is larger than that of Dresden or Leipsic, and the company better. *Tannhäuser* was got up with great splendour, but did not please. I went to see the *Marriage of Figaro* and was more satisfied with Madame Nottes in Mozart's music than in Wagner's. This lady I believe, was in London four or five years ago and sang at some concerts. She has improved.

MUNICH.—At a concert given by the Royal *Hofcapelle*, Beethoven's music to the ballet *Die geschöpfe des Prometheus*, (which was never put on the stage) was performed entire. Herr F. Lachner had procured a copy from Artaria, of Vienna, who possessed the original score. The work contains unmistakeable examples of the genius of its composer, and was enthusiastically received.

STOCKHOLM.—Mad Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has given 10,000 dollars, Swedish currency, towards the erection of an asylum for lunatics.

COLOGNE.—Handel's *Messiah* was performed on Palm Sunday. Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has been produced with the same success that everywhere attends it. Meyerbeer, Marschner, Lindpaintner, F Hiller, Liszt, and F Lachner have been elected directors of the Mozart-Verein, of which the Duke of Saxe-Coburg is Patron. Benefits in aid of the Institution have been given at Gotha, Weimar and Darmstadt, and others will take place in the theatres of fifteen more towns.

AMERICA.—The third Philharmonic concert at New York was so crowded, that hundreds, we are told, were turned from the doors. The "Jullien" symphony, by Mr G. F Bristow, was performed, besides Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor, for the piano, and his violin concerto. The concerto, it seems, created a great sensation. Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, on the other hand, was listened to with frigidity. Mr W. Sterndale Bennett's *The Wood Nymph* fared better, though the critics rate it as an imitation of Mendelssohn.

BOSTON.—The Beethoven Festival came off on the 1st inst. The Music-hall was decorated for the occasion. The statue of the composer, to which we have already alluded, was uncovered with appropriate ceremony. The programme of the concert included the Ninth Symphony; selections from *Fidelio*; the first movement of the Violin Concerto, played by Mr Augustus Fries; the "Hallelujah Chorus," from the *Mount of Olives*; and the choral *fantasia*.—Mr George W Pratt, a young musician of promise, and son of the [illegible] of Boston, died in the last week of February.—The last concert of the "German Trio" took place at Chickering's, on the 8th; the Quintette Club gave its annual benefit on the 11th; and a performance called "The Old Folks Concert" was given at Tremont Temple, on the 13th, by the Reading opera chorus class, a body of 30 singers, all the assistants being compelled to appear in the costume of '76.

ST LOUIS, U.S.—The hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth was celebrated here by the performance of his *Requiem*, and selections from *Don Juan*, *Il Flauto Magico*, etc.

NOTICE.

The Review of Mr Costa's *Eli* will be resumed next week.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Boy Jones *must send his name and address.*

Dramaticus.—*George Frederick Cooke's only appearance as the Ghost of Hamlet's father took place on Monday June 11, 1804, at Covent Garden, John Kemble playing Hamlet.*

Imitation in Contrary Motion.—*Name and address. How often shall we have to repeat that these are indispensable?*

Emendator.—*Our province is not to criticise the grammatical construction of advertisements but to insert them in our columns for a consideration.*

DIED.

On the 12th of March,—the wife of Mr. E. Roekel,—professor of music, in Bath.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON SATURDAY, March 29th, 1856.

Not long ago, we published letters from Turin, which gave red hot descriptions of a new frenzy of the Piedmontese, Savoyards, and Sardinians. This was the Piccolomini frenzy. Other letters have reached us from Florence, stuffed with similar rhodomontade. Knowing however, from long experience, the secret of these demonstrations, and for how very little they pass among sensible people in Italy, we should probably have consigned our own correspondence to the basket, after reducing its contents to a sentence conveying simply that Mdlle. Piccolomini had been singing in other towns and cities with the same success as at Turin. But since the Turin reporters of our morning contemporaries have lately transmitted accounts of the new singer's triumphs, surpassing in warmth the most elaborate "Swedish Nightingale" paragraphs of glorious memory, we are constrained to adopt another policy. With no wish to anticipate opinion in England about the merits of Mdlle. Piccolomini, we are, nevertheless, anxious to guard the public against cherishing in advance what *may* afterwards turn out to be a delusion.

Our readers probably remember the glowing history of Mdlle. Piccolomini's last night at Turin. How the inhabitants were beside themselves; how every one yearned to touch if only the hem of her garment; how after the performance, the fair goddess mingled with her faithful devotees in the streets, and, disdaining wheeled vehicles, was escorted home by them on foot; how no sooner in the hotel than she was compelled to the balcony; how her adorers invaded her apartments, and could only be induced to quit her at the portal of that sanctuary where vestals watch the lamp (her bedroom), &c. &c. &c.—All these things were they not written by the Turin correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, and can they ever be forgotten?

And now at no less important a city than Sienna, we have almost a repetition of the same scenes. Hearken to the chronicler, made eloquent by his theme, and soaring on the wings of his Pegasus to Parnassus' very summit:—

> "We left Florence yesterday to be present at the benefit of the Piccolomini before her departure for Mantua and Paris. A great many Florentines were with us, bound on the same errand as ourselves, and the railway station was positively encumbered with bouquets of all sizes, and a bracelet ordered by her admirers, said to have been to the value of more than 100 dollars. The theatre was densely crowded; every passage was choked by people who could not find standing room in the pit—far more, in fact, than the house was ever intended to hold. The opera was Verdi's *Trovatore*. After the first act the people lost all control over their feelings; they continued constantly applauding their favourite before the curtain, and showering bouquets at her feet. This was repeated at the conclusion of each act, and at the *finale* it appeared as if they never would cease. For half an hour she was obliged to remain to receive this boisterous homage. She was deluged with bouquets, crowned with garlands, and, amid waving of handkerchiefs, clapping of hands, shouting of voices, accompanied with balloons sent from the boxes, and goldleaf and flowers thrown on the stage, she was at length allowed to retire, but not before the lights were being extinguished. At the door she was received by the gentlemen of Sienna with candles, who formed a procession to light her home, preceded by a band of music. It was truly a most interesting sight, and one that must have been deeply felt by the person in whose honour it took place."

Such an ovation, and at Sienna too!—a city almost as big as Uxbridge!

Upon those who have the privilege of the *coulisses* and are used to observe the *ficelles* by which puppets are impelled, the stereotyped paragraphs that have appeared from time to time will produce but little effect. Who does not know how common are such incidents in Italy, where at the present time, good music and fine singing on the stage are replaced by balloons and bouquets and "evvivas!" from the *sala*! How many a *cantatrice* who, in prosy England has accomplished little better than a *fiasco*, returns to Naples, Venice, or Milan, (if extracts from private letters deserve credit) to be overwhelmed with the "*frenetique*" applause of a transported audience, buried alive in flowers and sugar-plums, conducted home in state by hosts of noisy worshippers, and serenaded at night, as, nursed in golden dreams, she slumbers radiantly until the cock crows and disperses the musicians, like troops of ghosts before the dawn! Have we not read of the "triumphs" of Mad. Dash and of Signor Dash, and of Madlle. Dash—the same who in England produced no sensation whatever? [illegible]—"our eyes upon it!"

We shall *not* prejudge Madlle. Piccolomini. We hope to welcome in her all those qualities so loudly extolled by her admirers; but, at the same time, it is our duty to inform our readers that we have heard accounts which, though favourable, are very far from representing her as a Phœnix.

On the other hand Marietta Piccolomini—like Adelaide Ristori Contessa di Capranica—is *noble*, and that, according to Mr Thackeray, goes a long way in Vanity Fair.

The topic of the day is still the theatre in Covent Garden, or rather the bare walls, which stand as a memento of its past glory. A rumour is about that the ruins are not to be touched at present. It has, we believe, been satisfactorily shown that there is no danger to the public in their being left alone; and if that be the case, it would be a wanton act of destruction to level them to the ground. Another report prevails that the theatre is to be rebuilt; that her Majesty the Queen desires it; that his Grace the Duke of Bedford is not averse; that the shareholders are favourable to its reconstruction, and that Signor Albano, the architect, has pledged his ability to restore it exactly to its former condition, and to make it ready for public performances *in eight months*. We are inclined to give credit to these rumours—perhaps because we *wish* them to be well-founded.

Whether it is true that the Queen has graciously offered to advance £1,000 (some say £5,000) towards the restoration of the magnificent theatre she has so often graced by her presence, and that the Duke of Bedford has signified his willingness to take off no less than £600 from the annual ground-rent, we are unable to say. We can only *hope* that these reports may not be fabrications, while informing our readers of their currency.

If Covent Garden Theatre is not rebuilt it will be a disgrace to this wealthy, overgrown metropolis. In the little capital of Belgium, the Theatre de la Monnaie (the National Opera of the Flemings and Walloons) was burnt to the ground a year or two ago. The spirited inhabitants of Brussels, however were not inclined to put up quietly with such a loss, and a subscription was immediately set on foot. With what readiness the money was provided, and with what zeal the plans for restoring the theatre were carried out, may be gathered from the sequel. In less than eighteen months after the conflagration the Theatre de la Monnaie rose like a phœnix from its ashes, and at this moment the Belgians can boast of a finer Opera House than before. It was reopened the other day, with great pomp and ceremony in presence of the Royal Family* and an immense crowd. If Brussels can do this, why not London—a parish among whose many parishes is bigger than all Brussels! Are we so utterly "a nation of shopkeepers" that the loss of one of the most splendid theatres in the world can be regarded as a matter of indifference! *Fi done!* Covent Garden Theatre *must* be restored and that without delay. Sir Charles Fox should be invited to concert measures with Signor Albano who holds in his possession the model of the edifice as it stood. Great improvements on the former plan might be projected, and *extra precautions against fire and incendiaries*. London, like Brussels, might boast a finer theatre than before, and the fond dream of a *National English Opera* have some chance of realisation.

Parliament cannot much longer turn a deaf ear to the claims of musicians. If painting and architecture are acknowledged by our legislators why not music, the purest and most beautiful of the arts! But we are anticipating. *Attendons*.

IT is curious that the burning down of one Italian Opera House should have made two such establishments possible, when, previous to the disaster, there had been doubts in some quarters whether we were to have any. The reopening of Her Majesty's Theatre has been resolved upon by those in authority, and Mr Lumley has gone to Paris to make the requisite arrangements about a company. When the theatre will open, however, or under what conditions, deponent sayeth not.

It is now, we believe, almost certain that the Lyceum will be the temporary home of the Royal Italian Opera. Mr Gye has been diligent in Paris, and is, doubtless, ready with his prospectus. Before our next we shall be in possession of details which will enable us to discuss the chances of success at either theatre.

With respect to singers, there are quite enough, and to spare. We have not heard Mad. Penco in London, nor Mad. Borghi-Mamo, nor Mdlle Piccolomini—three first ladies in a breath. We have not heard Mad. Alboni since she became La Signora Contessa di Pepoli; and *she* would be a trump card for Mr Lumley. Besides, there is Madame Boccabadati, whom M. Fiorentino and the critics of Paris compare to Malibran (!) although it is true she produced very little impression in this country some years ago! She must have made remarkable progress, if what is said of her by our neighbours be anything like the truth; and granting this to be the case (*argumenti gratia*) why not Madame Boccabadati! She is, of course, liable to an engagement. Then (better than all) there is Mad. Albertini an Englishwoman very talented, very beautiful (according to all accounts), and just now the favourite *prima donna* of Italy. Why not, then, Mad. Albertini! (We say *Mad.* Albertini, because she is married to Sig. Baucardé, the tenor who appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1850, as Oronte in Verdi's *Lombardi*, and other characters.)

Of tenors there is no dearth. On the contrary there is rather a glut of them—not many Marios or Sims Reeveses perhaps, but plenty to choose from. As for barytones and basses, *they* are to be had by scores. Cast a stone from a window in any of the streets of Italy and it is even betting that if it does not light upon the ground it will light upon a barytone or a bass, with enormous whiskers and moustache. If you want a *contralto*, address any decently-attired lady you may see on the Corso or on the Piazza, and the first tones of her voice will convince you that you have got what you sought. Pull out your pocket-book present the *scrittura*, and the difficulty is at an end. In short we would undertake to organise six Italian Opera *troupes* (and not bad ones) in as many weeks, that is—*bien compris*—with funds at disposal.

All these matters, however, consume time as well as money, and it is reasonable to expect that our Opera season will be a very brief one. Messrs Lumley and Gye should meet, and reverse the problem of the Irish pedestrians. "Are you for Limavaddy?"—said Pat to another who was walking in the same direction. "Faith, that am I," replied Tim Costigan. "How far off is it?" "Ten miles"—answered Tim—"but let us do it together and it will be five a piece." Mr Gye might say to Mr Lumley, or Mr Lumley to Mr. Gye—"How long will your season last?"

"Three months."

"And mine the same, so let us pull together and that will make six."

And why not! Why should they always be at deadly feud? Why object to help each other! They would be gainers by it in the end, and the public too. At all events, however short the Italian Opera season, let us hope it may be prosperous.

WHO that attends theatres and concerts can be ignorant of the existence of Mr Van Praag! Who does not know that *fonctionnaire* of manners pleasant, easy and familiar—of never-ceasing kindness and attention—whose face has always a "welcome" stamped indelibly upon it, and whom to behold is in itself an agreeable sensation! Has any one forgotten the foreign gentleman of many tongues, to whom it mattered not what language an artist might speak, whose gift it was (and whose delight) to address, with equal fluency and readiness, Italians, Germans, English, French, or Dutch, and who we are persuaded would have found words with no less promptitude for Spanish, Portuguese, or Erse! Has anyone forgotten Mr Van Praag, who kept, with such mild sway yet stern integrity the stage entrance to the late Royal Italian Opera (which he should never have quitted), and who pointed the way to Dukes and Duchesses, to Earls and Countesses, to Bishops, Lords, and Chancellors, at Mr. Ella's aristocratic "Union" (where he should always have remained), who satisfied all and offended none?—can anyone have forgotten that most affable of polyglots! Unlikely as it would seem we are forced to come to that conclusion, since Mr Van Praag finds it necessary to advertise the fact of his still living and exercising that profession of watchman and sentinel, at the doors of musical and dramatic temples, which no one has ever fulfilled better, few, indeed, so well. The following will explain our meaning:—

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* Except the King, who was in London at the time.

"Mr Van Praag begs to inform his patrons, also ladies and gentlemen of the musical profession, that he continues the management of concerts, matinées, and soirées, as well as the superintendence of bands, choruses, &c. Soliciting a continuance of the patronage he has of late years received, it will be his constant study to merit the same. All communications addressed to Mr Van Praag, at Mr Brettell's printing-office, 25, Rupert-street, Haymarket, will receive immediate attention."

In calling the attention of our concert-giving readers to the above circular we have attained an object, and we are quite sure that in obliging Mr Van Praag we shall equally oblige all who are inclined to avail themselves of the services of a zealous, industrious, and trustworthy man, having a family to keep, and discharging that sacred duty as honourably as other duties with which he is entrusted.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Can it be true? I was told to-day *by an Italian* that Signor Pilotti was employed under the direction of Signor and Madame (or rather Madame and Signor) Puzzi in making engagements for the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre. Surely my friendly informant must be in error. Signor Pilotti is a highly respectable gentleman, no doubt, but he knows nothing of orchestras. How can he know anything? He never was in an orchestra.

Let us suppose, however, that Signor Pilotti is only a blind, and that Madame Puzzi is the actual plenipotentiary. This will hardly better the case. Madame Puzzi is a highly respectable lady, no doubt, but she knows nothing of orchestras. How can she know anything? She never was in an orchestra.

Here, at *Birmingham*, I hailed with delight the news that Her Majesty's Theatre was about to re-open—Covent Garden Theatre being burnt to the ground, and a large edifice indispensable to the performance of Italian Opera with appropriate completeness. Moreover—I thought—Mr Lumley will restore the *ballet*, for that active director was always a famous purveyor of Terpsichorean entertainments. But if the report I have mentioned is well founded, my anticipations must no longer be *couleur-de-rose*. Without a fine orchestra, there are many who do not care a straw for the Opera; and let me protest that I belong to the number. What made the Royal Italian Opera so formidable? It was not exclusively the renowned singers, but, in a great measure that magnificent orchestra over which the composer of *Eli* presided with such energy and skill. All who wish well to Her Majesty's Theatre should fervently pray that the "*on dit*" about Pilotti and the Puzzis may be resolved into a "*canard*." The Earl of Londesdale, or Lord Dudley and Ward, will be engaging orchestras next.

By the way—who is to be the "conductor" at Her Majesty's Theatre, during the first season of its resuscitation? We have heard, in Warwickshire, all sorts of rumours. The general belief is, that Balfe has returned from Italy expressly to resume the *bâton*, and if that be true everybody, of course, will be satisfied. But others have been named—Bottesini for instance, and Verdi, and a fiddle-player from Parma (who is to abolish the wand and beat time with his fiddle-stick), and last and least, *un nommé* Apolloni, from Turin. Of this same Apolloni I know something—not to his advantage. While in Italy a short time since I heard an opera of his called *L'Ebreo*—utter trash. Talk of *unison!*—here was unison, and with a vengeance. In former days when Bellini, in the *finale* to *I Capuletti e Montecchi*, made all the ladies' voices in the chorus sing unison, it was pronounced a very bold, not to say rash, innovation. Some time afterwards, Mercadante, in his *Vestale*, wrote unison for all the male *and* female voices; and this was denounced as a rash, not to say insolent, innovation. In the wake of Mercadante came Verdi, to whom unison was as much "a feeling" as "high mountains" were to Lord Byron. Verdi, despising ordinary expedients, put flutes and clarinets, oboes and bassoons, cornets à pistons and the whole quartet of strings, in unison with the men and women of the chorus, and the men and women of the *dramatis personæ!* This was hailed, by all the *fanatici* of shrieks and macaroni, as a splendid, not to say sublime innovation. And now grand things having arisen out of small—Verdi's unison out of Bellini's—Apolloni regarding his compatriots as deaf, or at least temporarily *deafened*, was resolved to outdo Italia's darling "young Verdi" of the fifty summers. True, this Apolloni had few ideas to bring to market; but he cherished the faith that in speaking loud he would make the world believe, and so spoke in thunder—unisonous thunder. To the Verdi-score which was almost all unison Apolloni, the not timid, added trombones and ophicleides, and carried all before him! "There be," indeed, that proclaim *L'Ebreo* a greater masterpiece than *Il Trovatore!*

What next shall be done, until Wagner and Berlioz perfect their chromatic drums, which are to have a range of six octaves in semitones, or till Jullien's *enharmonic* dream is realised, I am at a loss to guess; but if this same Apolloni is *chef-d'orchestre* at Her Majesty's Theatre, and his opera of *L'Ebreo* produced (for which he will naturally bargain), the necessity to take boxes or stalls vanishes—since the music will be audible anywhere—anywhere, at least, between the Haymarket and those Surrey hills which a poetical reporter saw reflected in the flames that environed poor Covent Garden Theatre, on the occasion of the Northern Wizard's final "blaze of triumph." Spare us, Sig. Pilotti! Spare us, Mad. Puzzi!

An English Musician.

Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, March 27th

Joseph Joachim.—It has been stated in several of the German and French periodicals, that Joseph Joachim was about to lead to the altar Gisella, third daughter of Mad Bettina d'Arnim, authoress of *Ce Livre appartient au Roi*, correspondent of Goethe, and still better known as the lady to whom the (temporarily) enamoured Beethoven dedicated his sonata in C sharp minor familiarly (and absurdly) known as *The Moonlight Sonata*. We have authority for stating that the report is without foundation.

Herr Carl Formes, the biggest of Teutonic basses, is at Berlin.

Signor Picco, the Sardinian Minstrel.—Mr Gay, the director of Picco, has announced a series of nine concerts at the St. James's Theatre, in which Signor Picco will be assisted by several vocalists and the band of the Orchestral Union, under the direction of Mr Alfred Mellon.

M Jullien left London yesterday for the Continent.

Herr Reichardt having fulfilled his engagements in Edinburgh and Glasgow, has returned to London.

Mr. Farquharson the bass, leaves for Australia on the 6th April. A farewell dinner is to be given to him at the London Tavern on the 2nd.

Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia.—An engagement for Her Majesty's Theatre has been offered by Mr Lumley to this eminent dramatic singer.

Google

MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI, Countess of Capranica, the celebrated Italian tragedian, is engaged, according to report, by Mr Gye, for twelve performances, to take place alternately with the opera nights at the Lyceum—or whatever theatre may afford shelter during the forthcoming season, to the burnt-out Royal Italian Opera.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Her Majesty the Queen has, we understand, offered to head a subscription for the rebuilding of this theatre with a contribution of £1,000.—*Morning Post.*

MR. ALBERT SMITH had the honour of "ascending Mont Blanc" (without the aid of Mr Beverley) before her Majesty, the King of the Belgians, the Duchess of Kent, &c., at Windsor Castle, on Tuesday evening last. The illustrious party was more than ever enchanted with "Albertus Maximus."

MR. CHARLES ROWLAND, for some time Correspondent of the *Musical World*, at Leipsic, has returned to England and taken up his residence at Altrincham, for the purpose of pursuing his profession as teacher of music.

AN ANECDOTE OF JENNY LIND.—In 1847, while the fame of Jenny Lind in England was at its culminating point, M. Duponchel, one of the managers of the Grand-Opéra at Paris, paid a visit to London in company with the apathetic successor of Habeneck—M. Girard. No sooner arrived than, at the polite invitation of Mr Lumley, MM. Duponchel and Girard (*arcades ambo*) went to Her Majesty's Theatre to hear Jenny Lind in the *Sonnambula*. Need we say that they were entranced! After the performance, the worthy Frenchmen obtained admittance behind the scenes, and were introduced to the "Swedish Nightingale," whom they overwhelmed with compliments. "*N'importe*," said M. Duponchel (M. Girard whispering an echo)—"*n'importe, Mademoiselle, il n'y a pas d'artiste qui ne reçoive pas son baptême* DE PARIS." "*Vraiment*," replied the intelligent Swedish maiden, "*je suis bien fachée mais——mais*—JE M'EN PASSERAI!" Upon which MM. Duponchel and Girard (*arcades ambo*) took their departure "hurriedly." A neater reproof to Parisian conceit was never administered. Jenny Lind, like Mendelssohn, could very well "*se passer de* PARIS."

MR CHARLES SALAMAN repeated his lecture on the "History of the Pianoforte," at the Marylebone Literary Institution on the 10th inst., at the Eyre Arms on the 13th inst., and at the Hackney Institution on the 19th inst. On each occasion he was assisted by Miss Milner and Mr H. C. Cooper. The lectures have been attended by crowded assemblies.

SCOTCH PIPERS.—The Scots Fusilier Guards have received the sanction of Her Majesty to organizing a corps of pipers. The intention is to attach to each battalion one pipe-major and six pipers. Their uniform will be similar to that of the 42nd Highlanders.

ROYAL PANOPTICON.—On Monday and Wednesday evening in Passion Week selections of sacred music were performed. The vocalists were Mrs. Henri Drayton, Miss Ransford, Mr Henri Drayton, and Mr G. Perren. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings the *Messiah* was given by the same artists, under the direction of Mr E. T. Chipp, organist.

THE NEW ORGAN, built by Gray and Davison for Archbishop Tenison's chapel, Regent-street, was opened on the 23rd by Mr Edwin Barnes, organist of St. George's the Martyr, Queen-square. The choir, consisting mainly of amateurs of the district, sang the chanting psalms and anthems.

FIRE AT HARDMAN'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY.—On Wednesday night a fire broke out on the premises occupied by the above firm at John-street, Tottenham-court-road. A great amount of property was destroyed, part only of which, we believe, was insured. The unfortunate workmen have, as usual, lost all their tools, which were not insured.

SOUTH LONDON HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Haydn's *Creation* was performed for the Clapham Literary and Scientific Institution on the 20th. Mr Williams was conductor.

STATE TRUMPETERS.—Mr R. Berrington, of her Majesty's private band, has been appointed one of the state trumpeters, in the place of Mr Grist, deceased.

MISS CUSHMAN is engaged for a series of performances at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, previous to her departure for America.

SIGNOR A. RANDEGGER and HERR F. BERGER gave the third *soirée* on the 21st instant, in Blagrove's-rooms. The vocalists were all pupils of the concert givers. The concerted music was well executed. We cannot, however, accord the same praise to the solo vocalists, excepting to Mr Kinsey, who sang the barcarole from *Masaniello* with great spirit. Mdlle. Eloise D'Herbil, the juvenile Spanish pianist, was the only instrumental performer. She played a *Rêverie*, of Ascher, very cleverly and was encored. Signor Randegger and M. Berger alternated the posts of conductor and accompanist.

DRAMATIC.—The theatres for the most part, while relying on old pieces for their principal attractions, have seasoned their Easter entertainments with novelties of a minor kind. At the Haymarket, the new comedy of *The Evil Genius* has been allowed to continue its successful career, and a ballet pantomime entitled *Il Gambusino; or, The Mexican Gold-seeker*, was brought out on Monday for the purpose of re-introducing the Spanish dancers, with the fascinating Mad. Perea Nena, to whom the visitors to the Haymarket Theatre have always shown especial favour.——The Princess's has produced two novelties during the week—on Monday night, after *Faust and Marguerite*, a farce by Mr Morton, called *A Prince for an Hour*—an amusing trifle; and, on Tuesday, a broad comedietta by Mr Charles Dance, entitled *The Victor Vanquished*, the leading idea of which is Charles the Twelfth in love.——The Olympic supplied no novelty for the holiday folks, but rested satisfied with *The Discreet Princess* and *Still Waters Run Deep*.——Neither did the Adelphi management make any departure from the stock pieces; *Domestic Economy*, *Urgent Private Affairs*, and *Jack and the Bean-stalk* furnishing the Easter-Monday bill of fare.——At the Sadler's Wells, Mr Leigh Murray has appeared in the Adelphi drama, *The Marble Heart*, and Planché's favourite burlesque, *The Invisible Prince*, has been revived for Miss Harriet Gordon. This theatre has passed for a while into the management of Mr G. Webster.——Two new pieces have been produced at the Surrey—a three-act drama, *How we Live*, and a legendary drama, called *Tuffelhausen*.——At the Marylebone Theatre Mr Seaman, the new manager, has brought out an original melodrama, by Mr Edward Stirling, called *Lost £30,000*, and a new musical spectacle, entitled *Fairy Fern Flower*.——The Strand gave three new pieces on Monday night, viz., *The Lost Diamond*—a translation from the French by Mr Edward Stirling, a *ballet* by M. Richards, and an extravaganza by Mr C. J. Collins.——The National Standard was content with *King John*, Miss Glyn, and the burlesque of *Alonzo the Brave*.——The City of London opened on Monday with an operatic company comprising Mdlle. Nau, Mr St. Albyn, Mr F. Corri, Mr Bowler, Mr Oliver Summers, Miss Kate Warrington, Miss Wood, Miss Hodson. Herr Meyer Lutz is musical director. The new spectacle has been postponed, and the old piece, *The Arab of the Desert and his Faithful Steed*, was given instead—at Astley's—on Monday.

EYRE ARMS.—Mr Mackenzie gave an evening concert here on Wednesday week. Misses Lucy Escott, Fanny Huddart, Mdlle. Poole, Messrs W. Lee, Henry Haigh, Leffler, Signors Albicini, Pierini, and Kuhn were the vocalists; and Mr Viotti Collins (violin), Signor Operti and Miss Dowson (pianoforte), and Signor Belletti (clarionet), instrumentalists. Herr W. Ganz conducted.—The last of Mr. Forbes' annual series of late subscription concerts took place on the 11th. The vocalists were Mr and Mrs. Henri Drayton, Mr Augustus Braham, and Mdlle. Corelli; the instrumentalists, Mr Forbes (pianoforte), Mr J. Cheshire (harp), Mr Richardson (flute), and Master Isaacs (violin). The room was full.

ST GEORGE'S EAST.—On Wednesday last a congregational *Conversazione* was held in the school-room of St. Mary's Church, on behalf of the Ragged School. There was a concert, including the *allegretto* movement from Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*; "I waited for the Lord" (duet), from the same; a selection from Mr Costa's *Eli*, etc. Mr J. Harding, an amateur, a young lady, daughter of one of the churchwardens, and Mad. Schmakhergand were the singers. Mr T. Peckin was leader, and Mr J. Martin Dunstan, organist of St. Mary's, conductor.

DARMSTADT.—The Mittelrheinische Musikfest will be held this year some time between the 8th August and 6th September

RÉUNION DES ARTS.

The summer season commenced with *éclat* on Wednesday evening, the rooms being crowded with professionals and amateurs, and a musical entertainment being provided. The Réunion des Arts, however, relies on other attractions. Those who are indifferent to music may converse in a room sufficiently remote from the concert; or lounge on well-stuffed sofas and indulge in reveries, or peruse (very few) choice and well-bound tomes; or criticise a modest gallery of pictures; or descend to the refreshment-room and partake of tea and coffee *ad libitum*. In short, a musical evening at the Réunion des Arts is not like a public concert, where you are *compelled* to listen, but a "free-and-easy," where you are perfectly at home and may do as you please. For these reasons (if for no others) the Réunion has an excellent chance of longevity.

The programme of Wednesday included Beethoven's Quartet in A (No. 5), for two violins, tenor and violoncello; and Spohr's Quintet in C minor, for piano, two violins, tenor and violoncello. The quartet was well played by Messrs. Molique, Ries, Hill and Paque. In the Quintet (originally written for wind instruments) Herr Tedesco was at the piano, the other executants being the same as in the quartet. The execution, on the whole, was capital. Herr Molique played a violin solo of his own composition with the most brilliant effect. M. Paque performed three pieces on the violoncello; Herr Tedesco two national airs, varied (by himself), on the piano; and Messrs. Benedict and Tedesco, Moscheles' well-known duet for two pianos, *Hommage à Handel*, which was very effective.

The vocal selection was not so good. Miss Dolby introduced a new ballad, by Mr Land, "Oh! grieve not over earthly care," and sang the "Last Rose of Summer" with new words (as if it required them) both in her best manner, besides a cavatina from Donizetti's *Belisario* and the never-to-be-suppressed "Over the Sea." Mrs. Henri Drayton essayed compositions in the Italian and French School—"Robert toi que j'aime," and "M'odi ah m'odi," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, in both of which she was applauded.

Messrs. Benedict and Gollmick were the conductors, and Mr Benedict was the president of the evening—an office with the duties of which we are not acquainted, but which was sure (whatever those duties may be) to be filled with ability and *bon goût* by that eminent professor.

A great improvement has been made by the addition of a commodious room, at the extremity of the suite, which materially enhances the accommodation, to say nothing of the musical effect. This was wanted, as the narrow corridor which separates the two great rooms precluded many from hearing the music. At present, the rooms in Harley-street (the old "Beaumont Rooms") are, perhaps, better adapted for *matinées* and *soirées* than any in London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Despite the severity of the weather a numerous company attended the Palace on Saturday the 15th, and filled the music-room. The programme was as follows:—

1.—Overture, "Faust," Lindpaintner. 2.—Violin solo, Mr Watson, R.A.M., Sainton. 3.—Grand aria, "Non Paventar" (*Zauberflöte*), Miss Dyer, Mozart. 4.—Overture, "The Naiads," W. Sterndale Bennett. 5.—Concerto, pianoforte, in G minor, Master Werner, Mendelssohn. 6.—Songs, Miss Dyer, "The Mocking Bird" (Flute obbligato, Mr Hartman), Bishop; "O let me sing to thee," H. Leslie. 7.—Symphony in D minor (No. IV.) R. Schumann.

The grand aria from the *Zauberflöte* was beyond Miss Dyer's means, and Master Werner found Mendelssohn's concerto rather exacting towards the end. Of the overtures, that of *Faust* went best. Dr Schumann's symphony created little sensation. On Good Friday the directors opened the palace and grounds in the afternoon, of which a vast number of holiday folks took advantage. Between seventeen and eighteen thousand persons attended during the day.

The company on last Saturday was again very large, and the fine weather attracted a more than average number of subscribers. The programme of the concert was as follows:—

1.—Marche Hongroise, Berlioz. 2.—Violoncello solo, Mr G. Collins. 3.—Recitative and Aria, "Non temer," Miss Grace Alleyne, violin obbligato, Mr Manns, Mozart. 4.—Introduction and Rondeau, "Le Retour à Londres," pianoforte and orchestra, Mr W. H. Adams, Hummel. 5.—Aria, "Il Soave e bel Contento," Miss Alleyne, Pacini. 6.—Overture, "Uriel Acosta," Schindelmeisser. 7.—Spanish Air, Miss Alleyne, "La Calesera," Garcia. 8.—Symphony, No. III. (the Scotch), Mendelssohn.

The symphony of Mendelssohn overtaxed the band; in other respects the performance was good. Berlioz's March went with spirit.

DRURY LANE.

The new Operatic Company at Drury Lane Theatre is a slight advance upon recent speculations. Mr J. H. Tully displays greater energy when manager for himself. When Mr E. T. Smith was manager, the band and chorus were discreditable. Mr Tully, now influenced by no superior authority, has assembled a band of some forty, and a chorus of some thirty-five, who, at all events, have some pretensions. A few practised hands make a vast difference in an operatic performance.

The opera selected for the first exhibition of the company was Verdi's *Trovatore*. There was policy and a lack of policy in this choice. It was politic, because the opera had never been performed in English before; impolitic, since the music was difficult and the plot deeply tragical. The *Trovatore* requires four artists of first-rate power to undertake the parts of Leonora, Azucena, Manrico, and Conte di Luna. For these Mr Tully has engaged "Lucy Escott," Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr Augustus Braham, and Mr Henri Drayton. He might have found worse, it is true, but he might have found better. Miss Lucy Escott wants means for such a part as Leonora, and, though she displays feeling and occasional energy, fails to produce effect. Miss Fanny Huddart has a good contralto voice, and sings with expression; but, as an actress, she is more careful than impulsive, and the gusts of passion allotted to the Gipsy Mother are out of her line. Mr Henri Drayton displays infinite purpose in the Conte di Luna—more indeed than the author—and is mysterious in every situation. Although too uniformly slow, his singing is entitled to commendation. He was loudly encored in the popular romanza, "Il balen suo sorriso." Mr Augustus Braham is not exactly suited to Manrico. His best effort was the *ballata* in the third act, "Il ben mio," and the duet with Azucena, in the last. These were given with effect, the former, in spite of very strong opposition, being encored. Mr Augustus Braham forces his voice too often, and thus destroys its quality. His *forte* (no pun) is *piano*. Mr Farquharson—who played Ferrando "on this occasion," as the bills stated—did all he could for an insignificant part.

The piece was well put upon the stage; the scenery was good; and the *mise-en-scène* generally careful. The execution in the last scene enjoyed the same advantage as at the Royal Italian Opera—nobody could see it.

The enthusiasm was immense. Everybody was recalled at the end of every act, and at the termination of the opera an additional call was raised for Mr Tully, who appeared, escorted by "Lucy Escott."

After the opera a musical magical sketch, entitled *Marguerite*, adapted from Göthe's poem, with music by Mr Tully, was performed. This introduced Miss Fanny Reeves and Miss Dyer—Faust and Marguerite. Miss Fanny Reeves has a good voice, of which she has to learn the use. Miss Dyer was too nervous to do justice to whatever powers she may possess; she is pretty, and that is a point in her favour. The piece is amusing, and the music is pleasing; but the audience did not seem to appreciate either.

Between the opera and afterpiece the National Anthem and "Partant pour la Syrie" were performed.

The theatre was crowded to suffocation, and the audience was one of the best humored and most indulgent we remember.

REVIEWS.

"SIX NEW SONGS AND A DUET" from the poems of Longfellow.
No. 1.—"The Reaper and the Flowers."
No. 2.—"Good Night!"
No. 3.—"The Green Trees whispered low and mild."
No. 4.—"Annie of Tharaw."
No. 5.—"This is the Place."
No. 6.—"The Day is done."
No. 7.—"Trust Her not!"
Composed by M. W. Balfe.

The minor lyrics of Longfellow are quite as popular in England as in America; and no wonder, since the language in which he speaks is common to both countries, and there is a heart in his poetry, which beats for the whole human race. The songs above enumerated are among the most exquisite that have proceeded from the transatlantic minstrel's pen, and, allied to the fluent and graceful melody of which our countryman, Mr. Balfe has so large a store at command, they present an attraction pretty nigh irresistible.

But we have not only to compliment Mr. Balfe upon the more than usual felicitous display of a melodial vein which is inherent in his nature. He has exhibited other and still higher qualities in his musical settings of these beautiful verses. Each song is endowed with an expression of its own; and the musician has endeavoured to conciliate the poet as heartily as Herr Wagner himself could possibly desire. Indeed, the American and Briton go hand-in-hand with such genuine sympathy and good will as we would fain see characterise for ever the relationship of the two mightiest nations of the earth—the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon tree—towards each other.

Who that loves poetry is unacquainted with "The Reaper and the Flowers?" This is the first in Mr. Balfe's list, and he has set it for a *contralto* voice, with peculiar and charming quaintness. The contrast between the major and minor themes (both good) is very happy, while the recitative on the words, "He gazed at the flowers," and again, at the conclusion, "'Twas an Angel visited the green earth," is well-considered and produces an excellent effect.

The serenade "Good night! good night! beloved," for a tenor voice, is quite an inspiration. Mr. Balfe's knowledge of the voice is here displayed to eminent advantage. A most acceptable merit in this spirited song is that, although the words embody what is called a *serenade* (and with a feeling as poetical as that of Shelley himself—of whom, we are sure, Longfellow must be an ardent worshipper) the music is entirely devoid of that morbid expression which is rather cant than sentiment. The melody is vigorous and healthy and the harmony to fit. Where the poet leans to sadness—as in the words, "While I count the weary hours,"—the composer has succeeded in conveying it by a delicate touch—a brief transition as it were—in the accompaniment; but he everywhere presents that genial freshness which is the chief attraction of the serenade. A manly lover addresses his mistress in manly language; and the musician has suggested this as forcibly as the poet himself. It is long since we have heard a more effective tenor song for the concert room.

"The Green Trees whispered low and mild" (No. 3)—perhaps, of all the smaller poems of Longfellow, the tenderest and sweetest—is set very gracefully for a *mezzo soprano* or *contralto*. This song has, indeed, less absolute *character* than its predecessors, but it is vocal and melodious. The unison on the words, "And waved their long arms to and fro," is very good; and the *crescendo* ("Oh, I could not choose but go") leading to the anticipated *reprise* of the melody, which is given in the accompaniment, while the voice sustains a holding note, is a point of musicianship not likely to escape notice.

"Annie of Tharaw" (an old, familiar, and always welcome acquaintance), is appropriately set as a ballad in several verses, the accompaniment being preserved unchanged until the last. This, which has all the simplicity and raciness of a national melody (although original) is suited to a bass (or *contralto*) voice, and, from its unaffected character, will be likely to find a larger company of admirers than the others. Moreover, the tune is so marked and rhythmical that, once heard, it cannot fail to haunt the ear. There is also, a slight tinge of sadness in it, which by no means deteriorates from its charm.

"This is the place—stand still my steed" (No. 5) is more like Mr. Balfe's usual manner than any of the rest; but that does not make it less piquant and sparkling. The words are set with a simplicity that borders upon *naiveté*. The melody is adapted to the ordinary range of voices.

"The day is done" (No. 6) is of a higher order than its companions. Mr. Balfe has put forth all his power in this song and has succeeded admirably. It is beautiful throughout. There is in the opening a sentiment of repose which conveys with great poetical truth the picture presented so vividly in the first line—

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night."

The invitation—

"Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heart-felt lay—"

where Longfellow makes so lovely an allusion to the "grand old masters," "the bards sublime"—while preferring to delight his leisure with the words of

"——— some humbler poet
Whose songs gushed from his heart—"

is perfectly rendered by Mr. Balfe, who has conceived its meaning with a kindred spirit. The end of the song, which after an animated strain dies away into something next to silence (supposing the "PPP" to be realised), is worthy of the rest.

"Trust her not" (No. 7), is a duet for female voices, which will speak for itself. There is nothing to describe in it except its unaffected prettiness, and the successful manner in which the delightful coquetry of the words has been caught and imparted to the music.

In conclusion, we have only to express satisfaction that Mr. Balfe should have been employing his time thus profitably in a country which offers so many temptations to indolence and apathy, and that the seductions of Florence and Venice have not made him altogether indifferent to his art.

No. 1.—"The Buccleuch Polka," dedicated to Lady Victoria Scott. Composed by Edwin Edwards.
No. 2.—"Varsoviana." Composed by Mr. Lowe.

No. 1 is a lively polka, in E flat, with an episode in A flat.

No. 2 is a genuine dance tune in the Polish manner—a mazurka, in short (*Varsoviana*, if you please) with well marked rhythm, and undeniable *character*. It is, moreover, very brief and very easy to play.

Berlin.—The topic in musical circles has been the appearance of Mad. Jenny Ney Bürde at the Royal Opera-house as Norma, Euryanthe, Fidelio, and Mrs. Page. The critics speak loudly in her favour. *Il Flauto Magico* was given last week for the first time these three years. It drew an immense crowd. The parts were thus distributed:—Queen of Night, Mad. Köster; Pamina, Mad. Herrenburger; Papagena, Madlle. Trietsch; Tamino, Herr Krüger; Papageno, Herr Krause; and Sarastro, Herr Zschiesche.—The Quartett-Soiréen of Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt and Birnbach, and of the Soiréen für classische Orchestra-musik, of Herr Liebig, have been closed after a successful season. The new association, *Borussia*, gave its first concert last week in Mäder's rooms, which was well attended.

Düsseldorf.—Capellmeister F. Rietz, of Leipsic, will conduct the Niederrheinisches Musikfest, this year.

Jena.—On the 10th inst. the last Academical Concert took place under the direction of Dr. Liszt, when Beethoven's symphony in C minor, Schubert's fantasia in C major, and Dr. Liszt's new chorus, "An die Künstler," were performed.

Milan.—Mozart's eldest son, Karl, is residing in this city. The younger son (born in 1792) embraced the musical profession. He was an excellent pianist, and travelled professionally through Germany and Italy. His usual residence was Lemberg, in Gallicia.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* is in rehearsal at the Scala.

OPERA AND DRAMA

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(*Continued from page 190.*)

ITALIAN and French singers are accustomed to sing only compositions written for their mother tongue, and, however little the language may stand in a completely natural connection with the musical melody, there is, at any rate, one thing that is unmistakeable in their execution—namely the strict observance and manifestation of the *words** as such. If this is more evident with the French than with the Italians, every one must, notwithstanding, be struck by the clearness and energy with which even the latter pronounce the words, especially in the drastic phrases of the recitative. Above all things, however, we must acknowledge one fact in the case of both, namely, that a natural instinct prevents them from distorting all the sense of the words by a false expression.

But German singers are accustomed, in by far the greater number of instances, to sing operas translated from Italian or French into German. In these translations neither poetic nor musical intelligence has ever been at work. The translations were made as a matter of business, by people who understood neither poetry nor music, in about the same style that newspaper articles and trade-notices are written. As a general rule the translators were not, in the first place, musical. They translated an Italian or French *libretto* for itself, as word-poetry, according to a measure which, as the so-called Iambic, struck them [illegible] as tallying with the entirely [illegible] one of the original, and got the verses set under the music by the business musical copyists, so that the syllables should agree in number with the notes. The poetical efforts of the translators consisted in providing the commonest prose with absolutely final rhymes, and, since even the latter frequently offered painful difficulties, the natural order itself of the words was distorted to the fullest unintelligibility for their sake—while they were almost inaudible in the music. This verse, of itself ugly, common and confused with regard to the sense, was thus placed under music whose intonated accents it in no instance suited; short syllables fell upon sustained notes, and sustained notes upon short syllables; the sinking of the verse was placed upon the musically intonated rise, and *vice versâ*.† From these gross senseless blunders, the translation proceeded until it attained the complete distortion of the sense, so impressing moreover these blunders most [illegible] by numerous verbal repetitions upon the ear, that the latter turned involuntarily and entirely from the text, and confined itself wholly to the purely melodic manifestation. In such translations was it that Gluck's operas were presented to the German art-critics, when their essential peculiarity consisted in a true manner of declaiming the words. Whoever has seen a Berlin score of one of Gluck's operas, and convinced himself of the quality of the accompanying text, with which the works in question were given to the public, can obtain a notion of the character distinguishing Berlin æsthetics which took Gluck's operas as a standard of dramatic declamation, of which so much had been heard through literary channels from Paris, and which, strange to say, was again acknowledged in the representations given in the said translations—which turned everything like correct declamation topsy-turvy. Nothing can surpass the fatuity of Berlin æsthetics.

But the influence of these translations was far more important upon our German *operatic singers* than upon Prussian æsthetics. The former were soon absolutely compelled to break away from the vain attempt to make the substratum of text agree with the notes of the melody; they accustomed themselves to disregard the text—as conveying meaning—more and more, and, by this disregard of it, encouraged the translators also to more and more complete carelessness in their labours, which, finally, were more and more intended to be merely given as printed *libretti* into the hands of the public, with precisely the same object that a programme of the business would be used for the explanation of a pantomime. Under these circumstances, the dramatic singer finally abandoned the useless task of pronouncing distinctly the vowels and consonants, which he found to be only obstacles and difficulties for song, that he now treated as a purely musical instrument. Thus, he and the Public had nothing left of the entire drama than the absolute melody which, under the circumstances, was now carried over to the *recitative*. Since the foundation of it in the mouth of the translated German singer was no longer the *words*, the recitative, with which he did not know what to do, quickly obtained in his eyes a peculiar value; this was, namely, recitative no longer fettered by the measure of the melody and, free from the painful beat of the director of the orchestra, the singer found in it an opportunity of showing off at pleasure, his voice. The recitative without words was for him a chaos of unconnected notes, from which he could on every occasion select those especially favourable to the compass of his voice; a tone of this description, occurring once at every fourth or fifth note, was now sustained, to the delight of satisfied voice-vanity, until the breath was exhausted, and hence every singer was very fond of making his first entrance with a recitative, because it furnished him with the best opportunity of proving himself—not by any means a dramatic elocutionist—but the possessor of a good larynx and stout lungs. Notwithstanding this, the Public still maintained that this or that singer distinguished himself as a *dramatic singer*; what was meant by this was precisely the same as what would be praised in a violin virtuoso, who by gradations and transitions should succeed in rendering purely musical execution interesting and amusing.

(*To be continued.*)

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* *Die Rede*: Language, discourse, dialogue.

† I select particularly the most [illegible] here, not precisely because they invariably occurred in translation, but because—without disturbing the singers and audience—they might frequently do so; I employ, therefore, the superlative, in order to characterise the subject by its most recognisable physiognomy.

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The Musical World.

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VOL 34—No 14 SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1856. PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr GYE begs most respectfully to announce that he will during the present Season give the Opera at the ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE, and trusts that his arrangements, affected as they are by the late sudden and dreadful catastrophe, may meet with the kind and indulgent consideration of the subscribers and the public. It has been Mr Gye's chief aim to keep together the company of great artistes which he had already engaged for the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, and he has succeeded in doing so. The engagements for the Opera are:—Madame Grisi, Mdlle Bosio, Mdlle Didiée, Madame Tagliafico, Madame Jenny Ney, Mdlle Marai, and Madame [illegible]; Signor Mario, Signor Tamberlik (for a few nights only previous to his departure for Rio Janeiro), Signor Gardoni, Signor Graziani, Signor Luchesi, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polonini, M. Zelger, Signor Soldi, Signor Mei, Herr Formes, Signor Ronconi and Signor Lablache. Director of the Music, Composer and Conductor, Mr Costa. For the Divertissements—Mdlle Esper, Mdlle [illegible], Mdlle [illegible], Mdlle [illegible], M. Desplaces, and Mdlle Cerito. To the above ladies and gentlemen Mr Gye feels he ought thus publicly to express his most grateful thanks, for they have one and all in the most kind, the most unhesitating, and in the most generous manner, made a sacrifice in their engagements for this year, both pecuniary and otherwise, without which it would have been impossible for him to have given an Opera supported by such artistes in so small a theatre. The following operas will be performed during the season, viz.:—Rigoletto, La Gazza Ladra, Otello, Il Trovatore, Matrimonio Segreto, Il Barbiere, I Puritani, Norma, Lucia, La Favorita, Fidelio, Don Giovanni, Il Conte Ory, L'Elisir d'Amore, Don Pasquale, Lucrezia Borgia, and Verdi's new opera La Traviata. The Orchestra and Chorus will be suited to the size of the theatre and be composed of the best performers.

SUBSCRIPTION.—As the accommodation of the Lyceum Theatre is necessarily very limited, Mr Gye would feel greatly obliged if those ladies and gentlemen wishing to subscribe would at once kindly signify their intention to him, in order that he may apportion the Boxes and Stalls with as little delay as possible. The Subscription will be for forty nights, commencing on Tuesday, April 15. Boxes, £[illegible] and upwards. Stalls, £25. Full particulars will be duly announced.

Mr Gye begs to state that it is his intention to build a new Opera House, with Concert Hall and other accessories, and that he will shortly have the honour of submitting his plans for public inspection.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It is respectfully announced that Her Majesty's Theatre will RE-OPEN EARLY IN MAY. Engagements of great interest have been effected, both in Opera and Ballet, and the best exertions used to make the arrangements worthy of the occasion. The Prospectus will shortly be issued.

DRURY LANE.—ENGLISH OPERA.—The unprecedented ensemble afforded to the public in the representation of Verdi's celebrated opera "Il Trovatore," or the Gipsy's Vengeance, Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," and Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," has been universally acknowledged by the largest audiences ever assembled within the walls of an English Opera House. The directors, therefore, have the honour to announce, that these three operas will continue to be performed during the next week. On Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, "Il Trovatore," and on Tuesday and Thursday, "The Bohemian Girl." To conclude with every evening "The Daughter of the Regiment." Lucy Escott, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Dyer, Mr Augustus Braham, Mr Henry Haigh, Mr Manvers, Mr Henri Drayton, Mr Durand, Mr J Chatterton, &c. Auber's admired opera, "Fra Diavolo," is in active preparation, and will be presented with the same regard to completeness in every department.—Reduced prices as usual. Stalls, 4s. Dress Boxes, 3s.; First Circle and Pit, 2s.; Upper Circle and Amphitheatre, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., £1 1s., and £1 5s.

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MR. BENEDICT has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT is fixed to take place at Exeter Hall on Wednesday, May 21st, upon the same grand scale as those of former years. Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind and M. Otto Goldschmidt have most kindly consented to perform on this occasion, on their return from the provinces. Reserved Seats, One Guinea. Unreserved Seats, 10s. 6d. The places will be appropriated according to priority of application, and no more tickets will be issued than can be conveniently accommodated. Applications for tickets to be made to Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—Mr. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN and THE MISSES BENNETT are now making Engagements for the Summer Season.—Address, 25, Guildford-road, Greenwich.

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PROGRAMME of Mr WM STERNDALE BENNETT'S FIRST PERFORMANCE (13th annual series) of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday afternoon, April 8, commencing at half past 3:—Duo, piano and violin, Mozart; Sonata, piano, Bach; [illegible], Mozart; Quintett, pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, Beethoven; selections, pianoforte, W. S. Bennett; songs, W. S. Bennett; Duo, violin and piano, Beethoven. Vocalist, Madame Clara Novello; violin, M. Sainton; oboe, Mr Nicholson; clarinet, Mr Williams; bassoon, M. Baumann; horn, Mr Harper; pianoforte, W. S. Bennett. Subscription tickets for the three performances, one guinea. Subscribers' extra tickets, 7s.; single ticket, 10s. 6d. Tickets to be had of Mr W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell place, Fitzroy-square; of Messrs. Leader and Cock, 63, New Bond-street, and of the principal music-sellers. The remaining performances will take place on Tuesdays, May 6 and June 3.

HUGH KUHE'S EVENING CONCERT, Town Hall, Brighton, April 11th.—Madame Gassier, Miss [illegible], M. Gassier, Mr [illegible], Signor [illegible], and Herr Kuhe, will perform. Conductor, [illegible].

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S FIRST CHAMBER CONCERT, Monday evening, April 7, at 27, Queen Anne-street, when he will perform W. S. Bennett's Chamber Trio, selection from Handel's suites de pièces, Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, his own Violin Sonata in D, Rondo and Bolero, also with Mrs. John Macfarren, Mendelssohn's Allegro Brillante. Violin, Mr Watson; violoncello, Mr Aylward; vocalist, Miss Dolby. Tickets 5s. Leader and Cock, 63, New Bond-street, and at Mr Walter Macfarren's, 58, Albert-street, Regent's-park.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN begs to inform her Pupils and Friends, that her two Annual Matinées of PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne-street, on Saturdays, May 17 and June 14, when she will be assisted by M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, and other distinguished artists.—Tickets at [illegible] Library, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs John Macfarren, 43, Stanhope-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

RÉUNION DES ARTS.—The Subscribers are informed that the second Soirée Musicale will take place on Wednesday next, April 9th. President, Sir George Smart. The following artists will have the honour to appear on this occasion.—Vocalists—Mdlle. [illegible], Mad. [illegible], Mdlle. [illegible], and Signor [illegible]. Instrumentalists—Messrs. Sainton, Goffrie, [illegible], Hausmann, [illegible], and Alexandre Billet. Subscription Tickets may be had of Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., Boosey and Sons; and at the rooms, 76, Harley street. C. Goffrie, manager.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has much pleasure in announcing to the subscribers and the public, that Mr Otto Goldschmidt and Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind have most kindly consented to perform for the Society. Mr Otto Goldschmidt will perform at the Fourth, and Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind at the Fifth Concert of the season. Conductors, Mr Benedict and Dr Wylde. Subscription for the series—reserved seats, £2 2s.; professional subscribers, £1 1s. The first Concert will take place on Wednesday, April 2. Subscribers' names received by Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street; and by Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside.

WM. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

DR. MARK AND HIS PUPILS will perform Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, April 7th, 8th, 9th, at Stourbridge; 10th, 11th, 12th, at Tewkesbury; Monday, and during the week, April 14th to 19th, at Kidderminster; 21st, 22nd, 23rd of April, at Gloucester; and 24th, 25th, [illegible] of April, at Worcester.

HERR KUHE begs to acquaint his Patrons, Pupils, and Friends, that he will return to Town on the 12th of April. Herr Kuhe has Removed from Margaret-street to 14, Berners-street, [illegible].

MR. AGUILAR has removed from 35, Upper Norton-street, to 131, Albany-street, Regent's Park.

MISS STEELE, Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music, and Associate of the Philharmonic Society of London, 17, Southampton-place, Euston-square. This advertisement has become necessary in consequence of a lady bearing the same name (without prefixing her Christian name) having recently entered the musical profession.

MADAME ENDERSSOHN has arrived in London for the Season.—Residence, 5, Walton Villas, Brompton. All applications respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to Hargrave Jennings, Esq., 130, Pall Mall.

MR. LAMBERT (of York Cathedral), Vocalist, Bass, is open to accept engagements for Oratorio or Concert, in or out of London.—Communications to be addressed to his residence, 41, Union-terrace, York.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 50 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 24 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

MISS HUGHES (R.A.M.) Vocalist, 69, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

CREMONA VIOLINS.—For SALE, a remarkably fine and handsome VIOLIN by JOSEPH GUARNERIUS, also three by Stradivarius, Amati, and Bergonzi; and a fine Tenor and Violoncello by Joseph Guarnerius. Apply at 17, Edward's-street, Portman-square.

PIANOFORTES.—OETZMANN and PLUMB beg to inform Music-sellers and Professors that in consequence of their having made great improvements in the manufacture of their instruments, substituting machinery for manual labour, and taking advantage of the new Patent Steam Drying processes, are enabled to offer to the Trade superior Pianofortes in Grands, Semi-Grands, and Cottages, in all variety of woods and designs, at considerably reduced prices. Illustrated lists sent on application, or a visit to their Manufactory will prove the great advantage secured. 6, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. Manufactory, Charles-street, Tottenham-court-road. Alexandre and Co.'s Harmoniums at trade prices.

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIP.

THE MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIP Fund having now reached an amount which enables the Committee to carry out, in some measure, the object originally contemplated, they have resolved to institute a Mendelssohn Scholarship. The dividend upon the sum now invested will only allow of one Scholarship at present.

The Committee of the Royal Academy of Music have consented in the most liberal manner to co-operate with the Committee of the Mendelssohn Scholarship Fund in giving instruction to the Mendelssohn Scholar. Therefore, Candidates are invited to compete for the first Scholarship. The Scholar to be elected according to the following conditions.

The age of the Candidate is to be not under fourteen nor above twenty years; only male Candidates can be admitted.

They must be natives of Great Britain, and possess a talent for composition.

The election of a Scholar is to be for one year, subject to renewal.

The Board of Professors, with the sanction of the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music, have consented to examine the Candidates, and will return the names of two, from whom the Mendelssohn Committee will elect one.

The competition for the first scholarship will be in the third week of June next; the Candidates are requested to send in their applications to Cipriani Potter, Esq., the Chairman of the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden-street, where further particulars may be obtained.

By order of the Committee,
CHARLES KLINGEMANN, Hon. Secretary.
London, 2nd April, 1856.

MUSIC and BERLIN WAREHOUSE.—To be Disposed of by Private Treaty, a fine one in the above line, established in the year 1844, and yielding from £300 to £500 per annum, capable of being very much increased. Situation in a large town of 40,000 inhabitants.—For particulars apply to Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; and to the Office of the "The Musical World," 28, Holles-street, Oxford-street.

DR. MARK'S GRAND NATIONAL MUSICAL PROJECT to establish "Musical Conservatoires" in every town and city of this country, either separate or attached to National Schools, thus to bring Music within the reach of all classes of society, but especially to encourage and promote musical talent among the rising generation, not only as an element of civilization, but also as a happy and delightful recreation, and as an attraction and a blessing at home.

God save the Queen. Vivat Europa.

NEW BARITONE SONGS.—The Grasp of a Friend, written by Wm. Jones, the music by Donizetti; Friar Tuck's Chaunt, written by William Jones, the music by Edwin Ransford; My Friend and Old Companion, written by J. E. Carpenter, the music by Edwin Ransford; Honesty's the Best Policy, written by J. E. Carpenter, the music by W. H. Montgomery. Price 2s. each. London, Campbell, Ransford, and Co., 53, New Bond-street. N.B. Mr. Ransford's Annual Concert and Dramatic Performance at the Haymarket Theatre will take place on Wednesday, April 23.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.—Scotch Air.—Varied for the Pianoforte (Violin), by R. Andrews. 3s. Sent postage free. 84, Oxford-street, Manchester.

BEETHOVEN'S GRAND MASS IN D.—Pianoforte Score. A corrected and revised new edition, in 8vo., elegantly bound in cloth, price 8s. Sent, postage free, to any part of the United Kingdom. Schott and Co., 159, Regent-street, London.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.—A new Fantasia, introducing Favourite Airs from this Opera, arranged by Jules Brissac, has just been published by Duff and Hodgson, 65, Oxford-street. Price 3s.

TO PARISH CHOIRS AND CHORAL SOCIETIES.—New Te Deum and Jubilate in A, very easy, price One Shilling; New Te Deum and Jubilate in C, very easy, price One Shilling. Composed and arranged for Four Voices, with Organ, Pianoforte, or Harmonium accompaniment, by W. H. Birch. Each service sent postage free on receipt of 13 postage stamps. Address W. H. Birch, Amersham, Bucks.

VOCAL MUSIC.—Gratis and Postage Free.—Just issued, a new edition of Robert Cocks and Co.'s Catalogue of Vocal Music, being the most extensive list of modern songs, duets, glees, &c. extant. Address to the publishers, Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street.

NEW BALLAD.—"Look up." By W. T. Wrighton (composer of "The Postman's Knock," &c.), words by L. M. Thornton, 2s. "Words and music combine in the expression of the cheerful sentiment of the title."

NEW BALLAD.—"The heart should have some tuneful strings." Music by W. T. Wrighton (composer of the "Postman's Knock" &c.), words by G. E. Barry. 2s. "A song which will make Mr. Wrighton still more of a favourite with the admirers of melody."

J. W. HOBBS'S LATEST BALLADS:—I come from the Spirit Land—She was Sister to the Angels—Footsteps of Angels—The Reapers and the Flowers—I heard thy fate without a tear—Far, far away of me—The Soldier's Love—Stars of the Summer Night—and I'll Whisper to thee. 2s. each.

W. T. WRIGHTON'S LATEST BALLADS.—Look up—The Heart should have some Tuneful Strings—Prayer—Smiles and Tears—The Postman's Knock—Change—Take a Flower—Winter's Warm Fireside—Orphan's Lament—Sweet Spring—and The Brightest Flower. 2s. each.
London, ROBERT COCKS and CO., and of all music-sellers.

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THE HEIR THE CHILD OF FRANCE. Song (in honour of the birth of the Prince Imperial). Poetry by J. E. Carpenter, Esq.; Music by J. W. Hobbs, Esq. 2s. "An elegant national tribute to the fortunate alliance between two great nations."—London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, music publishers to their Majesties Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon III.

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BEETHOVEN'S Thirty-two Sonatas for the Piano, in two volumes, with Portrait and the Composer's Biography, price 21s. Mozart's original Piano works, in two volumes, with Portrait and the Composer's Biography, price 21s. Sent carriage free. A wonder of cheapness, being [illegible] about 1½d. Apply to the Universal Circulating Musical Library, 86, Newgate-street, London.

LOWE'S VARSOVIANA. Price 1s., free by post. Edinburgh: Paterson and Sons.

NEW COMPOSITIONS for the PIANO, by Edouard de M. Paris. "Louise," Galop brillant, op. 6; "La Sourire," Caprice, op. 7. London, Wessel and Co.

LA TRAVIATA VALSE, by Montague, on Verdi's celebrated Opera, is published this day, superbly illustrated in colours, price 4s. Also all the Music from the same Opera. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

G. A. OSBORNE'S Mi manca la Voce. A popular and effective transcription of the celebrated song from Rossini's Mosè, in E flat. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

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THE NATIONAL GALLERY—SIR C. EASTLAKE'S PURCHASES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

"Sir C. Eastlake is the man who does every thing, directs everything; it is no wonder therefore, that everything should be done in the strangest manner."—*The late Mr Hume; Debate on the National Gallery March 8 1856.*

SIR,—The reinstallation of Sir C Eastlake as Director of the National Gallery demonstrates that among the things which, though often reiterated, have not been sufficiently learned, stands the history of his mismanagement of that institution. For otherwise, his reappointment to a post identical, save in name and its quintupled emolument, with that from which he had twice been driven, could scarcely, even in this land of tame submission to misgovernment, have been tolerated.

In February 1847 the trustees absolved themselves and him from the charge of having, in the preceding vacation, damaged several of the public pictures. Within that same year Sir C. Eastlake resigns the keepership. This was the first secession. In 1850 he obtained the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and "in virtue of that office" as the phrase is, returns to power at the National Gallery as the professional trustee. In 1853, a committee of the House of Commons sat to investigate charges against the trustees of further damage to the national collection. On the 1[illegible]th of April, 1854 Sir C Eastlake writes a letter (Min. of Trustees, 1853-5, p. 16), for the information of his colleagues. "It has *for some time*," says he, in that letter, "been my intention to take no part in any proceeding of the National Gallery connected with its main objects. I wish it to be clearly understood that it is not my intention to interfere *in any way in future with the concerns of the National Gallery*." Had Sir C. Eastlake maintained this pledge, the apparent self-denial might have been accepted as some atonement for "the strange manner in which he had done everything, directed everything," during his two periods of office. But for one misfortune and his, experience was lost upon him. In defiance of his pledge "not to interfere," he again "interferes with the concerns of the National Gallery." His purchase of the "Adoration of the Magi" though but an inconsiderable item of his official transgressions, was, perhaps, the foreshadowing of a speedy termination to his power to render himself a standing object for public animadversion, and the English people a laughing-stock for the world.

I will not insist upon Sir C. Eastlake's mutilation of the finest of our Claudes, "The Queen of Sheba," and other precious works—mutilation deplored by all men of refinement, denounced by the concurrent voice of the witnesses examined by the committee of 1853, and, though at first denied, yet ultimately before that committee, by Sir C. Eastlake himself confessed; but, as a subject more directly opposite to the latest scandal at the Gallery, the purchase of the "Adoration of the Magi," I purpose to remind the public that that ignoble and vamped-up work was not the only purchase of the kind, by *several*, chargeable to the present director. I must, however, before enumerating the purchases to which I would direct public attention, establish two points.

First, I waive the question of excessive cost, and of nomenclature. Who, when discussing the works of antiquity, ever asks for the name of the artist? Who in discussing *them*, insists upon that kind of "authenticity" which officialism, "out of the simplicity and credulity which is native to it," expects us to gulp as the sole criticism, genuine and infallible! With regard to the works of antiquity we demean ourselves rationally, accustomed to the necessity of a scrutiny as to determine their authenticity by *merit*, for with regard to them, merit is the only acknowledged gauge of authenticity. This is true criticism; upon this principle I will deal with Sir C. Eastlake's purchases.

Secondly, there have been strenuous endeavours to shift the responsibility for foreign bad and spurious purchases from Sir C. Eastlake to the "system," as though a professional man chosen solely for professional objects, and left uncontrolled in the exercise of his functions, could be otherwise than strictly responsible for whatever came within the scope of his profession. As though responsibility could rest with a "system!" The reply to those endeavours is written on every square inch of Mr Wilson's "best authenticated in the world," £2,000 worth the 128 square feet of scoured and repainted canvas, recently imported from Venice at the "sole recommendation," as the Secretary of the Treasury assures us, of Sir C. Eastlake. But this reply may be objected to as insufficient. I will therefore substantiate to whom belongs the responsibility for each purchase I shall adduce by official documents commencing with an appeal from Sir C. Eastlake's defenders, to Sir C Eastlake himself. "I undertook the office of keeper," he says, in reply to questions 4,303-4 of the minutes of evidence of 1853, "on the understanding that I was to be chiefly consulted respecting the *Italian* masters, my impression was that I should be responsible for *all* purchases made in the gallery and for cleaning." Again, with respect to the *ex officio* professional trustee, at 6,172, he says, "The trustees could not but be influenced by the judgment of the president of the Royal Academy." WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kemp Town, March 30.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DESTRUCTION OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—I have awaited with patience the termination of the investigation into the cause of the late disastrous fire at Covent Garden Theatre, and I have borne in silence the libellous assertions and more libellous innuendoes unsparingly made against me by some portion of the press. I had determined to "bide my time"—to allow the public to have their cry, and all those petty calumniators who are always ready to pursue a man with envy when he is prosperous, and with detraction when they fancy he is "down," to have theirs likewise. I knew that I had an impartial tribunal to which to appeal in the *Times* newspaper, and deeming that the time had now arrived when a statement from me and a vindication of my conduct are due both to the public and to myself, I respectfully but confidently claim to be allowed to plead before the most influential court of public opinion in the world—to hold up my hand in your dock—and to cry boldly, "Not Guilty" to all the charges, direct and indirect, preferred against me.

It would be pusillanimous in me to shrink from direct reference to the most current and most malignant accusation against me. It may be sneeringly objected, that "he who excuses accuses himself;" but the aspersions on me in the newspapers have assumed far too definite a form for me to pass them over in silence, and the plain truth must out—that I am either an incendiary or a deeply wronged and injured man. If I were the cause of the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, it must either have been by an act of deliberate arson or through culpable negligence. That I am accused of either the one or the other is palpable, I think, from the accompanying extract from *Punch*:—

"Of the Wizard of the North,
Sing the Tuesday night's renown,
When he let the gas burst forth,
And burnt the play-house down."

Now this may be sorry doggrel, and only a specimen of the atrocious waggeries of Mr. Punch. It may be meant "only in fun," but fun that in plain English accuses a man whose reputation is his bread of letting gas burst forth and so burning down a theatre is fun of the frog and boy species—it is death to me. Humorous or serious, there cannot be any mistake about the meaning endeavoured to be conveyed by the last two lines. The *Punch* scribe might insinuate with equal innocence that I murdered Eliza Grimwood or stole the Royal nursery plate, as that through any act of mine the theatre of which I was a tenant was destroyed. Nor can I afford to pass such a statement by with contempt. In an ordinary comic publication I should look at it as a silly squib; but *Punch* is an institution and an authority, and a line in its columns has often more power for good or evil than a page elsewhere.

I may be wanting in the etiquette of journalism in endeavouring to refute in the pages of the *Times* attacks made upon me in other journals. But what am I to do? Will those papers which have so foully slandered me insert my vindication? And were it not better for me to appeal to one thoroughly impartial and disinterested on either side of the question? What course of redress is open to me, for instance, against the *Spectator* which, in its number for Saturday, March 8, coolly remarks:—"Covent Garden Theatre is burnt down and the public, taught by experience, at once suspects the incendiary." Will the writer of that remark deny that the "experience" alluded to was but a reference to the calumny of the "two theatres burnt down under my management," and that I consequently am pointed at as the "incendiary" suspected? And yet, were I to apply to the editor of the *Spectator* to open his columns to my denial, would it not be very probable that my only reward would be a contemptuous inquiry as to

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who had accused me by name, and a recommendation to wear the cap if it fitted me? In the *Examiner* again (I quote none but powerful journals), there has appeared a leader in which, in fervid language, my *bal masqué* is denounced as a scene of the most rampant debauchery and abominable harlotry, and in which it is almost regretted that the "orgie" was not brought to a termination by fire from Heaven, instead of the material element; and by Mr. Douglas Jerrold I am described as "a fire-king enthroned on a tar-barrel, whose reputation will be burnt into the memories of generations."

I have it not in contemplation for one moment to attempt to combat the suddenly virtuous indignation of the Press against *bals masqués* in general. It is not for me to enter into the question of their morality or immorality. Assuming them to be as vicious or depraved as the journal of the *Examiner* describes them to be, may I still be allowed to ask whether I invented or even revived this class of entertainment—whether I have been singular in giving *bals masqués*? There have been such balls at Her Majesty's Theatre, at Drury Lane, and at that very Covent Garden where mine took place, and under the auspices of the very manager with whom I am now so unfavourably contrasted. I gave my *bal masqué* with the concurrence of Mr. Gye, doing only what had been done on the same arena many times before, and with the sole and steadfast view of discharging my liabilities to my landlord by the only legitimate means in my possession. I do not think I am at all overstating the case when I say that for all commercial purposes the ball was Mr. Gye's, not mine. He had at first objected to its taking place; but on my representing to his solicitor that I knew of no other process (owing to the heavy losses I had already incurred) whereby to raise a sum sufficient to pay the balance of the rent outstanding, and on my executing a formal assignment of the proceeds of the entertainment to Mr. Gye, that gentleman, on being again communicated with, gave his consent, on the understanding stated above; and in performance of my part of the contract the whole of the sum received, amounting to £700, and which had been lodged for safety, when the conflagration broke out, at the police station, Bow-street, by my secretary, Mr. Hingston, was, on my written order, handed over to Mr. Gye, and is now in his possession. An incendiary surely would have played his cards better than this. I can prove what I have stated by my witnesses and my documents; at the same time I do not wish it in any manner to go forth that I am desirous of bringing charges against Mr. Gye. He had behaved previously most kindly and honourably to me; he had consented to waive our original arrangement, which was only for magic performances and pantomimes. He allowed me to give, in addition, dramatic and operatic performances, and he lent me dresses from the wardrobe for the latter purpose.

It has been publicly stated that the verdict of the coroner's jury might have run thus:—"Destroyed by a masked ball, produced by puffs of the most deleterious character." Now, I will ask, supposing that the *Bal Masqué* had gone off without an accident, if any such scandalous remark would have been made; or, again, supposing that the neighbouring theatre of Drury-lane had been consumed during a similar entertainment, Mr. E. T. Smith would have been held up to public odium as I have been? The disaster at Covent-Garden might have occurred during the performance of the *Huguenots*, during an oratorio, a free-trade bazaar, or a promenade concert; and I think it is the grossest, the cruellest, the most crying injustice to attempt to fix the responsibility of this calamity, either directly or indirectly, upon me, when there is not the shadow of evidence to convict me even of negligence (for the much-talked of wires of my galvanic apparatus would just as soon—as any tyro in science will confirm—have set the Thames on fire as the theatre); and when by this conflagration I am a most serious loser in character, in purse, and in prospects.

But I am a "juggler," and no mercy is to be shown to the "so-called Wizard," to the mountebank, to the showman. I am a juggler, and accept the balls and bears manfully. I have juggled for many years, with a great deal of success, and have made and lost a great deal of money. It is no idle boast, but a simple statement of the truth, to remind the contemners of the mountebank that I have juggled before most of the crowned heads in Europe, and that I have thrice been summoned to Balmoral to juggle before her present Majesty. But there is one thing I have always endeavoured to be in addition to a juggler—viz., an honest man. I wish to use no hackneyed sentiment, but I am here to assert my honesty and my manhood, and I will do so against all comers. The "noble lyric temple of Covent Garden" was desecrated by the mummery of the juggler. Why, when a moneyed tenant could not be found, was the juggler's money so eagerly accepted? Why, so long as he was prosperous, was the juggler bepraised and be-complimented? Why, when fortune has the moment frowned upon him, is he looked upon as the lowest of the low, the valest of the vile? Who, when I left the Lyceum Theatre, after an almost unprecedentedly successful campaign, protested against my taking Covent Garden? The press augured a splendid season for me; but I am now unfortunate, and I am now a butt for every scribbler's shaft—sneered at as a Merry Andrew, or darkly denounced as a "Swing."

My pantomime was, commercially, a failure. I did my best with it, and I did my best afterwards to right myself by operas, by dramas, even by my much abused *Bal Masqué*. Success I did not achieve; but may I be permitted to ask my company, my tradesmen, and my brother managers this question? Have my actors or artisans ever gone on half salaries or found an empty treasury on Saturday? Have I ever pandered to aristocratic whim by giving engagements in the ballet, in exchange for subscriptions for stalls and private boxes? Have I ever shewed the stupid willings of fashion—have I permitted even my own friends to dangle behind my scenes? Have I ever endeavoured to repudiate or evade one just demand upon me? I kept Covent Garden open for nine weeks, I have wronged no man of one farthing, and I have toiled like a slave to please the public. But on the last night of my tenancy the theatre, by an accident inevitable and unaccountable, but with which I have no more to do than the man in the moon, is burnt down, and my reward is an accusation of incendiarism amid the most cowardly detraction and the foulest abuse.

My unqualified contradiction of public statements made by Mr. Surman and Mr. Marcus Sharpe that two theatres—one in America, the other in Glasgow—had been burnt down while under my control, has already gone forth to the world, but the statements themselves have done me an incalculable amount of injury. Of the unfortunate, and to me utterly ruinous, destruction of the one theatre with which I was connected—the City Theatre, Glasgow—I have already offered explanations; but I should like to remind those charitable persons, who think the conflagration at Glasgow a *primâ facie* case of evidence against me in the burning of Covent Garden, that I had already been the occupant of five London theatres—the Strand, the Lyceum, the Adelphi, the St. James's, and Covent Garden also, before my last and unfortunate tenancy of that building. I should wish them to remember that I have performed in almost every theatre in the United Kingdom; that I have been the lessee, for a regular dramatic season, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. That I have performed in all the theatres of the United States of America, and in very many of Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia. If I were the "fire-king enthroned on a tar-barrel" of my detractors, my theatre-burnings would be reckoned by hundreds, not units.

Sir, I have done. I may have transgressed the limits which you may feel disposed to assign to statements such as mine; but in the press lies my only hope of setting myself right with the public. By some journals I have been unjustifiably attacked; but I have no quarrel with the press. To it, in its aggregate, I am under very many and very deep obligations, and I now appeal to its sense of honour and its sense of justice, with a firm reliance on both, to be allowed to clear myself from the infamous scandals that have been cast upon me.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
John Henry Anderson.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—It is with the greatest reluctance that I intrude my private affairs on the notice of the public. It has only been on very rare occasions that I have ever done so. Since the late dreadful catastrophe at Covent-garden Theatre I have been urged by many friends to reply to the numerous paragraphs which have appeared in the newspapers concerning myself; but I preferred—and I hope wisely—to believe that the public would not construe my silence into an assent to the many extraordinary statements which have been published. I feel, however, that a portion of Mr. Anderson's letter which appears in your impression of to-day ought not to remain without a reply. It is that part which gives the impression—possibly not intended by the writer—that I only gave permission for the *bal masqué* to take place when induced by the offer of Mr. Anderson to appropriate the receipts to the payment of the rent due. The facts are these:—On February 22 I was at Madrid, and there received a letter from Mr. Anderson, requesting permission to give a *bal masqué*, stating he had no other way of paying his rent. I wrote by that night's post, simply refusing permission, without any kind of qualification or terms whatever. The same afternoon I received a telegraphic despatch from Mr. Anderson, in these words:—"Ne craignant pas votre refus sous les circonstances, j'ai annoncé un bal conjointement avec mon bénéfice dans une telle manière que l'on ne peut se passer de l'autre. Je vous supplie donc de donner votre permission, sans quoi vous savez que je suis perdu, signed Anderson."

To this, within half an hour, I telegraphed this answer—"Je ne done you permission now to the ball." After this I was naturally astounded, on arriving at Paris on the following Thursday, February 28, to see by the London papers that Mr. Anderson had persisted in advertising the *bal masqué* all the week. I immediately sent another telegraph in these words: "I cannot permit the ball." On the Sunday I received another letter from Mr. Anderson, containing a most urgent appeal, saying, "I have pledged myself to the public so far that it is impossible for me to retract without ruin to myself;" that he had no other means of paying his rent; begging me "rescind my interdict, and to be allowed to keep faith with the public, &c. Few would, I think, have resisted this appeal. I, unfortunately, did not, and wrote to my solicitor (Mr. Tamplin) to that effect by the post of Sunday, March 2.

Up to this time it will be seen that I had positively refused permission for the ball to take place, without attempting to make any kind of condition or even mentioning the subject of the rent due by Mr. Anderson; but Mr. Anderson having stated to Mr. Tamplin that his sole object in giving the entertainments he had announced was to enable him to pay his rent, it was arranged—and I believe without any opposition on the part of Mr. Anderson—that the receipts of the two nights should be paid over to my treasurer; but with this important proviso,—not mentioned in Mr. Anderson's letter—viz., that a sum not exceeding £400 should be returned to Mr. Anderson to enable him to pay the expenses consequent on the two nights (the profits, in fact, only remaining mine), and that any balance which might remain was to be paid by Mr. Anderson's acceptance at six months, his theatrical property in the theatre remaining as my security. I must add, I never knew of this arrangement until Tuesday, March 4, previous to which, it will be remembered, I had already given permission for the ball.

On Wednesday morning, March 5, I was aroused by the fearful intimation, by telegraph, that Covent Garden Theatre was on fire. I arrived in London after an absence from London of nearly a month, and was soon applied to by Mr. Anderson for the £400. I said, that the property was burnt which I was to hold as security, but that, as Mr. Anderson was insured for the sum of £2,000, he would give me an order on the insurance-office to receive the amount of my claim, and I would pay him the £400. For what reason I know not, I have not received this order, and consequently I have not paid the £400.

I was, indeed, very much surprised to see in Mr. Anderson's letter any evidence of ill feeling towards myself, for he has all along acknowledged and expressed himself grateful for the manner in which I have behaved towards him. Had it been my wish to have acted harshly, I had ample power so to do, and, as to the receipts of the theatre, I could, by my agreement, have any night put money takers at the doors and have helped myself.

I am sorry Mr. Anderson should have introduced my name into a letter which appears essentially to have been written with a view to rebut certain insinuations which have been made against him; but if it will afford him the slightest satisfaction to hear it, I beg publicly to say, that if, from all the extraordinary circumstances connected with the late fire, the dreadful conviction is forced upon me that it was not the result of accident, my suspicions have never for one moment lighted upon him.

I really feel, Sir, that your columns ought not to be encumbered with such details as the above, nor should your readers be annoyed with the recital of such personalities; and my only excuse is that I act in self-defence.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient Servant,
Prince's-place, Hart-street, Covent-garden. F. GYE.

MR. FRANK BODDA'S *Soirée Musicale* took place on Monday evening, at his residence in Nottingham-place. The principal vocalists were Miss Poole, Miss Manning, Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Miss Huddart, Mrs. Weiss, and Mr. Land. The instrumentalists were Mr. J. Stone (pianoforte) and Sig. Regondi (concertina). Mr. Bodda was encored in "La Sposa di Mastro Nicola," and the concert gave satisfaction to a numerous audience.

THE BRENTFORD HARMONIC SOCIETY performed Haydn's *Creation* on Thursday, March 27, at the Town-hall, under the direction of Mr. Williams. At the termination of the first part, a purse containing 30 guineas was publicly presented to him by C. H. Smith, Esq., the president, as a mark of their appreciation of his talents and successful labours in the formation and carrying on the Society for three years. This is the second present of the same amount presented to him by this Society. A selection of sacred music was performed on Friday, April 4, at the Assembly Room, Hounslow, which was densely crowded by the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood. Mr. G. Pringle presided at the pianoforte. Conductor, Mr. Williams.

REVIEWS

No. 1.—"WHY SHOULD I BE SAD." Composed by Alfred Mellon.
No. 2.—"I LOVE THE LILIES." Composed by Frank Mori.
No. 3.—"WHILE MY LADY SLEEPETH." Composed by George Linley.
No. 4.—"EARL NORMAN AND JOHN TRUMAN." Composed by Charles Mackay.
No. 5.—"I WATCHED YOU FROM THE SHORE." Composed by G. A. Macfarren.
No. 6.—"FLORENCE VANE." Composed by W. Vincent Wallace.

In No. 1—"Why should I be sad?"—Mr. Mark Lemon, by his lively words, and Mr. Alfred Mellon, by his sparkling music have given satisfactory reasons why the singer who takes this song in hand should *not* be sad. Miss Mary Keeley, too, has proved it over and over again, by her animated public singing—the effect of which so little tends to *sadden* audiences, in theatres and concert-rooms, that they invariably encore her.

In No. 2—"I love the lilies"—Mr. Charles Swain (like other poets before him) finds a resemblance between lilies, roses, &c., and certain attributes in the person of his mistress. The music to which Mr. Frank Mori has wedded this apostrophe—like the apostrophe itself—is very pretty and graceful, but not very original. We are unable to say whence any part of the melody is derived; but it all sounds extremely familiar. The accompaniment is neat and musician-like.

In No. 3—"While my lady sleepeth"—with a picture—Mr. George Linley (not for the first time) has laid his mistress to sleep, in "a bower" where (of course)—

"Gentle breezes
Waft lightly through the tresses

as "she sweetly slumbers." Really, these things have been said so often (in ballads), that we see no reason why they should be set forth again (in ballads), even "from the Spanish." The music is about as original as the words, and begins like the last movement of Bellini's "Tu vedrai sventurata," twisted into 6-8 measure.

The words of No. 4—"Earl Norman and John Truman"—are in Mr. Mackay's most racy manner. The music is unaffected—something, indeed, after the style of our genuine old English melodies.

No. 5.—"I watched you from the shore"—is a very simple, but at the same time, attractive ballad, sentimental without being of the prevalent *maudlin* cast. It is in Mr. Macfarren's least ambitious manner, and must please generally.

In No. 6—"Florence Vane"—Mr. George Linley (not for the first time) regrets that he has loved somebody. This time he has loved Florence Vane, who appears to have been a jilt—since, near the end, we find that the hopes of the poet "have faded *like a dream*" (a new idea); and further Mr. Linley bursts out in the following (very passionate) exclamation:—

"O would I ne'er had loved thee,
Florence Vane! Florence Vane!—"

the repetition of the name of that heartless young lady giving double poignancy to the poet's anguish. To this lyrical lamentation Mr. Vincent Wallace has set a melody that charms by its tenderness, and an accompaniment as artistic as it is unpretending.

"ELI"—an oratorio—the words selected and written by William Bartholomew. The music composed and dedicated to Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, by MICHAEL COSTA.

(*Continued from page 190.*)

The second part of the oratorio opens with Samuel's "Morning Prayer"—a beautiful song in E flat, for a *contralto* voice. The melody and harmony of this are equally to be commended, although objection may be made to the *false relation* between B natural and B flat (and *vice versâ*) in bars 5, 6, 7 of the opening symphony. But this is a mere spot, which, were not the composition otherwise so charming, so tranquilly expressive of Samuel's purity and devotion, would scarcely be worth naming. In the last symphony, too (page 111), we find the harmonised scale of E flat—first with a tonic pedal for voice and bass, and then without the pedal, the scale in the bass to new harmony—both monotonous and insipid. This is another spot.

The following scene—after a good deal of accompanied recitative and *remplissage* of no great character or interest—leads to a graceful trio in A, for Hannah, Samuel, and Elkanah ("Thou shalt love the Lord"). The theme led off by the tenor voice is answered a fourth below by the *contralto*, and then in the octave by the *soprano*. A peculiarity of this trio consists in the subject being made up of fourteen bars—which however has an awkward effect, since it necessitates the addition of two extra bars to conduct it from the tonic to the dominant, and disappoints the ear by the full cadence arriving two bars too early. This occurs thrice, and always in the same unsatisfactory manner. We have no objection to irregular rhythms, but they should be ingeniously hidden, otherwise they perplex rather than please. The rhythmical treatment of the *coda* ("I will love the Lord"—page 11") is also irregular—a superfluous bar putting off the full cadence at the end of each section of the melody. The trio, however, has the merit of being voiced to perfection, and, though we cannot admire its construction, is likely to please the majority.

More *remplissage*—in which Eli blesses Elkanah and Hannah, and, at the same time, modulates from D into F in a manner somewhat vague—leads to an unaccompanied quartet, in the last-named key ("We bless you in the name of the Lord,") which is neither more nor less than the organ voluntary preceding the overture at the beginning of the oratorio. We cannot discover much character—nor any *melody* properly speaking—in this; but it goes well for the voices, and, if sung in tune (and, above all, *softly*), is sure to please certain quidnuncs, who find everything good that is slow, subdued, (and above all, *unaccompanied*).

The next piece is long and important, containing some of the strongest, and some of the weakest music in *Eli*. It begins with a very long march in C, with a trio in F and a loud *coda* after the approved fashion. We consider this march rather common-place for its pretensions. The subjects are trite, and are both reminiscences of themes in Mozart's *Figaro*—the march, of a passage in the first *finale*, the trio, of the barber's first song. The whole is sprinkled with suspensions, which seem to have dropped in by accident, but which are evidently introduced because the march, being a sacred march—a march of Israelites—must have suspensions, suspensions belonging essentially to the sacred style of music. And so, at every close (and half close) we detect the interval of the fourth suspended over the interval of the third—the effect of which is as puerile as it is big wiggish. The march moreover is just twice as lengthy as it is interesting. To it—with the interruption of more of that eternal recitative (*Eli* urging the Israelites to battle)—succeeds an elaborate chorus in two parts and in G minor ("Hold not thy peace"), the first part solemn and slow, the second ("So persecute them with thy tempest") a fugue with florid accompaniments for stringed instruments, *à la* Mendelssohn. The opening of this chorus has a grandeur about it; but the modulations are vague and excessive. The fugued movement (although no more strictly a fugue than either of its predecessors—containing as many full closes, as little elaboration, almost as much *remplissage*, and no *stretto*, or squeeze) is the most vigorous, effective, and indeed admirable piece in the entire work. The subject is fine (in the Händelian vein), and the florid accompaniment, developed with infinite skill, sets it off to infinite advantage.

After a long *pedale* on the fundament, in which the third and fourth bars of the first theme are worked, the interest begins to flag. The return to G minor with the first four bars of the theme, only gets the composer into trouble, from which he is obliged to relieve himself (page 137, lines 2, 3) by a desultory progression of full chords, where the subject is abandoned, and we are brought from the key of D flat to another *pedale*, on the dominant of the relative major. This sounds very feeble after the other, is soon rejected, and unexpectedly leads us back to our old friend the march, now given in unison to the voices, in a new key (B flat) and accompanied (*strepitoso*) by the full orchestra. The march is gone through in this manner—but, with the omission of the trio, which abbreviation, however, is atoned for by an orchestral symphony (after the voices cease) where the same tune (the march—not the *trio*) dies gradually away into silence, thus bringing the whole to a conclusion by no means brilliant—which is a pity.

Brunswick, 31st *March*.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Last week was marked by various musical performances worthy of notice. In the first place, the Ducal Chapel most worthily concluded, on Thursday, the series of its *Symphonie-Concerte* for this year. Herr Ferdinand Hiller, *Capellmeister* from Cologne, who had undertaken the direction of the concert, produced his overture to *Ein Traum in der Christnacht* and his symphony *Es muss doch Frühling werden*; he performed also a pianoforte concerto of his own composition. Lastly the programme included Weber's masterly overture to *Euryanthe*. With regard to Herr Hiller's compositions, of which we had previously received a very favourable account, the opinion of the assembled audience, consisting mostly of excellent judges of music, was decided during the concert, as was proved by their frequent applause. We never joined, indeed, in an opinion with greater delight and a more intimate conviction than we did in this case. A great many specimens of *tone-poetry* (*Ton dichtungen*)—if indeed we can call them tone-poetry—have been presented to us in the course of the present as well as of the past year; but they left nothing for our feelings and our mind save a sentiment of wild discomfort and disconsolate emptiness, and consequently a painful longing after some fresh vivifying oasis in the wide and barren sandy desert. To this oasis has the genius of Herr Hiller conducted us, by offering to our notice creations distinguished by profundity and clearness of thought, carried out in a masterly and invariably correct manner, and marked, lastly, by an admirable and noble instrumentation, free from all straining after mere effect. These compositions, without ignoring the present, are connected, in all their attributes, with a *period* of art, whose productions and influence a more modern race of dwarfs would willingly consign to oblivion, in order to pass for Titans themselves. Into what details shall we enter after having thus recorded our opinion? We have already given the reader to understand that Herr Hiller's compositions have nothing to fear from the most searching critical examination; we are, moreover, contented with *that* answer which our heart gives to our question. We will only especially say thus much, that, in the symphony, we assign the first place to the noble adagio, so full of profound feeling. The pianoforte concerto, a concerto in the highest sense of the word—that is to say, a work of art not made up of a thousand eccentric leaps and jumps, destitute of all inward sentiment—was executed by Herr Hiller in addition to great technical perfection with a grace and depth of feeling such as are not to be found among modern virtuosos with few exceptions (one of these exceptions, an artist holding a prominent position, both as composer and virtuoso we may proudly boast of having among us). The performance of the *Capellmeister* was faultless, and we can, therefore, not do otherwise than conclude this account with the wish that the *Symphonie-Concerte* of next year may begin in the same manner as those of the present year have ended. I will only add, that, after the concert, an entertainment was given by the members of the orchestra and several lovers of art in honour of Herr Hiller, and that, in the course of the evening he was presented with a laurel wreath. May he look upon it not only as a most appropriate emblem of his talent, but as a memento of the high artistic enjoyment he has afforded the public of this town.

Miss Ellen Conran.—(*From a Correspondent*).—This young lady, a native of Ireland, appears to have achieved a genuine success in Italy. The Perugian correspondent of the Florence *Scaramuccia*, writing under the date of January 19th, says:—

"Miss Ellen Conran, as *contralto prima donna* in the opera of *Stella de Napoli*, won from the first evening the sympathy of the public. This admirable young artist played the part of Olimpia with delicacy and dignity. Many and sincere were the plaudits and praises of the audience. Her action is very dignified, and suitable to the character of princess, lover and spouse; her beautiful countenance attracts every beholder; the public feels the power of beauty when combined with talent; to this add her graceful delivery—her thorough knowledge of music—her excellent style of singing—her delicate feeling—and we must not wonder if this charming foreign artist were to win the sympathies of all Italy as she has already won those of our most distinguished Peerage, which has so warmly and enthusiastically applauded her. We strongly recommend Miss Ellen Conran to advance courageously in the career she has so auspiciously begun; let envy do its best, every well-meaning and noble mind will encourage her in her glorious task. If advice of ours would not be displeasing to her, we think she would be heard even to greater advantage as mezzo soprano; then her voice would acquire still greater sentiment and power. We only express the ardent desire of her numerous admirers."

The same writer, in a letter of the 2nd February, speaks of her even more highly in Vaccai's opera of *I Capuletti e Montecchi* which was played for her benefit. Miss Conran has been equally successful in other towns, and has signed an advantageous engagement with the manager of the theatre at Florence. [Hurrah for native talent!—Ed.]

TORQUAY.—A sacred concert was given on Friday by the Choral Society which was numerously attended. Mrs. Fisher presided at the piano; Mr Wray was conductor. Miss Pepprell, Miss Bayly, Miss Eales, Master Larwill, Mr Butland, Mr Hicks, Mr Chenoweth and Miss Cove were the vocalists.

LEEDS.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The Musical Union gave its fourth dress concert on Monday. The vocalists were Mad Weiss, Mr and Mrs. Lockey, and Mr Hatton. The band was under the direction of Mr Burton. The programme included the overtures to *Masaniello*, *Oberon*, and Hatton's *Henry the Eighth*, the latter directed by the composer, who alternately indicated the time with the bell hammer and performed on a set of bells, introduced into the overture. The singers exerted themselves to the utmost.—An opera company—the bills say from Drury Lane theatre—has been giving mutilated versions of *Lucia*, *Elisir d'Amore*, *La Sonnambula*, *Guy Mannering*, *Maritana*, &c., at the theatre, in Hunslet-lane, with moderate success. The party includes Madlles. Lanza, Adami, Messrs. Herberte, Corri, Manley, &c.

Mr James Anderson, the comedian, has been "starring," in company with the talented Miss Elsworthy, at the Princess's theatre during the week. Their acting has been greatly applauded by very full houses.

Mr Willert Beale has been visiting various towns in the West Riding this week to make arrangements for some open-air concerts to be given by Jullien and his band in May and June.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—*Dr Mark and his Pupils.*—The Easter concerts given by Dr Mark and his band of musical prodigies, in the Corn Exchange, in this town last week, proved a decided success, drawing large audiences. As other attractions during the holiday week went down, that of Dr Mark's concerts proportionately rose. On Friday evening he had a "crowded house" and among the visitors present was E. Perry, Esq (the mayor) who was so pleased with the performances of the juvenile band, and so convinced of the value and excellence of the system which could produce such ability in such young heads, and musical dexterity in such young arms and fingers, that he has since forwarded to Dr Mark a written testimonial in favour of the system, and its very clever and praiseworthy author—a document which will, no doubt, receive the signatures of other of our town's dignitaries, and principal gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood who visited the concerts during the week. On Saturday evening Dr Mark closed his performances in Wolverhampton; and on Monday evening last appeared with his little *corps* in Bilston, to the great delight of the inhabitants. Dr Mark is making a tour of the district. To-day (Wednesday) he and his "little ones" will perform at the Lancasterian School room, Dudley; on Thursday, Friday and Saturday at Walsall, and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next at Stourbridge, where the performances are to be under the distinguished patronage of Lord Lyttleton and many families of distinction in the neighbourhood.

LIVERPOOL.—(*From our own Correspondent*).—The second Philharmonic concert took place on Tuesday night, when Beethoven's B flat symphony was played. The vocalists were Madame and Signor Gassier and Mr Swift. The lady created a great sensation in the bravura air (the *Sicilienne*) from the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, transposed and materially altered, nevertheless. Mr Swift pleased by his manly and energetic style. *Eli* will positively be given in May with Sims Reeves as tenor. Mr. Charles Mathews has been drawing crowded houses at the Theatre Royal. Messrs. G. W. Thomas and Chisholm have engaged Miss Emma Stanley to perform at the Clayton Hall at the end of the month. Mr. Best is to play on the St. George's Hall organ, in presence of the judges and the bar, before the assizes terminate.

Business has been so bad at the Amphitheatre that Mr. Copeland withdrew his pantomime, avowing that it did not pay expenses. The old stock tragedies seem to draw much better. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are giving their comic entertainment, "Patch Work," to crowded houses at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street.

GLASGOW.—(*From a Correspondent*, March 26.)—The first concert of the Glasgow Orchestral Union—a society of professionals and amateurs—was given in the M'Lellan Galleries. The centre room was fitted up for the occasion. The overtures to *Il Barbiere* and *La Dame Blanche* were tolerably well executed by a band composed entirely of local musicians, with the exception of Herr Hausmann and Mr Thomas, who came from Edinburgh. Some choruses were given with a good deal of rough energy by twenty members of the Glasgow Choral Union. The attraction of the evening, however, centred in Herr Reichardt, who is an immense favourite in Glasgow. He sang, among other things, Blumenthal's romance, "Le Chemin du Paradis," and was loudly encored. Herr Seligmann sang some popular ballads with much taste. Herr Seligmann conducted, and Mr Allwood, of the Theatre Royal, lead the band.

The performances at the theatre, on Wednesday evening week, comprised the third act of the *Trovatore* and the whole of *Il Barbiere*. Madame Fedor (with a cold) was Rosina. Herr Reichardt (Almaviva) gave two German *Lieder*, which were much applauded. On Thursday the season closed with the third and fourth acts of *Le Prophète*, the last act of *Don Pasquale*, the scena from *Fra Diavolo* (in German), and the last act of *La Favorita*. Herr Reichardt was particularly successful in the scena from *Fra Diavolo*, and being encored, gave an English ballad, composed by himself, entitled "The Farewell." On Monday, on the extra night, at reduced prices, *William Tell* was produced with the same cast as formerly, unless Herr Reichardt as the Fisherman. The theatre was crowded.

PARIS.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The season at the Italiens will be brought to a conclusion on Monday night, and M. Calzado has to be praised for his management, if not complimented on his success. The *repertoire* of the past year included the following sixteen operas—*Mosè*, *Cenerentola*, *Il Barbiere*, *Otello*, *Semiramide*, *Matilde di Shabran*, *Don Giovanni*, *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia*, *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, *Fiorina*, and *L'assedio di Firenze*. To these may be added the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, executed three times during Passion week. The new artists have all proved successful, but not one pre-eminently so. No Alboni, Cruvelli, or Tamburini has been found in Mad Borghi Mamo, Mad. Penco, or M Everardi. The few nights Mad. Frezzolini sang still exhibited her to advantage, but the Parisian audiences are the most ungenerous in Europe, and never forgive the loss of even a *few* notes. Epicureans in art, they look only to the present, and think little of the past. They pay to be pleased now, and why should they make allowance? In England the failings of a great artist—at least, those induced by long service—are treated with leniency. Grisi has still enough of her former excellence remaining to command respect and admiration. At her benefit on Monday week she was received with unusual applause, cheered repeatedly, and recalled several times in the course of the performance. Mario sang again finely on the same evening. Mad Borghi-Mamo was encored in the *Brindisi*. *Don Giovanni* was given on Tuesday, for the benefit of Mad. Frezzolini.

Mad. Donati has made her *début* at the Grand Opéra, as Rachel, in *La Juive*.—Vivier's concert is fixed for the 10th. Mad. Viardot, Mdlle Dussy and M. Gueymard, will lend their aid and Mad. Massart will perform on the pianoforte. After the concert Vivier will come to London.—On the 26th ult., a new opera, *Le Chercheur d'Esprit*, was produced with success.

Google

BIRTH.

On Sunday last, March the 30th—at Shrewsbury—the wife of Walter C. Hay of a daughter.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1856.

MATTERS are now arranged. Mr. Arnold has come to terms with Mr. Gye, and the performances of the Royal Italian Opera will take place this season in the Lyceum. The subscription is to date from the 15th of April, upon which day it is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that the theatre will be opened to the public. It will require no little diligence and energy to be ready so soon—since, owing to the disastrous effects of the Covent Garden fire, Mr Gye has lost all his materials for the mise-en-scène of forty three operas, and Mr Costa all his scores and orchestral parts. These—or so much of them as is required for the seventeen operas promised—must be replaced. Moreover, the interior of the Lyceum has to be put in order before it is possible to commence operations, the theatre in its present condition, being unavailable as an Italian opera-house.

For this service, and that of getting at least two operas completely ready, little more than a fortnight remains. The workmen, however, are actively employed; the copyists are expeditious, and the artists all know their parts. So that the inauguration on the 15th is not an absolute impossibility.

Mr. Gye must have acted with great energy and presence of mind under the pressure of his terrible and unexpected misfortune, or he would scarcely have succeeded in keeping the whole of his company together. On the other hand, the Italian singers, it would appear, have behaved with great consideration and liberality. Mr Gye himself avows it, and publicly tenders them his thanks—which shows that he is not insensible to the good feeling displayed towards him in his adversity. If (of which we are uncertain) they were not all freed from their obligations by the fire, Mr Gye at least would have been unable, under the circumstances, to fulfil his to the letter. The conduct of the Covent Garden artists, and of their distinguished conductor, is consequently entitled to hearty praise, and will doubtless obtain for them a large share of public sympathy.

The engagements for the season may be shortly stated. Except Viardot Garcia and Tamburini we find all the eminent names of last year. Grisi (who *will not* be burnt out or otherwise discarded from the establishment, of which she took leave with such *éclat* in 1854) is at the head of the dramatic *soprani*, and by her side Madame Jenny Ney, who won the hearts of subscribers, not in *Fidelio*, but in *Il Trovatore*—as Verdi's Leonora, not Beethoven's. Angiolina Bosio, that universal favourite, stands foremost among the *soprani d'agilità*, and by *her* side a modest, though shining satellite (*Venus cotoyant Luna*)—Mademoiselle Marai, the *blonde Autrichienne*. To these ladies must be added Madame Nantier Didiée, the excellent *mezzo-contralto*, and Madame Tagliafico-Cotti, that *piccolélla seconda donna*. For tenors we have as chiefs, Mario and Tamberlik—the first (*Dieu merci!*) for the whole season, the last (*hélas!*) only for a few nights, the inexorable and munificent Emperor of the Brazils stiffly insisting upon the almost immediate presence of the renowned *tenore di forza* at Rio Janeiro, where we hope he may never catch the yellow fever. Next to these come Gardoni, likely to be even more effective at the Lyceum than at Covent Garden Theatre, although by no means ineffective there, Sig. Luchesi, the "*cantatore di gentilezza*" (as he has been called), Sig. Luigi Mei, and last, not least, the loud and anxious Soldi. For the loss of Tamburini we are compensated by the re-acquisition of Giorgio Ronconi, the most inimitable of acting barytones in comedy and in tragedy. By the side of that cunning Figaro we find Sig. Graziani, who won laurels in the *Trovatore*. Tagliafico and Polonini (*Arcades ambo*), always useful and always competent, no matter with what service charged, Zelger the Belgian *basso*, and Lablache, whom to name is enough, and whose presence before the Lyceum foot-lamps—like the darkness that enveloped the Egyptians—will be a presence that may "*be felt*." So much for the singers.

Mr Costa resumes the *bâton*, and though the band must of necessity be smaller, the name of that eminent *chef d'orchestre* is a warrant that it will not be one atom less efficient.

We are still to have *ballet*—or, more properly speaking, *divertissement*, and that this will be done well may be taken for granted, since Terpsichore is represented by that exquisite poiser of "the light fantastic toe," Fanny Cerito. Associated with the "comfortable" Fanny are Madlle Esper, M. Desplaces (*ballet* master), and others of less note. Who is to be scene-painter is not stated, but we suppose it will be Mr W. Beverley, whose stage-manager is equally unspecified—but we may not be far wrong in pointing to Mr Augustus Harris.

We shall have—we *can* have—none of the great operas of Meyerbeer. The *Etoile du Nord* will be sadly missed, since it had only just begun its career of triumph. (One thing is certain—Meyerbeer had no hand in burning down Covent-Garden Theatre, although we shall not wonder if we find him accused of it by the editors of *La France Musicale*.) The catalogue of operas to be produced during the season—which will include 40 subscription nights—is as follows:—

"*Rigoletto, La Gazza Ladra, Otello, Il Trovatore, Matrimonio Segreto, Il Barbiere, I Puritani, Norma, Lucia, La Favorita, Fidelio, Don Giovanni, Il Conte Ory, L'Elisir d'Amore, Don Pasquale, Lucrezia Borgia*, and *La Traviata*."

La Traviata, Verdi's last opera but one, is founded upon the well known French drama of *La Dame aux Camélias*, by M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*. It is in the part of the heroine that the new singer Mdlle Piccolomini has made herself famous in the smaller theatres (she has never appeared at any of the larger houses) of Turin, Florence, Venice, and other Italian cities, and at her own native Sienna. We are glad to find *La Gazza Ladra* in the list, and in a lesser degree we are disposed to welcome *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which, efficiently cast, will be a veritable *bijou* on the Lyceum stage. The subscribers, at any rate, have little right to grumble, since they are promised no less than three of the latest operas of the god of their idolatry—the obstreperous and omnipresent Verdi, Emperor of all the Unisons.

Meanwhile, it is doubtful whether Covent Garden will be rebuilt, or a new theatre and concert-room erected. Mr Gye announces the latter, and the site, according to some, will be Burlington Gardens, according to others, Leicester-square. *Nous verrons*. In addition to the operatic arrangements, Mr Gye has entered into a contract with Mad. Adelaida Ristori (Marchésa di Grillet) for a series of performances on the off nights, and has concluded an arrangement with the directors of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham to give a certain number of grand concerts, assisted by the whole vocal and instrumental forces of his establishment. So that, with all these sroms in the fire, it will be hard if the fortunes of the Royal Italian Opera are not sustained until another and more commodious temple than the little house in Wellington-street be found.

Mr. Anderson seems determined not to allow the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre to be forgotten for lack of reminders. Besides a letter in *The Times* a column long, he has placarded the walls of the Lyceum and other buildings with an address to the public. In this (as in his communication to *The Times*) he protests with great diffuseness against charges and insinuations which we cannot but regard as the creatures of his own imagination. *No one* has accused Mr Anderson of setting fire to the theatre purposely and yet Mr Anderson persists in defending himself. Uncharitable persons will be likely to give a wrong construction to the Wizard's obstinacy and attribute it to that very desire for notoriety which he repudiates, if not denounce it as an ingenious expedient of puffery. We hint at nothing of the sort—being charitable but we strongly recommend Mr Anderson to keep quiet, if he does not want his motives to be impugned. We have reprinted his letter to *The Times* elsewhere together with Mr Gye's answer which is sufficiently explicit to spare us the pains of adding any observations of our own. The placard, however, is worth a remark or two. But first let the reader peruse it.

THE FIRE AT COVENT GARDEN

TO THE PUBLIC.

A DEFENCE AND AN APPEAL.

From the Times Thursday, March 6th, 1856

"The cession of the theatre, just previously to Christmas, to Mr. Anderson, for a few weeks, by the then Lessee has been very generally condemned, as derogatory to a stage which, during the London season, for several years past, has enjoyed an amount of royal and distinguished patronage, hitherto unexampled in the history of the drama."

From the Globe, Thursday, March 6th.

"There was strange and pre-destined rashness in yielding that magnificent pile—the costly depository of so much that was precious in art and all its associations—to such hands as those of the Northern Wizard's, who had, in former instances (as we find it stated), gone off in the familiar way of wizards, viz., in a blaze of fire."

From the Examiner, Saturday, March 8th.

"The fact, that this long celebrated and beautiful building was destroyed in the orgies of a masquerade, must excite intense disgust. To such base uses had this theatre descended."

From the Spectator, Saturday, March 15th.

"Covent Garden Theatre is burnt down—and taught by experience, the public at once *suspects the Incendiary*. Honest play-acting is a poor trade; but, says the public, there must be profit in *Arson*."

From Punch, Saturday, March 15th.

"Oh! the Wizard of the North,
Sing the Tuesday night ane own,
When he bade the gas break forth,
And burned the playhouse down."

From the Musical World, Saturday, March 22nd.

"The wanton destruction of so magnificent a theatre."

Mr. Marcus Sharpe, at the meeting of renters of Covent Garden Theatre.

"I think the parties who let the theatre have been very remiss in their duties. If we had been told that it was proposed to let the theatre to Mr Anderson, *knowing that two theatres in the occupation of that gentleman had previously been burnt to the ground* we should certainly have objected to let him occupy the building."

Passages such as these in the pages of the best Journals of England demand notice. They attack one man unjustifiably—they attach blame unjustly—they arouse groundless suspicions—they hint at the blackest of deeds—and they are gross attempts to destroy with infamous celebrity the person to whom they point. That person is myself and being utterly unconscious of the reason why I should thus be maligned, I submit to the public my defence, and appeal to that public—ever to me impartial and kind—to aid me in obtaining redress.

No one, more than myself can regret more profoundly the loss of the noble building with which my name has become so unfortunately associated. No one more than myself can feel its loss to London and the world. Equally with the best lovers of the Drama, I lament the destruction of one of its most honoured temples and equally with the chief lovers of Music, do I deplore the ruin of Music's most magnificent shrine. But I am merely credited for having such feeling—on the contrary to me is imputed not only the disaster but criminal participation in the catastrophe. Of what am I guilty that I should be thus accused?

It is true that Covent Garden Theatre has latterly been devoted to the Italian Opera—true that it was let to me for conjuring. If I chose to exercise in it the conjuror's art. Wherein was the *degradation*? According to the statement of Mr Serman, Italian Opera had failed to re-imburse the proprietors. To pay the debt which the opera had failed to pay I consented to give Mr Gye £2,000, and try if the Wizard could obtain audiences at a time of the year when Music was deserted by her votaries, and the Lyric Drama had no friends to invite within its doors. I paid Mr Gye £1,200 in hard cash, and agreed to give him an acceptance for the remaining £800. During my term of occupancy no servant went unpaid, no tradesman applied at the treasury door and was sent back. It was my ambition to discharge every obligation, and I did so to the best of my power. Wherein then was the degradation in letting the theatre to the Wizard of the North? Wherever I have had a hall or theatre once I believe that they would only be too glad to let it to me again. None have been burned down whilst under my control, except my own in Glasgow the burning of which left me for the time a ruined man; and the same theatre let to me by Mr. Gye in 1856 was let to me by *the proprietors themselves* in 1846.

Wherein was the degradation of my occupancy? I produced a *pantomime* in it—in Covent Garden, the *acknowledged* theatre of Pantomime—in Covent Garden, where the Anti-Corn Law League had its fair—where M. Jullien engaged by Mr Gye, had given his Promenade Concerts, with their annual disturbances on the opening night, and his Masquerade on the termination of each season under that engagement?

Wherein was the degradation when I *employed* Mr Loder one of our best English Composers to write the music, and when Mr A. Harris, under whom *L'Etoile du Nord* and *Le Prophète* were produced, was engaged at an expense of £300 to produce the Pantomime; while the only fault found by the Press with that very Pantomime after its production was, that it had not the vulgarity and slang necessary to ensure success?

Wherein, too, did I degrade the theatre, by producing in it one of our National Dramas, *Rob Roy* with the music of Sir Henry Bishop; and the most popular drama of Douglas Jerrold, *Black-Eyed Susan*, in which Mr T. P. Cooke had himself appeared on the same boards in the reign of the Kembles?

Wherein did I degrade the theatre by playing in it one Italian Opera, *La Sonnambula*; and two Musical Works by English Composers, the *Rob Roy* of Bishop, and the *Bohemian Girl* of Balfe?

Wherein too, am I to blame for degrading the theatre by giving a Bal Masqué? In Italy the Land of Art do they not give Masqued Balls in their Lyric Theatres?—and in Paris, the City of Taste, do they not give annually a Bal Masqué at the Opera, where the visitors conduct themselves no better than they do in England? Was mine, too, the *first* Bal Masque given in Covent Garden Theatre, or was it the worst conducted? Some gentlemen who confessedly were *not* present, have pronounced an opinion—let those who were present answer if it were so. With the *morality* of a *Bal Masqué* I had nothing to do—I did that which M. Jullien, for Mr. Gye, had done before me—that which they do in Italy—and which they do in Paris.

Imputations of complicity in the destruction of the house are broadly insinuated by one or two journals. A coroner's inquest has given its verdict—it has attached no blame to me. Why should those who know less of the investigation do so?—or on what grounds have I been so accused? Is it because I have practised magic as the art by which to gain my bread—and been commanded to give my performances in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, and potentates innumerable—or is it because, in no one public or private action of my life have I been accused of dishonesty? It is strange that the press, which lauded me when in prosperity at the Lyceum, should be thus uncharitable to me in so unfortunate hour at Covent Garden.

I do not ask for sympathy—I do not wish to make property out of

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the notoriety I have derived from misfortune—I simply ask to be considered impartially, and to be treated justly. I care not to evoke any maudlin sentiment, not to solicit any unmerited mercy—I ask to be dealt with fairly and I indignantly repel slander. To the public I appeal, and I am confident that my appeal will not be in vain.

JOHN HENRY ANDERSON

On second thoughts, let us declare without hesitation that the above rhapsody is no better than an arrant puff. It assumes to be *a defence* and is no defence at all. Mr. Anderson cites the coroner's inquest (a precious inquest it was!) which "attached no blame to him." Why, then, since no blame was attached, can he not leave well alone? If the world "in general" is satisfied with the decision of the coroner and jury, what reason has Mr. Anderson to persist in further appeals *ad misericordiam*? The investigation was conducted with such severe impartiality that the world "in general" must, of course, be satisfied. No one's feelings were hurt; no one was asked any awkward questions. Even Mr. Gye himself, lessee and director of the burnt-down theatre, was not interrogated. *He* might naturally be supposed to know more than the majority of people about the interior arrangements of an establishment which he had managed for seven years, and would be as likely as any to inform the jury what were the dangers to which the theatre, under ordinary circumstances, was inevitably exposed, and what the precautions usually taken to avert them. But this did not suggest itself to the mind of the coroner who—though he might, by virtue of his office, have "stay'd" Mr. Gye and examined him—like Dogberry, would not "stay him against his will." Mr. Augustus Harris, too, and Mr. Ponteau—both important officers in the late establishment—should have been called. These gentlemen, as well as Mr. Gye, could in all probability have thrown some light upon the subject. The coroner and jury, however, seemed not to want a light thrown over the evidence, but, as *Punch* suggests to "the Wizard," an extinguisher.

Mr. Anderson's placard is simply a piece of unmeaning declamation. Nobody accused him, as we have said, of burning down the theatre; and yet he demands emphatically—"Of what am I guilty, that I *should* be thus accused?" This reminds us of the little boy who—when himself and playmates were summoned in a row by the schoolmaster and questioned as to who broke the pantry window—cried out "Please, sir, I didn't do it," whereupon the master suspected him, and he was sent to bed without any supper. The public are naturally anxious to know if, as many believe, Covent Garden Theatre *was* burnt down intentionally, who were the agents?—and every one directly or indirectly, connected with the establishment is summoned before the bar of public opinion. He, then, who like the little boy cries out before he is questioned—"It wasn't me"—brings a suspicion upon himself which otherwise would not have attached to him. Those who have inveighed most bitterly in print and in conversation, against the culpable negligence which led to the destruction of the building (supposing—*which we do not*—that it was burnt down by accident) have either not accused or at least have acquitted Mr. Anderson. The *Globe* itself, which has written very strongly on the matter, acquits him:—

> "The concurrent testimonies above cited seem to us to afford quite adequate grounds for a moral if not a legal verdict on the cause of the fire. The first rather precipitately whispered surmise was that there might have been a stroke extraordinary of the Wizard's black art in the business. But in practical as in philosophical inquiries it is well not to suppose more causes to have co-operated, than must needs be supposed to account *for* the effect produced. *We are quite of opinion that the Wizard set the house on fire; but we see no reason to assume that he set it on fire of set purpose.* Had he entertained any such purpose the prolonged overheating of the roof and the protracted vigils of all the people about the theatre (one fireman was stated to have been on duty forty hours) might have been very well chosen means to affect it without employing the actual torch of the incendiary. But the desire of crowding as much entertainment into the last hours of his term and taking as much money as might be before his occupation was gone—is sufficient to explain Mr. Anderson's exorbitant *exploitation* of the last fifty hours of Covent Garden Theatre."—*Globe, March 22nd.*

Mr. Gye, on the other hand, who evidently entertains (as we, and many others, entertain) the conviction that the loss of Covent-Garden theatre was the work of an incendiary or incendiaries, acquits Mr. Anderson of all suspicion—as may be seen in the following passage from a letter addressed by the manager of the Royal Italian Opera to *The Times*, which we have quoted in another page:—

> "I am sorry Mr. Anderson should have introduced my name into a letter which appears essentially to have been written with a view to rebut certain insinuations which have been made against him; but if it will afford him the slightest satisfaction to hear, I beg publicly to say that if from all the extraordinary circumstances connected with the late fire *the dreadful conviction is forced upon me that it was not the result of accident*, MY SUSPICIONS HAVE NEVER FOR ONE MOMENT RESTED UPON HIM."

But—*argumenti gratiâ*—admitting that Mr. Anderson *was* accused directly or indirectly of having planned or at least aided and abetted the catastrophe, *his* letter in the *Times* (which we have left Mr. Gye to dispose of) and his placard *on the walls of the Lyceum* (which should have been printed in characters of scarlet), are no defence. They answer nothing. They refute nothing. The placard contains lamentations on the part of the writer that he should have been accused (when he never was accused), howlings for the loss of the theatre (which no doubt he deeply feels), accounts of what he did pay and what he did not pay to Mr. Gye, allusions to his profession of Magic, and his performances before Her Majesty Queen Victoria of England and "POTENTATES INNUMERABLE" (!), a sort of history and defence of Masked Balls in general (which he declares have taken place all over the world, and with the "morality"* of which he has nothing to do), complaints of the uncharitableness of the Press (which has turned round upon him in his misfortunes), and a general appeal to the public—but not one word of argument or refutation in reference to the charge (which he assumes to be) preferred against him.

Mr. Anderson asks—"Wherein was the degradation of my occupancy of Covent Garden Theatre?"—and then cites, one after another, the feats which distinguished his management—his conjuring, his pantomime, his *Rob Roy*, his *Black-Eyed Susan*, his *Sonnambula*, his *Bohemian Girl*, and his *bal masque*. To which we have but one answer—viz., that all or any of these achievements, however tolerable, or even respectable, in some places, were nothing short of degrading to such a theatre as Covent Garden. In saying so much, however, we less impute blame to Mr. Anderson than to others. He hired the theatre and had a right to perform any species of antics within its walls that might bring him money. But he had no right, in the teeth of Mr. Gye's remonstrances, to institute what he termed a "Carnival Benefit," with the pendant of a *bal masque*, during which—again to quote the *Globe*—"The splendid theatre sank in flames, because (we suppose) the lessee's *poverty and not his will* surrendered it to a conjuror to play tricks in, while it should have been setting in order for its right use." The

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* Has he anything to do with the "immorality?"

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Wizard had no right, we repeat, to do this; and he would seem to be of our opinion, since he avoids all allusion to it both in his letter and in his placard.

Mr Anderson asks—"Was mine the first *bal masqué* given in Covent-garden Theatre, or was it the worse conducted? Some gentlemen who confessedly were not present, have pronounced an opinion; let those who were present answer if it were so?" Mr Anderson's ball was not the *first*, but it was by many degrees the *worst*—for which we, who "were present," can answer. We never beheld in all our experience of orgies, one more utterly disgusting. Mr Anderson has not been arraigned for "complicity in the destruction" of Covent-garden theatre "because" he "practised magic as the art by which he tried to gain his bread"—nor because he "was summoned to give" his "performances in the presence of the Queen and POTENTATES INNUMERABLE"—nor because "in any one public or private action of" his "life has he" "been accused of dishonesty;" nor had he any plea for proposing such illogical and stupid queries, since he was not arraigned at all. If, therefore, it is true that he does not (to use his own words), "*seek to make property out of the notoriety derived from his misfortunes*," he should cease placarding, letter writing, advertising and puffing generally—set on foot the close and searching investigation we recommended him two weeks since, and decline to endanger his reputation and good name by persistently dragging the latter publicly forward in connection with a catastrophe that has levelled to the ground a magnificent theatre and thrown so many needy people out of bread.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE opposition society is the first in the field this season. Dr Wylde has been more energetic than Messrs. Anderson and Co., and the first concert of the New Philharmonic came off with considerable *éclat* on Wednesday evening, before a densely crowded audience, in the Hanover-square Rooms. Why Exeter-Hall has been abandoned deponent sayeth not; but the subscribers are by no means disappointed at the change. The programme of the concert which inaugurated the fifth year of the Society's existence, was as follows:—

PART I.	
Overture (*Egmont*) ...	Beethoven
Aria, "Hat man nicht Gold" (*Fidelio*)	Beethoven
Sinfonia, E flat, violin and viola, with orchestra	Mozart.
Litany, E flat	Mozart
Symphony, B flat	Beethoven.
PART II.	
Overture (*Freischütz*) ...	Weber
Recit. and Aria (*Faust*)	Spohr
Concerto, No. 1, pianoforte, G minor	Mendelssohn
Chorus of Dervishes (*Ruins of Athens*)	Beethoven.
Overture (*Domino Noir*)	Auber
Conductor —	Dr Wylde.

The overture to *Egmont* was performed with great spirit, and as much may be said of the symphony in B flat. The prevalent faults were a want of refinement, and an absence of "*pianos*"—which latter seems to be unattainable by our large orchestras. Dr Wylde *read* both works with intelligence and evidently understood them well. The symphony was immensely successful. The overtures to *Der Freischütz* and *Le Domino Noir* are too familiar to call for remark. They always please, and pleased on this occasion; but something *newer* would have been preferred.

The two unknown compositions of Mozart (introduced for the first time in England) would alone have made the concert interesting, in spite of its intolerable length. We shall not attempt to describe them at length after one hearing only. Suffice it that the first two movements of the *sinfonia*, for violin and viola, with orchestral accompaniments, was admirably played, so far as the soloists (M. Sainton and Mr Blagrove) were concerned. The combination of the solo instruments with orchestral accompaniments—in which the "wind" is confined to two oboes and two horns, while the violas are *divided*—is unusual; but the ingenuity and rich invention of Mozart has produced the happiest results. The *allegro maestoso* and *andante* of the *sinfonia* are both very fine. The last movement—a lively *presto*—bears more evidently the stamp of antiquity. Nevertheless, the whole work was a genuine treat; and the execution of M. Sainton and Mr Blagrove gave it every chance of appreciation. Its reception was triumphant.

The Litany in E flat—a still more important composition—was by no means so well done as the *sinfonia*. Nothing, indeed, could possibly be less satisfactory than the execution of the choruses, which, nevertheless, are among the finest ever written by Mozart. The "Tremendum ac vivificum" is as sublime, the "Pignus futuræ gloriæ" as elaborate and ingenious as anything in the *Requiem*; while the beauty of the "Viaticum in Domino"—in which an old Gregorian hymn is allotted to the soprano voices, in unison, as a *canto fermo*—can scarcely be surpassed. The opening "Kyrie" is melodious and lovely. In fact, the Litany is full of passages in the best vein of Mozart; and few of his church pieces can be said to excel it. The weakest points are the solos for *soprano*. These, which were written to satisfy the ambition of some *cantatrice d'agilità* (with whom, it is possible, the gallant little composer may have been half-enamoured), are choked up with florid divisions and scales (to the fluent delivery of which, by the way, Mad. Rüdersdorff was hardly equal), of no great interest. And yet the *themes* of both are graceful, and instinct with genial tune. The other solo singers in the Litany were Miss Rüdersdorff (a sister of Mad. Rüdersdorff), Mr George Perren, and Herr Gregorio. It was a pity that the discovery of so great a treasure should have been turned to so little account.

Mad. Rüdersdorff sang the splendid air from *Faust* with great animation and brilliancy. But the feature of the second part was M. Hallé's masterly performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor. The first movement was taken too quick, but the rest was beyond criticism; and it was no small feat—at 11 o'clock after three hours of music, not to be enjoyed without the closest attention—to have roused the audience to such unwonted enthusiasm. M. Hallé was never more warmly applauded, nor ever better entitled to applause.

The song of Rocco—the song in praise of gold—was entrusted to Herr Boktansky, a new Teutonic singer, who has a tolerable bass voice, which he manages with a certain degree of heaviness.

Dr Wylde must be praised for having treated his subscribers and the public to an abundant a feast of harmony; but he must be careful not to give them a *surfeit*. There was enough music on Wednesday night to serve for two concerts.

The room was inconveniently (*very* inconveniently) crowded; or to speak truer, *packed*. Had the audience been oysters, they could not have been more closely embarrelled. If any one of them had been taken with a fit of sneezing, woe betide him, and his nearest neighbour. To have got at his handkerchief was impossible. But as no one's arms were free to communicate with his pockets, no one could take snuff, and so no one sneezed. *Tant mieux.*

HERR REINTHALER, from Cologne, has arrived in London, to witness and assist at the production of an oratorio of his composition, called *Jephtha*, in St. Martin's Hall.

MR. GEORGE TEDDER has returned to London from his tour in the provinces.

SIGNOR PICCO.—The concerts of M. Picco have been transferred to St James's Theatre. On Monday last, the opening night, an excellent selection of music was given by the Orchestral Union, under the direction of Mr Mellon; and M. Picco astonished the audience by his extraordinary performance of the finale from the *Sonnambula* ("Ah non giunge,") and the *Carnaval de Venise*, in both of which he was encored. The theatre was fashionably attended.

HERR HILDEBRAND ROMBERG, the young violoncellist, who left so favourable an impression behind him on his last visit to this country, is expected in London shortly.

THE MUSICAL UNION

THE 19th season of the Musical Union commenced on Tuesday afternoon, at Willis's Rooms. The attendance was crowded, and of course (how could it be otherwise at Mr Ella's?) fashionable—brilliant—aristocratic—*élégant!*

The programme was as follows:—

Quartet in D, No. 7	Mozart.
Trio, D minor, Op. 49	Mendelssohn.
Quartet, No. 1, in F, Op. 18	Beethoven.
Solos, violoncello	Franchomme and Chopin.
Solo, pianoforte	Chopin.

The executants in the two quartets—which were capitally performed—were M. Sainton (first violin), Mr Carrodus (second violin), Mr Hill (viola), and M. Franchomme (violoncello). Thus we had two Englishmen and two Frenchmen. M. Sainton plays better and better, and indeed must be placed in the foremost rank of quartettists, by the side of the greatest living artists. Mr Carrodus (pupil of Herr Molique) if we are not very much in error, bids fair to obtain the championship among English violinists. Mr Ella could not possibly have selected one more eminently capable to fill the post of second violin at the Musical Union. Of Mr Hill it is unnecessary to speak; he has long won his spurs, and wears them as bravely as ever. M. Franchomme holds the first rank among French violoncellists, and has always been eminent as a quartet player. He has also maintained "a friendly alliance" for many years with the director of the Musical Union, which imparts an additional zest to his performances.* *En effet*—M. Franchomme is a good player, although his tone is more agreeable than strong, and he has many of the French vices of style. We preferred him in the quartets. His solos were not so effective, and by no means deserved the praise bestowed upon it (by implication) in the following short notice from the pen of Mr Ella:—

"This eminent violoncellist, a native of Lille, a first-prize man in 1826, at the Conservatoire in Paris, made his *début* and at once established his reputation at the Society's grand concert in 1830. Since that period, until the present, Franchomme has enjoyed a high reputation, and been principal violoncellist in the best orchestras of Paris. He is now the first violoncello at the grand concerts of the Conservatoire, professor in the Academy, and for his distinguished talent, both as a performer and composer, was decorated in 1842, *chevalier de la legion d'honneur*. His published works amount to thirty five, chiefly concertante for the violoncello. Report states that his son, a mere youth, promises to be a wonderful performer on the violoncello, and, also, evinces an aptitude for composition."

M. Hallé's execution in the trio of Mendelssohn was superb—astonishing indeed; but his tone was too loud, almost throughout; and the other performers, MM. Sainton and Franchomme, (especially M. Franchomme) had little chance of being appreciated. The pianoforte upon which M. Hallé performed (a Broadwood) was one of the most magnificent instruments we ever heard, unfolding such a wealth of tone that the greatest delicacy and variety were attainable with ease by the performer. Almost a breath would have brought sound from it, as the breeze from the harp of Æolus. The solo chosen by M. Hallé was a long and unmeaning piece of rhodomontade, which the late Chopin presented to the world as a *Grand Polonaise*. But M. Hallé's playing was just as good as the music he interpreted was indifferent.

The concert was attentively listened to and heartily enjoyed. Madame Clara Schumann ("née" Wieck) will make her first appearance in England at the next.

HERR CARL FORMES has been created Knight of the Order of Merits with the Golden Chain (*Verdienst orden mit der goldenen Kette*) by the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha.

HERR VON DER OSTEN, the Berlin tenor who was here about four years ago, will pass the musical season in London.

ST MARTINS HALL

THE success achieved by Mr Hullah for his oratorios and other works, sacred and secular, of the great masters, has doubtless induced him to give a series of orchestral concerts at similar cheap prices. These are to take place on Saturdays, and the first (on Saturday last) was a very favourable commencement. Mr Hullah knows the value of moderate charges. He has tried them and found them remunerative. He appeals chiefly to the middle classes, and they respond to his appeal. Orchestral performances—good ones at least—at cheap prices, have long been wanting in the heart of the metropolis. Mr Hullah has attempted to supply this want, and we hope he may succeed. His orchestra on Saturday night was strong in every department excepting the violoncellos, which were deficient in number. Of these, the greater part will in all probability be required for Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera at the Lyceum. As the former, however, does not commence operations until May, Mr Hullah will have time to provide substitutes. There are materials in London for at least half a dozen orchestras in the metropolis.

The programme of the first concert was as follows:—

PART I.	
Overture (*Coriolanus*)	*Beethoven.*
Air—"Dalla sua pace"	*Mozart.*
Scena—"Ocean, thou mighty monster"	*Weber.*
Trio—"Tantum ergo"	*Rossini.*
Symphony—"Jupiter"	*Mozart.*
PART II.	
Andante and Rondo, B minor	*Mendelssohn.*
Trio—"Oh! memory"	*Henry Leslie.*
Méditation sur le Premier Prélude de Bach	Gounod.
Ballad—"There's a charm in spring"	*Hullah.*
Overture (*Les Troqueurs*)	*Hérold.*

The *Jupiter* Symphony (although open to criticism) was decidedly the best performance, and created the greatest enthusiasm. Mr Hullah is to be praised for adhering to *all* the repeats which Mozart has indicated. The symphony is *not* too long; and the audience seemed to find it, if anything, *too short*.

Mr Lindsay Sloper's performance of the pianoforte part in Mendelssohn's fine piece was irreproachable in regard to mechanism, but the rondo was too quick to be effective, and the orchestral accompaniments were coarse and loud throughout.

The *Méditation* of M. Gounod, in which poor Sebastian Bach's first prelude (*Clavier bien Tempéré*) is sandwiched between a French tune for the fiddle, and an unmeaning accompaniment for the organ, was played by Messrs. Blagrove, Sloper, and Hopkins. It was encored, although Mr Blagrove was not so exactly in tune as he usually is. Why it was encored, however, we are at a loss to say, since a piece of more sheer stupidity was never perpetrated. The notion of making the old contrapuntal giant dance attendance upon a modern French composer could only have entered into the head of a modern French composer. Bach is engaged in this connection as accompanyist in ordinary to the author of *Sappho* and the *Nonne Sanglante!* What next, and next? And yet this impertinence has been lauded and encouraged by critics who should know better or leave off criticising.

For soprano, tenor, and contralto, Mr Leslie's trio (of which an account was given in a recent notice of the Amateur Musical Society) was also encored—a result in great part due to the admirable singing of Mr and Mrs. Sims Reeves and Miss Palmer. Mr Hullah's ballad was also encored, thanks to the singing of Mr Reeves, but this new inspiration is scarcely worthy of the man who wrote "Autumn leaves." The first air of Don Ottavio—"Dalla sua pace"—was sung to perfection by Mr Reeves; and had that been encored we should have been better pleased. Mrs. Sims Reeves displayed a fund of animation and musical feeling in the difficult scena from *Oberon*, which she sung better than we ever heard her sing it before. The audience applauded her with unanimity. Rossini's "Tantum ergo" (solo singers, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith (tenors) and Thomas (bass)) is in the style of the *Stabat Mater*, is melodious and charming; and the pretty sparkling overture of Hérold (where did Mr Hullah disinter it?) extremely well played, brought the concert—which was refreshingly short—to a close with excellent éclat

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* "Franchomme's numerous engagements this week in Paris compel him to return this evening, and his short visit we are proud to acknowledge, as a pledge of the friendly alliance that has existed between us for many years."—*Record of the Musical Union.*

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The programme of Saturday was almost irreproachable. There was but one unfamiliar name in it, which the reader cannot fail to hit upon at a glance.

1.—Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven. 2.—"Concerto Drammatico," violin and orchestra; violin, Mr Watson, Spohr. 3.—Aria, "Non più andrai" (Figaro), Mr Leffler, Mozart. 4.—Symphony in G minor, Mozart. 5.—Duet, "Bella imago" (Semiramide), Miss Leffler and Mr Leffler, Rossini. 6.—Concerto, No. 2, D minor, pianoforte and orchestra; piano, Mr J. F. Goodban, R.A.M., Mendelssohn. 7.—Song, "Love and Courage," Mr Leffler; horn obbligato, Mr Eckhoff, Spohr. 8.—Overture, "Uriel acosta" (repeated by desire), Schindelmeisser.

The instrumental performances were better than the vocal. Mendelssohn's Concerto was taken too slow from first to last. The crowd was immense.

Berlin.—On Good Friday the members of the Singacademie performed Bach's *Passion*, according to St. Matthew. Herr Mantius sang the music allotted to St. Matthew, and Herr Sabbath that to the Saviour. The execution was under the direction of Herr Grell. Beethoven's *Christus am Oelberge* was performed on the same day in Kroll's establishment. A concert was given last week, by Stern's Gesangverein, when Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* in D was produced. This was first performed in a complete form at Cologne, in 1844, under the direction of Capellmeister Dorn. Mad. Jenny Ney-Bürde is still singing with success at the Royal Opera-house. She will shortly leave for London, being engaged to Mr Gye.

Erfurt.—Dr Spohr's oratorio, *Des Heilands letzte Stunden*, was performed on Thursday in Passion-week in the Kaufmanns Kirche, which was brilliantly lighted up for the occasion.

Mayence.—The Liedertafel, in conjunction with the Damengesangverein, gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* on the 3rd inst.

Stettin.—Mdlle. Johanna Wagner has appeared in *Iphigenia*, *Titus* and *Orpheus*.

Leipsic.—Herr Ferdinand David, *Concertmeister* in the Gewandhaus orchestra, broke his right arm, a short time since, as he was stepping into a hackney-coach.

Hamburgh.—Herr Sachse has received an invitation to give a series of performances with his operatic company in Edinburgh.

Vienna.—The Gesellschaft der Tonkünstler performed Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, in the Hofburg theatre, on the 16th and 17th instant. It does not say much for the taste of the Viennese public that this masterpiece was allowed to pass over with scarcely any applause. We must add, however, that the execution was anything but satisfactory.

St Petersburgh.—The opera season terminated on the 26th of February, with *Il Trovatore*. During the five months seventy-four representations were given and fifteen operas produced. Of these the *Trovatore* was most successful, the Petersburghians being hardly less affected towards Verdi than the Italians. Of the two prima-donnas, Madame Bosio was the greatest favourite, although some preferred Mdlle. Lotti. The two artists, however, could not justly be compared. Mad. Bosio is a pure *soprano*, with surprising agility; Mdlle Lotti a *mezzo-soprano*, or *contralto* of considerable power. Both good in their way. Sig. Tamberlik was as great a favourite as ever. Of the characters in which he appeared, he was most admired as Otello. Signors Lablache and Debassini sustained their reputation, as did Signor Calzolari, as a pure singer of the Rubinian school. Mdlle. Marai won golden opinions, and Mdlle. De Meric, a *contralto*, appeared to have gained ground. The season has been one of the most successful for many years.

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M. W. BALFE.—"TRUST HER NOT." Duet. The Poetry by Longfellow, the Music by Balfe, sung by the Misses Brougham. Price 3s.—Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

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Printed by William Spencer Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's-lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, April 5, 1856.

The Musical World.

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VOL. 34.—No. 15. SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1856. PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It is respectfully announced that Her Majesty's Theatre will re-open early in May. Engagements of great interest have been effected both in Opera and Ballet, and the best exertions used to make the arrangements worthy of the occasion. The prospectus will shortly be issued. The subscribers and friends of Her Majesty's Theatre who feel an interest in the success of this great Establishment are respectfully invited to forward early intimation of their intention to subscribe. The season will consist of thirty nights, and the prices will be as follows:—Pit Tier, 120 to 150 guineas; Grand Tier, 160 to 200 guineas; One Pair, 60 to 150 guineas; Two Pair, 70 to 100 guineas. Pit Stalls, 25 guineas. The box-office is now open.

EXETER HALL.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

MR. BENEDICT has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT is fixed to take place at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday Evening, May 21st, upon the same grand scale as those of former years. Principal vocalists—Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt Lind (who has most kindly consented to perform on this occasion, on her return from the Provinces), Madame Marie Cabel, and Madame Viardot, [illegible] Herr Reichardt, and Sig. Belletti. Piano—Mr. Otto Goldschmidt and Mr. Benedict. Violin—Herr Ernst. Violoncello—Sig. Piatti. Arrangements are pending with other distinguished artistes. The orchestra will be numerous and complete. Further details will be duly announced. Reserved and Numbered Seats, £1 1s.; Unreserved Seats, 10s. 6d. The places will be appropriated according to priority of application, and no more tickets will be issued than can be conveniently accommodated. Applications for tickets to be made to Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and to Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Mr. Costa. The Committee have the pleasure to announce that an extra performance will be given on Friday week, the 25th April, when Mr. Costa's Oratorio, "Eli," will be again repeated. The following distinguished Artists will sustain the principal Vocal Parts:—Madame Clara Novello, Madame Viardot Garcia, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. The Band and Chorus numbering nearly 700 performers. Special Stall Tickets, One Guinea; Central Area, 10s. 6d.; Gallery and Area, 5s.; Unreserved, 3s.; at the principal music-sellers, or at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter-hall. To commence at Eight o'clock.

BRADFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1856.—Under the especial patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, K.G. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G. etc., etc. President—The Right Honourable the Earl of Harewood. The Festival will be held in St. George's Hall, Tuesday, August 26, Wednesday, 27, Thursday, 28, and Friday, 29. Conductor—Mr. Costa. Chairman—Samuel Smith, Esq. Secretary—Mr. Charles Ollivier.
Committee Room, St. George's-hall, Bradford.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN begs to inform her Pupils and Friends, that her two Annual Matinées of PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne-street, on Saturdays, May 31 and June 14, when she will be assisted by M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, and other distinguished artists.—Tickets at Ebers's Library, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. John Macfarren, [illegible], Stanhope-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN announces to his friends and pupils that his SECOND CHAMBER CONCERT will take place on Wednesday Evening, April 23. Tickets 7s., to be had of Leader and Cock, 63, New Bond-street, and Mr. W. Macfarren, 58, Albert-street, Regent's-park.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 9, for which they have secured the assistance of the celebrated pianiste Madame Clara Schumann, and other eminent artistes. Tickets 7s., to be had at the principal music-sellers; reserved seats, 10s. 6d., to be had only at Signor and Madame Ferrari's residence, 69, Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.

SIMS REEVES will sing at St. Martin's Hall, this evening, Balfe's new Serenade, "Good night, good night, beloved!" (the poetry by Longfellow).

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has much pleasure in announcing to the subscribers and the public, that Mr. Otto Goldschmidt and Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind have most kindly consented to perform for the Society. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt will perform at the Fourth, and Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind at the Fifth Concert of the season. Conductors, [illegible] and Dr. Wylde. Subscription for the series—reserved seats, £2 2s.; professional subscribers, £1 1s. Subscribers' names received by Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street; and by Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside.
W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT AND MISS COLE beg to announce that their Fourth Annual Series of Classical Chamber Music will take place at Willis's Rooms, in May, June, and July. 3, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Season, 1856.—The subscribers and public are respectfully informed that THREE CONCERTS will take place at Her Majesty's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on the following mornings:—Saturday, May 3, Thursday, June 5, and Saturday, June 28. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Terms of subscription for the three concerts, reserved seats, £1 1s.; professional subscribers, 15s. Subscribers' names received at Cramer and Beale's, Regent-street; and R. W. Ollivier's, 19, Old Bond-street.

MADAME ENDERSSOHN has arrived in London for the Season. Residence, 5, Walton Villas, Brompton. All communications respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to Hargrave Jennings, Esq., 120, Pall Mall.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her friends that she will return to England the first week in May. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.—Venice, 5th April, 1856.

MR. JOHN THOMAS begs to announce that he will return to town for the season early next week. All communications to be addressed to 26, Great Portland-street.

MR. LAMBERT (of York Cathedral), Vocalist, Bass, is open to accept engagements for Oratorio or Concert, in, or out of London.—Communications to be addressed to his residence, 61, Union-terrace, York.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 40 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 24 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

MISS HUGHES (R.A.M.) Vocalist, 69, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

MUSIC and BERLIN WAREHOUSE.—To be Disposed of by Private Treaty, a Business in the above line, established in the year 1826, and yielding from £250 to £300 per annum, capable of being very much increased. Situated in a large town of 40,000 inhabitants.—For particulars apply to Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; and to the Office of "The Musical World," 28, Holles-street, Oxford-street.

PIANOFORTES.—OETZMANN and PLUMB beg to inform Merchants and Professors that in consequence of their having made great improvements in the manufacture of their instruments, substituting machinery for manual labour, and taking advantage of [illegible] Patent Steam Drying processes, are enabled to offer to the Trade superior Pianofortes in Oblique, Semi-Grands, and Cottages, in all variety of woods and designs, at exceedingly reduced prices. Illustrated Lists sent on application, or a visit to their Manufactory will prove the great advantage secured. 5, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury; Manufactory, Chenies-street, Tottenham-court-road.—Alexandre and Co.'s Harmoniums at trade prices.

HARP STRING BOXES.—The most ingenious and unique is that of Signor [illegible], which divides the Box into seven compartments, corresponding to the seven notes of the octave, by which arrangement each set of strings is contained in its own separate and distinct compartment, so that any string can be found without trouble or guessing. The form of the Box is somewhat novel, being that of a cabinet or lady's work-box, and it is really a very pretty looking article, and the best Harp String Box ever made. Price of each Box, of any colour, with gold ornamental work, 15s. To be had of all the principal music-sellers.

TO PARISH CHOIRS AND CHORAL SOCIETIES.—New Te Deum and Jubilate in A, very easy, price One Shilling. New Te Deum and Jubilate in E, very easy, price One Shilling. Composed and Arranged for Four Voices, with Organ, Pianoforte, or Harmonium accompaniment, by W. H. Birch. Each service sent postage free on receipt of 14 postage stamps. Address W. H. Birch, Amersham, Bucks.

CREMONA VIOLINS.—For SALE, a remarkably fine and handsome VIOLIN by JOSEPH GUARNERIUS; also three by Stradivarius, Amati, and Bergonzi; and a fine Tenor and Violoncello by Joseph Guarnerius. Apply at 17, Edward's-street, Portman-square.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHORAL-BOOK, containing [illegible] new and 37 popular old tunes, adapted to the Psalm and Hymn Books of the SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, the Rev. C. Kemble, and the Rev. E. Harland, by F. Weber, Organist of the Royal German Chapel, St. James's Palace. Price 2s. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

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ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, for the Growth, Restoration, and for improving and beautifying the Human Hair. In the growth of the Beard, Whiskers, and Mustachios, it is unfailing in its stimulative operation. For Children it is especially recommended, as forming the basis of a beautiful head of hair. Price 3s. 6d. and 7s.; or family bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d., and double that size, 21s.

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an Oriental Botanical Preparation, for improving and beautifying the Complexion; eradicates Cutaneous Defects and Discolorations, and renders the Skin soft, fair, and blooming. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

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or, Pearl Dentifrice,

for preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums, and for rendering the Breath sweet and pure. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

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BY J. TOMLINS JONES, B.A.

THE COAST OF MERRIE ENGLAND, National Song, dedicated by permission to Colonel Frederick Hill and the Officers of the Shropshire Militia.

LOVE ME IN THE SPRING TIME, Ballad, written by J. Percy Douglas.

London: published by Addison, Hollier, & Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

By the same Composer

"THERE'S NOT A WORD THY LIP HATH BREATHED."

AND

"CLARA'S SONG" from Frank Fairlegh.

London: Rudall, Rose, & Carte, 100, New Bond-street.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.—A new Fantasia, introducing Favourite Airs from this Opera, arranged by Jules Brissac, has just been published by Duff and Hodgson, 65, Oxford-street. Price 3s.

On Saturday, May 31st, in Foolscap 8vo., 5s., cloth, gilt. Free by post on receipt of the amount in postage stamps.

"I TOO" and other Poems, by Beelzebub. London:—E. Townsend Hamblin, 421, Oxford-street.

VERDI'S SICILIENNE, from Les Vêpres Siciliennes, sung by Mad. [illegible] and Mdlle. Cruvelli, is now ready with Italian words (Del vostro amabil) and with French words (Merci, jeunes amis). Also transcribed for the pianoforte by Mad. Oury, price 3s. The English version is in the press. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

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"ELI," BY COSTA, AN ORATORIO.

WORDS WRITTEN AND SELECTED BY W. BARTHOLOMEW, ESQ.

Vocal Score, £1 11s. 6d.

THE FULL SCORE IS NOW ENGRAVING.

Subscribers' Names received.

Lists of the separate Pieces to be had on application.

Transposed Editions of the following are ready:—

		s.	d.
Morning Prayer		[illegible]	[illegible]
Evening Prayer		[illegible]	[illegible]
I will Extol—Hannah's Thanksgiving		[illegible]	[illegible]
Song of the Angels, transcribed from the Chorus as a Song		1	[illegible]
Callcott's admired Movements, from Costa's "Eli," 3 books	each	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chipp's Arrangement of the March for the Organ, Pedal Obbligato		[illegible]	[illegible]
" " of the Choruses, 2 Books			
Costa's Arrangement of the March, Duet		[illegible]	[illegible]

THE LAST

COMPOSITIONS OF IGNACE GIBSONE.

	s.	d.
Robert, toi que j'aime	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pastoral March	[illegible]	[illegible]
La mia letizia (Verdi)	[illegible]	0
Nocturne (Dramatique)	[illegible]	0
La Donna è Mobile (Rigoletto)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ah non giunge (Sonnambula)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ernani, Ernani, involami (Ernani)	[illegible]	0
A te o cara (Puritani)	[illegible]	0
Il Trovatore (brilliant fantasia)	[illegible]	0
Mahomet's	[illegible]	0

NEW SONGS.

		s.	d.
Tho' absent, I think of thee	De Becker	[illegible]	[illegible]
My home beside the Guadalquiver	J. Barnett	[illegible]	[illegible]
Go, thou art free	"	[illegible]	0
In childhood's fair morning	Linley	[illegible]	[illegible]
In dreams I behold thee	W. S. [illegible]	[illegible]	0
Love me little, love me long	Cummings	[illegible]	[illegible]
Little Dorrit	M. Stanley	[illegible]	[illegible]
Grieve not over earthly care	Sung by Miss Dolby	[illegible]	[illegible]

London: ADDISON, HOLLIER, AND LUCAS, 210, Regent-street.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY—SIR C. EASTLAKE'S PURCHASES.

To the Editor of the Musical World

(Continued from page 218.)

PURCHASES MADE BY SIR C. EASTLAKE, AS KEEPER.

Sir,—The first picture on my list is by an "Italian master."

1. "The youthful Saviour embracing St. John," ascribed to Guido. Purchased in May 1844, cost £410 10s. A disgrace to the National Gallery, and spurious.

Responsibility.—"Secured, at the recommendation of Sir C. Eastlake as a desirable purchase for the National Gallery," and one upon which public money "might be most advisably expended."—Min. of Trustees, Blue Book of 1853, pp. 741 2.

3. "The Holbein," purchased in April 1845. Cost £630. The notoriety of this production exempts it from comment.

Responsibility.—"At a meeting of the trustees of the National Gallery, held on Monday, the 7th of April, 1845, Resolved—"That Mr Eastlake is empowered by the trustees to negotiate the purchase of a picture, "A Portrait of a Gentleman," by Holbein, at a price not exceeding 600 guineas."

"At a meeting, &c. Monday, the 5th of May, Mr. Eastlake reported that he had agreed for the purchase of a picture "A Portrait, by Holbein, for the sum of 600 guineas. Resolved—That this picture is approved by the trustees, &c."—Min. of Trustees, 1845-6, pp. 2 and 3.

Sir C. Eastlake therefore, *appraised* the "Holbein" at 600 guineas. Now listen to him in person:—"I can hardly assume (Eastlake's evid., q. 6,389-6,178), that such a director as I think *fit* for the National Gallery would make such a mistake. I wish to state as plainly as possible that I might have prevented the purchase of that picture, and my not having done so implied a want of knowledge of the master." A want of knowledge of the *master!* A want of knowledge of *art*. For this "Holbein" is doubly a counterfeit—a counterfeit as a Holbein—a counterfeit as a work of art; and this soon became the conviction of the Treasury. At the very next offer of a picture for sale, the "Susannah and the Elders," *although* by an "Italian master," and *although* Sir C. Eastlake "had taken office on the understanding that he was to be chiefly consulted respecting the 'Italian masters,'" the Treasury, nevertheless, "command" their secretary "to express their opinion that, before the purchase is effected, it will be desirable that Mr Seguier be consulted as to the condition of the picture, and that two other eminent judges of the *merit* and pecuniary value of *Italian* pictures should be requested to give their opinion as to the merit and value of this picture. Their lordships think, moreover, that it would be satisfactory that the same course should be adopted in future."—Minutes of Trustees, 1845-6, p. 4.) Not even in the case of Raphael's "Vision of a Knight," although an obvious one, was Sir C. Eastlake's opinion trusted. Hear him again:—"Two connoisseurs (Eastlake's evid., q. 6,645) were now required to give an opinion and a certificate as to the authenticity of a work—even though by an 'Italian master'—before it could be purchased. I recommended the trustees to purchase the 'Vision of a Knight.' I gave them documentary evidence as well as my own opinion, which induced them to—what? To purchase it! No—to take *other* opinions. Four "other opinions" were taken before that picture was purchased. Was this merely from Sir C. Eastlake's "want of knowledge" of this or that "master," not Italian, or was it from his want of knowledge of art?

2. "Susannah Assaulted by the two Elders," ascribed to Guido, purchased in July, 1844, cost £1,260.—A common-place work of a degenerate school, and of doubtful origin, totally unfit for study. It has the further demerit of being one of many repetitions.

Responsibility.—I now crave the attention of Mr Wilson and of the Treasury. We have here a morsel of "authenticity" of the kind called "historical." I again quote from Sir C. Eastlake's own minutes:—"Resolved, That, considering as well the intrinsic merit of the Guido ('Susannah Assaulted' &c.), the historical evidence of its genuineness, and its peculiar value to the Gallery in conjunction with the companion picture ('Lot and his Daughters'), already purchased from the late Mr Penrice, the trustees are of opinion that it would form a very desirable addition to the Gallery at the price of 1,200 guineas."—Min. of Trustees 1845-6, p. 4.) And now, a climax:—

"6,063. (Eastlake's Evid. 1853.) Chairman—It is stated in the minute of the 4th of August, 1845, that the Susannah by Guido, was bought, among other reasons, 'on account of its *peculiar* value to the Gallery;' what is the meaning of that expression?—Sir C. Eastlake—I suppose that expression was used because the companion picture had been previously purchased."

"6,085. It is quite understood that these two pictures were originally intended as *companions*, the one to the other?—They were together in the Penrice collection, and in an Italian collection, the name of which I forget now."

"6,086. But there was no *historical ground* to suppose that they were painted originally by the master as *twin* pictures, the one illustrative of the other?—No." Who now will venture to doubt that "historical authenticity" is the very "best in the world?"

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kemp Town.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In answer to the letter of Mr Anderson reflecting upon me for that which I am reported to have said at the renters' meeting, held at Messrs. Robins' Auction-rooms, on Saturday, the 15th of March last, I beg to remark that the words I said were as follow:—"That the renters illustrated the adage that 'After the steed was lost the stable-door was locked;' that I thought it exceedingly remiss in the committee or those persons in whom the letting of the theatre was vested, that a beautiful lyric theatre, the finest for that species of performance in the world, should have been let for such purposes as conjuring, masquerades and other prolonged performances, without the renters being called together and consulted; that I had seen it stated in the public journals, as I dare say had also other renters, that this was the third theatre which had been destroyed by fire in which Mr Anderson had some interest or some control; that I thought those conjuring tricks or experiments, with masquerades and other prolonged performances, had been shown to be, by the previous disasters, dangerous to the structure and existence of theatres; and that I should most certainly, had we been called together, have opposed any individual efforts to letting the theatre for any such prolonged experiments or performances." I conceive that I am as much entitled to my opinion upon the danger of these prolonged performances to the late theatre as any other person interested. If Mr Anderson refers to a narrative of the fire in a morning paper of the 7th of last month, he will find these words:—"A rumour having been circulated that when the theatre, leased by the Wizard, in New York, was destroyed by fire, as well as that in Glasgow, they took place on the nights of his benefits as on the present occasion, we are *authorised to state that the fire which destroyed his theatre in America did not occur on the night of his benefit, and that the Glasgow theatre was his own property*." The *Daily Telegraph*, of March 6th, also contains the following passage:—"It is a remarkable fact that Mr Anderson has once before closed his theatrical season with the total destruction of a theatre, that of the City of Glasgow, in 1845. By this disaster he was nearly ruined, the house being his own. A theatre at New York, of which he was the lessee, was also destroyed by fire." It is obvious, that had Mr. Anderson thought fit, he could have attended the renters' meeting of the 15th ultimo, and have then taken his part in the discussion which arose upon the destruction of our property, which may, without exaggeration, be said to have been the finest lyric theatre in the world. It is to me entirely unaccountable why Mr Anderson should be irritated, and attack me with so much animosity for stating that I had seen in the public journals that two theatres had been burnt whilst in Mr Anderson's occupation or under his control. Mr Anderson appears not to have taken offence at the statements themselves—for he left them uncontradicted from the 6th and 7th of March until the 15th of that month—but to have been singularly irritated when I said that I had seen those statements in print. Up to this moment I have not seen any contradiction from Mr Anderson, specially relating to them. I again repeat that which I said at the renters' meeting, that I do not think, or say anything against the character of Mr Anderson, whom I have never seen off the stage. At the renters' meeting I did not "broadly and distinctly hint at arson," with which Mr Anderson taxes me in his first letter; nor did I reprobate, stigmatise, or slander him at that meeting, with which he also taxes me in his second letter; nor was it at any time my intention, nor did I at any meeting hint at constructive arson or black deeds. I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

1, King's Bench-walk, Temple.

MARCUS SHARPE.

THE SHERBOURNE ORGAN

THIS organ was opened in due form on Wednesday in last week, on which occasion the magnificent church in which it stands was crowded to excess. Full choral service was performed both in the morning and afternoon; the choir being made up by drafts from Salisbury Cathedral, The Sarum Choral Society and the Sherbourne Church Choir and there were no less than three officiating organists. None of these gentlemen, however, were at ease with the instrument they had undertaken to exhibit, so that, in reality, the organ has yet to be heard. The church is superb—immensely large, abundantly resonant, as these old buildings usually are, and admirably adapted for tone. A recent view of this grand edifice with the organ *in situ*, more than ever strengthens us in our condemnation of the course which has been taken in sacrificing important items of the interior work of the instrument for the sake of expending a large sum on its exterior case—more especially since, as we stated in a former notice, this case is not only costly but very ineffective. A church of such unusual magnitude not merely admits of, but absolutely requires, an organ quite double the size of that which it now contains. If such an instrument were beyond the reach of the funds at the disposal of the Sherbourne authorities, the really wise course would have been to have taken pattern from those old builders of our great churches, for whom the modern race of clergymen and architects in general profess so much reverence—namely, to have commenced the work on an adequately large plan, carried it on so far as present funds would allow, and left its completion for a future effort in more prosperous times. We strongly recommend this mode of procedure in all similar cases as infinitely superior to the adoption of a comparatively small and incomplete plan, in order to meet a present money convenience. In the former case, whenever funds are available for carrying on the original design, every guinea expended tells for its full value without loss or abatement; whereas, in the latter—as the parishioners of Sherbourne may one day discover—no additions can be made without such an amount of alterations and pulling to pieces of the already completed work as involves a cost few people without experience of the fact, would be inclined to credit. It may be stated, in general, that the loss, from such causes, incurred in making extensive additions to an instrument not prepared to receive them, will average 70 per cent. of the sum expended, except, indeed, under circumstances of most unusual occurrence.

A few trifling inaccuracies, it seems, crept into our description of the Sherbourne Organ, and they may as well be at once corrected. To the contents of the swell organ, a Keraulophon of 8 feet should be added, and also a Tremulant; and in the list of couplers, "Choir to Great, Sub-octave," should be omitted, and "Swell to Choir," and "Swell to Great, super-octave," should be added.

We have often had occasion to notice the droll way in which musical matters of all kinds are generally treated in provincial newspapers,—organs and organ-building, of course, coming in for their full share of the oddity dispensed on these occasions. A specimen has reached us, in reference to the Sherbourne Organ, that is sufficiently mischievous to be worth a few lines of comment. A local journal gives a long notice of the opening of the organ, and after a tortuous description of the instrument—showing, for the most part, a very satisfactory state of innocence as to the matter in hand—concludes by remarking that the builders are exposed to a penalty of £400 for having failed to complete the organ by the day specified in their contract, and that this fact ought to be used *in terrorem*, to procure an abatement of their charges! The editor—kind man!—would not absolutely mulct Messrs. Gray and Davison in the £400—certainly not;—he would merely construe, out of their liability to the fine, an engine wherewith to eject from their bill the "extras" which he—knowing man!—foresees will swell its amount. Now, this is "business"—not a doubt of it; and in an equally business-like spirit, we will devote a few lines to the question of "extras" thus raised. In a former notice we stated that the whole of the interior work of the Sherbourne Organ was completed on a design, and for a site, very different to those in which it now appears. It was intended to stand at the west end of the church, and the space it occupied was about twenty-six feet in width by comparatively very little depth. The claviers were placed in a "console" detached from the organ, elevated by several steps from the floor of the building and "turned round," so that the performer sat with his face towards the congregation in the church. The choir organ, though forming part of the main case, projected from it over the player's head, and the pedal sound-boards were placed at the extreme sides of the instrument. In order to adapt the organ to its new situation in the transept, and to the new case designed by the architect, these dispositions have necessarily undergone a total change. The space occupied is now about 14 feet in width by a very considerable depth; the claviers are in their usual position—buried in the body of the instrument, the choir organ is "in front,"—in other words, behind the player's back, and the pedal sound-boards are now placed in a line at the back of the organ. It is difficult to imagine a more complete change, or rather reconstruction than this; and yet the builders—as they assure us—have only demanded for it £60—a sum that, assuredly, will not nearly cover the prime cost of the labour alone involved. According, then, to the journal we have quoted, the builders are to comply with any wholesale amount of clerical and architectural whims, are to do this gratuitously, and, into the bargain, to be threatened with a penalty of £400 for a few days delay, in case any little "extras" should appear in their account!

In our opinion, Messrs. Gray and Davison have acted with extraordinary and very misplaced liberality in this matter. If they were called upon to make such an entire change in the arrangement of an organ already completed—a change, moreover, which materially diminishes its elegance and effectiveness—they were entitled to, and should have charged the full price of the work performed. Organ-builders are engaged in the structure of an instrument which is wholly unrivalled in grandeur, in necessary complexity, and in the amount of artistic skill required to insure its excellence; and they do not consult the dignity of their calling in thus cheapening their services to suit the fancies of people who hold them in no proper degree of consideration.

LIVERPOOL.—We have received a letter from Messrs. Gray and Davison, in correction of our Liverpool correspondent's statement with respect to them which appeared last week. *They*, and not the Messrs. Willis, have purchased Mr Bewsher's business in Liverpool. With regard to the purchase, or establishment, of any business in that town by the Messrs. Willis, we are without information.

BATH.—Two Concerts of Sacred Music were given in the Grand Pump Room, on Saturday morning and evening in Passion week. The vocalists were Mr and Mrs. Tennant, and Mr and Mrs. Paget. Selections were given from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and Mr Costa's *Eli*. There were several encores. The band was under the direction of Mr Salmon.

BRIGHTON.—On Thursday evening, the 27th ult., a concert was given by the Mechanics' Institution in the Town Hall. The principal performers were Misses Edney, Mr Affleck, Herren Zirom, and Kuhe. The hall was quite filled by the friends and members of the Institution. The Amateur Symphony Society continue their meetings at the Pavilion, under the direction of Mr. Gutteridge.

BRISTOL.—Miss Jackson gave a concert in the Victoria Rooms on the 10th ult. The principal vocalists were Miss Vinning and Mr Sims Reeves, and the instrumentalists, MM. Sainton and Piatti. Miss Jackson performed a *fantasia* by Thalberg, and accompanied the vocal music.

COALBROOKDALE.—On Monday, the 24th ult., a concert was given by the members of the Coalbrook Music Class. The principal vocalist was Miss Herring. Mr Boden was the solo violinist. The concert gave satisfaction.

MANCHESTER.—The concluding concert of the Trafford Glee Club was given on the 26th ult. Mrs. Tomkins and Mr Delavanti assisted with the permanent choir of the club. Mr. W. W. Foster was the president, and Messrs. Andrews and Brown vice-presidents.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. V

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

(Continued from page 197.)

BALFE remained at the house of the Count Mazzara nearly twelve months, and was treated like one of the family. Meantime his studies were not neglected. The best masters of Rome instructed him, and he applied himself diligently. In 1826 the immediate connection between the count and his *protegé* was dissolved. The count was obliged to return to England on business, but would not leave his young friend before he had provided for the continuance of his studies. He took Balfe with him as far as Milan, and arranged with Signor Frederici director of the Conservatoire, for carrying on the musical education of our hero. He also introduced him to Mr Glossop—*impresario* of La Scala at Milan and San Carlo at Naples—from whom Balfe received the greatest attention and kindness, and at whose house he was a welcome guest. Furthermore when leaving, the count informed Balfe that he had lodged at his bankers a sum of money to his credit. During his stay at Milan Balfe composed some overtures and choruses, which were performed at La Scala.

Our hero made great progress under his new instructor and, with his permission, would have undertaken the composition of an opera for La Scala, had not Mr Glossop objected, fearing that the production of a work by an Englishman and an untried composer would give rise to jealousies and recriminations. A short time afterwards the *impresario* altered his opinion and submitted to Balfe the *libretto* of a ballet, entitled *La Perouse* which was set to music accordingly and produced at Milan with success, the overture and a *morceau* descriptive of a shipwreck, among others, being praised by the connoisseurs.

Mr Glossop having promised him an appearance at La Scala, Balfe took lessons in singing from the celebrated barytone Filippo Galli, for whom Rossini wrote the parts of Assur in *Semiramide*, Fernando in *La Gazza Ladra*, etc. Unfortunately Mr Glossop was compelled to give up the management of La Scala—the combined direction of that theatre and San Carlos proving too much for him—and Balfe's opportunity was lost.

Under these circumstances, having no friends, and no chance of engagements in *prospectu*, Balfe made up his mind to leave Milan, and proceeded by way of Paris to England. In Paris, however he was detained by Cherubini, who having heard him sing advised him to stay where he was, and, inviting him to dinner next day told him he would introduce him to Rossini at that time director of the Italian Opera and in the zenith of his popularity. Balfe was too flattered with the invitation not to accept it, and next day he was introduced to the author of *Il Barbiere*, who was accompanied by his wife, the well known Madame Colbran. After dinner Rossini and his wife sang duets, and Balfe being asked for a song sat down to the piano and sang and accompanied himself in "Largo al factotum," to the delight of the composer, who declared that he did not think any one could sing and play that difficult song but himself. Balfe thus made an impression both on Rossini and Cherubini, and an engagement for the Italiens was offered to him, provided he would agree to take lessons from Bordogni for twelve months. The only difficulties were, how the instructions were to be paid for, and how Balfe was to live in the mean time. The first was set aside by Rossini giving our hero a letter to Bordogni, the second by a gift from a rich banker, named Gallois, of 10,000 francs, to be paid at the rate of 1000 per month. M Gallois was incited to this act of generosity by the pleasure he derived from hearing Balfe sing at Cherubini's house and the expectations he had there formed of his future success.

Balfe now applied himself with greater zeal than ever and, long before the twelve months had expired, was prepared to make his *début* before the exacting audience of the Italiens. He chose Figaro in *Il Barbiere* for his first appearance and had to combat with the recollections of Pellegrini, so famous in the part. The following was the cast:—Rosina, Mdlle. Sontag; Bertha, Mdlle. Amigo; Conte Almaviva, Signor Bordogni; Doctor Bartolo, Signor Graziani; Don Basilio, Signor Levasseur, and Figaro, Mr Balfe. The opera was played nine nights, and the triumph of the new Figaro was complete. After the third or fourth performance Rossini brought Balfe an engagement for three years, signed by M. Laurent, manager of the Italian Opera, at the following terms:—for the first year 15,000 francs, for the second, 20,000, and for the third, 25,000. The engagement was accepted, and Balfe held the post of first barytone during the whole period. His second part was Dandini in *Cenerentola*, in which he appeared with Malibran (Cenerentola) Mdlles. Blasis and Amigo (the Sisters), Donzelli (the Prince), Zuchelli (the Baron) and Levasseur (Alidoro)—a cast that has hardly been equalled since. While at the Italian Opera in Paris Balfe performed, among other parts, Don Giorance the Podesta in *La Gazza Ladra* and Batone in *L'Inganno Felice*. When the management projected bringing out Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*, for the purpose of introducing Malibran as Romeo, it was found that the concerted music was poor and ineffective. Rossini was asked to write some new pieces, which he declined, but recommended Balfe, who was engaged and composed an overture, two choruses, a scena for Malibran, and a cavatina and aria for Mdlle Blasis, the Giulietta. This was Balfe's first attempt at dramatic vocal composition, and his success was a happy augury of the future. Soon after the directors of the Grand Opera sent him a libretto called *Atala*, founded on the well known tale of Chateaubriand. He set to work upon this with so much perseverance that his health became impaired, and he was ordered to Italy by his medical attendant. Before his departure M. Gallois invited a number of the most distinguished professionals and amateurs in Paris to a *matinée* to hear the pieces already composed for *Atala*. Among those engaged to execute the music was Malibran, Adolph Nourrit—who afterwards committed suicide at Naples—Alexis Dupont, Levasseur, and the principal chorus singers from the Grand Opera and the Italiens. The young composer was highly complimented by all present. Balfe quitted Paris shortly after the *matinée* with the unfinished "partition" of *Atala*. As he was about to take his place in the diligence, a gentleman (unknown) drove up in a cabriolet, and, placing a letter in his hand, requested he would not open it until he was five leagues from the capital. Balfe mumbled consent, but, directly the gentleman's back was turned broke the seal and found that the letter contained a bank post-bill for 1,000 francs, accompanied by a few lines expressing the writer's pleasure at hearing Balfe sing at M. Gallois' *matinée*, and hoping the enclosure might be of service. Balfe, at the moment of starting had but a few francs in his pocket. But this was not all. As he was stepping on to the diligence another gentleman (unknown) placed his hand on his shoulder, and without a word, showed him a bill—amount 700 francs. Balfe, without a word, handed him the bank-bill for 1,000 francs, and was immediately tendered the *change*, which amounted to 300 francs. Our hero at last took his place, grieved at leaving Paris and so many kind friends, but full of hopes for the future, notwithstanding the diminution of his wealth so recently and unaccountably acquired.

(To be continued.)

MR. SIMS REEVES is engaged for a series of operatic performances at the Sadlers Wells, for which he is to receive fifty pounds a night.

PRESHUTE.—The organ erected for the parish church by Mr Sweetland, of Bath, was opened by Mr Smith, organist of Marlborough College, on the 18th ult.

STOCKWELL.—The South London Harmonic Society gave a concert at the Literary Institution on the 2nd inst. A selection of glees by Bishop, Mendelssohn, &c., were performed. Mr Williams was the conductor.

LOWESTOFT.—The fifth subscription concert took place in the Mechanic's Institution on the 20th ult. The principal vocalists were Miss Armstrong, Mrs Winterbottom, and Mr Perring.

THORNEY.—The annual soirée of the Thorney Literary Institution was held on the 25th ult., when Mr A C Tharker delivered a lecture on the national music of Scotland, with vocal and instrumental illustrations, assisted by the members of the Abbey choir.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 226.)

We may easily imagine what would be the artistic consequences of this, if we were suddenly to give the melody of the verbal-verse, of which we have already obtained a precise idea, to be sung by such singers. They would be the less able to execute it, from having previously accustomed themselves, even in operas composed to German *libretti*, to succeed in their mode of action in the case of translated operas; and in this they were supported by our modern German operatic composers themselves. From the earliest times, the German language has been treated by German composers according to an arbitrary rule, borrowed from the treatment of the language they met with in the operas of those nations, from whom opera, as a foreign production, was imported among ourselves. The absolute operatic melody, with its perfectly decided melismic and rhythmical specialities, as it had been developed in Italy, in tolerable conformity with an arbitrarily accented language, was, from the very commencement, the standard of German operatic composers; it was imitated and varied by them, and the peculiarity of our language and its accent compelled to bow to its demands. From the earliest times, the German language has been treated by our composers as a translated substratum for the melody, and whoever wishes to convince himself clearly of what I mean, should examine minutely Winter's *Unterbrochenes Opferfest*, for instance. Besides the completely arbitrary employment of the verbal accent, even the sensuous accent of the root syllables—for the sake of the melismus—is often completely distorted; certain words, with a combined doubled root-accent are, however, without more ado, declared to be uncomposable, or—when there is an absolute necessity for their employment—musically rendered in a distorting accent completely foreign to our language. Even Weber, otherwise so conscientious, is frequently for the sake of the melody altogether careless of the language. In the most modern times, the tone-accent, originating from the translations, and offensive to the language, has been without ceremony imitated by German composers, and retained as an extension of the verbal power of opera—so that singers, to whom verse word-melody, such as we mean, might be entrusted, would be rendered according to our meaning, incapable of executing it. The characteristic feature of such melody lies in the decided presupposition of its musical expression out of the verbal verse according to the sensuous and significative quality of the latter; out of these conditions alone was it fashioned as it is musically manifested, and the element always present, and experienced by us, of these conditions, is again the necessary condition for their intelligibility. This melody now, separated from its conditions as our singers would completely separate it from the verbal verse, would remain unintelligible and unimpressive; could it, however, work according to its purely musical purport, it would at least, never do so, as it ought to do, in accordance with the poetic intention; and this would be—even if it should of itself cause the ear pleasure—precisely the annihilation of the dramatic intention, which places in the melody when significantly repeated in the orchestra, the signification of a reminding recollection—a signification which can only become its own when it is grasped by us not as absolute melody, but as tallying with a manifested and determined meaning, and able to be preserved as such. A drama manifested in the language of verbal tone, as we have defined the latter would—when represented by our speechless singers—therefore produce only a purely musical impression upon the audience, and this impression would be constituted as follows, when the conditions we have described for its intelligibility were omitted. The speechless singing would necessarily render us indifferent and weary, in every instance that we did not see it rise to the height of the melody which, as absolute, and freed, in its manifestation and through our conception, from the verbal verse, captivated our ear and decoyed it to sympathy. This melody, recalled, as significative dramatic motive of the recollection, by the orchestra, would only awaken in us the mere recollection as naked melody and not the motive manifested in it, while its return in some other part of the drama would, therefore, distract our attention from the point then present, without, however, rendering it intelligible to us. Deprived of its significance, this melody could, by its repetition, hardly do anything but fatigue our ear, through which our inward power of sensation is not excited, but only the thirsting after outward enjoyment, that is, varied enjoyment without a motive, and thus it must appear as troublesome poverty in the manifestation of what, in truth, corresponds most sensibly and sensuously to a rich purport of thoughts. The ear, which, in the case of mere musical excitement, requires, however, satisfaction in the sense of the more limited musical structure to which it is accustomed, would, by the great extension of this structure be completely perplexed with regard to the entire *drama*, for this great extension of the musical form, also, can only be grasped, according to its content and intelligibility, by the feelings prepared for the real drama; for the feelings, however, not prepared for this drama, but fixed exclusively in the sensuous ear, the great useful form, into which the little, narrow, and mutually disconnected forms would be expanded, must necessarily remain totally irrecognisable, and the entire musical edifice produce, consequently, the impression of a disconnected, jagged, boundless chaos, the existence of which we should be able to account for by nothing save the caprice of a fantastic, incapable musician, not clear to himself.

But what, however, would necessarily strengthen us in this impression would be the apparently jagged and unbridled manifestation wildly entangled, of the orchestra, whose effect upon the absolute sense of hearing can only be satisfactory, when expressed in firmly numbered and melodiously betoned dance-rhythm.

That which the orchestra has, in the first place, to express, according to its peculiar capacity is—as we have seen—the *dramatic gesture* of the action. Let us now consider what influence the fact of the singer singing without language must exert upon the necessarily requisite gesture. The singer who does not know that he is the representative of a dramatic personality,* expressed and decided in the first place, by means of language, and who, consequently, is unacquainted with the connection between his dramatic manifestation and the personalities coming in contact with him—who thus does not even know what he expresses, is, as a matter of course, most certainly not in a condition to manifest to the eye the gesture requisite for the intelligibility of the action. He will, immediately his performance is that of a speechless musical instrument, either not express himself by means of gesture, or merely employ it pretty much in the same way that an instrumental virtuoso is compelled, for the production of the tone in various positions and of various parts of the sensuous expression, to employ it as physically enabling him to effect his object. These physically necessary points of the gesture have been involuntarily present to the reasonable poet and musician; he knows their appearance beforehand; he has, however, at the same time, made them agree with the sense of the dramatic expression, and thus taken from them the property of affording merely physically-enabling assistance, by making a gesture, presupposed by the physical organisation, for the production of this tone and this peculiar musical expression, correspond exactly with *that* gesture which shall also tally with the sense expressed in the manifestation of the dramatic personality, and, moreover, in such a manner that the dramatic gesture which must certainly be founded on one physically presupposed, shall justify this physical gesture according to a higher significance necessary for the dramatic intelligibility, and thus cover and raise it as purely physical.

The theatrical singer schooled according to the absolute vocal-art, has been taught a certain conventional system, according to which he has to accompany with gesture his performance on the stage. This conventional system consists in nothing more or less than the system, borrowed from the dance-pantomime, of rendering appropriate the gesture, physically presupposed by the execution of the song and which, with unschooled singers, degenerates into grotesque exaggeration and crudeness. This conventional gesture, which of itself only tends more completely to conceal the decreasing sense of the language of the melody, merely affects moreover those passages of the drama where the representer really sings; directly he ceases to do so, he no longer thinks himself bound to any further manifestation as far as gesture is concerned. Our operatic composers have profited by the pauses in the singing to introduce intermediary pieces for the orchestra, in which either particular instrumentalists have got to display their peculiar skill, or the composer reserves to himself the privilege of drawing the attention of the public to his art of instrumental weaving. These intermediary pieces are filled up by the singers, directly they are no longer busied with grateful reverences for the applause they have received, according to certain rules of theatrical propriety. They walk over to the other side of the proscenium, or stride up the stage—as if to see whether any one is coming—walk down again to the front, and cast their eyes up towards heaven. It is reckoned less becoming, but is still thought allowable and justified by embarrassment, for a person, during such pauses, to bow to those playing with him, to converse graciously with them, to arrange the folds of his drapery, or finally to do nothing at all but patiently to let the orchestral piece flow on quietly without notice.*

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* *Persönlichkeit*, "personality" in the sense of "individuality; person individual."

With this system of gesture on the part of our operatic singers, a system at once dictated to them by the spirit and form of the translated operas in which they are almost exclusively accustomed to sing, let anyone compare the demands of the drama we have in view, and calculate from the utter non-fulfilment of these demands, the perplexing impression which the orchestra must produce upon the audience. The orchestra, according to the influence attributed to it, was, by its power of expressing the Unspeakable, intended so to bear to him, as in some degree, first to render possible the dramatic gesture that the Unspeakable element of the latter should, by the orchestral language, be rendered fully intelligible. It thus takes every instant, the most restless share in the action, its motives and its expression; and the manifestation of it should, but incidentally and *of itself* have no predetermined form, but should first obtain its most tuneful form through its participating relation to the drama, and through becoming one and the same with it. Let us now, for instance, imagine a passionately energetic gesture of the representer, which is suddenly manifested and quickly disappears, exactly as accompanied and expressed by the orchestra as it should be accompanied and expressed—when there is a perfect correspondence between the two, such a co-operation must be one of the most striking and most surely determining effect. The presupposing gesture, however, is now absent from the stage, and we behold the representer in some common position or other; will not the orchestral storm suddenly breaking out and violently disappearing strike us, under such circumstances, as an outburst of madness on the part of the composer? We might multiply such cases a thousandfold as we liked; we will mention only the following ones out of all those we can imagine.

(*To be continued.*)

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* Shall I name the exceptions, which from the very fact of their having no influence upon it, have proved to us the force of the rule?

MANCHESTER.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Madame Goldschmidt made her first appearance in Manchester since her return from America, on Wednesday evening, the 2nd instant. It was a pity there was no room available of much larger capacity than the Town Hall in King Street. Every inch of space was made use of, and every seat taken many days previously at a guinea each. To add to the accommodation a number were let in the ante-room, or Mayor's parlour, at half-a-guinea each. Hundreds, nevertheless, were disappointed. The Hall is not well adapted for the display of Madame Jenny Goldschmidt's powers, but it was the only one that could be had. Accident prevented your correspondent from being present at the first concert, at which the following was the programme:—

PART I.—Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (D minor), allegro and scherzo, Messrs. Goldschmidt, Ernst, and Piatti, Mendelssohn; Preghiera, "Und ob die Wolke," Mdme. Goldschmidt, Weber; Song, "The Wanderer," Mr. Weiss, Schubert; Chaconne, for violin, without accompaniment, Herr Ernst (first time), Bach; Rondo, from "Il Re Pastore," for voice and violin obbligato, Mdme. Goldschmidt and Herr Ernst, Mozart; Sarabande and allegro, of "Suite" (A minor), pianoforte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Bach; Scena, "Ah mie fedeli," and aria, "Ma la sola" (Beatrice di Tenda), Mdme. Goldschmidt, Bellini.

PART II.—Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (D minor), andante and finale, Messrs. Goldschmidt, Ernst, and Piatti, Mendelssohn; Song, "I am a Roamer," Mr. Weiss, Mendelssohn; Duet, "Per Piacer alla Signora," Mdme. Goldschmidt and Mr. Weiss, Rossini; Melodies of Schubert, violoncello, Sig. Piatti, arranged by Piatti; Scotch ballad, "John Anderson my Jo," and Swedish melody "The Herdsman's Song," Mdme. Goldschmidt.

At the second concert I was much delighted to find Madame Goldschmidt in full possession of her voice, and all those qualities which so enchanted her hearers seven years ago. I subjoin the programme:—

PART I.—Trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, allegro and scherzo, Messrs. Goldschmidt, Ernst, and Piatti, O. Goldschmidt; Cavatina, "Deh vieni non tardar," Mad. Goldschmidt, Mozart; Recitative and aria, "Rage, thou angry storm," Mr. Weiss, Benedict; Violoncello solo, Barcarolle de "Marino Faliero," Sig. Piatti, Piatti; Air, "On mighty pens," Mad. Goldschmidt, Haydn; Fantasia on "Masaniello," piano, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Thalberg; Scena, "Care compagne," Mad. Goldschmidt, Bellini.

PART II.—Trio for piano, violin, violoncello, adagio and finale, Messrs. Goldschmidt, Ernst, and Piatti, O. Goldschmidt; Recueil de Mazourkas de Chopin, arranged for voice and pianoforte, Mad. Goldschmidt, O. Goldschmidt; Solo, violin, andante and "Carnaval de Venise," Herr Ernst, Ernst; Song, "The Village Blacksmith," Mr. Weiss, Weiss; Bird Song, Mad. Goldschmidt, Taubert.

"Deh vieni,"—Haydn's "On mighty pens"—the scena from *Sonnambula*—Chopin's Mazourkas—and the "Bird Song," were all inimitable. Each was received with rapturous applause, and one or two encored, but Madame Goldschmidt merely returned to make her curtsey. Mr. Weiss was much applauded in "Rage, thou angry storm." Herr Otto Goldschmidt pleased the Manchester folks greatly by his pianoforte playing. The trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello impressed them with respect for his talent as a composer, although one hearing was not sufficient to enable them to decide as to its merits; and it must have suffered by being (like Mendelssohn's D minor at the first concert) *divided*—the first two movements opening the first part, the last two the second.

Of two such artists as Herr Ernst and Signor Piatti, it is easy to write. They gave great effect to Mr. Goldschmidt's Trio, and each won the most enthusiastic applause for his respective solo. In such hands as those of the incomparable Ernst, the *Carnaval de Venise* can never be "used up." His performance was prodigious and created a furor. The next time Madame Goldschmidt is heard in Manchester, we heartily hope it may be in the new public Hall—with a band and chorus worthy of her.

GLOUCESTER.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—On Tuesday the 25th ult. the Choral Society produced Mr. Costa's *Eli* at the Shire Hall. The principal vocalists were Mdlle. Brettl, Mrs. Paget, Mr. E. Paget and Messrs. Hunt and Wheeler of the Cathedral Choir. The execution was creditable. Mr. Higgs was conductor, and Mr. Taylor presided at the Organ. Some portions of the work were omitted; in the first part the chorus of revellers in the *Temple*, "For every thing there is a season," and the bass recitative "I am come to the sacrifice," were left out; and in the second part the pieces not given were the chorus "Hold not thy peace," recitative and chorus "Woe unto us," and the chorus "Lament and howl." Encores were awarded to the morning prayer for Samuel, "Lord, from my bed," and to the evening prayer "This night I lift," both sung by Mrs. Paget. The attendance was numerous.

THE PANOPTICON.—In addition to the numerous scientific objects with which this establishment is stored, the visitors are gratified by the luminous and chromatic fountain and with dioramic glimpses of Italy. In commemoration of Haydn's birthday (born March 31st, 1731), the first two parts of the *Creation* were performed on Monday the 31st ult. The principal singers were Miss Ransford, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Lawler. Mr. E. T. Chipp presided at the organ with his accustomed ability.

NOTICE.

The Review of Mr Costa's *Eli* will be continued in our next.

DEATHS.

On the 30th March—Mr B. Weston, at Bowdon.

On the 18th March—at Montreal, Canada—Mr Morris Barnett, the well known dramatic author and comedian.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, April 12th, 1856.

As the period shadowed forth by the words, "Early in May" approaches, curiosity becomes more and more intense about the prospects of Her Majesty's Theatre. Will the season of "30 nights" be as memorable in the future history of the Opera as the famous war of 30 years was fruitful to chroniclers and political casuists? The *exitus rerum* alone can decide.

Our papers have told us wonderful things, as usual. The *Morning Chronicle*, more especially, is communicative. A recent inspection of the interior of Mr Lumley's splendid theatre raised up extraordinary visions before the mind's eye of a reporter for that sheet. After describing in eloquent terms, the condition of the *coulisses*, &c., he enters into various details. Among other things he saw—or dreamed he saw—in the concert-room and "in admired confusion" (confusion scarcely more "admired" than that of his own brain), "the swords and muskets of the *Huguenots*—the skates of the *Prophète*, &c." Now, as these operas of Meyerbeer were *never* produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, the *Chronicle* reporter, while fumbling among the alleys and corridors of the Haymarket opera, must have gone to sleep, and imagined himself amid the ruins of the theatre in Bow Street.* Singular hallucination!

On coming to his senses, however, our fanciful contemporary, as if to make up for time lost in slumber, lets out a startling piece of intelligence, which we cannot do better than convey to our readers in his own words:—

"*It is most satisfactory to add that Madame Lind, with a grateful and highly becoming remembrance of Mr Lumley's former kindness, has intimated an intention* TO FOREGO HER RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE, *and appear again before the public in Mr Lumley's behalf.*"

For the sake of Mr Lumley and of Her Majesty's Theatre, we wish that this were genuine; but for the sake of truth we are compelled to say that it is without foundation. Not that such an act on the part of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt would be anything less than grateful, kind, and *popular* (*Verbum non est*). Another writer (in *The Globe*) gives a milder version of the same *canard* as follows:—

"Last but not least, Madame Goldschmidt, if she do not make her appearance in lyric drama, will give her invaluable assistance by exercising her wondrous talents on behalf of Mr Lumley."

Even this would be better than nothing, but at present, we may as well report that the subject *has not even been broached* either to or by Mad. Goldschmidt.

What is known about the actual engagements of Her Majesty's Theatre amounts to little more than the fact, that Mdlle Piccolomini, the Siennese vocalist—the young and pretty, piquant, intelligent, and, to all accounts, extremely fascinating representative of the *Dame* of the Camelias—has been secured. This of itself is important, since Madlle. Piccolomini is already celebrated, and if not absolutely the phenomenon apostrophised by our contemporaries of the lakes and mountains, there can be little doubt that her attractions are quite out of the common way.* Carolina Rosati—one of the most exquisite dancers in the world, who will bring with her the highly successful *ballet* of the *Corsaire* (the subject said to have been suggested by no less distinguished a personage than the Empress of the French) which has lately been drawing crowds to the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse—makes the sum total of all that is positive about Mr Lumley's achievements up to the present moment. With regard to Rosati we are enabled to state that the English *impresario* has obtained her *congé* from the genteel and obliging government of the Tuileries; but whether the delicious Terpsichorean accepts the terms proposed to her has not yet transpired.

Next week we shall doubtless be possessed of more ample information. Until then we must wait to be acquainted with many things that *should be* known already. For example, who is to be the conductor?

Popular feeling points to one man for that important office; and that man is Balfe, who filled it for so many years with admirable talent and indomitable zeal, and whose name is inseparable from some of the most cherished associations connected with the theatre. Nevertheless, Mr Balfe (in spite of the ready assertions of certain well-informed journals) has hitherto received no intimation whatever that his services will be required; and the "first-rate band" we were told he was "busily employed in getting together" must be dismissed for the interim, as an *orchestra en l'air*—or an *orchestre d'Espagne*, which amounts to the same thing. The names alluded to by our correspondent, 'An English Musician' ("*vide*"—page 202), do not inspire us with any great apprehension. The post of *chef-d'orchestre* in London would not be worth a moment's consideration on the part of Sig. Verdi, who literally coins money in Italy, and who, moreover (*I Masnadieri* to wit), did not prove himself a very efficient director in the year 1848. About the violinist 'from Parma who is to abolish the wand and beat time with his fiddle stick,' there is still less to fear, since he has recently taken his departure from this sublunary sphere.† Signor Apolloni has just made a terrible *fiasco* with a new opera, said to be twice as noisy and only half as good as his noisy and not good *Fiores*. Signor Pilotti and Madame Puzzi have "got other fish to fry" than forming orchestras—about which they know nothing; and the lady, by the way, is too staunch an advocate of Her Majesty's Theatre to use her influence against its real interests, which she would surely be doing if she endeavoured to place a "fifth-rate Italian professor at the head of the orchestra. There is, however, not a day to lose about the band, if "Early in May" means "south." It is well known that none of the Covent Garden players can be had, since Mr. Costa has arranged so as to employ the whole of them at the Royal Italian Opera—the *ripieno* instruments to be divided into two parties and to perform in alternate weeks. The chorus too, have been bound down in the same manner. So that Mr. Balfe, or whoever is to be the conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, will have to compose his orchestra of independent materials. The task will not be difficult, since there are orchestral players in London and its environs enough and to spare for half-a-dozen large establishments; but it is a work *of time*, and cannot be accomplished hastily if it is to be accomplished *well*.

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* Oddly enough, this dream of the *Chronicle* was transferred to the columns of the (operatically) almost always well-informed *Observer*.—Ed. M. W.

* "Pending the issue of the managerial prospectus (says *The Times*), it may be interesting to our musical readers to know that an engagement has just been concluded with Mdlle. Marietta Piccolomini, who will make her first appearance in England on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre. This young lady (the niece of Cardinal Piccolomini), has only very lately adopted the stage as a profession. Her performances in Rome, Florence (at the Pergola), Bologna (at the Communale), Turin (at the Carignano), and, lastly, Sienna (her native town), have, nevertheless, already made her celebrated; and in one opera especially—*La Traviata* of Verdi—her success has been so extraordinary, that her Italian compatriots have almost made an idol of her. Whether she is destined to create the same impression upon the more sober public of this metropolis remains to be seen; if, however, one half that has been written and said of her is true, she must be a very gifted and attractive person. Mdlle. Piccolomini was engaged at Padua and other Italian towns up to October; but, in order to secure her services for the forthcoming season at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr Lumley, we understand, has paid the stipulated forfeit to the directors of those establishments."

† Died recently at Parma, aged 53, Professor Nicholas de Giovanni, considered one of the cleverest orchestral directors in Italy. He was born at Genoa, and was a pupil of Costa (?) and Paganini. He was for many years conductor of the theatre at Parma.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

If our readers are inclined to peruse a specimen of the sort of rhodomontade to which German writers are occasionally addicted, we cannot do better than recommend to their attention the following, extracted from the last "Record" of the Musical Union:—

"CHARACTERISTICS OF FOUR PIANOFORTE PLAYERS.

"Liszt is distinguished for the most passionate declamation; Thalberg for the most refined *voluptuousness*; Clara Wieck the most ardent enthusiasm; Henselt the most delicate *lyrical* taste. Thalberg pleases us in the highest degree, and often enraptures; Liszt gives us the idea of *supernatural* power. Clara Wieck transports us to the higher regions. Henselt *beautifully* excites and gratifies the imagination. In purity of playing we would place them in the following order:—Thalberg, Clara Wieck, Henselt, Liszt. In extempore ability, Liszt, Clara Wieck. In depth and warmth of feeling, Liszt, Henselt, Clara, Thalberg. In thorough acquaintance with the principles of the art, Thalberg, Henselt, Clara, Liszt. In elevation of spirit, Liszt; in KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD, Thalberg; in somewhat of affectation of manner, Henselt; in *self-respect*, Clara Wieck. In musical judgment, Liszt, Thalberg. In beauty of *design*, Thalberg, Henselt, Clara, Liszt. Boldness, Liszt, Clara. EGOTISM, Liszt, Henselt. ACKNOWLEDGING THE MERIT OF OTHERS, Thalberg and Clara. Not one gives the character of a piece of music without the individual colouring of his own mind; not one plays according to the metronome. In physical facility, Thalberg, Clara, Henselt. In aptitude to study, Liszt, Thalberg, Clara. In composition, Henselt. Playing without grimaces, Thalberg and Clara. Liszt is the representative of the romantic school of the French; Thalberg, that of the enticing Italian; and Henselt and Clara represent the German sentimental school."

Did we feel inclined to add anything to such arrant nonsense it would be a summary of the characteristics of the man who wrote it, and another summary of the characteristics of the director of the Musical Union who has quoted it in his record, with the observations underneath:—

"The above *criticism* is from the pen of Professor Fischhoff, of Vienna. In the Record of 1845, it was attributed to Schumann, the husband of the *ci-devant* Clara Wieck. With the talent of Henselt I am not acquainted; *but I am informed that the description of it in the above criticism is very accurate, and I can vouch for the general accuracy of the characteristics of the others.* Admitting the professor's analysis of the talent of these four great pianists to be true, it must be obvious to every amateur how various are the attributes of different artists and how foolish it is to expect every executant to play alike."

It must, we think, be still more "obvious to every amateur" how foolish Mr. Ella has been in endeavouring to make rubbish pass among his patrons for criticism. Mr. Ella "can vouch"—for what? He can vouch for the "*voluptuousness*" of Thalberg (!); for the "*supernatural*" of Liszt (!); be it so—although these are queer enough. But, with all the vouchers conceivable, Mr. Ella can hardly expect ordinary mortals to understand how Thalberg *plays* with "knowledge of the world," with "acknowledging the merit of others," and with "beauty of *design*;" how Liszt plays with "egotism;" and how Clara Wieck with "self-respect." These points are, deferentially speaking, inscrutable. If Mr. Ella comprehends them (which of course he must—or why cite them in the "Record?")—he should take compassion, and unfold their meaning, for the benefit of his less artistic and gifted fellow-creatures. We are aware that he has the bump of benevolence almost as strong as that of comparison; let him then be as benevolently communicative as—by his sympathy with Professor Fischhoff, we are forced to believe him—profoundly comparative.

THE following appears in the columns of the *Sunday Times*:—

"It is stated that Her Majesty has offered to head a subscription for the re-building of Covent Garden Theatre, with a contribution of £1,000. If this be true, we doubt whether many persons will be found willing to second Her Majesty's views in that respect. From a return which has recently appeared in the public prints, it seems £600 per annum is the ultimate dividend which has been paid on an outlay of £300,000—the cost of building Covent Garden Theatre. It has been estimated that it will cost upwards of £100,000 to re-erect the building, besides the enormous sums required for wardrobe, fittings, &c. It would seem to require, therefore, speculators of more than ordinary boldness, to lay out so large a sum on such an object; especially as the Opera House, in the Haymarket, is being reinstated in its former position, and experience has proved that two opera houses cannot thrive at the same time."

Before allowing themselves to be carried away entirely and irrevocably by the eloquence of the above paragraph, our readers should take into consideration that the present lessee of *The Sunday Times* is identical with the present lessee of *Drury Lane Theatre*. Mr. E. T. Smith would, doubtless, be anything rather than pleased to see Covent Garden Theatre rise—like a phœnix—from its ashes.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The Philharmonic Concerts begin on Monday with an extremely attractive programme. Thanks to Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt (from whom both the old and new societies may be said to have solicited and obtained *alms*), there is an ample subscription, and I have little doubt of the successful issue of the present season. For one reason, and for one only, I am glad of this—Mr. Sterndale Bennett is the conductor. Had the appointment of this eminent musician been a spontaneous act on the part of the society, instead of the result of a series of unsuccessful intrigues, which ended at last (to the credit of none of the intriguers) in placing the right man in the right place, I should have been better pleased.

In 1847, I remember, the *Musical World* stood alone in pointing to Mr. Bennett as the proper person to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts. You were sneered at then; but, as truth *must* ultimately prevail, you can afford to see him in the position he should have occupied nine years since, without retaliating the sneer of your opponents.

Mr. Bennett stands in a position of unusual difficulty. I have said so in a former letter, and I repeat it now—not because I undervalue Mr Bennett, but because I doubt the sincerity of those who have elected him to the office the duties of which it now devolves upon him to fulfil and which he *will* fulfil much more successfully than his pretended supporters (*quondam* enemies) expect. The intrigues and malpractices that have been going on lately in the Philharmonic Society have led to disastrous consequences. The *band* is damaged. I should be glad to know how the directors will be able to explain to the gently quiescent members, at the next general meeting, the secession from the orchestra of its *four best and most experienced violins*. Why did M. Sainton retire? Why did Mr Blagrove retire? Why Mr Dando?—and why (*our townsman*) Mr Alfred Mellon? The appointment of Mr H. C. Cooper (formerly fourth in the rank of first violins) was a miserable pretext to get rid of M. Sainton. M. Sainton, as all the world knows, in consequence of certain discreditable transactions retired from Her Majesty's Private Band, accompanied by Messrs. H. Hill, Chipp, H. Chipp and others. That step has not been forgotten by *the* director of the Philharmonic. Hence the sudden enthusiasm for *English talent* on the part of one who up to the crisis in question had been its bitterest opponent. Hence the farce of inviting Mr H. C. Cooper to make a third *chef d'attaque* when already two were one too many. M. Sainton who, though a foreigner, has always behaved towards English professors with greater liberality and good feeling than English professors have exhibited towards each other, was by right *the* leader (if such an anomaly as leader can be said to exist at present) of the Philharmonic Concerts. He waived the right, however, in favour of Mr Blagrove—the most distinguished of our native violinists—and consented to share the post with him. And now, for reward, M. Sainton must have another English player imposed upon him as alternate holder of the place of honour! But with the spirit of an artist, who, though he had made sacrifices, was aware of his own value, the liberal Frenchman declined to submit to such indignity, and (to the astonishment and disappointment of—never mind whom) Mr. Blagrove, his fellow leader, followed the example. This was a clencher. The preferment of Mr Cooper was only intended as a hint for M. Sainton to withdraw. M. Sainton had given offence where offences were never forgotten, and *his* fate was sealed. The resignation of Mr Blagrove, however—who very properly would not consent to play second to Mr Cooper, or indeed to any other than M. Sainton—upset no end of fine schemes.

What was to be done? Invite Molique. Bravo! But unfortunately for certain schemers, Molique is as proud as he is talented. Catch him playing No. 2 to Mr Cooper! Not a bit of it. Molique declined, as became him. What next? Invite Herr Jansa. *He* will not be so difficult. Another miscalculation. Herr Jansa was just as difficult as Molique, and, like Molique, declined the honour—for which act Herr Jansa merits unqualified praise. At last an expedient was hit upon. Sig. Sivori, the Italian, was solicited, and consented to act the farce of *chef d'attaque* for *three* concerts only—for which Sig. Sivori deserves unqualified dispraise.

The *remplaçants*, meanwhile, of Messrs Sainton, Blagrove, Dando, and Alfred Mellon, are "the veteran" Tolbecque (Mr. Lumley's "figurehead"), Mr. Streather, Mr Clementi, and—I forget the other!

With the orchestra thus deteriorated—with a set of directors that have shown themselves in every respect incompetent—with the number of concerts reduced from eight to six (a confession of distress about which there can be no delusion)—with all *prestige* departed—and with the charitable almsgiving of Mad. Goldschmidt alone as a temporary aid to postpone inevitable doom, Mr Sterndale Bennett, the best musician to whom this country ever gave birth, is summoned to the helm! On *him* will fall the whole responsibility; and should the season (notwithstanding the charity of the Swedish songstress) prove unremunerative, not with Messrs. Anderson and Co. will the discredit rest, but with Mr Bennett. It behoves, then, all who respect the man and understand the very false and insecure position into which he has allowed himself to be beguiled—all who care for the interests of music and in Mr Bennett acknowledge one of its most zealous, able, gifted, and worthy representatives—to do their utmost to support him in his need, to save him from being saddled with the misdoings of others, and overridden, like Sinbad the Sailor, by the notorious *Old Man of the Sea*. AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, April 10.

MADAME SCHUMANN (Clara Wieck) has arrived in London and will make her first appearance in England at the Philharmonic Concert on Monday next.

SIGNOR LANZA gave a new vocal Entertainment at the Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday evening, entitled *The Welsh Girl's Stratagem, or Songs of Many Nations*. He was assisted by his pupil Miss E. L. Williams, otherwise the "Welsh Nightingale," who was loudly encored. The room was well filled, and the company select.

ROSSINI.—M. Adam Salomon, the sculptor, has just finished a colossal bust of Rossini for M. [illegible]. It is said to be an excellent likeness, and a fine work of art.—*Daily News.*

MR. WALTER MACFARREN's first Chamber Concert took place at the New Beethoven Rooms, on Monday evening last. The programme was well varied, and good. Mr W. Macfarren himself supplied a sonata in D (MS.) for pianoforte and violin, and two *morceaux* for the pianoforte, *Bianca* (Romance) and *[illegible]* (Capriccio), and performed Sterndale Bennett's Chamber Trio (op. 26) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with Messrs. Watson and Aylward; a selection from Handel's *Suites de Pièces*, Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*, and Mendelssohn's *Allegro Brillante* (op. 92) for two pianofortes with Mrs. John Macfarren. Mr. W. Macfarren played with his accustomed spirit and afforded especial gratification in his own *morceaux*. The *Allegro Brillante* of Mendelssohn was also eminently successful. Miss Dolby sang an air from one of Handel's operas, and two songs by Mr George Macfarren, the last of which, "I would I were a [illegible] sight," was encored. There were also two trios by the Misses Bignall, Whitehead and Shepherd, students in the Royal Academy of Music. The rooms were full.

MR. HAROLD THOMAS gave a *Soirée Musicale* on Saturday week, at the residence of Mrs. T. Cautley Newby. He was assisted in the instrumental department by Mr Sterndale Bennett, Messrs. Sainton and Paque; and by Misses Birch and Poole and Mr Tennant, as vocalists. Mr Harold Thomas executed, with MM. Sainton and Paque, Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio, for piano, violin, and violoncello; Pauer's "La Cascade;" with M. Sainton, Beethoven's sonata, for piano and violin No. 1, op. 12; with the composer, Sterndale Bennett's *Three Diversions* for two pianofortes; and a solo of his own composition, called "L'Alliance." Mr Harold Thomas is a pupil of Mr Sterndale Bennett, and reflects no small credit on his master. His feeling for classic music was shown in the sonata of Beethoven, and his execution in the "Cascade" of Pauer. Miss Birch sang Mr Walry's ballad "Sing on, ye little birds," and a song by Harold Thomas, to words of Longfellow. Miss Poole introduced two songs by Mendelssohn—"The first violet" and "The [illegible]," both of which she sang with great taste; and Mr Tennant was heard to advantage in Osborne's comic ballad, "Lord of the Castle," and in Meyerbeer's *ballade*, "Murillo." Mr W. G. Cusins accompanied the vocal music.

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CONCERTS.

The first concert of the twelfth annual series took place on Tuesday evening in the Hanover Square Rooms, which were attended by a crowded and fashionable audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Sonata in E flat, pianoforte and violin	*Mozart.*
Lesson, in G minor, from the *Suites Anglaises*	*J. S. Bach.*
Canzona, "Voi che sapete"	*Mozart.*
Quintetto, Op 16, in E flat, pianoforte clarinet, oboe, bassoon, and horn	*Beethoven.*

PART II.

"L'Amabile"—Etude, and "L'Appassionata," *Preludio* and *Lesson*	*W. S. Bennett.*
Fantasia on an Irish Air	*Mendelssohn.*
Songs, "Dawn gentle flower" and "May-Dew"	*W. S. Bennett.*
Sonata, Op. 12, in D, pianoforte and violin	*Beethoven.*

It is scarcely requisite to say more than that the sonatas were played to perfection. How could it be otherwise, with Mr Bennett at the pianoforte and M. Sainton at the violin? The selection from Sebastian Bach's admirable *suite* was executed as no one since Mendelssohn has known how to execute such music—with a roundness of tone, a *legato*, and a thorough feeling for the style of the magnificent old contrapuntist that left absolutely nothing to desire. The solo pieces selected from Mr Bennett's own compositions were as welcome as ever, although they brought with them a kind of disappointment that the author of such graceful things had nothing new to present to his admirers. The *fantasia* of Mendelssohn is the smallest inspiration of that greatest of modern composers. Beethoven's quintet could not possibly have been more admirably executed. Nevertheless we should have preferred a composition of later date, since the sonatas were much of a colour and that of Beethoven belonged to his earliest style. Such music of course should be heard from time to time, but in a long programme its effect would be greatly enhanced by contrast with something of a more elaborate character. Perhaps Mr Bennett was anxious to give a special colour to his first concert, and and so selected a series of pieces almost homogeneous in style. If that was his intention, it was perfectly accomplished, and no one had any right to complain.

The vocal music could not have been better chosen, and the two charming songs of Mr Bennett, charmingly sung by Mad. Novello, afforded unqualified satisfaction.

RÉ-UNION DES ARTS.

The second *soirée musicale* was held on Wednesday evening, in presence of a numerous assemblage of subscribers and visitors. Beethoven's violin quartet in C minor, and his pianoforte trio in B flat, were executed in capital style by Messrs. Sainton, Goffrie, Hill, Hausmann, and Billet. M. Sainton played his new solo on *Rigoletto*, in which he was constantly interrupted by the loudest applause; and Herr Hausmann performed on the violoncello some of the prettiest melodies from *Il Trovatore*. One of the most agreeable performances of the evening was a *fantasia* on the *contralto* clarinet by Signor Belletti, a recent visitor to our shores.* The tone of his instrument is rich and luscious, and Signor Belletti displayed execution and taste in an equal degree.

The vocal music exhibited an improvement on what we heard at the first *soirée*. Herr Rokitansky Bianchi, the "*basso profondo*," who sang at the first New Philharmonic Concert, sang two songs by Mozart and Schubert in a style which met with general approval. Miss Stabbach repeated Mr Schloesser's "Merrily over the snow" with her usual effect, and a very pretty song by Lachner, to which Herr Hausmann contributed a violoncello accompaniment. There were also two Italian airs by a new German tenor, Herr Widmann, just arrived from the King's Theatre of Munich. We were pleased neither with the voice nor the execution of this gentleman, and recommend him to reserve both for his royal patron's exclusive gratification.

M. Alexandre Billet concluded the entertainment with Prudent's *fantasia* on *La Sonnambula*, to which everyone listened with great attention, showing no nervous anxiety to reach the door before the able pianist had struck the last chord. We have to add that Sir George Smart was the President, and, further that the rooms were invaded by a number of characteristically favoured German artists, apparently just arrived to assist in the annual invasion of musical England.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The concert on Monday was a good one; and the Hanover Square Rooms were crowded, as usual. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Symphony in C major	*Beethoven.*
Madrigal—"Flow O my tears" (A.D 1600)	*John Bennet.*
Serenade—*Gipsy's Warning*	*Benedict.*
Scena—"Jephtha's Daughter"	*Henry Leslie.*
March from *Eli*	*Costa.*
Bolero from *La Chanteuse Voilée*	*Victor Massé.*

PART II.

Selection from *Guillaume Tell*	*Rossini.*
Song—"My dream thou art throughout the night"	*Angelina.*
Part Songs—"The vale of rest" and "Hunting Song"	*Mendelssohn.*
Song—"Ave Maria"	*Schubert.*
Overture—*Idomeneo*	*Mozart.*

Conductor—Mr Henry Leslie.

The minuet and trio in the symphony of Beethoven were excellently played by the band. The graceful serenade from Mr Benedict's opera was encored, and a similar compliment was paid to the *bolero* of M. Massé which (like the "Ave Maria" of Schubert) was sung by Miss Sherrington—an English vocalist new to England, of whom we shall shortly have occasion to speak.* Of Mr Leslie's *scena*, which was entrusted to Miss Dolby, we prefer giving an opinion in the columns devoted to reviews. The song of "Angelina" was undertaken by Mr Tennant. Of the two-part songs of Mendelssohn, the most difficult, the "Hunting Song," was the best executed by Mr Leslie's choir.

MR. W. H. HOLMES'S PIANOFORTE CONCERTS.

To the students of the pianoforte the concerts of Mr W. H. Holmes are among the most acceptable of the London season. They combine novelty and variety in a remarkable degree. In one respect, Mr Holmes's concerts are peculiarly interesting. They introduce his most promising pupils to notice, and exhibit what may be done by good instruction. Mr Holmes's present concerts, it may be added, are hardly addressed to the public at large, but rather solicit the patronage of his own immediate friends and that of his pupils, several of whom on the present occasion made a favourable *début*, and by their performances did credit to themselves and their instructor. The most ambitious, as far as the wish to overcome mechanical difficulties was concerned, was Miss Janet Lindsay, who played a *Concerto Sinfonia*, by Henry Litolf (an English pianist and composer now resident in Germany) in which the extravagant school of Liszt was strikingly apparent. It is, therefore, no disparagement to the executive powers of the young lady to say that the concerto was too much for her. Miss Lindsay appeared to much greater advantage in a *divertissement* by Taubert, in which, notwithstanding a marked tendency to *loudness*, her execution had full play. Another pupil of Mr Holmes (Mr Hammond) played a *Concertstück* by Carl Reinecke, in which he showed promise. A novelty in the shape of a *Concertstück* by N. W. Gade, originally written for the pianoforte, orchestra, and voices (arranged for four performers on two pianos, a stringed quartet and voices), was well played by Misses Marsh, Newton, Messrs. W. H. Holmes and S. J. Noble; the vocal parts by Misses Arabella Anderson,

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* Sig. Belletti was for some years first clarinet in the band of Her Majesty's Theatre, commencing in 1847.—Ed. M. W.

* Miss Sherrington sings to-night at Mr Hullah's third orchestral concert.

De Courcy Brooke, Janet Lindsay, Messrs. Regaldi, G. Dolby, and Wallworth. This was admirably rendered, and, as a musical scena was worth the other three pieces put together. One of the most interesting parts of the concert was the clever performance of Master H. C. Allison (a pupil of Mr Holmes, aged eight years) in a duet (*fugue*) by Albrechtsberger, a duet in G by Mozart, and a brilliant solo, *Fairy Fingers*, composed by Mr Holmes, in all of which he exhibited uncommon talent, and evident enthusiasm. Great hopes are entertained of this boy. Two other pupils of Mr Holmes (Miss Arabella Anderson and Mr Maine) played, respectively, a concerto by Herz (No. 4) and an *andante* from a concertino by Mr Otto Goldschmidt, both displaying talent. The most masterly, if not the most interesting performance, was that of Messrs. Deane, Noble, and Holmes in a "Grand (and very long) Sonata" for three pianos, entitled *Florestan and Eusebius*, the composition of Robert Schumann, in which the peculiarities of that composer were eminently conspicuous.

The concert was interspersed with some vocal music sung by Miss Dolby and Miss Amy Dolby, from among which we may cite as most worthy of notice Mr Lindsay Sloper's *fantasia* for voice and pianoforte, "The Lady and the Nightingale," in which Miss Dolby was aided by the composer at the pianoforte: singing and playing were equally perfect. Mr H. Blagrove's performance of a "*chaconne*" with variations, by Bach, for violin, was admirable from first to last, and deserved all the applause it obtained. Mr Holmes terminated the concert with his charming romance, entitled "*Whispering Music*," in which his chaste and finished execution was heard to eminent advantage. Never were so many new things heard at one sitting.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

At the second concert, on Tuesday afternoon, a selection from Weber's *Oberon* was attempted. The singers were Misses Fosbrooke, Forster, Spiller, Mackenzie, and Shepherd; Messrs. J. F. Goodban and Wallworth. After the opera, the following programme was presented :—

Suite de Pieces for orchestra (MS.)	O'Leary
Aria, Miss Whyte.	
Concerto in F minor pianoforte, Mr. Mason	W. S. Bennett.
Aria, "Selva opaca (*Guglielmo Tell*) Miss Bignell	Rossini.
Aria, "Come innocente," Miss Janet Whitehead (*Anna Bolena*)	Donizetti.
Chorus, "Come, gentle spring (*Seasons*)	Haydn.

With the best intentions we can really find nothing to say about these performances, which "exhibit the students" to very little advantage. The wonted concerts in the Hanover-square Rooms, with all their faults, were at any rate of some ability.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

Mr. Hullah's second orchestral concert on Saturday was still better attended than the first. The special pieces were Beethoven's symphony in D, Mendelssohn's overture, *Ruy Blas*, and Macfarren's overture, *Don Carlos*. The symphony and overtures were played exceedingly well and were loudly applauded. Mr Macfarren's overture was a welcome novelty (a novelty at Mr Hullah's). It is characteristic, highly-coloured, full of meaning and interesting throughout. The greatest pains was taken with its performance. A *Rondino* for eight wind instruments, by Beethoven, introduced for the first time in England, was finely executed by Messrs. Nicholson, Malsch, Maycock, Badderly, Mann, Standen, Baumann, and a gentleman not named. It is a trivial composition, and nowhere exhibits the power and originality of the great composer. It was, nevertheless, received with favour. Herr Molique's concerto for the concertino was another novelty (to Mr Hullah's audience). This exceedingly clever and ingenious work possesses all the solidity and purpose of a concerto written for the pianoforte or violin. Nothing could be more astonishing than its performance by Signor Giulio Regondi!

Madame Clara Novello and Miss Palmer were the vocalists. They sang together the duet "Quis est Homo," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and were encored. Madame Clara Novello also sang the scena from *Der Freischutz*, and an *aria* by Mercadante. The latter was likewise redemanded. The concert was brought to a termination by Mr W. S. Waley's "Marche des Guides." Mr Hullah conducted the whole.

Crystal Palace.—Mdlle. Cleopatra Tornberg, a young lady who has created a great sensation in Paris by her performances on the flute, is to make her first appearance at the concert this morning. Mdlle. Tornberg will play Rémusat's original theme with variations.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—*Elijah* was given last night in Exeter Hall. Herr Formes made his first appearance this season as the Prophet. The other vocalists were Mad. Novello, Miss Dolby, Miss Bassano, and Mr Sims Reeves.

Royal Italian Opera.—The Lyceum theatre, we learn, is in a forward state of preparation, and, should nothing interfere, will open on Tuesday next with *Il Trovatore*. The cast, with one exception will be the same as that of last season—Mdme Nantier Didiée fills Mdme Viardot's part, Azucena. The operas first produced will be those in which Sig. Tamberlik appears, as that popular tenor is engaged at Rio Janeiro, and will have to leave in about a month. We may, therefore, reckon on an early representation of *Otello*. Signors Mario, Ronconi, and Lablache will probably make their first appearance together in *Il Barbiere*, unless *Rigoletto* should be more acceptable to the subscribers, when Signors Mario and Ronconi might appear together.

Adelphi.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert visited this theatre last evening to see the new piece *Like and Unlike*. The Royal box and the lobby leading to it were handsomely decorated with crimson velvet.

Beaumont Institution.—Many of our readers, no doubt, will wonder how an institution so far removed from the influence of the west as that in Beaumont Square, Mile-end, could afford to engage Mr Sims Reeves and Miss Clara Novello for the same concert, to say nothing of Mr H. C. Cooper, Miss Milner, Mr George Tedder, and others. The Beaumont Institution, however, is endowed with £400 per annum. The building was erected by a Mr Beaumont, who bequeathed to the institution the yearly sum of £500 towards defraying the expenses of concerts, lectures, etc. Upon his decease there was (of course) a law-suit, which ended in the lawyers cutting down the £500 to £400 annually. The hall holds about 1,400 people, and the prices of admission being 2s. 6d., 2s., and 1s. 6d. it would have been impossible for the directors to pay high terms, but for the endowment. Whether this be used to the best advantage is a question we may discuss hereafter. To the Mile-enders the library of the institution is of inestimable value; while the lectures and concerts, although they might be better, are still sought after with avidity.

The fifth concert, on Monday last, was one of the best of the season. The vocalists were Mdme. Clara Novello, Miss Milner, Miss Heywood, Messrs. Sims Reeves, George Tedder, and Thomas; the instrumentalists, Mr H. C. Cooper (violin), and Mr Alfred Carder (piano). Mdme. Clara Novello sang Elvira's *aria d'entrata* from *Ernani*, and was encored. Haydn's canzonet, "The Season comes;" the duet from *Rigoletto*, "E il sol dell' anima," with Mr Sims Reeves; and "'Twas within a Mile of Edinbro Town." Haydn's canzonet was her best performance. Mr Sims Reeves, being encored in all his songs, had to sing no less than *eight times*. The songs put down for him were not the best. "The last Rose of Summer" and "My Pretty Jane," were perfect specimens of ballad singing—both caused the greatest enthusiasm. Mr George Tedder introduced Balfe's new song, "The First Kiss," which he sang extremely well, though a little too slow. It was the first time we had heard this sparkling song in a concert-room, and we were more than ever impressed with its merits. Mr H. C. Cooper executed Sainton's *Lucrezia Borgia fantasia* for violin extremely well. Miss Milner sang Pacini's "Sommo Cielo," with great applause. Miss Heywood was encored in a Scotch Jacobite song and Mr Thomas in an English version of "Il balen del suo sorriso," and Loder's "Three Ages of Love." The hall was crowded.

REVIEWS.

No. 1.—"Duet in D Flat Major," for two performers on the pianoforte. Dedicated to Richard Simpson, Esq.
No. 2.—"Il Penseroso," six fugitive pieces in minor keys, for the pianoforte. Dedicated to M. Nagiller.
No. 3.—"Caprice," for the pianoforte. Dedicated to Alexandre Billet.
No. 4.—"Nocturne," for the pianoforte. Dedicated to Alexandre Billet.

Composed by E. Silas.

There is a vast deal of merit, and no small amount of originality in these compositions. The duet in D flat, although not quite the best of them, is a welcome addition to the very limited stock of pieces for four hands, not founded on operatic tunes, which composers for the pianoforte have supplied. It is new in plan, and moderately difficult, but rather too long for the interest presented by its themes. As in all the recent works of the talented and indefatigable musician whose name it bears, this duet evinces abundant cleverness, and, whatever may be said about it, in criticism or in praise, deserves attention better than one-half the *compilations* that it is now-a-days the fashion to give to the world as pianoforte-music—we mean not only in England, but in Germany and France.

Il Penseroso is a *suite de pièces* none the less agreeable on account of the whole series being in minor keys. M. Silas—"wrapped in a pleasing fit of melancholy" (to cite the motto at the foot of his title-page)—has known how to be minor and not *mawkish*. The prelude in B, with which the book commences is fine, but less charming than some of the others, the theme being a little shadowy—which, by the way, may be defended, a rythmically defined motive not being indispensable to the species of movement termed *prelude*, which with the ancient masters, was rarely anything else than a series of harmonic progressions, or the conduct of some peculiar figure, through a variety of keys. Bach's second prelude in B minor (*Clavier bien Tempéré*) is however a beautiful exception. The fugue in four parts ("voices") in the same key (to which the prelude introduces us) is rugged, and would have borne further development. The first answer, a fifth above, hovers about the key of F sharp minor with somewhat of indecision; but from this onwards the treatment is more masterly, the third and fourth answers coming in with excellent effect. At the bottom of the page, however—where the subject (given to the bass) enters in the key of A, and leads to an inversion *of half of it*, each voice taking it up alternately, to a florid counterpoint—the result is bare and stiff. Nor can we greatly praise the *stretto* (or [illegible]) on a dominant *pedale*, since the theme is quitted after the first bar, and an episodical passage is rather tamely worked in place of it. The end, too, after the resumption of the subject in the tonic, is brought about with more abruptness than ingenuity. On the whole this is not a very fierce fugue.

The next piece in F ("*Dans le style de l'Epoque* 1760-70") is a spirited imitation of Scarlatti and his followers, although a little too regular and clearly defined, and with a second theme (page 7) in the relative major more like Dussek than like the older writers. It is a clever, interesting, and well written piece; and for a point of great beauty we may refer to the last two lines of page 8, where an episode, beginning in B flat minor, leads to the re-appearance of the second theme in the tonic major. For our own parts we could play this little movement half a dozen times, without getting at all tired of it.

No. 3, a *fantasia* and fugue in A, is also capital. The *adagio* with which it commences is majestic and strongly impregnated with Handel. The fugue, in three "voices," is piquant, fresh and written with neatness and fluency. Nevertheless, the inversion of the subject, which appears at page 17, should either have been introduced earlier or developed at greater length. As it stands, it seems as though M. Silas, determined to invert his theme, was arrested at the first answer for the want of knowing how to go on. There is, indeed, very little contrapuntal ingenuity in this short fugue; but it is captivating for all that, and we like it quite as much as the lengthier *allegro* in F minor of which we have spoken.

The "*pièce de Clavecin dans le style de l'époque* 1720," is clever, but less interesting than its companions. It is a somewhat bald piece of two-part writing, much of it in canonic imitation on the octave, while much of it is *not* in imitation at all, which gives an air of inconsistency to the whole. All the two-part writing possible cannot induce us to like such a harsh *false relation* as that between the C sharp in the treble and the C natural in the bass, which occurs in bar 1, line 2.

The most admirable composition in the whole series is the long and finely-developed prelude in F sharp (No. 6), to which we refer the reader without attempting to describe it—satisfied that a musical mind cannot fail to appreciate and admire such music. The *andante con moto* in A (No. 8) is short, quaint, and not without expression, although at times unsatisfactory to the ear—*why*, however, we are not prepared to say.

Of the two pieces dedicated to M. Billet, the *caprice* in F major—which, though occasionally monotonous, is for the most part cheerful and melodious—is the best. The *nocturne* in E begins with engaging simplicity, but falls off at the second *motive*, which is barren. Thence to the end it exhibits signs of little else than industrious cleverness.

No. 1.—"The Coast of Merrie England." National song, dedicated to Colonel Frederick Hill and the officers of the Shropshire militia, by J. Tomlins Jones, B.A.
No. 2.—"Love Me in the Spring Time." Ballad, by J. Tomlins Jones, B.A.
No. 3.—"It's Wonderful What We Can Do If We Try."—Composed by W. T. Belcher.
No. 4.—"Cheer Up and Keep On Never Minding." Composed by W. T. Belcher.

No. 1 is not without vigor, although the tune is somewhat common-place. The accompaniment is extremely well written. In short, "The Coast of Merrie England" is a hearty ballad enough.

"Love me in the Spring Time" (No. 2), is neither so good nor so correct as the other. How a gentleman who can harmonise so cleanly as in No. 1, could have got "ingulphed in fifths" (as the editor of the late *Harmonicon* used to say) as at page 4, line 2, bar 4, where A in the voice part goes to B, and D in the bass to E, in similar motion, (to the words, "*Love me in*") is a puzzle.

"It's wonderful what we can do if we try" and "Cheer up and keep on never minding" are ballads of so ordinary a class that we can really find nothing to say about them, "*pro*" or "*con*."

No. 1.—"Moonlight on the Lake."—Notturno. By E. J. Loder.
No. 2.—"Wales"—Duet. Dedicated to Mrs. Joseph Wyld McMichael. By John Sewell.

No. 1 is so charming a piece that we are surprised its composer should write so little for the pianoforte. The graceful flow of the opening *moderato grazioso* (in E flat), the quaintness and beauty of the *barcarole* (in C minor) to which it leads, the resumption of both, in modified forms, and the elegance and subdued brilliancy (so to say) of the *coda*, are equally to be admired. *Moonlight on the Lake*, indeed, may be dismissed as a little gem, to which the attention of pianists, amateurs and professional, who love good music which is neither too difficult nor so easy as to demand no pains whatever at the hand of the executant, may be directed with advantage. It is equal in merit to the most refined caprices of the modern romantic school, while presenting a research not always to be found in these effusions.

No. 2—"Wales"—is a morceau for four hands, which, though unpretending in style, is by no means ineffective. It is founded upon themes which, from the name of the piece, we presume to be national Welsh tunes.

No. 1.—"The Village Fête." Characteristic piece for the Harp, dedicated to Miss Phœbe Ann Cox, by John Cheshire.
No. 2.—"Simplicity." Rhapsodie for the Harp, dedicated to Miss Kent, by John Cheshire.

The first and longest of these pieces is also the most interesting. It is well harmonised, (unusually, nay elaborately well for

Google

harp music) and brilliant, besides possessing character. It is in D flat.

"Simplicity" (No. 3)—consisting of a melody in A flat and one variation—is too simple to be properly called a "rhapsody."

"The Necromancers"—Polka, dedicated to Signor Bosco, the "Wizard.") Composed by T. Barker Might, R.A.M.

If R. A. M. in this instance signifies Royal Academy of Music, we would beg to call the attention of professors of harmony and composition of that seminary to bar 4 of the introduction (page 1), and to bars 3, 7, 11 and 15 of the cornet solo (page 2)—indeed, to the entire polka. Surely students ought not to be allowed to publish such ungrammatical stuff, even at their own expense.

Dresden.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Musical Conservatoriums in Germany are now becoming as plentiful as other educational institutions; and even the little kingdom of Saxony, with its two millions of inhabitants, has had the courage to found a second institution for cultivating the art of music. The one which Mendelssohn founded at Leipsic has acquired European fame. That lately established at Dresden has still to attain honour. The institution is, I believe, an exclusively private undertaking, but its views are purely artistic, as it intends only to teach and encourage the study of "classical" music. Persons of both sexes are admitted, whether they intend studying the art as a profession or otherwise, nor is it absolutely necessary they should have acquired even the rudiments of a musical education. The pupil can be taught the pianoforte, organ, singing, and any two orchestral instruments he wishes, either string or wind, besides chorus singing, declamation, harmony, counterpoint, and composition. Lectures are given on the history of music; playing at sight, both in single parts and in full score, is practised; orchestral music, duos, trios, quartets for piano, with or without other instruments, is also taught. The active director of the whole scheme is M. Tritelier, who has gained some repute in this town as a violin player. The committee of management selected are—MM. Charles Mayes, Franz Schubert, Julius Otto, and Schneider. M. Charles Mayes is at the head of the pianoforte, and M. Schubert, concert meister at the Theatre Royal, at the head of the violin instructors. The rest of the teachers are men of talent, and it is to be hoped that the undertaking will meet with encouragement.

Corfu.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—On the evening of the 6th of January the *Trovatore* was performed at this theatre, by the following artists:—Signora Demora (Leonora), Signora Lemaire (Azucena), Signor Pasi (Manrico), Signor Villi (Conte di Luna). On the 10th instant, Rossini's *Cenerentola* was performed at the Communal theatre. Great applause was bestowed on Madame Lemaire, who, in the *Barbiere* and in the *Trovatore*, had given proofs of talent. After the performance she was repeatedly called before the curtain.

Aix la-Chapelle.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The second *Quartet Soirée*, given by the four brothers Wenigmann, took place on Saturday evening, the 5th instant. The programme was as follows:—

Quartet (F major), Beethoven; Variations, "God save the Emperor," Haydn; Quartet (C sharp minor), No. 66, Beethoven.

The brothers Wenigmann fully deserved the praise bestowed on them for their quartet performances. The precision of the *ensemble*, in the last piece, was greatly to be admired.

Berlin.—The third concert of the Frauenverein for the Gustav-Adolph-Stiftung attracted a numerous audience. The principal feature was the performance of the Royal Domchor, under the direction of Herr Neithardt. The programme included Mendelssohn's 43rd Psalm, an "Adoramus" by the Count von Redern, the choral portion of Mendelssohn's hymn, "Hör mein Flehen," the solo from the same work, and some songs by Barren, Sabbach and Schäffer. Mad. Jenny Ney Bürde sang the aria of Kunigunde, from Spohr's *Faust*, with songs by Schumann, and Preyer. The concert terminated with a quartet of Mozart's and a solo founded on a prelude of Bach. (Was this M. Gounod's meditation?—Ed.)

Queen Charlotte's Hospital.—A concert was given in Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening in aid of the fund for rebuilding this Hospital. Her Majesty headed the list of patrons whose names were on the programme. The vocalists were Mad. Gassier, Miss Lascelles, Mad. Clara Novello, Mr. Swift, and M. Gassier; the instrumentalists, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Kiallmark (pianoforte), and M. Sainton (violin). The band consisted of the members of the Orchestral Union, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon. The programme included compositions by Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Meyerbeer, &c. The band performed the overtures to *Egmont* and *Zauberflöte*, and Mendelssohn's symphony in A major (the "Italian") in excellent style. M. Sainton played his *Rigoletto* with great applause, and MM. Benedict and Kiallmark a duet for two pianofortes. The most successful vocal performances were Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster," by Madame Novello; "O luce di quest' anima," by Madame Gassier; Gluck's "Che faro," by Miss Lascelles, and the duet from *Linda*, "Da quel di," by Mr. Swift and Mad. Gassier. The concert gave satisfaction to a numerous audience.

St. James's Theatre.—"A complimentary benefit to a literary friend" is announced to take place on Wednesday next. *Othello* will commence the evening's entertainment, the parts of Othello and Iago by two well known amateurs (Dr. Joy and Mr. Markwell). A concert follows, in which Madame Gassier, Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Bencal, Mr. Swift, and M. Gassier are to sing, and Madlle. D'Herbil, the young Spanish pianist, to play. The whole to conclude with the last scenes of "Popular Illustrations" by Mr. and Mrs. T. German Reed. Mr. Frank Mori will preside at the piano, and Mr. Alfred Mellon the orchestra.

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8.—DI PROVENZA, Scena ed Aria	4	[illegible]
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3.—LA GASSIER VALSE, illustrated	[illegible]	[illegible]
4.—MINUET AND TRIO, from Mozart's Symphony in E flat	[illegible]	[illegible]
5.—MAZURKA BRILLANTE	[illegible]	[illegible]
6.—ROMANCE SANS PAROLES	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.—[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
8.—RIGOLETTO GALOP	[illegible]	[illegible]
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VOL 34.—No 16. SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1856 {PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It is respectfully announced that Her Majesty's Theatre will re-open early in May. Engagements of great interest have been effected both in Opera and Ballet, and the best exertions used to make the arrangements worthy of the occasion. The prospectus will shortly be issued. The subscribers and friends of Her Majesty's Theatre who feel an interest in the success of this great Establishment are respectfully invited to forward early intimation of their intention to subscribe. The season will consist of thirty nights, and the prices will be as follows:—Pit Tier, 130 to 150 guineas; Grand Tier, 180 to 250 guineas; One Pair, 130 to 150 guineas; Two Pair, 72 to 100 guineas; Pit Stalls, 35 guineas. The box office is now open.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce a GRAND MORNING CONCERT to take place on May 13th, at the Hanover-square Rooms. On this occasion Miss A. Goddard will make her first appearance in London since her tour in Germany and Italy. Full particulars at the hall of Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

MAD. JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT LIND has most kindly consented to sing the following pieces at M. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, at Exeter-hall, on Wednesday, May 28. In the first part: Duet, "I Nazareni," or Syrian Melodies, as originally composed by M. Benedict for Mad. Goldschmidt and Sig. Belletti; Grand Scena and Aria, "[illegible]," from Turco in Italia, by Rossini; and in the second part, the favourite Duet, "La Mère Grand," by Meyerbeer, with Mad. Viardot. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt will perform Bach's Concerto for two pianofortes, with M. Benedict. Further details will be duly announced. Reserved and numbered seats, [illegible]; unreserved seats, 10s. 6d. The places will be appropriated according to priority of application and no more tickets will be issued than [illegible] and of M. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PICCO THE SARDINIAN MINSTREL and MUSICAL PHENOMENON, in consequence of the [illegible] of his last series of concerts, will give a third [illegible] every evening at the above theatre, commencing on Monday, April [illegible]; the concert at eight. PICCO'S performance at half-past eight and half-past nine.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN begs to inform her Pupils and Friends, that her two Annual Matinées of PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the [illegible] Rooms, Queen Anne-street, on Saturdays, May 17 and June 14, when she will be assisted by [illegible], Signor Piatti, and other distinguished artists.—Tickets at Ewer's Library, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 43, Stanhope-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 9, for which they have secured the assistance of the celebrated pianiste Madame Clara Schumann, and other eminent artistes. Tickets 7s., to be had at the principal music-sellers; reserved seats 10s. 6d., to be had only at Signor and Madame Ferrari's residence, 69, Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT AND MISS COLE beg to announce that their Fourth Annual series of Classical Chamber Concerts will take place at Willis's Rooms, in May, June, and July. [illegible]

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—The SECOND CONCERT will take place on Wednesday, April 23rd. Tickets for reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; unreserved, 7s., [illegible], Regent-street; Keith, Prowse and Co., [illegible]. Programme:—Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber; [illegible]; New Symphony [illegible]; Overture, Hamlet, Macfarren; [illegible] Mozart; [illegible] Beethoven; [illegible]. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. [illegible]

W. [illegible], Hon. Sec.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Season 1856.—The subscribers and public are respectfully informed that THREE CONCERTS will take place in Her Majesty's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on the following Saturday mornings: May 3, Thursday, June [illegible], and Saturday, June 28. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Terms of subscription for the three concerts, reserved seats, [illegible]; [illegible] at Cramer and Beale's, Regent-street, and R. W. Ollivier's, 19, Old Bond-street.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S Second Chamber Concert, Wednesday Evening, April 30. Miss Dolby, M. Sainton, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Watson, Mr. Aylward, and Mr. Walter Macfarren. Tickets [illegible] at Leader and Cock's, 63, New Bond-street.

MR. ADOLPHE GOLLMICK has the honour to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street, on Friday, May 16th, for the purpose of introducing some of his new compositions. Mr. Gollmick will be assisted by the following distinguished artistes: [illegible] and Herr Reichardt, [illegible]. The following new compositions by Mr. Gollmick will be performed: a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; a quartett for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello; a [illegible] for six performers on three pianofortes, on themes from [illegible]. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; to be had of Mr. Gollmick, 4, Westbury-road, Westbourne Park-road; of Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street; and all the principal music-sellers.

SUSSEX HALL, Leadenhall Street, under the Patronage of the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor. Miss E. Jacobs has the honour to announce that her Annual Grand Evening Concert will take place at the above Hall on Monday Evening, April 21st, 1856, on which occasion the services of the following eminent artistes are secured:—Madame [illegible] (the celebrated [illegible], her first appearance in the City), Miss Rose Braham, [illegible], Miss E. Jacobs, and Madame [illegible]; Mr. D. Miranda, Mr. Edward [illegible], and Mr. [illegible] (from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden), [illegible]. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s. [illegible].

THE NEW ORGAN in ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Manchester, built by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, will be OPENED on Thursday, May 1st, at half-past three in the afternoon, by E. J. Hopkins, Esq. (Organist of the Temple Church, London), who will perform a Grand Selection of [illegible]. Tickets of admission, with a full description of the organ, [illegible] may now be had at Messrs. Hime and Addison's, music-sellers, St. Ann's-square, and Mr. Townsend's, music-seller, King-street. The proceeds to be devoted towards defraying the cost of the organ.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Easter Term commences on Monday, April 28th, 1856. Candidates for admission must attend at the Institution for examination, on Saturday, the 26th April, at three o'clock.

By order of the Committee,
J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, April 12th, 1856.

HERR KUHE begs to announce to his patrons, pupils, and friends, that he has returned to London for the season. Herr Kuhe has removed from Margaret-street to 13, [illegible], Manchester-square.

MR. LAMBERT (of York Cathedral), Vocalist, Bass, is open to accept engagements for Oratorio or Concert, in or out of London.—Communications to be addressed to his residence, 47, [illegible], York.

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NEW MUSIC

BY J. TEBLENS JONES, B.A.

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LOVE ME IN THE SPRING TIME, Ballad, written by J. Percy Douglas.

London: published by Addison, Hollier, & Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

By the same Composer

"THERE'S NOT A WORD THY LIP HATH BREATHED."

AND

"CLARA'S SONG," from Frank Fairlegh.

London: Rudall, Rose, & Carte, 100, New Bond-street.

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From the Musical World.

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THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—LORD PALMERSTON AND THE "DIVISION."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Among the items which swelled the majority for a premium of £8,000 in jobbery and mismanagement at the National Gallery—for our servile House of Commons has awarded to the purchasers of the "Adoration of the Magi," out of the taxes extorted from an oppressively taxed people, £8,000 beyond the estimates of last year—there is one upon which I wish to offer a few remarks. That item is Mr. William Stirling, member of the Select Committee on the National Gallery of 1853.

On May 6th of that year the committee adjourned from the House to the Gallery, that I might be challenged to point out upon the nine pictures which, in my letters, I had alleged were injured by the authority of Sir C. Eastlake during the preceding vacation the damages I had denounced. My attacks upon Sir C. Eastlake were not, as has been mendaciously insinuated, "anonymous." In every instance since 1850 my attacks were authenticated by my own signature and address. I reiterated them throughout my evidence. Was *that evidence* "anonymous?" Before the committee I replied to upwards of 500 questions upon the cleaning, some of which were so frivolous that a member at last suggested the examination should assume a less questionable character.

On May 12th, after my second examination, Mr. Stirling, who now supports Eastlake and Vandalism, Germanism and [illegible], volunteered the highest compliments upon my evidence. He said I had made out my case. "As for old Uwins," he added, "he is an ass." Mr. Uwins is a Royal Academician. Nor was this the only time Mr. Stirling so expressed himself. Other members of the committee were as explicit as Mr. Stirling, with a similar *refrain* in honour of Uwins. Lord Elcho pronounced my evidence, with one exception, "perfect;" Col. Mure (the chairman) passed a general encomium upon it; and, strange to relate, I seized upon Lord Elcho's "imperfection" as the [illegible] ton." At a later period of the inquiry, Lord Elcho literally begged me not to "kick Sir C. Eastlake—because he was *down*;" not to "kick" that "gentleman above all sordid considerations," who pockets the people's money while incompetent to discharge the duties for which he receives it, but of whose "talent," Jupiter, or that "mysterious influence" to whose [illegible] of Jupiter and Venus—in daily [illegible] "*will hazard down easily*," has decreed it "presumptuous" to speak! And though the countrymen of Sydney, Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell, were to accept as law a royal certificate of merit!

Mr. Stirling's approval of my evidence was uttered at the fifth meeting of the committee, which met, publicly, 25 times. The result was, that out of 164 decisions exclusive of my own and those of the parties impeached 140 supported my charges. Among the witnesses were seven Academicians.* With the exception of Mr. Uwins (who maintained that "if the glazing had been removed from the 'Rubens' Claude it was very much for the *benefit* of the picture," and that "Canaletti's mode of painting water was so absurd, that if it was not *rubbed out* it would be so much the *better*") The Academicians also endorsed my charges. Even Sir C. Eastlake—although as *Trustee*, he said "remained that his pictures were of an improved appearance" in consequence of the cleaning—so [illegible] "facts" enclosed that none of them had been "all and tastelessly cleaned," and a cry "one end of harmony;" that "the softness of outline in others might have been destroyed by over-cleaning;" that *all* "do very much want some of the *dirt* they had before;" that "*if you were to take a little dust and rub over the picture of the Annunciation*, he had no doubt it would be much improved"—for "dirt" gives "*gusto*," &c. The other Academicians described their President's achievements thus:—"injured to the extent of the original work of the master being rubbed off;" "rawness and want of tone very disagreeable;" "genial and pleasant warmth very much damaged;" "distinctive attributes of the master gone;" "scumblings, and even paint removed, so much as so to destroy the whole harmony of the picture;" "scrubbed to such an extent that the paint was taken off altogether;" "now all raw and disjointed;" "nothing can ever remedy" the damage; "features remembered formerly ruined by the late cleaning;" "very much shocked indeed at seeing the alteration that had taken place;" "harmony and tone destroyed;" "frightful alteration;" "tortured—cannot say *that*, speaking *candidly*;" "done for." As I have quoted Academicians, not that I value other witnesses less, but because Academicians will not be suspected of prejudice in my favour. On one occasion Sir C. Eastlake wished to fasten upon the late Mr. Uwins a mean sentiment, which it had suited his purpose to impute to him. "It is a very laborious undertaking," said Sir Charles, "to hunt even through *Hansard*, but I think it right to say that I have searched in vain for anything of the kind." Equally "laborious" and equally *successful* were it "to hunt" through my letters for expressions more damning to himself than those of his colleagues and subordinates.

Subsequently to Mr. Stirling's commendation of my evidence, nothing occurred to warrant the slightest modification of his opinion. A vote should be the genuine reflex of conviction. Under what category, then, shall we place Mr. Stirling's last? Is it not suggestive of his friend Herr Mündler's "Correggio?" with this on the side of the German, that it is less discreditable to possess such a "Correggio," than to have given such a vote.

With respect to Mr. Stirling's underhand attack on me, I shall sufficiently punish him by declaring that it was in direct contradiction to the sentiments he has expressed to me in my own room, and repeated elsewhere. His inability to perceive how Herr Mündler's attempt to sell us a *daub* at the price of a Correggio should affect eligibility to a post of £1,000 a year at the National Gallery; his rebuke to Mr. Otway for exposing the "Correggio" imposture and the Mündler job, while Mündler "was not present to defend himself," and above all at the moment when the "hon. member for Perthshire" had on his own lips an unwarrantable and disingenuous attack upon another who, though "present," was as much debarred from a defence as the absent owner of the spurious Correggio—denotes such weakness of understanding as to afford Mr. Academician Uwins a triumphant case in *quoque*.

And now a word with you, Lord Palmerston. I will not degrade a noble theme by discussing its influence with a trifler. What could *you* bring to the contemplation of a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, or a Phidias? *A joke*—to raise "a laugh" from an obsequious audience. I will confine myself to what you can understand.

On April 22nd, you asserted in the Commons that "no appointments had *hitherto* taken place with respect to *any* offices at the National Gallery," and that "*the whole of the arrangements* were *still* under the consideration of the Government;" yet, at the time you were speaking, you *knew* that the whole of the arrangements were completed, yourself having ordered the "warrants" for *all* the appointments to be made out *as they now stand* a month previous. Your own Treasury Minute of the 27th of March convicts you. I might quote your admission that upon succeeding Lord Aberdeen you had "*no hesitation* in concurring with his determination, that Sir C. Eastlake should be director;" but that it is partly false; since you *did* "hesitate" while "concurring." The consummation of a job so audacious made you pause.

On June 22nd, your Secretary of the Treasury—the same who, when defending your "arrangements" and "appointments" *of the 27th of March*, stigmatised the entire people of the British Empire as beneath the purchase of the "Adoration of the Magi" in appreciation of art—*by your orders*, again denied those appointments. What manner of men can they be who lie until [illegible] submit to be publicly impaled.

On Aug. 27th, in a letter, not anonymous, *which I know you read*, I suggested that the pillory for Ministers who adulterate truth should have precedence over all Commissions of Inquiry into other adulterations. Your ill-disguised attack upon me on Monday night I accept as a reply. That attack was virtually a defence of fact. It is false that you believe Sir C. Eastlake undoubtedly fit to hold the office entrusted to him. Your [illegible] with whose personal resentments have greater influence than the interests of *truth* or the welfare of the community, your disappointed competitor, was levelled at me—a slander ingrossing your "anonymous and unworthy attacks." Search the Treasury and show that, directly or indirectly, I have sought this Directorship. I accept the term "competitor" as the involuntary recognition of a debt. The Treasury, it is said, has been beset by secret applicants for that office; and I know that Germans and sons of Germans have been round the town begging for testimonials—even from an Eastlake—and that these testimonials have been printed for "*private* circulation." But such men do not attack officials even "anonymously." They fear detection. *Secret* beggars for office, presumptuously incompetent as "virtue" of their calling, dread retribution. Like the lion in the fable, they lie in wait to purloin the prize of nobler animals. No man of spirit would be other than a *public* candidate for a public office. A nature refined might shrink from that, and wait to be called. It was vulgar, insincere, and insolent to insinuate the motive of "disappointed competitorship," except against rejected applicants, convicted of "anonymous attacks." Had you the spirit of a gentleman, where you offered the affront you would make retraction. But I give you credit for none.

MORRIS MOORE.

37, Soho-square, April 13.

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* Hart, Dyce, Roberts, Stanfield, and Landseer.

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NEW ORGAN AT ARCHBISHOP TENISON'S CHAPEL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

65, Regent Street 28 *March* 1856

SIR,—A short time ago, you did me the favour of printing, in your interesting publication, a paper on the organ of the parish church of St. James, Westminster, its history—and the circumstances of the sumptuous rebuilding. I now send you a little account of a similar work (though of somewhat minor interest and importance) which I have had the gratification of seeing carried out.

Archbishop Tenison's Chapel, situate at the rear of the houses on the east side of Regent-street, founded—as well as that of a free grammar school in connection—by Dr. Tenison, first rector of the parish (afterwards primate), and first opened for divine service 1702, has just had its interior elegantly re-edified, and by an improvement in the resources of the foundation, consequent on the conversion of the well known dungeon-like vestibule entrance to the Chapel, facing Regent-street, into a dwelling house and shop, the greater part of the accommodation of the sacred edifice has been made open free to the parishioners—the few sittings reserved for letting, and those few being without difference in appearance.

The late organ of the chapel was built by Byfield the elder in 1750, was then of a single row of keys with eight stops, and was always reputed as a good instrument for its size (the Byfields, in their early days workmen of the celebrated Rene Harris, never made a bad one); some additions were made to the organ at different periods, and in 1847 a new tenor C swell was put in. But these enlargements, being what are technically called "upper work," were not for the better of the instrument—it still lacked the most important feature to a good organ—bass—whilst the upper range was discordantly noisy.

The new organ, first used in divine service on Easter-day last, is of two full rows of keys and pedal, with ten stops in each of the former and a single rank of open wood sixteen feet pipes to the latter, presenting a foundation of four complete diapasons and two doubles. It is constructed on (what is known as) the German scale—the same as has within the last ten years become generally adopted by the best English builders, and approved of by all the first performers—is arranged for the tuning on the system distinguished by the term equal temperament—the system ever practised in Germany and France, but only now beginning to supplant the generally defective English mode of tuning by unequal temperament. All the approved mechanical contrivances of couplers, composition pedals, &c., &c., are appended. The pipes of six of the stops of Byfield's portion of the old organ are incorporated in the new instrument—these mellowed in their tone by age, but of an excellent quality. The builders are Messrs. Gray and Davison, whose well-earned reputation furnishes sufficient guarantee that the instrument will turn out a good one.

The extended compass downwards of the swell forms a somewhat original feature in an organ of the secondary class—as thus:—for the usual mode is to construct that division of such instruments minus the bass—a short-coming, the defect of which is now particularly obvious when the swell is coupled on to the great organ, additional force being thereby imparted to the treble without a corresponding increase in the bass—a mode of augmenting musical power not in accordance with the esteemed principles of correct harmony. But in the organ now under consideration the compass of the great organ and the swell are uniform (CC to F in alt), so that when the two divisions are united by the coupler the augmentation of the power is equal throughout—the increased loudness having bass tones also—the latter the great essential, not only for the effective rendering of organ music generally, but for giving efficient support in congregational psalmody—the primary object of the parochial church organ.

The case is the old one, enlarged, but the decoration displays a novelty in its illuminated pipes—in distinction from the universal system in England of plain gilding, and is altogether in tasteful keeping with the style of the chapel.

FREDERICK CRACE.
(Senior Churchwarden of the Parish of
St. James, Westminster.)

SCHOOLMASTER AND ORGANIST.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having shown a desire in several of your leading articles to raise the position of a "Musical Professor," I beg to call your attention to a growing evil which, if not checked, must eventually lower a particular branch of the profession, both in regard to social position and musical requirement. The evil I refer to is the combination of schoolmaster and organist, which combination, I consider, will do much to prevent the circulation of good classical organ music, as the persons generally employed in this double capacity are those whose studies have been exclusively scholastic, their musical knowledge not usually extending farther than the performance of a few psalm tunes, combined with the howling of Gregorians.

An organist has to contend with difficulties which are to a great extent unknown to his more fortunate brethren in the secular department, and I fear that this combination will do much to degrade those whose appointments and studies are exclusively musical.

Your obedient servant,
IMITATION, IN CONTRARY MOTION.

THE NECROMANCER'S POLKA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The errors you allude to in the *Musical World* of the 5th inst., quite escaped my notice, I not for one moment imagining the engraver would have omitted the corrections I made in the proof. I therefore trust you will do me the justice of inserting this letter.

Bar No. 4 of Introduction should have been C major instead of A minor, the G sharp descending to G natural in the upper part and E natural ascending to C in the bass.

The third bar in the cornet solo—the first half of the bar should have been the first inversion of C, and the next the dominant, with its seventh; you will therefore perceive, that instead of G it is engraved A, and E in place of F. The seventh, eleventh, and fifteenth are, of course, merely repetitions of the third bar.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Dublin, April 8th. T. B. MAGNER.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(*Continued from page* 142.)

A YOUNG girl has just left her lover. She chooses a position, from which she can perceive him for some distance. Her gesture betrays, unconsciously, that the young man, as he is going away, has once more turned to gaze upon her, and she sends him a dumb greeting of love. The orchestra accompanies and explains this attractive point, so as to present to us the full purport of sentiment contained in the dumb greeting to which we have referred by means of the reminding introduction of the melody, which previously manifested for us the actress in the greeting actually spoken, and with which she received her lover, before leaving him. This melody, if previously sung by a speechless singer, does not of itself produce, on its repetition, the speaking impression, calling up thought, which it ought now to produce; it only strikes us as the apparition of a perhaps pleasing theme, which the composer introduces once more, because it pleases him, and he therefore, thinks himself justified in coquetting with it. If the singer, however, regards this after-piece merely as an "orchestral interval;" if she does not execute at all the play of gesture, but remains standing unconcerned in the foreground—and simply waiting for the termination of a ritornel—nothing can be more painful for the audience than such an intermediary piece, which, without sense or importance, is nothing more or less than a lengthy passage which ought to be cut out.

Another case, finally, is that where a gesture, rendered intelligible by the orchestra, is precisely of decisive importance. A situation is concluded, obstacles are surmounted, and the mind of the dramatic personage is satisfied. The task of the poet, who wishes to deduce from this situation another one as necessarily following it, is now to cause us to feel out of this intention to be realised, that the mind of the dramatic personage is in truth *not* yet perfectly satisfied, and the obstacles not yet completely surmounted; his object is to make us feel that their apparent tranquillity is merely a casual self-delusion, and consequently, he has so to dispose us that we shall, out of our co-creative sympathy, presuppose a further and altered development of the situation, and for this purpose he presents to us the significative gesture of a mysterious personage, with which the latter, out of whose motives, hitherto concealed, we are anxious for a satisfactory solution, menaces the personage who decides the question. The purport of this menace ought to fill us like a *presentiment*, whose character the orchestra must inter-

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pret for us, and it can only effect this completely, when it connects the presentiment with some recollection or other; he devotes, therefore, for this important purpose, the sharp and energetically intonated repetition of a melodic phrase, which we have previously heard as the musical expression of a verbal verse referring to the menace, and which is of that characteristic nature plainly to produce in us the recollection of a previous situation, and now, in conjunction with the menacing gesture, becomes for us the affective presentiment, involuntarily determining our feelings. This menacing gesture is now, however, *wanting*; the situation leaves upon our minds a perfectly satisfactory impression; only the orchestra, contrary to all expectation, suddenly bursts out with a musical phrase, the sense of which we have not previously been able to obtain from the speechless singer, and the manifestation of which, in this place, we set down, therefore, as a phantastic and blameable caprice on the part of the composer.

This must be sufficient to draw down upon the comprehension of our drama the further humiliating conclusions.

I have here, certainly, mentioned the grossest blunders; that, however, they *may* occur in every operatic representation, in theatres where the management is actuated by the best spirit, will certainly be denied by no one who has considered such representations from the point of view of what is dramatically requisite, and this may give us a notion of the artistic demoralization which has forced its way among our stage singers, *principally* from the fact, already pointed out, of their mostly singing only translated operas. As I have already said, what I here censure is either not found at all among the Italians and French, or, at any rate, in nothing like the same degree—and, in the case of the Italians, it only for the reason that the operas in which they have to sing make no other demands whatever upon them than such ones as, in their way, they can completely satisfy.

It is especially upon the German stage, or, in other words, precisely in that language in which it could at present be best realised, that the drama we have in view would produce only the greatest confusion, and the most complete misapprehension. Representers, for whom the dramatic intention in its first and fundamental organ—speech—is not at all present or perceptible, cannot grasp the said intention, and were they, from a purely musical point of view—as is mostly the case—to endeavour to do so, they would of necessity only misunderstand, and in their erroneous embarrassment certainly do everything except realise this intention.

For the *Public** therefore, nothing would be left but the music, detached from the dramatic intention, and this could only produce an impression upon the auditors precisely in those instances in which it appeared so to depart from the dramatic intention as to offer, quite independently, a charm that was pleasing to the ear. From the apparently unmelodic singing of the singers—"unmelodic," that is to say, in the sense of the usual instrumental melody, transferred to song—the public must seek for enjoyment in the playing of the orchestra, and would, perhaps, be captivated by one kind of enjoyment, namely, the involuntary charm of a very changeable and manifold instrumentation.

In order to raise the extraordinarily realising organ of speech of the orchestra to such a height that it shall be able to manifest, every instant, clearly to the feelings the Unspeakable contained in the dramatic situation, the musician filled with the poetic intention has—as we have already explained—not in any way to restrict himself, but to sharpen his imaginative powers, precisely according to the necessity experienced by him of a most striking and most decided expression for the discovery of the most manifold power of speech of the orchestra; as long as this power of speech is not capable of such individual manifestation as the endless manifoldness of the dramatic motives requires, the orchestra, which in its more monochromatic manifestation cannot satisfy the individuality of these motives, can only co-sound disturbingly—because not completely satisfactorily—and, in the complete drama it must, therefore, like everything not *entirely* corresponding to something else, attract a degree of diverting attention. But it is precisely such diverting attention which, in conformity with our intention, must not be bestowed on it, but, from the fact of its adapting itself in every case to the most delicate individuality of the dramatic motive, the orchestra should divert, with involuntary constraint, all attention *from itself*, as a means of expression, to the *subject of the expression*—so that the *richest* orchestral language shall be manifested in conjunction with the artistic aim, in such a manner as, to a certain extent, not to be at all noticed and not to be *at all heard*, especially not in its *mechanical* but only in its *organic* activity, in which it and the drama are one.

How must it now humiliate the poetic musician when he sees the public, during the representation of his drama, solely and exclusively devoting their attention to the mechanism of his orchestra, and praising him merely as a "very skilful instrumentalist!" How must he, fashioning only out of the dramatic intention, feel if writers on art, giving an account of his drama, say they have read a *libretto* and heard flutes, violins, and trumpets, mixing wonderfully with one another, making music to it!

Could this drama, however, under the circumstances we have mentioned, produce any other effect!

(*To be concluded in our next*).

Dublin.—(*From a Correspondent*).—On the 11th instant, Mr Costa's new oratorio, *Eli*, was produced by the University of Dublin Choral Society in presence of an overflowing audience. So great was the desire to hear the work, that all the tickets of admission were disposed of three days before the performance, and the committee had to refuse applications at more than double the prices originally demanded. *Eli* was heard with marked attention, and in two instances encores were called for, a circumstance almost unprecedented here, where it is generally considered not becoming to applaud at sacred performances. The pieces redemanded were Samuel's evening prayer, "This night I lift my heart to Thee," and the unaccompanied quartet, "We bless you in the name of the Lord." The services of Madame Amadei were secured for the part of Samuel, one of the most prominent in the work. The other characters were entrusted to resident artists, Mrs. Harper, Messrs. Geary, William and Joseph Robinson, &c. The part of conductor was filled by Dr. Stewart, who had bestowed extreme pains on the rehearsals.

Belfast.—(*From a Correspondent*).—*The Creation* was performed by the Belfast Classical Harmonic Society, in the Victoria Hall, on Wednesday, April 9th, for the first time by any society in the North of Ireland. The soloists were Mrs Sunderland, Mr Benson (of London), Mr Rogers, and Mr Wood (of Armagh Cathedral). Mr Turle, organist of Armagh Cathedral, was the accompanist on the organ. The chorus consisted of about 90 and the orchestra, partly composed of members of the local instrumental society (the Anacreontic), of about 30. The audience was large. The society's new conductor, Mr George B. Allan, Mus. Bac., deserves great credit for having brought the chorus to perform their task so creditably.

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* By the "Public" I can never understand those separate individuals who, from the abstract comprehension of art, out of their own minds, accustom themselves to phenomena which cannot be realised on the stage. By the "Public" I understand the total mass of spectators, for whom, without their possessing a specifically trained understanding of art, the drama represented, shall be understood by *the feelings without the slightest effort*, and who, in their sympathy, are, therefore, never attracted to the employment of the artistic means, but, wholly and solely to the artistic subject realised by the latter, that is to say, to the drama itself, *as the representation of a most intelligible action*. The Public, who, accordingly, are to enjoy without any effort of artistic comprehension, will be altogether prejudiced in their demands, when the representation—from the reasons adduced—does not realise the dramatic intention, and are perfectly justified if they turn their back upon such a representation. In the case, however, of the judge of art, who, in spite of the representation, exerts himself to suppose the unrealised dramatic intention as realised, out of the libretto and the correct interpretation of the music—generally well performed by our orchestras—as it strikes his ears, we must suppose an effort of the mind, which necessarily deprives him of all *enjoyment* of the work of art, and renders that which should involuntarily delight and elevate him, a most fatiguing labour.

REVIEWS.

"Eli"—an oratorio—the words selected and written by William Bartholomew. The music composed, and dedicated to Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, by Michael Costa.

(Continued from page 214.)

A short accompanied recitative, for Samuel, leads to the "Evening Prayer"—a charming little song in F major and worthy pendant to the "Morning Prayer," of which we have already spoken. There is a calmness about this piece in admirable keeping with the character of the "boy elect," and with the situation that introduces it. The accompaniments, too, are just as pretty as the melody is touching and simple. In the first bar of page 146, however, we object to the way in which we are conducted from D minor (vide last bar, page 145) to the six-four upon C in F major; and more especially we must protest against that chord which presents us with an A flat, and a D flat, upon a B flat bass—as a disagreeable inversion in the place where it occurs. The end of the song—when Samuel goes to sleep—is extremely natural and effective.

A well managed transition from F to A flat (in the orchestra) now brings us to a four-part chorus of angels, in the last named key—one of those flowingly melodious trifles in which Mr. Costa is so prolific. The vocal harmony of this is smooth and unpretending, the undulating *arpeggio* of the stringed instruments forming an accompaniment appropriately gentle.

The next piece, though unequal in merit, has some fine points. A messenger announces (in recitative) the defeat of the Israelites by their enemies. The Israelites bewail their calamity through the medium of a chorus—"Woe unto us" (in C minor)—which is interrupted by an episode (in A flat), where Phineas and Hophni, the sons of Eli, propose to take the "Ark of God" out of Shiloh to the camp." The chorus is resumed, in another key, and with a new theme, which—after a quantity of not very interesting *remplissage* and modulation (the bass descending *enharmonically*, and so forth)—is repeated, with grand effect, in the major of the original key (C)—to the words, "God when thou wentest before thy people." This, however, is short-breathed; and some more vague progressions (the bass descending *enharmonically*, &c.) of chords lead us back to the original subject, in the minor—a marked and impressive subject, by the way, taken up alternately in close imitation, by the four parts of the chorus. The minor key is retained until the last few bars, when we are treated to the major tonic, "after the manner of the ancients," and with no evident reason. There is, as we have hinted, a great deal of power in this piece; but it is too long, the plan is rambling and undefined, the episode of the sons of Eli is extremely insipid, and in the midst of the "*remplissage*" alluded to, some transitions occur which are far more bold than orthodox or agreeable. As one example we may cite the passage from a *seventh* on E (major third) to the common chord of F minor, by means of the first inversion of the dominant seventh in F (the 6, 5, 3 on E)—which we cannot possibly admire.

The scene in which Samuel is called by the Lord has been much praised, but we confess we can only see in it a great musical opportunity thrown away. A series of desultory accompanied recitatives is very easy to put on paper; but to paint such a scene as this demands the genius of Mendelssohn—whose oboe, by the way, has been summoned from its place in the first part of *Elijah* (when Elijah sends the boy to look for rain) to very little purpose. We cannot enter into Mr. Costa's idea of the call of Samuel. How picturesque, how beautiful is the incident!—how suggestive are the accessories of place and circumstance! The watchful and anxious Eli; the boy prophet overpowered by sleep; the night; the "still small voice" of the Lord, addressing the chosen instrument of His will; the error; and the final revelation! Here were elements of inspiration. A finer chance was never offered to poet-musician. But Mr. Costa has presented us with nothing better than accompanied recitatives, without plan, with no colouring in the orchestra—no musical interest, in short, whatever. The *tune*, where Eli instructs Samuel what to say in answer to the divine appeal, is almost infantine, considered from a musical point of view. Samuel echoes the words of Eli as Eli utters them, and to the identical notes—

Eli—"Speak Lord—"
Samuel—"Speak Lord—"
Eli—"For thy servant heareth."
Samuel—"For thy servant heareth."

As if the inspired prophet stood in need of a rehearsal, before delivering with correctness and effect the words which the High Priest had communicated!

The brief chorus of Levites (in D), "Bless ye the Lord"—when the morning begins to dawn and the night-guards are dispersing—is effective and pretty; but much more should (and could easily) have been done with it. The dialogue, in recitative, between Eli and Samuel, becomes uncommonly prosy after such a quantity of soft and shapeless music. The repetition, here—when Samuel discloses to Eli the denunciation of the Lord against the High Priest and his house—of the same chain of enharmonic changes, with holding notes for the voice, while the bass descends in semitones and the harmony shifts four times a bar, which accompanies the prophecy of the man of God, in Part I. (page 56) may be poetically just; but, on the other hand, it is painfully unwelcome. We can scarcely say, with propriety, that the passage is *transposed* a tone for Samuel, since, no matter on what pitch it sets out, it is indefinitely vague in *any* key. Mr. Costa seems to be enchanted with this enharmonic puzzle; but it is our duty to admonish him that whatever else it may be, it is not music.

(To be continued.)

ALGIERS, 3rd *April*.—The "season" is now at its zenith. In honour of the birth of an Imperial Prince a grand representation was given at the theatre. *Les Jeunes Gens* was the opening piece, followed by Grisar's comic opera, *Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalon*. MM. Baman, Lucien Bourgeois, Mad. Michon, Mdlle. Lenormand, and Mdlle. Barault were the executants. *L'Etoile du Nord* has been twice performed with great success—Mad. Mánchand in Catherine, and M. Vila in Peter. The opera has been produced with splendour. A concert, given by M. Bache, a young English pianist and composer, has been one of the features of the musical season. It took place in the *foyer* of the theatre, which, however, makes but an indifferent concert-room, the architect not having thought much about acoustic effects when he built it. Notwithstanding this, M. Bache succeeded in producing a highly favourable impression both as pianist and as a composer. The concert was very agreeable and the programme not too long. The *Akhbar*, the principal journal in Algiers, says: "Mr. Bache has neither long hair, large hands, nor long fingers; he wears nothing eccentric; his manner is quiet and gentlemanly, and his playing like himself; what he appears to possess above all is delicacy of expression and elegance of phrasing, qualities without which music degenerates into noise." M. Bache played, among other pieces, an *andante* and *rondo polonaise* of his own composition. The principal artists who assisted were M. Salvador Daniel (violin) and M. Luce (violoncello), who played with M. Bache, Beethoven's trio in E flat, and M. Pecqueur *fils* (clarinet) as instrumentalists; and Mdlle. Barault, and MM. Vila and Betout, as vocalists. M. Bache has made a decided impression in Algiers.

AMERICA.—At New York, by our last advices, the operatic company had returned from Boston to the Academy in Fourteenth-street, excepting Mad. Nantier Didiée, who had left for England, her place being supplied by Miss Adelaide Phillips, who appears to have succeeded in *contralto* parts, more especially in that of Azucena in *Il Trovatore*. Herr Gottschalk continues his pianoforte *soirées*. A German opera troupe was expected to commence a series of performances at New York. The manager is Herr von Berckel, who had arrived from Germany with two of his *prime donne*. Mdlle. Sara Felix, sister to Mdlle. Rachel, was giving musical *soirées* at Charleston and other towns. Several actresses in the United States had abandoned the stage and were reading Longfellow's *Hiawatha* in public, costumed as Indian girls, with signal success.

LISZT, BERLIOZ, AND LITTOLF.

(*Translated from the "Freischütz."*)

In Weimar, the head-quarters of the Music of the Future, during the sojourn of Mr. Littolf (from Brunswick) and M. Berlioz who had come to direct his opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*, a most delicious scene lately took place. We will give it on the authority of a most credible eye-witness, because, harmless as regards persons it can injure no one by being published, and is an anecdote characteristic of the musical tendency of the age. Liszt had called a rehearsal of Richard Wagner's opera of *Lohengrin*; MM. Littolf and Berlioz were naturally present in the theatre, in order, as Liszt of course imagined, to exhaust themselves in ecstasy at the immortal work. But, contrary to all expectation, they were fearfully bored by the tone-pictures of the Chief of the Future, and left a considerable time before the conclusion of the rehearsal, for the purpose of restoring in the hotel where Littolf lodged their jaded spirits, in another and a more material way. After the rehearsal, Liszt makes his appearance, according to agreement, to fetch the two gentlemen to dinner. A discussion immediately springs up about Wagner's works; neither Berlioz nor Littolf, and especially the latter conceals his unfavourable opinion of Wagner, so that Liszt, whose enthusiasm was deeply hurt, leaves his invited guests and the hotel, terribly in anger with the words, "He stands higher than either of you." Thereupon, Littolf takes a valuable cane he had intended as a present for Liszt, and, full of artistic wrath, breaks it into two pieces and he throws them at the feet of the long-haired Lisztites present, who had turned very pale, exclaiming, as he does so, "Just as I break this cane do I, from this time forth, break with all your party." After saying this, he immediately sends for a hair-cutter, and has his hair, which he had before accidentally worn long, cut short, "in order that I may not be taken for a partisan of the Liszt faction, and their artistic tendency."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY—SIR C. EASTLAKE'S PURCHASES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

(*Continued from page 227.*)

PURCHASES MADE DURING SIR C. EASTLAKE'S TRUSTEESHIP.

SIR,—4. "The Painter's Own Portrait," Rembrandt, purchased in July 1851, cost £430 10s. An inferior and much damaged work, by a master, of whose fine and well preserved examples are frequently on sale.

Responsibility.—Sir C. Eastlake bid in person for this picture.

5. "The Tribute Money"—ascribed to Titian. Purchased in May 1851, cost £2,604 and £0 8s. 2d for carriage from Paris. Ignoble in character and spurious. A scandalous purchase.

Responsibility.—At pages 45, 46, and 47 of the Minutes of the Trustees of 1847-52, we find Sir C. Eastlake, "Resolving, that the following pictures from the collections of M. Callot and Marshal Soult, about to be sold at Paris, would be a most advantageous addition to the National Gallery and conducive of benefit to art in England, and that the prices affixed are sums which it would be prudent to offer:—Titian, The Tribute Money, from £2,000 to £3,000. Palma Vecchio, 'The Marriage of St. Catherine,' from £1,000 to £1,500. And that the authority of the Treasury be asked to employ Mr William Woodburn to make a purchase of these pictures at a price not exceeding £4,000.' On the 17th of May Sir C. Eastlake "Resolves, that he wishes to *repeat* his instructions to Mr. Woodburn to bid *as far as* £3,000 if necessary for 'The Tribute Money,' and to bid £1,000, if necessary, for 'The Palma Vecchio;' and he desires further to explain, that should Mr Woodburn be able to secure 'The Tribute Money,' for less than £3,000, he may venture to bid *whatever surplus* out of the £4,500 he may have left for the Palma Vecchio."

Again, on the 7th of June, after their arrival at the Gallery, Sir C. Eastlake "having had the Titian and Palma Vecchio under his inspection and *consideration*, resolves, that these pictures be brought before the public without *loss of time*. He "resolves further that his thanks be conveyed to Mr Woodburn for his attention to his wishes with respect to the purchases of pictures he has made for him at Paris." But Sir C. Eastlake's approval of Mr Woodburn and praise, after "consideration," of two pictures which were to be most advantageous "additions to the National Gallery and conducive of benefit to art in England" were to undergo modification.

On the 17th of June, 1853, one year and ten days subsequent to his "Thanks to Mr Woodburn," he says to the committee, in reply to questions 6,214-9-25—"I consider that the result of the Paris purchase was *not satisfactory*; I venture to entertain doubts as to Mr Woodburn's judgment; I should suppose it not likely that Mr Woodburn will be employed on a similar mission again. If you ask me whether I think the Palma Vecchio worthy of a place in the national collection, I say, decidedly not." The satisfactory "Titian" then, is "*not* satisfactory." The "Palma Vecchio" has been condemned as too bad for exhibition.

6. "A Franciscan Monk," Zurbaran. Purchased in May, 1853; cost £265.—An ill-favoured and much damaged picture, by a second rate master of an inferior school. Utterly unfit for study.

7. "The Adoration of the Shepherds," ascribed to Velasquez. Purchased in May, 1853, cost £2,050.—One of the tamest and most unpleasant specimens of the master—if by Velasquez—that could have been selected; useful only as a beacon for what to avoid.

Responsibility for the last two purchases.—"Purchased at the request of the trustees." (Min. of Trustees, 1853-5, p. 2.) with one dissent from Sir C. Eastlake.

8. "Madonna and Child," ascribed to Pacchiarotto. Purchased in June, 1854, cost £92 8s.—A feeble common-place work and a libel on the Siennese painter to whom it is ascribed.

9. "Bust Portrait of a Senator," ascribed to A. Durer. Purchased in June, 1854, cost £147.—A damaged and feeble picture.

Responsibility for the last two purchases.—"Read a letter from Sir C. Eastlake to Lord Overstone (Min. of Trustees of 1853-5, p. 18), recommending as a desirable acquisition for the National Gallery, the Albert Durer, the Pacchiarotto," &c.

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kemp Town. (*To be continued.*)

WAKEFIELD.—Madame Goldschmidt-Lind's concert in the Exchange Buildings was attended by all the *élite* of the town and neighbouring county. The boys of the Grammar School were given free entry by direction of Mad. Goldschmidt. The pieces sung by the "Nightingale" were a *preghiera* by Weber, a *scena* and *aria* of Bellini, Meyerbeer's "Quando lasciai la Normandia," "The Bird Song," by Taubert, a Swedish melody, and "John Anderson my Jo," all of which were enthusiastically applauded. M. Goldschmidt played a trio of Beethoven's in conjunction with Herr Ernst and Sig. Piatti, and a *Tarantella* by Thalberg, in a way that entitles him to rank among the first pianists. Herr Ernst and Sig. Piatti both played solos with eminent success. Mr Weiss sang some songs, accompanied on the pianoforte by Herr Wilhelm Ganz.

SHEFFIELD.—Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah* was performed on the 27th ult., under the direction of Mr Butterworth. The principal vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Mrs. Lockey, Miss Seale, Miss Bordchla, Mrs. Jessop, Mr Lockey and Mr Butterworth. The band comprised upwards of forty, and the chorus of sixty. Mr. F. Phillips presided at the organ, and Mr Henry Smith was the conductor. The attendance was large and the oratorio gave evident satisfaction.

DRESDEN.—Madlle. Michal, the Swedish *prima donna*, has appeared with success in *Robert le Diable*, and *Die Zauberflöte*.

AN EMBARRASSING DEMAND.—We see there is a new song by Balfe called *The First Kiss*. Is there not some degree of danger in such a title? For instance, what would a shopman think and how would he behave if a pretty young lady went up to him and smilingly said, "If you please, sir, I want you to give me *The First Kiss*."—*Punch*.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, April 19th, 1856.

In spite of puritanical conventicles, Exeter-hall homilies, and sanctified deputations, the band is allowed to continue its performance this year at Kensington Gardens. Who can forget the outcry raised last autumn, when, for the first time, the musicians of the First Life Guards assembled within the precincts of the Gardens and on the verge of the Park, and, in the presence of some half-a-hundred thousand spectators, broke the Sabbath silence which had been imposed upon all music but that of the birds in this great metropolis for a longer time than even tradition records. Did not the howl throughout the three kingdoms, and in Scotland more especially—the Presbytery being avowedly opposed to recreation of any kind—excite the utmost indignation? Was not a petition sent up from Edinburgh, praying against the desecration of the Sunday, and entreating Her Majesty and the two houses of Parliament not to imperil the safety of the country by the blowing of clarions, the braying of trumpets, the tinkling of cymbals, and other abominations on the Sabbath? Common sense, however, was too much for rampant bigotry and London was saved from being over-ridden like Edinburgh and Glasgow by intolerance and fanaticism. Why were the applicants more anxious for the salvation of the metropolis than for that of provincial towns? Why wink at the Sunday desecration on Windsor Terrace, and yet fulminate against it in Kensington Gardens? Can that be harmless in Berks which is dangerous in Middlesex, or a virtue so universal in London that its preservation should be of greater importance than in Chatham? The "Saints" must have regarded London as their special city, assigned and bequeathed to them, with power to rescue it from the hands of the Evil One. "The band on a Sunday"—they exclaimed—"is an offence to Heaven!"

We have nothing to say in favour of the performances, which are not of the most edifying character, but the sight of fifty thousand people behaving with perfect decorum, enjoying the beauty of the scenery, inhaling the fresh air, delighted with the trees and the flowers, and attracted, if not absolutely charmed, by the music must have been acceptable to any but a downright bigot. "If you stop the music" argued Sir Benjamin Hall, "why allow skating on a Sunday?" This was a clencher. We should like to see the police interfering with the public exercise on the Serpentine in frosty weather or the amusements of the Skating Club on a Sunday. *Punch* was still more to the point, when he urged the "Saints" to arrest the singing of the birds. The House of Commons is not ruled like Exeter Hall, or Sunday, instead of being a day for recruiting mind and body, would be turned into a day of humiliation and fasting, of cant and humbug. Christ rose from the dead on Sunday and these ranting puritans would make Sunday a day of mortification instead of a holiday. This was not the intention of the second commandment. The Roman Catholic religion follows, in a true spirit, the inculcation of the divine law. After prayers on the sabbath its ministers not only sanction but enjoin innocent recreation. They drive drunkards from the tavern and bid them refresh themselves in the fields. They see no harm in cricket, no treason in a band of music. Healthful recreation is indispensable once a week, at least, to the hard worked artisan, and the interests of religion are in no way perilled by their indulging in it.

No greater evidence exists of the reign of Common Sense in the present day than the freedom allowed to private opinion by the large majority of intelligent men. This is not the place to discuss matters of such gravity, or we might attempt to show that bigotry and superstition are tottering on their last legs, and that toleration must soon become the accepted doctrine of all true Christians.

The performances of the band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, if Sunday last was an example of their best, were at the best very bad. The musicians can only be seen by a *few* and heard by a minority. The platform should be elevated, and a more extensive area railed off. Instead of one of the household bands there might be two, or three, the effect being now simply insignificant. The selection of pieces on Sunday was of the most trumpery description. We do not contend for sacred music, but for music of a higher order than mere vulgar dance-tunes, which are unworthy of the people and unsuited to the occasion. The programme on Sunday was neither better nor worse than an insult to the vast and intelligent multitude which had assembled in Kensington-Gardens.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—The first concert of the 43rd season of the Philharmonic Society having (contrary to the expectations of many and the *hopes* of some) passed off with great *éclat*, and Professor Sterndale Bennett having (*ditto—ditto*) proved himself as good a man as any of his predecessors of the *bâton*, we are regaled with a sort of triumphant chorus from the *coulisses*. "Hurrah for English talent!" is now the cry of men who for years have done their utmost to oppose it. The same directors (or at least a majority of them) who treated their present conductor in so disgraceful a manner pending his dispute with Mr Costa—where the Englishman was in the right and the Neapolitan in the wrong—are now, *tuque bono*, the humble servants of Professor Bennett. Oh, Vanity Fair—Vanity Fair! Professor Bennett has succeeded, and with certain persons success is the universal mollifier. Had he failed we should have heard quite a different tale. But some men have no faith. Cynicism is a part—a part, nay the whole—of their nature. They are ready to burn incense at any altar, and are indifferent which they worship, Bel or Dagon, so that the god of their idolatry be uppermost.

Who has forgotten the Bennett-Costa controversy? Who does not remember the humiliation to which the best musician in England became subjected when the best pianist in England would play a concerto of *his* composition, and nothing else? The Neapolitan conductor—then in the zenith of his glory—refused to conduct the Englishman's concerto, and the Neapolitan conductor was strongly backed by directors, although he was nothing more than what the Englishman is now—their paid servant. It may suit Mr Anderson and "*quorum*" to overlook these things as though they had never taken place, but the real friends of Professor Bennett hold these still in remembrance, and cannot cease to regret that he should have accepted office under those who once treated him with such small consideration. In the history of the Philharmonic Society the remarkable episode of Costa, Bennett, and Arabella Goddard, will always be referred to, as involving an example of flunkeyism to which few parallels can be found. To shallow thinkers it may be consoling that the directors, on the point of being overwhelmed, should have applied to

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Professor Bennett to save them, and still more that Professor Bennett should have consented, but to others, who look deeper beneath the surface, it is quite the contrary. Had Professor Bennett rejected the offer there must inevitably have been a general meeting of the members, and the present directors would, to a man, have been sent to the right-about. *Then* would have been the time to step forward, and help to avert the impending dissolution of the society. Professor Bennett could have done this gracefully—like that ill-treated Cincinnatus, who was persuaded, against his will to leave the plough and save ungrateful Rome once more. Some will say—"Let by-gones be by gones." I cannot honestly echo that sentiment, since the men whom Professor Bennett has forgiven, and whom he now obeys, are worthy neither of his pardon nor his service. He has, nevertheless, in more than one way been instrumental in lifting them out of the mire, by his talent and professional influence directly, and otherwise indirectly.

Let me explain. It is well known but that for the promised aid of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt the Philharmonic Society would this season have scarcely realised any *subscription*. Its *prestige* was departed. No one cared a straw what it was going to do, or whether it ever did anything again. Under these painful circumstances Madame Goldschmidt was applied to—just as a lady might be solicited by a mendicant in the street—*for alms*: and she gave alms. Now the Philharmonic Society had no more real claim upon Madame Goldschmidt than upon the Emperor of Japan. It is (as yet) no hospital and therefore could not decently appeal to the Swedish songstress. With or without pretext, however, the petition was duly presented, by one of the *directors* (Mr Anderson), and after some hesitation Madame Goldschmidt agreed to sing. But *why* did she agree? I can tell you. It was because her husband—Herr Otto Goldschmidt, himself an admirable musician—entertained a high respect for the genius and talents of Professor Sterndale Bennett, who is more of a prophet in Germany than in his own country. For this reason, and for no other (I have it from the best authority—that of Herr Goldschmidt himself) Madame Jenny Lind consented to sing for the Philharmonic Society. The result is patent to all. The first advertisements made it appear as if the great artist was going to sing at *several concerts* during the season, and this very naturally brought in a large subscription. How the advertisements were subsequently amended (in consequence of the remonstrance of Mr Mitchell) is equally notorious. Thus Professor Bennett has been doubly instrumental in suspending the ultimate fate of a society which, whatever it may have effected in its time, is now of no importance at all. Like a Christian, he followed the precept, and returned good for evil.

But to the chief purport of this letter. Professor Bennett is in the ascendant. Mr. Costa and his quondam adulator are not even upon speaking terms. The society has got another chance, and the watchword, of course, is now—"There is but one Philharmonic, and Bennett" (not Costa—not Wagner) "is its Prophet." I have just finished the perusal of an article in *The Daily News*, which comes straight from the *bureau* of the society, as many of your readers may have surmised. You will remember how this same paper, three years since, discussed the affair between Costa and Bennett. Nor can you have forgotten how Miss Arabella Goddard was warned not to think of playing Bennett's music at the Philharmonic Society—for fear she should make a *fiasco* (!)—but something "classical" (as if that splendid pianoforte concerto in C minor was not "classical") instead. Call to mind these particulars and try, if you can, to reconcile them with the following account of Professor Bennett's *début* in the columns of the official, and occasionally officious, journal.

> "This great society, *which for almost half a century has been unequalled in its influence on the progress of music, not in England alone but in every country of Europe*, has entered upon its forty third season, which promises to be a season of even more than ordinary success. This may be partly ascribed to the favourable aspect of public affairs; but it is undoubtedly owing also to the expectations entertained of a brilliant series of concerts, and *to the general approbation, in the musical world, of the appointment of Professor Sterndale Bennett to the arduous and responsible post of conductor of the orchestra. It is felt that in conferring this office upon a man who stands confessedly at the head of the musicians of England—a man of genius learning and experience—a man, too, whose character and social position give him that influence among his brethren which is essential to efficiency in a position of this kind, the Philharmonic Society has acted wisely as well as justly.* This feeling on the part of the public has been strongly and generally expressed, and has further manifested itself in the largest subscription which the society has had for many years. * * * * When Mr Bennett appeared in the orchestra to assume the *bâton* of command he was greeted by loud and protracted cheers from every part of the room."

There is no mincing matters here, you will allow. The whole apostrophe seems spontaneous, and is (really or affectedly) enthusiastic. But, alas!—what has become of the years 53 and 54 when Mr Costa was the *Jupiter Tonans*, and when a mere allusion to the name of Bennett (in connection with the Philharmonic) would have brought down upon the head of the devoted critic the severe displeasure of Professor Anderson and tail? Where, too, is that gifted Richard Wagner, dug out of the snow, on this side the Alps (at a cost of nearly £40 to the Society for *travelling* expenses) last March by Professor Anderson, at the recommendation of M. Sainton? What has become of Wagner—apostrophised, last season, by the *Daily News*, in much the same strain as Professor Bennett now, and Mr Costa two years since? I take in *The Daily News*, and "file" it—also *The Spectator*, also *The Illustrated London News*, also *John Bull*—all of them very eloquent about Professor Anderson, and the Philharmonic Society. I take them in (*they* don't take *me* in) and "file" them. It is curious and interesting to look back and compare. *Sic transit gloria* COSTÆ—*gloria* WAGNERII, etc. *Sic non transit* (let us hope) *gloria* BENNETTII.

But this is not all. The article in *The Daily News* touches on ground still tenderer—it touches on the orchestra. Everybody is aware of the reasons that led to the secession of M. Sainton and Mr Blagrove, the two best violins, and for more years *chefs d'attaque*. Everybody knows that it was none of their seeking but the result of an intrigue, which, unluckily for the intriguer, recoiled upon himself. But if there are any who profess ignorance about this matter I am in possession of a correspondence (and other materials) to enlighten them when requisite. See how the officially officious, or officiously official, paper disposes of this grave business:—

> "The orchestra was *of the usual strength—eighty performers—and* presented *the usual array of talent*. Of the '*old familiar faces*' which we were accustomed to see, however, TWO were absent—*the faces of* Sainton and Blagrove. Their absence, though matter of regret, was not matter of *surprise* to musical people, for it has been known for some time that those gentlemen have seceded from the Philharmonic Society, *and attempts have been industriously made to throw blame upon the society on that account*. It is proper therefore, to explain the cause

> of their criticism, which was simply this:—There is no 'leader' in an orchestra—the office being superseded by that of the conductor. But there is a 'principal violin' on whom the conductor relies for strength, firmness, and precision, in taking up every point; *and the functions of the principal violin have for some years been shared by Messrs. Sainton and Blagrove. In making the arrangements of this season, the directors, in consideration of the professional talent and rank of Mr. Cooper,* offered him (without any application on his part) *a participation of the position of the principal violin alternately with M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove. It was not expected that they would take umbrage at an act of fairness to a fellow artist; but they did, and threw up their places in the band, one or two others following their example. Much noise has been made about this affair, but without any reason that we can discover.* The result is, that Mr. Cooper now shares the place of principal violin with Signor Sivori, who is to assume it at the last three concerts."

The orchestra was not "of the usual strength," and did not present the "usual array of talent"—since not only were "the *faces*" of M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove missing from among the violins, but "the *faces*" of Messrs. Dando and Alfred Mellon, the equally familiar "*faces*" of two excellent and practised players, whom *The Daily News* thinks it expedient to pass over, as if their loss signified nothing at all. The "attempts" which have been industriously made to throw blame upon the Society on that account" (the account of the absence of *four first-rate violinists*) have been made with a good object, which I much regret that our contemporary is unable (or unwilling) to appreciate. The "much noise" which "has been made about this affair" according to *The Daily News*, is "without any reason that" *The Daily News* "can discover." *The Daily News* is singularly *naïf*. It is also, when the turn serves, extremely sophistical. The apology for Mr. Cooper being thrust into association with M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove, if it were not quite so childish, would be worthy of Macchiavelli.

Let us have a little fairness, and a little plain common sense. Position is won by merit and perseverance—retained by zeal and trustworthiness. In all civilised countries a position worthily acquired is, by unanimous consent, regarded with as great a respect and with as jealous an eye as property. In short, position and property are convertible terms. On what grounds, then, were M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove each deprived of *one-third* of the position (the property) they had honourably earned and industriously maintained? Their case is precisely as I have stated. Grant their salaries were not to be diminished, that does not touch the question.

Rank, to them, is as much as *money*, and the forced obligation of sharing it with another diminishes its importance and consequently its *value*. No honest and straightforward Englishman would tamely put up with such an infringement of his rights; and I am charmed to find a Frenchman so deeply impregnated with English honesty and straightforwardness as M. Sainton. I have always esteemed this gentleman as a great fiddler; I shall henceforth respect him as a man (a "John Bull") no less than as an artist. The proceeding of the directorial clique was, in fact, preposterous, and Mr. Cooper would have done wisely to avoid being made the "cat's paw." If he is unaware of his inferiority as a violinist to the Frenchman and the Englishman in whose place he now officiates, I fear there can be no great hopes of his *avenir*.

We amateurs of Birmingham (yes—even of Coventry, Leamington, and Warwick) are utterly dumb-foundered at these strange proceedings. As for poor little Signor Sivori, who has allowed himself to be stuck by Professor Anderson and tail in such a cleft stick, I am truly sorry for him. He is an amiable nonentity—an inspired idiot, if I may so express myself*—and will find, to his cost, that he has weakly acceded to the propositions of the enemy.

I have not yet done, however, with your contemporary *The Daily News*, who cannot, it seems, even criticise the performance at the Philharmonic without calling in question the ability and sincerity of other reporters. I know no more ungenial policy than this. Grant that *The Daily News* is the first musical authority in this country; would it not, even then, be more dignified to steer to leeward of other persons, and holding his own, rest satisfied? I think so; and if *The Daily News* is discreet, he will, without delay, in imitation of that immortal mariner, "Cap'en Ed'ard Cuttle," search for this maxim in the "volum" and "when found make a note on."

I will give you a specimen of what I mean:—

> "It will be seen from this programme that the society goes on in its accustomed course, *disregarding the cry of 'novelty' so incessantly and so clamorously set up*. The society during its long existence, has generally acted on the principle of giving the best music in the best manner, and this course has always met the approbation of the subscribers. When they have found music that was good as well as new, they have given it; when they have been induced to depart from their principle, and to give music that was new without being good, they have always had cause to repent it. The public cannot hear the *chefs d'oeuvre* of the great masters too often—they cannot, indeed, hear them often enough. Why should we be deprived of the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn, for the sake of some new importation from Germany which hardly ever fails to turn out a bore? When we have another Spohr, or another Mendelssohn, the Philharmonic Society will be ready enough to perform his works."

Now with deference all this is mere talk—"a tinkling cymbal" as Lord Verulam has it. The "cry" complained of is not "*clamorously* set up." I love the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven just as much as the *Daily News* can love them, and I am bold enough to entertain a conviction that I know a great deal more about them than the *Daily News*, or any other journal under the sun (you and I *personify* journalism). But I do not want these magnificent works hackneyed and made common, for the especial profit of Professor Anderson and tail. I cannot forget that I have heard them as well played at Jullien's concerts, and for one shilling instead of one guinea—a consideration since the war. I also remember very well the loud outcry against Mendelssohn when he first took the Philharmonic subscribers by the ears, and now I need not tell you a good concert without Mendelssohn is scarcely possible. The arguments of the *Daily News* in favour of the Philharmonic are moonshine. What is the Philharmonic after all, but a society composed for the most part of fifth-rate professors? That such a body should impertinently arrogate to itself the right of laying down the law on musical matters is really *too* absurd. The Society of British Musicians, with Messrs. Stephens, Graves, and "what d'ye call'em," at their head, might do so with equal reason.

I conclude with a quotation sufficiently strange as coming from the official journal of the Philharmonic Society, since it admits *an improvement on Mr. Costa!* Good Lord!—how times change, and we with them!—

> "Beethoven's Symphony in A was a delightful treat. Mr. Bennett took parts of it—especially the *allegretto* and the *finale*—a little slower than Mr. Costa used to take them. This we thought, an improvement, as it conduced to the clearness of the execution."

After this Professor Sterndale Bennett may rest content. Until he also secedes from the direction of the Philharmonic

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* We cannot agree with our correspondent. Signor Sivori is neither an "amiable nonentity" nor "an "inspired idiot."—Ed. *M. W.*

Concerts he will remain the acknowledged best conductor in the universe. At the same time I sincerely hope he will carefully avoid giving any opinion whatever about the Queen's private band. It would be even less dangerous to question the fact of *Eli's* superiority over *Elijah*.

An English Musician

Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, April 17

DESECRATION OF THE SABBATH

To the Editor of the Musical World

Sir,—I venture to address you, being informed that you exercise great influence over the musical aspirations of your fellow creatures—though, whether for good or evil, I cannot say, as I never read your paper.

On the afternoon of last Sabbath, for the first time these fifteen years, I was absent from second service at our chapel. I had a public duty to fulfil, and therefore more cheerfully neglected the private one which I owe to my Maker hoping by this sacrifice to be the means of bringing to grace many erring mortals rashly bent upon enjoying the amusements provided for them at the hands of the Evil One.

After a light dinner, I proceeded to Hyde Park on my mission, accompanied by my youngest daughter, a girl of twelve years old. We had hardly reached the main thoroughfare when it was too plainly apparent that the Tempter's invitation had been eagerly accepted by thousands upon thousands of unhappy beings—men, women, and children.

There were fathers with babies in their arms, urchins on either side grasping at their holiday trousers, mothers careering and even suckling their infants, young men who had evidently spent their weeks' wages in hats, cravats, and other follies, and younger girls dressed out in flaunting cheapness, all proceeding in one direction little thinking how fast they were going to destruction. Some carried in their pockets quart bottles, which waggled backwards and forwards as if filled with ardent spirits others stopped at stalls to swallow ginger-beer or soda-water All were talking laughing, flirting, drinking, and setting at nought the solemn end for which the sabbath was established. From one extremity of the new road to the other and in every part of the park and gardens, the scene and the actors presented the same ungodly appearance.

At last I arrived, with my daughter, at the spot where the musicians were stationed, and here the crowd was denser than elsewhere The band played a waltz (they called it the Gasaler), while the eyes of the young and giddy persons about me twinkled with indecorous brightness. One dance tune after another was performed, and the feelings of those around me became more excited at every strain.

I did my best to meet the Enemy on his own ground, and distributed in every direction the supply of tract ammunition I had brought with me, but the effect was not immediately apparent A few read the story I was circulating, which recorded all the fearful punishments mankind had suffered on account of sabbath-breaking since the creation of the world, pointed out how the populations were destroyed by the Flood for neglecting to observe this day and how Sodom and Gomorrah were consumed because public games had been instituted on the Sunday Little attention, however, was paid to these warnings, and some even cast derision upon them asking what sort of music would be heard in New Jerusalem, and other questions not less blasphemous and indecent. I could not endure this scoffing and debauchery longer, and shortly quitted the scene with my little girl, who, I am sorry to say, was anxious to hear another polka. For this I made her learn three tracts by heart before going to bed that night, although, poor child, she was very tired; but her soul is of more consequence than her body, both to herself and to me.

When we left Kensington gardens the sun shone on the backs of those misguided wretches who appeared to relish the infernal music of the band although sweltering in immoral perspiration.

Sir, if your voice has any authority raise it against this awful desecration, and help to avert the visitation which must follow unless we amend our ways. If you can teach only one man to love and obey his Maker, it will, I am sure, be more gratifying to you than to think you have initiated a thousand into the mysteries of some worthless opera or symphony.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Barnsbury, April 14 1856. A Sabbatarian

Madame Caradori is on her way to Barcelona, where she is engaged for sixteen operatic performances. She will return to London in June.

Signor Campana has returned to London, having spent the winter months in a professional visit to Torquay.

Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms.—On Monday the 31st ult., a selection from the compositions of Sir Henry Bishop was given. The principal vocalists named in the programme were Miss Birch, Mrs. Dixon, Messrs. Coward, Williams, Smith, and Buckland. Messrs. Callcott and Hawker were the accompanists. The chorus consisted of nearly fifty performers.

Royal Panopticon.—A concert of miscellaneous music was given on Monday evening The artists were Miss Sansford, Miss Lascelles, Madlle. Mathilde Rudersdorff, Madame Marietta, Mr Henry Haigh, Mr Sansford, and the Spanish Minstrels, vocalists; Mr E. T. Chipp (organ), Mr E. Wells (flute), Master Heinrich Werner (piano) instrumentalists. Mr Charles Blagrove conducted. The Spanish Minstrels were encored in the Rataplan chorus from the *Val d'Andorre*; Mr Henry Haigh received a similar compliment in "The Flower of Ellerslie," as did also Madame Marietta in "Una voce," a very spirited performance.

"The First Kiss"—Balfe's new song is sung every evening at the Canterbury Hall, by Mr Russell Grover with immense effect.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

There is no longer any doubt about the re-opening this season of the establishment in the Haymarket. Between one and two hundred workmen have been for some time employed in renovating and decorating the interior and it is expected that the theatre will open the first or second week in May Although the official prospectus is not yet published, we have received from Mr Lumley some particulars respecting the company, which will be interesting to the supporters of Her Majesty's Theatre It was already known that Mdlle. Piccolomini had been secured. Of still greater moment, we should say, is the engagement of Alboni who, it is anticipated will open the season on the 6th of May in her celebrated part of Cenerentola. Alboni has not sung in London for five years. Among other parts, we are informed, she will play Fides in the *Prophète* and Azucena in *Il Trovatore*—the latter for the first time. The readers of the *Musical World* cannot fail to remember the sensation Alboni created in Meyerbeer's great opera at Paris. No doubt we shall also hear her in Rosina (*Il Barbiere*) one of her best performances, and in Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), and Cherubino (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), two of her most finished assumptions. Alboni will be welcomed to London by all who have ears and hearts for music.

With Alboni and Piccolomini are associated, as *prime donne*, Mdme. Albertini and Mdlle. Finoli. The first named lady, an Englishwoman (late Miss Aitcheson) has for many years been singing in the principal theatres of Italy with great success. Mr. Balfe and other good judges speak highly both of her singing and acting Mdme. Albertini, who is to sustain the Cruvelli range of characters, will probably make her first appearance as Leonora in Verdi's *Trovatore*, with Alboni as Azucena. She is the wife of Sig. Beaucardé, who will be remembered as a very pleasing tenor some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre. Sig. Beaucardé is also engaged. Of Mdlle. Finoli we know nothing A Mdlle. Guidetta Bizza is promised as a *seconda donna*. Mr Lumley has not given us a *contralto* Perhaps Alboni, however, may play some of her old parts. We shall be the first to rejoice at once more hearing her in Arsace (*Semiramide*), Malcolm Graeme (*La Donna del Lago*), to say nothing of Maffeo Orsini (*Lucrezia Borgia*), and Pippo (*La Gazza Ladra*).

The tenors comprise Signors Beaucardé, Salviani, and Calzolari, as principals. We have already alluded to Sig. Beaucardé. Sig. Salviani is not altogether unknown. He sang last year the part of Jean in the *Prophète* at the Pergola in Florence, for 40 nights with great success. Few of Mr. Lumley's "Old Guard" will be received with a heartier welcome than Signor Calzolari, who for several years at Her Majesty's Theatre held a high place.

The list is short of barytones and basses. Signor Benevantano, we are told, has a fine voice, and Don Giovanni is said to be one of his parts. If he can play Don Giovanni he must be an actor as well as a singer. Signor Zucconi, a *buffo*, is also named.

Mr. Lumley has not neglected the *ballet*. First on the list stands Carolina Rosati, who brings with her from the Grand Opera of Paris the new *ballet* of *Le Corsaire*, in which she has won golden opinions. Next we find Mdlle. Katinka—a Russian *danseuse* reported "of remarkable beauty and grace." Will she verify Lord Byron's description of her namesake in Don Juan?

> Katinka was a Georgian white and red,
> With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm
> And feet so small they scarcely seemed to tread
> But rather skim the earth—

We hope so. There is in addition an Italian danseuse—Mdlle. Boschetti, and a French one—Mdlle. Lisereux, of whom knowing nothing, we can say less. We are pleased to find the name of pretty Mdlle. Rosa in the list.

Our readers must accept this announcement as the *avant courier* of the prospectus, not the prospectus itself which, we are assured, will disclose further engagements of interest.

Of the conductor, of the band, of the chorus, we are told nothing. What is Mr Balfe about, to leave us so long in darkness upon these important points?

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Notwithstanding the burning down of Covent Garden Theatre the Royal Italian Opera has opened for the season only three days later than last year. When, shortly after the conflagration, Mr Gye announced that he would commence operations at the Lyceum on Tuesday, the 15th inst., although credit was given to him for good intentions, it was hardly believed possible that he could fulfil them. As usual, however, he has kept faith with the public. Such good use was made of the short time at disposal, that every thing was ready on the day announced. The interior of the house has been painted and redecorated. The two first tiers are now all made private boxes, a few having also been constructed on a line with the gallery, and others in the pit. The number in all is 85. The whole area of the pit within the circumference of the line of boxes—all that can be seen from the front of the house—is divided into stalls; the pit itself being driven to that part of the old one which is underneath the boxes, and contiguous to the refreshment room. This is not the most luxurious place to sit in, and it is not surprising that it was almost empty on Tuesday, while every other part of the house was full. There are about one hundred seats in the pit, while the stalls number two hundred and ten—only sixty less than at Covent Garden.

The house presents a light and elegant appearance. The decorations are quiet but tasteful. The deep crimson of the curtains is perhaps too strongly contrasted with the white and pale blue—or pale green—of the *façades* and panels. The stalls are furnished with chairs with white backs and crimson seats, the floor being covered with a carpeting of a handsome pattern. This has a particular and exclusive look. The ceiling has been cleaned, and a new chandelier supplied which affords sufficient light without the aid of candelabra in other parts of the house. On the whole the theatre, filled as it was on Tuesday evening by a brilliant assemblage, affords a splendid and dazzling *coup-d'œil*.

Almost every season of the Royal Italian Opera has hitherto commenced with one of Rossini's operas. The preference however was given this year to Signor Verdi, whose *Trovatore* was found most available under the circumstances in which the management was placed. The cast, with one exception, was the same as that of last season. The exception was Madame Nantier Didiée, who supplied Madame Viardot's place as Azucena. The orchestra numbers about fifty, and even this is considered by some too numerous for the size of the house. We shall be better able to decide when we hear some opera more ingeniously instrumented than is the habit of Sig. Verdi, whose *forte* lies principally in brass. On Tuesday night the band certainly sounded too loud; the chorus were open to the same objection. This must be attributed to the peculiar construction of the theatre, which is by no means favorable to sound. The nearer the singers approach to the foot-lights, the less distinctly are they heard.

Of the performance of the *Trovatore* we have little to say. Madame Nantier Didiée, without the passion and energy of her predecessor nevertheless sang and acted the part of the Gipsy Mother with excellent judgment. We have always entertained a good opinion of the talent of Madame Didiée, and this was more than justified by her Azucena. Madame Jenny Ney—whose great success at Covent Garden last year, it may be remembered, was achieved in Leonora—committed a mistake at the beginning of her performance by singing with her utmost force, forgetting that she was in a small theatre. Leonora's first air "Tacea la notte," more especially the cabaletta, "Di tale amor" suffered in consequence. Madame Ney, however soon found out her error and corrected it. From the second act to the end of the opera she sang admirably, and made a deep impression in the "Miserere," which was unanimously encored. The other encore of the evening was awarded to the air, "Il balen suo sorriso," sung by Signor Graziani, as Count de Luna, in a simple and effective manner.

Signor Tamberlik, who had only arrived in London from Calais that very morning (after an execrable passage) nevertheless sang throughout in a vigorous and admirable manner, creating a *furor* in the only air "Di quella pira," after which he was recalled and immensely applauded. His best performances, however were the romance in the same scene, "Ah! si ben mio"—one of the most graceful things in the opera—and the two airs behind the scenes, especially that in the "Miserere," which for expression and pathos could hardly be surpassed. Signor Tamberlik received a hearty welcome on his entrance.

Signor Tagliafico has had the double honour of inaugurating the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden and at the Lyceum. He was the High Priest in *Semiramide*, when the Royal Italian Opera opened nine years since; and on Tuesday was the first to appear on the stage as Fernando in *Il Trovatore*. In parts like that of Fernando this excellent artist has few equals. His singing is always good and his acting careful and intelligent. In the small part of Inez, Madame Tagliafico was effective, and Signor Soldi energetic as usual in that of the soldier Ruiz.

The dresses were new and magnificent, more particularly those of Manrico, Count de Luna, and Fernando. The appointments of the soldiers were splendid, and the gipsy costumes extremely picturesque. The scenery was beautiful and we would point to the day breaking in the gorge of the Biscayan Mountains (Act. 2, Sc 1) and the encampment of Count de Luna's troops (Act 3) as first rate specimens of Mr Beverley's art.

The usual honours were paid to Mr Costa on his entrance into the orchestra, but the enthusiasm wanted the warmth of "that dear old pit."

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, and the boxes were filled with a brilliant array of rank and fashion—such, indeed, as the annals of the Lyceum Theatre has never previously boasted.

At the termination of the opera, the National Anthem was sung by the company, the solos being taken by Mdlles Jenny Ney and Marai and Herr Formes.

Was it from accident, or design, that the predominant colours of the theatre were "red, white and blue?" And was it intended as a *coup de théâtre*, or was it a *lapsus*, that the "drop" descended suddenly, between the two verses of Sig. Tamberlik's air in the third act? We put this last question to Mr A. Harris, whose exertions in getting up the opera at so short a notice entitles him to the warmest praise.

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On Thursday the *Trovatore* was repeated, and to-night it will be given for the third time. On Tuesday next Madame Bosio, Signor Ronconi, and, probably, Signor Mario, will make their *rentrées* in *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

It is expected that *La Gazza Ladra* will be produced next Saturday with the following cast:—Ninetta, Mad. Grisi; Pippo, Mad. Nantier Didiée; Giannetto, Sig. Mario; Fernando Villabella, Sig. Ronconi; Podestà, Sig. Lablache; and Fabrizio, Sig. Tagliafico.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The first concert took place in the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday last, the 14th inst. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in C minor	*Mendelssohn.*
Aria, "Dove sono," Mad. Clara Novello	*Mozart.*
Concerto in E flat, pianoforte, Mad. Clara Schumann	*Beethoven.*
Overture, "Don Carlos"	*Macfarren.*

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7	*Beethoven.*
Recit. and aria (Il Giuramento), Mad. Clara Novello	*Mercadante.*
Solo, pianoforte (17 variations sérieuses) Mad. Schumann	*Mendelssohn.*
Overture, "Preciosa"	*Weber.*

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

"The difference between good and bad conducting"—says a contemporary—"could scarcely have been exemplified more clearly than by a comparison of the performance on Monday night with any of the concerts of last year. The symphonies were played exactly as the composers intended, without those so-denominated *new readings*, the novelty of which consists chiefly in their badness. With such a musician at hand as Professor Sterndale Bennett, the Philharmonic Society had no occasion whatever, on the voluntary secession of Mr. Costa, to send all the way to Zurich for a foreign conductor. They have paid the penalty, however, of their mistake, and if the present season reinstates them in their former position, they will have to thank their own good luck and the ability of their recently-appointed *chef d'orchestre*. Professor Bennett has not entered upon his task without finding difficulties to surmount—difficulties that might easily have been spared him. For example, the band is greatly weakened in the string department by the loss of no less than four of its best violins—M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove, the "principals" of last year, and Messrs. Dando and Alfred Mellon, two of our most experienced and able players. These gentlemen are replaced by others far from their equals; and thus a severe blow has been administered to the efficiency of the orchestra, in what has hitherto been considered its strongest point. Taking these drawbacks into consideration, Professor Bennett may be congratulated on the result of his exertions, which was simply a better execution of the symphonies and overtures than any we have listened to since the year before last." His reception was enthusiastic, his appearance in the orchestra being the signal for a universal shout of approbation.

The *Scherzo* in Mendelssohn's symphony (an adaptation and abridgment of the *intermezzo* from the well-known *Ottetto*, in E flat), was encored. The same compliment would doubtless have been paid to the *allegretto* of Beethoven, had that been taken a little faster, and had the concerto been a little shorter. Mr. Macfarren's overture did not go quite as well as at St. Martin's Hall.

Mad. Clara Wieck Schumann's first appearance in England was a genuine and richly earned success. Her performance of Beethoven's superb concerto was masterly and intellectual. We liked the first movement least. The slow movement and the *rondo* were inexpressibly charming—as remarkable, indeed, for *original* conception as for easy and graceful execution. The 17 variations of Mendelssohn were equally well played—very much, by the way, in the manner of the great composer himself. The audience were enchanted both with concerto and variations, and never was a warmer tribute of applause bestowed upon the efforts of an artist. If poor Robert Schumann could but hear of his wife's success, who knows but some good might come of it!

Madame Clara Novello was singing her best, and Mr. Nicholson played the *obbligato* for the *corno Inglese* in the last song famously.

The room was full. In short, the subscription this year shows well—thanks to Professor Sterndale Bennett, and that most generous and charitable of songstresses, Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

The second "sitting" on Tuesday was extremely interesting, but chiefly on one account—on account of Madame (Clara Wieck) Schumann. We append the programme:—

Quartet in C, No. 32, Op. 20	*Haydn.*
Sonata, Pianoforte, D minor, Op. 29	*Beethoven.*
Nonetto, in F, Op. 31	*Spohr.*
Solos. Pianoforte—Madame Schumann.	
1. Fantasia, "Evening," Op. 12	*Schumann.*
2. Two "Lieder ohne Worte"	*Mendelssohn.*

The quartet of Haydn, which has so admirably fugued last movement (its chief merit), was played by Messrs. H. C. Cooper, Carrodus, Hill, and Paque. This was Mr. Cooper's day of honor, since at the other "sittings" Mr. Ella informs his sitters that the energetic Bristol violinist is to play second fiddle. M. Paque made a favorable impression as violoncellist (for the first time at the Musical Union). The *nonetto* of Spohr for violin, viola, violoncello, double-bass, flute, oboe, clarionet, bassoon, and horn, one of the most graceful and ingenious compositions of the master's earlier time, was played with great effect by Messrs. Cooper, Hill, Paque, Rémusat, Barret, Lazarus, Baumann, and C. Harper.

Madame Schumann gave an original and deeply poetical reading of Beethoven's gloomy and magnificent sonata. The last movement was taken by the accomplished lady much faster than we ever heard it taken before, but her conception of its meaning was fully justified in her execution, which was admirably consistent throughout. The *lieder* of Mendelssohn were the *Allegretto Grazioso* in A (No. 6, Book 3), and the *Presto* in C (No. 4, Book 6). It would be impossible to play with more exquisite taste and refinement. The *Presto* was taken *prestissimo*, but under such delicate fingers as those of Mad. Schumann it could lose nothing. If the audience—brilliant and "*distingué*," even for Mr. Ella's assemblies—was not enchanted, *tant pis*; we are sorry for them.

By the way, we are glad to hear that the subscription list of the Musical Union (400) is full, and that the director has very properly declined to issue any other than half-guinea tickets during the rest of the season. Behold the reward of diligence, perseverance, and sagacity! The Musical Union is now a real institution based upon sound principles, and therefore, as the French say—*inébranlable*.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

Mr. Hullah's Third Orchestral Concert took place on Saturday. Mendelssohn's symphony in A (The "Italian") was the *pièce de résistance*. The *andante con moto* was deservedly encored and was much better played than the other movements. The overtures were *Euryanthe* and *Guillaume Tell*. The performance of Beethoven's violin concerto by M. Sainton was in every respect masterly, and the hearty applause he received showed the appreciation of this fine work by the "shilling" audience of real music-lovers. M. Sainton introduced cadences of his own.

Miss Sherrington, who made her first appearance in public* on this occasion, has, we believe, studied the art of singing in Holland and Belgium. She gave the scena of Meyerbeer, "Robert, toi que j'aime," with more than ordinary feeling. She was deservedly encored. Her phrasing was good, and her cadences well rounded and finished. At the same time, a tendency to ultra-expression (the prevailing fault of the French school) was observable. Miss Sherrington has a beautiful soprano voice, and may be pronounced an acquisition to our concert rooms. Her delivery of the cavatina from the *Sonnambula*, "Come per me sereno," was, nevertheless, by no means equal to her previous essay. The florid passages of the Italian style not being, apparently, in her line. Nervousness marred her efforts considerably.

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* Miss Sherrington appeared at a concert of the Amateur Musical Society previously, but we can hardly call it, professionally, an "appearance in public."

Mr Sims Reeves was the other vocalist. He is an immense favourite at St. Martin's Hall. The audience encored both his songs—a recitative and air from Gluck's *Iphigénie in Tauride*, and Balfe's new setting of Longfellow's serenade, "Good night." The first encore was extraordinary since the *scena* is one of Gluck's longest and most serious compositions. The last was more intelligible, Mr Balfe's song being spontaneous, full of melody, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the poetry. Mr Sims Reeves sang it *con amore* and it suits his voice to perfection.

The hall was very full. Mr Hullah conducted as usual.

An oratorio, called *Jephtha and his Daughter*, the music by Herr Reinthaler of Cologne, which has been for some time in preparation, was produced on Wednesday night, but in so unsatisfactory a manner that we cannot undertake to offer any opinion as to its merits. There was a crowded room, two of the pieces (sung by Madame Novello) were encored, and the composer was called for at the end. So far so well. Still better, however, and more to the advantage of Herr Reinthaler, would have been a performance sufficiently clear and effective to render his music intelligible. New compositions of so important a character ought not to be lightly undertaken. They should either be studied with the utmost care or abandoned for something more easy and familiar.

St. James's Theatre.—The performance that we mentioned in our last week's publication, was to take place for the "benefit of a literary friend" came off on Wednesday evening before a full and fashionable audience. We trust the result, in a pecuniary point of view, has turned out to the satisfaction of all interested in the event. The play of *Othello* was very well acted, considering the difficulties to be overcome by a party of amateurs. Dr Joy in the part of the "Moor" got through his arduous task with ability and Mr Markwell as Iago was as "honest" in outward appearance as tradition required. Several of the Soliloquies he delivered with "emphasis and discretion," and the applause his friends bestowed upon his efforts was "honestly" earned. Miss Grosvenor, a professional lady, was the Desdemona, and the rest of the characters were respectably "got through" chiefly by amateurs. At the end of the play the principal performers were recalled to receive the applause of their friends. The concert, which followed, was very successful. Madame Gassier and Miss Vinning were the "Stars," among the vocalists, and Mdlle D Herbil the young Spaniard pleased the audience by her performance on the pianoforte. Mr Frank Mori and Signor Fossi presided at the pianoforte as accompanyists with their usual ability. The entertainments concluded with some scenes acted by Miss P. Horton, from her "Popular Illustrations." The orchestra was under the direction of Mr Alfred Mellon.

Ghent.—M. Lefébure-Wély the Parisian organist, has played twice in the church of St Nicolas.

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VOL. 34.—No. 17 SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1856 { PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It is respectfully announced that this Theatre will re-open on Saturday, the 10th of May, when will be produced Rossini's Opera, LA CENERENTOLA. Angelina, Madame Alboni; Don Ramiro, Sig. Calzolari; Don Magnifico, Sig. Zucconi (his first appearance) and Dandini, Sig. Belletti. After which will be presented an entirely new Ballet Divertissement, entitled LES QUATRE SAISONS, founded on the Ballet [illegible] of that name, by M. Petipa, in the opera of "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," the principal parts by [illegible], Boschetti, [illegible] and [illegible]. Applications for Boxes and Stalls to be made at the Box Office at the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

ST JAMES'S THEATRE.—PICCO the BLIND-BORN SARDINIAN MINSTREL and MUSICAL PHENOMENON begs to announce, that in consequence of the numerous applications from ladies and gentlemen, who were unable to attend his last series of Concerts, he is induced to give a FOURTH SERIES of SIX CONCERTS, at the above theatre, to take place on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the 28th and 30th of April, the 2nd, 5th, 7th and 9th of May. Vocalists—Miss Alleyne, Signor Albicini, Signor Vercei, and Mr. Hamilton Braham. Conductor of the Orchestra, Mr. Baylis. Prices of admission, [illegible] and [illegible]. Numbered Stalls, [illegible]; Boxes, [illegible]; Pit, 2s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, and Gallery 1s. to be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of the Principal Libraries and Music-sellers. Performance to commence at eight, and terminate at ten o'clock.

MAD. JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND has most kindly consented to sing the following pieces at M. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT at Exeter-hall, on Wednesday, May 21. In the first part, Duet, "I Montanari, or Swiss Melodies," as originally composed by M. Graziani for Mad. Goldschmidt and Sig. Belletti. Grand Scena and Aria, [illegible], from Turco in Italia, by Rossini; and in the second part, the favourite Song, "La Mère grand," by Meyerbeer, with [illegible]. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt will perform Bach's Concerto for two pianofortes, with M. Benedict. Further details will be duly announced. Reserved and numbered stalls, £1 1s.; unreserved seats, 10s. 6d. The places will be appropriated according to priority of application, and no more tickets will be issued than can be conveniently accommodated.—Applications for tickets to be made to M. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, and to M. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce a GRAND MORNING CONCERT to take place on May 16th, at the Hanover-square Rooms. On this occasion Miss A. Goddard will make her first appearance in London since her tour in Germany and Italy. Full particulars to be had of Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN begs to inform her Pupils and Friends, that her two Annual Matinées of PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne-street, on Saturdays, May 17 and June 14, when she will be assisted by M. Sainton, Signor [illegible], and other distinguished artists. Tickets at [illegible] Library, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 9th. Vocalists—Miss Dolby, Mrs. Howard [illegible] and Madame Ferrari, Herr Reichardt and Signor Ferrari. Instrumentalists—Madame Clara Schumann, Mr. George Russell, Herr Oberthür and Signor Giulio Regondi. Accompanyists—Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and George Russell. Tickets 7s. to be had at the principal music-sellers; reserved seats, 10s. 6d. to be had only at Signor and Madame Ferrari's residence, 69, Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.

RÉUNION DES ARTS, 76, Harley-street, Cavendish-square.—The Third Soirée Musicale will take place on Wednesday next, April 30th. President of the evening, Valentine Bartholomew, Esq. The following artistes will appear—Messieurs [illegible], Schmidt, Goffrie, [illegible], Hausmann, [illegible] Reichardt, [illegible], the Brothers [illegible] and Miss [illegible], and Mad. [illegible]. Conductors—Messrs. Gollmick and Kiallmark. Subscriptions should be paid to Messrs. Cramer and Co. or Boosey and Sons.

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MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S Second Chamber Concert, Wednesday Evening, April 30, when he will perform Mendelssohn's Cello Sonata, in B flat, G. A. Macfarren's Trio, in E, Mozart's Sonata, in C, Mendelssohn's Andante and Variations, in E flat, his own pieces, [illegible], Morning and Evening Songs, and a new Duo, in which he will be assisted by Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Vocalists, Miss Dolby and Mr. Benson. Violin, Mr. [illegible]. Cello, Mr. Aylward. Tickets 7s. at Leader and Cock's, 63, New Bond-street.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOESSER has the honour to announce that his Concert will take place on Wednesday evening, May 7th, 1856, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Vocalists, Madame Viardot Garcia, Miss Stabbach, Herr Reichardt and Signor F. Lablache. Instrumentalists, Mons. [illegible], Herr Adolph Schloesser, Signor Regondi, Herr Deichmann and Mons. Paque. Conductors, Herr [illegible] and Herr Schloesser.

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MR. ADOLPHE GOLLMICK has the honour to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street, on Friday, May 16th, for the purpose of introducing some of his new compositions. Mr. Gollmick will be assisted by the following distinguished artistes: Miss Stabbach and Herr Reichardt, M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, and M. Paque. Messrs. Benedict, Silas, Robert Salaman, Kiallmark, and Gollmick. The following new compositions by Mr. Gollmick will be performed: a Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; a Quartett for pianoforte, violin, tenor and violoncello; a Sextett for six performers on three pianofortes, on themes from Belisario. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each. Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; to be had of Mr. Gollmick, 4, Westbury-road, Westbourne Park-road; of Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street; and all the principal music-sellers.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT AND MISS COLE beg to announce that their Fourth Annual Series of Classical Chamber Concerts will take place at Willis's Rooms, in May, June, and July. [illegible], Berners-street, Oxford-street.

BRADFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1856.—Under the especial patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, K.G., His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., etc., etc. President—The Right Honourable the Earl of Harewood. The Festival will be held in St. George's Hall, Tuesday, August 26, Wednesday 27, Thursday 28, and Friday 29. Conductor—Mr Costa. Chairman—[illegible]. Secretary—Mr Charles Ollivier.

Committee Room, St. George's-hall, Bradford.

ORCHESTRAL UNION, Hanover Square Rooms. Programme of the First Morning Concert, May 3rd, 1856, to commence at three o'clock. Part I.—Overture—"The Naiades," [illegible]; Song, Mr. Swift, Mozart; Concerto, Violin—(No. 3, in D minor), Molique, performed by Herr Molique. Part II.—Symphony—(No. 4, in F), [illegible]; Canzone, Madame Gassier, Rossini; Overture—[illegible]. Principal and Solo Violin, M. Sainton. Director and Conductor Mr. Alfred Mellon. Tickets at Cramer and Beale's, Regent-street; and Ollivier's, 19, Old Bond-street.

THE NEW ORGAN in ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Manchester, built by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, will be OPENED on Thursday, May 1st, at half-past three in the afternoon, by E. J. Hopkins, Esq., (Organist of the Temple Church, London), who will perform a varied selection of Organ Music on the occasion. Tickets of admission, with a full description of the organ, can now be had at Messrs. Hime and Addison's, [illegible] Ann's-square, and Mr. Townsend's, music-seller, King-street. The proceeds to be devoted towards defraying the cost of the organ.

TO LET.—The Upper Part of the House at No. 24, Holles-street, belonging to Boosey and Sons. Application to be made to M. [illegible], Bond-street, or at the premises.

MAD. OURY'S NEW VALSE.—Le Rossignol Valse, dedicated to Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind, by Madame Oury, is published this day. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

LA TRAVIATA.—Just ready, LA TRAVIATA VALSE, by Montagne, on Verdi's new Opera, superbly illustrated in colours, price 3s. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

LA TRAVIATA.—A complete Edition of La Traviata, arranged by Nordmann, for pianoforte solo, is in the press. Price 5s., in cloth, uniform with Boosey and Sons' Standard Operas, 28, Holles-street.

LA TRAVIATA.—"We'll laugh and sing all care away," the celebrated Brindisi, with English words by Desmond Ryan. Price 2s. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

SIGNOR CAMPANA has the honour to announce his return to town for the season, 48, St. James's Place.

MR. LAMBERT (of York Cathedral) Vocalist, Bass, is open to accept engagements for Oratorio or Concert, in or out of London.—Communications to be addressed to his residence, 61, Union-terrace, York.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar and Concertina, 131, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 50 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 24 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

MISS HUGHES (R.A.M.) Vocalist, 60, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

PIANOFORTES.—Allison and Allison have the best description, [illegible] from 26 guineas.—75, Dean-street, Soho.

BOOSEY'S ROTARY CORNET A PISTONS. This beautiful instrument still retains its high position as superior to all other models, both as regards perfect intonation and ease of blowing. Price 8 guineas with valves, or 9 guineas with cylinders. The largest and most varied stock of cornets-à-pistons by Boosey and Sons may be found in Boosey and Sons' extensive show rooms, No. 24, Holles-street. Prices from [illegible] 11 guineas each, in brass, silver, and gold. Just ready, Boosey's New Cornet Tutor, price 5s., and the Cornet Miscellany by Thomas Harper, published every month, price 3s.

PIANOFORTES.—OETZMANN and PLUMB beg to inform Music-sellers and Professors that in consequence of their having made great improvements in the manufacture of these instruments, substituting machinery for manual labour, and taking advantage of the new Patent Steam Drying processes, are enabled to offer to the trade superior Pianofortes in Grands, Semi-Grands, and Cottages, in all variety of woods and designs, at considerably reduced prices. Illustrated Lists sent on application, and a visit to their Manufactory will prove the great advantages secured. 5, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. Manufactory, Chenies-street, Tottenham-court-road. Alexander and Co.'s Harmoniums at trade prices.

GEORGE CASE'S CONCERTINAS.—These unrivalled instruments are manufactured under the personal superintendence of Mr. George Case, the eminent professor and performer, solely by Boosey and Sons, 24 Holles street, Cavendish-square. Prices from 4 to 12 guineas each, with 48 keys, and in a variety of woods. Full particulars gratis. Just published, a third edition of Mr. Case's Concertina Instructions, price 10s. 6d., and La Sonnambula complete, for Concertina, 1s. A[illegible], The Concertina Miscellany, by George Case. Published every month, price 2s. 6d.

THE IMPROVED PATENT HARMONIUM.—GEO. LUFF and SON, Inventors of the Bourdine and Celeste Stops, have added another improvement to their Harmoniums, the Patent Gem [illegible], or knee stop, which enables the player to produce the full power of the instrument without lifting the fingers from the keys. This improvement can be applied to Harmoniums already sold. To prove the superiority of their Harmoniums they keep them in order five years, free of charge. Being pianoforte makers, G. L. and S. charge harmoniums for pianofortes, and pianofortes for harmoniums, both of which can be previously hired, with the option of purchase, at the lowest price for a first-class instrument. Sole agents for Debain's new instrument, the Harmonicorde.—Geo. Luff and Son, 103, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

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THESE celebrated instruments, of which there are many imitations, but no equals, are sold by the manufacturers, Boosey and Sons, at the following very low prices:—

	£	s.	d.	
Clarionets in A, B flat, C, D or E flat, of box wood, with 13 brass keys, with 2 [illegible] rings and all the latest improvements	3	15	0	each
Ditto, ditto, cocoa wood, with 13 German silver keys, ditto, ditto	[illegible]	10	0	,,
Extra keys	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	,,

These clarionets may also be had of German silver or brass, with double tubing also of cocoa or box wood, with steel or silver keys.

London: Boosey and Sons, Military Musical Instrument Makers, 24, Holles-street.

ROYAL COURT TRAINS.—An Exposition of Magnificent Court Trains and Imperial Robes, during the present week. Williams and Company's Fabrication of the Royal Tissue de Verre, 60, 61, and 62, Oxford-street; 3, 4, and 5, Wells-street.

NEW SYSTEM OF SCALE PRACTICE FOR THE PIANOFORTE. By T. Snowbrook. Price 4s. 6d. "With exercises on a scale in three positions on every degree of the scale—and on chords and all the Chromatic scale, &c. all the Harmonized scale, ditto, [illegible] six [illegible]. Exercises in [illegible] in a [illegible] [illegible]. These are so unsuitable for pupils of all ages, and we have no hesitation in saying this is the best arrangement we have ever seen."—Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

TO PARISH CHOIRS AND CHORAL SOCIETIES.—New Te Deum and Jubilate in A, very easy, price One Shilling. New Te Deum and Cantate in D, very easy, price One Shilling. Composed and arranged for Four Voices, with Organ, Pianoforte, or Harmonium accompaniment, by W. N. Birch. Each service sent postage free on receipt of 12 postage stamps. Address W. N. Birch, Amersham, Bucks.

NEW MUSIC

BY G. TOMLINSON JONES, B.A.

THE COAST OF MERRIE ENGLAND, National Song, dedicated by permission to Colonel Frederick Hill and the Officers of the Shropshire Militia.

LOVE ME IN THE SPRING TIME, Ballad, written by J. Percy Douglas.

London: published by Addison, Hollier & Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

By the same Composer.

"THERE'S NOT A WORD THY LIP HATH BREATHED"

AND

"CLARA'S SONG" from Frank Fairlegh.

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On Saturday, May 31st, in Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth gilt. Free by post on receipt of the amount in postage stamps.

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THE CHILD'S PROGRESS FROM BIRTH TO GLORY. Illustrated in a series of Poetical Pieces, adapted to Music, in Three Vocal Parts, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. By the Rev. William Cecil, A.M., Rector of Longstanton St. Michael, near Cambridge.

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THE CHURCH CHOIR ORGAN BOOK.—The Three Vocal Parts detached, [illegible] each. Hymn Book, 2s. 6d.

London: Seeleys, Fleet-street, and Hanover-street; and sold by Dixon, Regent-street, Cambridge.

SIGNOR CAMPANA'S NEW ALBUM of Italian Vocal Music, containing his last and most beautiful Songs and Duets, is now ready, price 15s., handsomely bound. Also, new editions of the following popular Songs by Signor Campana:—1. La Prima Lagrima. 2. La Luna. 3. Il Marinaro, &c. [illegible], and Con sure d'amore, duetto, price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

LOWE'S VARSOVIANA. Price 1s., free by post. Edinburgh, Paterson and Sons.

BEETHOVEN'S Thirty-two Sonatas for the Piano in two volumes, £1, with Composer's Portrait and Biography.—**MOZART'S PIANOFORTE WORKS**, in two volumes, £1, with the Composer's Portrait and Biography. Sent carriage free. These editions are the most correct ones, and their cheapness entitles them to surprise.—Gustav Scheurmann and Co., Importers of Foreign Music and Publishers, 86, Newgate-street.

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DR. MARK'S entirely new, simple, effective, and highly approved System of Musical Education, entitled "THE MUSICIAN," in which the whole elements of music are condensed in twelve easy, complete, and progressive studies for the pianoforte, together with fifty progressive pieces of [illegible] and an [illegible] of the principles and compass of every musical instrument in existence. To subscribers One Guinea, to non-subscribers Twenty-five shillings. In numbers 2s. 6d. each. The [illegible] of the [illegible], which is only supplied to subscribers for the whole work. Ladies and gentlemen who would wish to subscribe for this work may leave their application addressed to Dr. Mark, care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Oxford-street, London.

OSBORNE'S "A TE O CARA" (from Puritani) transcribed for the pianoforte, third edition, price 3s. 6d. Osborne's "La Donna è mobile," second edition, 3s., and "[illegible] Come in Voce," from Mosè in Egitto, 3s. 6d. These transcriptions are the most popular morceaux lately produced by G. Osborne.—Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

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AT GOODRICH'S CIGAR, TOBACCO, and SNUFF STORES (established 1780), 407, Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square. Box containing 14 fine Sisal Cigars, for 1s. 9d.; post free, 27 stamps; lb. boxes, containing 100, 12s. 6d. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. Goodrich."—A large stock of the most approved brands.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY—SIR C. EASTLAKE'S PURCHASES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

(Continued from page 247.)

PURCHASES MADE DURING SIR C. EASTLAKE'S TRUSTEESHIP.

10. The "Krüger Collection," so called. Purchased at Minden in 1854. Consists of 60 items, and was "inspected by Mr Dyce, R.A. (Min. of Trustees, 1853-5, p. 20) previous to its purchase." First cost, £2,800; "insurance against all risk at the rate of 12s. 6d. per cent. on the purchase money," and other "expenses incurred in transmission to this country," £116 19s. 6d.; total, £2,916 19s. 6d.

Of this "Krüger Collection," *forty-three items* have been "thought unfit to associate with any company in the National Gallery." The 17 were, with Sir C. Eastlake's consent (Min. of Trustees, 1853-5, p. 23), "selected by Mr Dyce, he having offered his services for this purpose, as such pictures as he thought might be hung up in the present state of the Gallery." The account in the Eastlake Wornum Catalogue of this eclectic knot is remarkable—a perfect masterpiece of German catalogue-writing.

Nos. 250, 1, 2, 3, are, as it is stated, "by the Master von Werden (Anglice, Master of Werden), otherwise unknown; by some supposed to be identical with Israel van Meckenen, a supposition by others contested. But he is evidently," it is added, "allied to the school of Cologne."

Nos. 254, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 60, 1, only eight in all, are, according to the same "documentary evidence," by "The Master von Liesborn (Master of Liesborn)," again a painter "unknown," but "evidently," Sir Charles hastens to observe, "allied to the Van Eycks," and again "to the school of Cologne." Of this moderate allowance of a happily "unknown painter," Sir C. Eastlake, as a novel attraction, says—"These pictures are painted on canvas primed with chalk, and stretched on wood, and are executed partly in tempera, and partly in oil colours." An intimation still more striking is, that they are "distinguished for softness and richness of colour." But as the "chronological line" might fail with only *eight* specimens of Master von Liesborn the "unknown," we have, in No. 262, "The *School* of the Master von Liesborn," which is equipollent to "an unknown disciple of an unknown master." Still "the softness and richness of colour" of Master von Liesborn the "unknown" might not yet be sufficiently represented. So, to complete the illustrious genealogy of the Liesborns, "the limited space at the disposal of the trustees on the walls of the Gallery" is further decorated in No. 263, by Master Liesborn "the younger," which young gentleman displays, as we are given to understand, "a magnificent robe," and is "symmetrically disposed."

No. 264 shows an example of what is called "*stump* tracery," and is, Sir Charles says, by "Ring," "Ludger Ring," *alias* "Zum Ring," or, as it is sometimes written, adds he, "Tom Ring." "Tom Ring" Sir Charles has discovered to be "the name of *two* Westphalian painters of the sixteenth century." This "stump" picture is, Sir Charles assures us, by young "Tom."

No. 265 is said to be by "Vander Meire," concerning whom, it appears, we know only two or three *positive* facts," to which is appended the subtle remark that "his light and shade are considered weaker in effect"—mark! only in "effect"—and "his colouring inferior to that of the Van Eycks."

No. 266 claims to be the offspring of "Lambert, or Lamprecht Lombard, commonly called Lambert Lombardus." He "married when very young," indeed, Lambert was "*three times married*," proceeds Sir Charles, "and had children by each wife, which imposed heavy *burdens* on him. In Italy, though Lambert resided there for a very short time," he "naturally," says our presidential counsellor for "Italian masters," in defiance of the usual object before him, "acquired the Italian style of design. The pictures of this master are scarce; they are remarkable for their *correctness of drawing*, and they are executed in a manner *somewhat*," we are told, "peculiar to *himself*."

Responsibility.—"Lord Lansdowne brought under the notice of the trustees a negotiation entered into by the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr Gladstone), for a collection of early German pictures for sale at Minden. "Resolved (Sir C. Eastlake present, and not dissenting)—That the trustees feel much satisfaction in leaving the negotiation in the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer."—(Min. of Trustees, 1853-5, p. 9.) Is the expending of £3,000 of public money for an object requiring great professional knowledge, so insignificant a matter as to inspire "much satisfaction" at "leaving it in the hands" of an unprofessional man? The plea that "Mr Dyce had inspected these pictures at Minden previous to their purchase," would be but a sorry one, after that gentleman's evidence before the committee of 1853.

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kemp Town.

(To be continued.)

MR. H. C. COOPER AND THE ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am quite aware that all men holding prominent positions before the public, whether in politics, literature, science, or the arts, are amenable to criticism; but then that criticism should be candid, free from prejudice, and expressive of the opinion of persons equal to a dispassionate discussion of the subjects on which they treat. As I cannot think that the observations of an "English Musician" fall within this category, I, although disinclined at all times to rush into print, and more especially in answer to an anonymous writer, feel called upon to trouble you with a few words of reply.

I should be glad if the "English Musician" would favour your readers with his name, as the public would *then* be better able to judge of the *honesty* and *value* of his strictures. As he has not done so, I can only deal with him as I find him. In his letter of the 12th of April he states that Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, and Molique *refused* to play in an orchestra in which I filled the post of principal violin. I find difficulty in believing that their refusal was occasioned by that cause alone, or in reconciling this (if it was so) with the fact that each, and all of those gentlemen in turn played second violin to me at different quartet concerts, and surely the one is quite as derogatory as the other, if degradation be in either. The Quartet Association existed for three years, and during the whole of their performances Mr. Sainton divided the leadership with me.

Twice in the presence of Her Majesty I played first violin in turn with M. Sainton. I may notice also the Sacred Harmonic Society, at whose concerts he alternated with me at the first and fourth desks with the approbation of Mr. Costa. I have nothing whatever to do with other people's squabbles, and have a most decided objection to being made the vehicle through which the "English Musician" attacks the directors of the Philharmonic Society. The post of principal violin in the orchestra of that society was conferred upon me without solicitation on my part, and as my engagement was worded, "in conjunction with Messrs. Sainton and Blagrove," I accepted it as a matter of course, being of opinion that the distinction was conferred on an artist more for what he accomplished out of the orchestra than for any extraordinary merit in it. If we are to have the red tape system carried into musical matters, Mr. Blagrove is of right the sole leader, and it is *his property*, as when M. Sainton and he were both in the *ranks* of the Philharmonic orchestra M. Sainton's place was *below* that of Mr. Blagrove. I do not see any good reason why, if we have two leaders, we should not have three or even four. It would be a mark of respect to each individual, and such an arrangement could not possibly injure the well going of the orchestra, as, with a good conductor, no one thinks of regarding the gentleman, whoever he may be, who plays on the right-hand side of the first violin desk. The "English Musician" states that I am inferior to Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, Dando, and Mellon, at least I suppose that is what he means when he states that the four *best* violinists have left the orchestra. This is a question upon which of course it does not become me to express an opinion further than this, that I have the satisfaction of knowing that his idea is not universally entertained, in proof of which, I quote a few extracts from some of the notices that have appeared in the public prints.

* * * * * *

I will not trouble you with any more quotations;[*] suffice it to say that nearly the whole of the press have stated that "Mr. Cooper is the best English violinist." I at all times feel reluctant to say one word about my merit or demerit as a violinist, but I may, perhaps, be excused, under the circumstances, the egotism of stating the fact, that Dr. Spohr attended one of the *matinées* of the Quartet Association, and at the termination of the performance desired Dr. Wylde to engage me to play the principal violin in a quartet of his own composition, which was about to be performed at the New Philharmonic; and on that, and several other occasions, that great musician was kind enough to compliment me very highly on my playing.

M. Vieuxtemps, who was present at another of our concerts at Willis's Rooms, and expressed to Mr. Ella, (who afterwards repeated to me his words) a *very* flattering opinion of my performance.

I have thought it necessary to trouble you with these remarks as a reply (as far as I am concerned) to the letters of the "English Musician." Of his *anonymous* communication I shall take no further notice.—I am, &c., your obedient servant,

Henry C. Cooper.

44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, April 23, 1856.

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[*] These quotations consist of certain laudatory notices, of Mr. Cooper's performances upon various occasions, and extracted from various journals (*The Musical World* among the rest), which, as they do not affect his argument, we think it unnecessary to publish.

MARIETTA PICCOLOMINI

(Translated from "L'Illustration Journal Universel.")

Did you ever assist at the triumph of a *prima donna*, in Italy? If ever you have such a chance, mind you do not sit in the orchestra stalls, for your fate would inevitably be to be buried along with the actress, under a mountain of bouquets, crowns of laurel, silver, gold, and occasionally one of iron—the latter aimed by the zealous hand of some implacable rival. Diamonds and other precious stones are mixed up with flowers in this deluge of enthusiasm; and, unless you be a Turcophilist to the extent of craving for a Mahometan paradise in this world, in which the great point consists in calmly reposing on rubies and emeralds, you will have cause to repent your indiscreet curiosity.

The carnival of 1856 had been as obstreperous and frantic among the Sienese—who had on this occasion received permission to put on their masks, which had been prohibited for more than eight years—that they very naturally felt the necessity of expiating by a few tears all the eccentricities of which they had been guilty. The consequence was, that in the morning all Sienna turned out and rushed to the Duomo, to weep at the sermon of a celebrated Franciscan friar, and from thence went in a body to the theatre to weep over the misfortunes of *La Traviata*, interpreted by the noble lady *Maria Piccolomini*. What is the Traviata?—Why, it is the young lady who has missed her way, taken the wrong path—in short the *Dame aux Camélias*. The Traviata is nothing more than the well-known and un-edifying story of a Gascon father who comes up from his village to spoil a tender liaison which has been going on for some three or four months between his son, also of the Gascon school, and a consumptive young lady who keeps the said son, and as usual is repaid by the deepest ingratitude, while the gentleman invokes the testimony of the chorus, who sing at him at the tops of their voices—"*Di donna ignobile insultatore sei! ne desti orror!*" I do not undertake to relate the whole story, which I dare say you know as well as I do; but what I must say is that the opera of *La Traviata*, which had been successively condemned in all the theatres of Italy, has been triumphantly re-instated by Maria (or Marietta—or Mariettina) Piccolomini, who has infused the breath of life into it by her rare dramatic talent. It is of this young genius that I am now about to say a few words.

This great grand-daughter and niece of a swarm of illustrious men, of the Piccolomini family, whose root, transplanted by Charlemagne from among the Gauls, and replanted in fertile Italy, has given birth to two popes, several cardinals, bishops, marshals, poets, historians, &c.—this young girl, wealthy, endowed with a large fortune, and allied to the most distinguished families in the kingdom, has, nevertheless, been unable to resist the fascinations of the art which has drawn her towards the stage. She experienced the necessity of giving utterance to and singing what she felt so well; she was instinctively impelled to translate the emotions which filled her own soul into the souls of a numerous audience. Considerations of position, alliances of all sorts, were constrained to give way; the dramatic instinct was too strong to be resisted, and it compelled all those opposed to it to range themselves on its side. Maria Piccolomini has overcome the repugnance of her family. Surrounded by all that affection and friendship can offer, it is charming to see her, sportive child that she is, playing with her younger brothers and sisters, and remember that the previous evening she had made the public tremble and weep, and, as it were, hang suspended on her lips. The dramatic talent of Marietta is extremely natural. No lesson of theatrical tradition has taken away the bloom of her originality, or even interfered with it. While a mere child, only four years old, she used to amuse herself with playing at mock representations. She sang duets with her mother, who was an admirable amateur, and it frequently happened that, during the fine summer evenings, when little Marietta was singing, thinking that nobody heard her except those in the room, that a sudden explosion from people listening without the chateau followed the performance, and awoke in the mind of the young countess the first dream of her aspiration for public applause. She had much to go through, however, poor child! before arriving at the wished-for goal. Entreaties, earnest and prolonged, having failed with her father, she addressed herself—good Italian as she is—to the adored image of Jesus the Nazarene, in the church of St. John. She implored it and offered it valuable gifts if it would subdue that will which opposed all the yearnings of her heart.

Singular coincidence! Four centuries previously, in 1464, Marietta's ancestor, Pope Pius the Second, bequeathed to the same church the right hand of John the Baptist, brought to Italy from the Morea by Thomas Paleologue, and implored the divine protection to assist him in converting Mahomet II., and, in his crusade against the Turks, offering to Europe the singular spectacle of a pope who made himself a general. The vows of young Piccolomini were even more favourably received than those of the Holy Pontiff, since, as everybody knows, the Turk remained Sultan, and the Pope died during the expedition; while the charming *artiste*, fortified by the paternal consent, appeared on the stage of the Pergola, in Florence, with the most triumphant success, charmed all those who wished to encourage her in her new career, and afflicted her parents with inconsolable anguish.

And how, indeed, could success have failed her, possessed of talent, youth, a charming person, and a passionate love for the art! She is twenty years of age, and during the four years she has been on the stage, she has already acquired, in the principal towns of Italy, the highest renown. Her *form*, rather tall, is extremely graceful; her features are regular, her mouth is beautiful, and her eyes full of softness and expression. An admirable actress, never losing sight of her part, because she throws her whole soul and feeling into it, she excels, above all, in pathetic and touching music, and the play of her countenance adds forcibly to the effect of her sympathetic voice. Not content with the brilliant successes she has obtained in the operas of Bellini, Donizetti, and other masters, she was desirous of *creating* a character, and to restore new life to a work abandoned by all the "prime donne." She brought back the *Traviata* of Verdi to the stage, and achieved a success at Turin that will be remembered for many years. Paris,[*] whither she intends going until September, will pronounce its irrevocable verdict upon the opera and upon the artist. We doubt not that the Parisian public, so difficult to please, and so delicate in appreciation, will at once acknowledge and accept the double talent of Mdlle.

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[*] Thanks to Mr. Lumley, she will visit London first.—*Printer's Devil.*

Piccolomini, which consists not only in vocalising in a remarkable manner but in histrionic powers, that often reach perfection.

The young *cantatrice*, not wishing to deprive Sienna, her native place, of the pleasure of hearing her sing, with a disinterestedness above all praise, gave fourteen representations at that theatre, the receipts of which were all distributed among the poor. In addition to the enthusiastic reception she met with every evening, being sometimes called as often as *forty times** before the curtain, after the last representation, all the youth of the town and country, carrying torches in their hands, attended by bands of music, escorted her in triumph from the theatre to her own house. Here we are presented with a coincidence analogous to that we have specialised above. Contrast the striking phases of her life when the extremes touch! Before the altar of the Virgin—the *chef-d'œuvre* of Francesco di Giorgio, and the principal ornament of the Place of Sienna—in 14[illegible] passed Pope Pius II (Piccolomini), on leaving the cathedral, when, after a *Lenten* sermon, he had presented the *rose d'or* to the municipality. He was reconducted to his palace by an enthusiastic crowd, who kissed the traces of his sandals. The sublime frescoes copied from the cartoons of Raphael by Pinturicchio may almost be accounted living witnesses of this scene. Well—To this same place, four hundred years later we have seen the great-grand-niece of the Pontiff, escorted by a crowd of people assembled from every corner of Italy to hear her sing—who re-conducted her, as her ancestor, Pius II., was re-conducted, to the Palace Piccolomini. The one came from the cathedral, the other from the theatre; traversed the same places, with almost the same ceremonials; the one decorated with a tiara, the other crowned with golden laurels, and proclaimed the Ristori of song—throwing to the crowd her lace handkerchief, that her fervent admirers might preserve its fragments, even as the indulgences and *palms* were formerly distributed by the Pontiff. The Pope bequeathed to his native town *chefs-d'œuvre* of *art*, imperishable remembrancers of his magnificence; the artist succours the afflicted, and bestows on the hospitals large sums of money, the produce of her talent. Thus, in all times, this patrician family has merited from a grateful country the veneration which it still enjoys. Who knows but that Providence, in his unseen ways, may prepare for the young Piccolomini that triumph which was the ambition of her great-grand-uncle!—that the descendant of the Caliph who, they say, is about to make a tour in France may be so far impressed by Marietta Piccolomini's representation of Polyeucte, as to become a good catholic on the spot! This, indeed, would be a splendid *coup-de-theatre!*† LE COLONEL F. COLOMBANI.

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* (!)—*Printer's Devil.*

† If the Sultan wants to hear Piccolomini, he must come to London. He will then, under Mr. Lumley's auspices, and with the aid of Marietta, be converted to Protestantism.—*Printer's Devil.*

HULL.—Mr. William Atkinson, the well known music-seller, recently went to the shop of Mr. William Needler, gunmaker, for the purpose of obtaining a pistol to try. Something occurring to prevent him taking it, he called again on the following Monday, and requesting Mr. Needler to load it, he said he would take it to the cricket-ground and try it there. Whilst Mr. Needler had temporarily gone up stairs, and a gentleman who was in the shop was looking in a glass case on the counter, the unfortunate gentleman shot himself. The jury agreed to the following verdict—"The deceased came by his death by a pistol shot from his own hands, but whether accidental or not the jury cannot determine."

LORD CARLISLE, in one of his lectures, speaking of music says: "I am aware that from every altar, however pure and sacred, fire might be stolen and desecrated; but we should emulate the flame which, while it enlivens all around, points to the skies. I would not confine music to any walk in life. Not alone in the sacred cathedral, not alone in the costly theatre, nor in the gilded saloons, nor confine it to six guinea stalls; but I would hear one nightingale warble in every grove and thrill every bough. I would have the happy art enliven the domestic table, add variety to the village school, and linger in the sanctuary."

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. V.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

(Continued from page 2[illegible].)

When at Milan, by means of a letter of recommendation from Rossini to the Conte San Antonio, afterwards Duke of Canizzaro, Balfe was engaged as *primo baritone* for the opera at Palermo, then under the direction of Count Sommatino. Meanwhile he went to Bologna, intending to pay a visit to his friend Count Mazzara at Rome, on his way to Palermo. When in Paris he had been introduced to a Bolognese amateur musician and composer, the Marquis of Sampieri, who was now sojourning in his native city. The marquis was delighted to see our hero, and insisted upon his residing in the palazzo during his stay at Bologna. The evening of his arrival, at a grand party given by the Prince Bacchiochi, brother-in-law of Napoleon Buonaparte, Balfe first met Giulietta Grisi, then about seventeen, and one of the loveliest of her sex. She was dressed in a plain black velvet robe, the only ornament a single white rose in her hair—like Norah, the Maid of Athlone:—

"One single white rose in
Her dark locks disposing
An ornament else her pure choice did disown;
Oh! young dame in high bower,
Had she look'd on that flower,
Might borrow a grace from the Maid of Athlone!"

When Balfe was called upon to sing he gave his favorite "Largo al factotum." Grisi stood close to him at the pianoforte, and he declared afterwards that "he felt as if he never sang so well before." When he rose from the pianoforte, Balfe was presented to her by her uncle, Colonel Ragani, formerly aide-de-camp to Napoleon, then private secretary to the Marquis Sampieri. (Colonel Ragani many years later was director of the Italian Opera in Paris.)

While at the Palazzo Sampieri Balfe wrote a *cantata* in honour of the Marquis's birth day, the principal parts of which were sung by Madlle. Grisi, Signors Tadolini and Pedrazzi. Its success was so decided that the Philharmonic Society presented the composer with a diploma of honorary membership. He was also elected a member of the Casino dei Nobili. Meanwhile, he forgot all about his engagement at Palermo, and until the time was past never gave it a thought. Fortunately he had a letter of introduction to the Princess San Cataldo, from her brother the Duke of Canizzaro. Fortified with this document he hurried off to Sicily, expecting that either he would be sent to prison for non-fulfilment of his engagement, or, at least, that an action would be brought against him. The Princess, however, interfered in his behalf. Through her kindness he was invited to meet Count Sommatino, director of the opera, at dinner; and being placed next to him, Balfe took courage, frankly told his story, apologised for his absence, and succeeded in obtaining the Count's promise that he would use his influence to get him out of the scrape. It was fortunate for Balfe that he gained the Count over to his side, since, as he was subsequently informed, the manager fully intended to proceed against him, and the police had received *orders* to watch his movements.

About a week or ten days after his arrival at Palermo, on the 1st of January, 1830, our hero made his *début*, as Valdeburgho, in Bellini's *Straniera*. It was the first performance of that opera in Sicily, and as the Sicilians idolised Bellini, who was their countryman, the theatre was crowded. It was also the birthday of the King of Naples, and the Viceroy went in state to hear the opera. This was all fortunate for Balfe, and augured for him a brilliant reception. There was one thing, however, opposed. In accordance with the etiquette which prevails in the Sicilian theatres, applause is interdicted after the reception of the Court on its *entrée*. The beauty, however, of Valdeburgho's air in the second act, "Meco tu vieni," added to Balfe's expressive singing, excited a murmur of admiration throughout the theatre; and the Viceroy, putting his hand out of the box, gave the signal to applaud, which was responded to by a deafening shout and a unanimous call for repetition. The opera was performed twenty nights, and the part of Valdeburgho almost carried Balfe to the end of his engagement.

Chance afforded Balfe an opportunity of composing an opera, of which he did not fail to take advantage. During his engagement at Palermo, the chorus entered into a combination against the manager, and refused to sing unless their salaries were increased. Count Sommatino was outrageous at this act of hostility, and exclaimed in Balfe's presence, "If I had but one more opera without chorus, I'd serve these rascals out. The *Matrimonio Segreto* and *L'Inganno Felice* will only serve me a few nights."

"Give me twenty days," said Balfe, "and I will write you an opera."

The twenty days were granted.

Balfe called on the poet of the theatre, to consult about a book. They found a French vaudeville which suited them. The vaudeville was called *Les Rivaux de Soi-Même*, and they named their libretto *I Rivali di Se Stessi*. Poet and musician accomplished their work in hand within the given period of twenty days. *I Rivali di Se Stessi* was produced with great success and the chorus were discomfited. The principal parts in the opera were supported by Mdlle. Liparini, Sigs. Boccacini and Scalesi. Balfe's modesty was exemplified in his not writing a part for himself.

Having concluded his engagement at Palermo, Balfe bent his way to Piacenza, and sang there. Thence he went to Bergamo, where he met, for the first time, Mdlle. Lina Roser, *prima donna* of the *troupe*, at the opera, a most amiable and accomplished lady, whom he married shortly afterwards. He remained at Bergamo not long, having an engagement to sing in Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto* in Pavia. Of course Balfe was assigned the part of Pharaoh. After one or two rehearsals, it was discovered that our hero was a better musician than the *maestro*, who was old into the bargain. The Podesta of the town consequently requested him, in addition to his singing the part of Pharaoh, to superintend the getting up of the opera. As it turned out, it would have been better had the Podesta not urged Balfe to take upon himself more than that for which he had been engaged. The conductor's name was Rolla. He was brother to Allessandro Rolla, leader of the orchestra at La Scala, in Milan, and was himself conductor of the band of the opera of Pavia. When Balfe, in his new official capacity, was pointing out to the chorus and band the time in which the different pieces should be taken, Rolla became excessively annoyed and did all he could to display his contempt and anger. At a passage for the violins in the first act, which Balfe insisted on being played over and over again, Rolla exclaimed with great indignation that it was impossible, asserting that it was not a violin passage at all.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" ejaculated Balfe, "Rossini was a violin player, and knew what he wrote. Let us see. Why, it is easy enough."

The conductor could contain himself no longer; but, in a passion, exclaimed, "*Signor Dottore, venite qui, suonate per me, ed io andaro cantare per voi.*"

Balfe jumping into the orchestra, snatched up the first violin that came to his hand, and played the passage with such ease that he was applauded by band, chorus and singers. This was too much for Rolla. He quitted the theatre almost immediately, went home direct, took to his bed, and died about two months after. Balfe had nothing to accuse himself of, felt keenly for poor old Rolla's situation, and during his sojourn at Pavia visited him daily, and had the satisfaction of erasing from his mind all feelings of bitterness and jealousy before he died. While at Pavia our hero composed an opera called *Un Avvertimento ai Gelosi*, which was produced for his benefit, and met with a favourable reception. This opera was the second in which the now celebrated Giorgio Ronconi ever appeared.

(*To be continued.*)

PSALMODY.—The question of psalmody in connexion with the Presbyterian Churches, has long been a subject of discussion. On Thursday, at a Synod sitting at Liverpool, it was recommended that a collection of hymns and paraphrases should be adopted by the congregation.

OPERA AND DRAMA

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(*Concluded from page 245.*)

AND yet shall we, on this account, cease to be artists? Or shall we renounce the necessary insight into the nature of things, simply because we can derive no advantage therefrom? Would it, however, be no advantage for us to be not only artists but men as well, and would an artificial want of knowledge, a womanish rejection of it, be productive of more advantage than a sturdy consciousness, which, if we laid aside all selfishness, would give us spirits, hope, and above all courage to undertake deeds which could not fail to gladden us, however small the outward success with which they might be crowned?

Most assuredly! Knowledge alone can at present render us happy, while ignorance keeps us hypochondriacally, joylessly, dividedly, creating mock art, that has scarcely a will and in no instance, capability, and, through which, we are inwardly dissatisfied and outwardly produce no satisfactory effect.

Look around, and see where you live and for whom you create art! That artistic colleagues do not exist to represent a work of dramatic art, we must acknowledge, if we can lay any claim to eyes sharpened by artistic will. We should merely err, did we endeavour to explain this fact by the demoralization, due to themselves, of our operatic singers; we should only deceive ourselves, did we believe we ought to regard the fact as merely accidental and not presupposed out of a wide and general series of connected causes. Let us suppose, for instance, that we, by some means or other, possessed the power of so influencing a number of performers and their performances, from an artistic point of view, that a dramatic intention of the highest order should be satisfactorily rendered; we should then precisely become most fully alive to the fact that the actual realizers of the work of art, the Public, who required it, and through their requirement helped to fashion it with almighty power, were wanting. The Public of our theatres feel no need of the work of art; they wish to *divert* and not *collect* themselves by means of the stage, and for persons in search of mere diversion detached artistic *details*, but not artistic unity are requisite. If we were to give a Whole, the Public would, with involuntary violence, separate it into unconnected parts, or, in the most favourable case, be obliged to understand what they do *not wish* to understand, and, therefore, with perfect consciousness, they turn their back upon such an artistic intention. From this result we should obtain the proof why such a *representation* cannot, at present, possibly be realised, and why our operatic singers must be precisely what they are, as well as why they cannot possibly be aught else.

In order to account for this position of the Public to the stage we must necessarily proceed to judge the Public themselves. Looking back to former periods in the history of our stage, we may, with justice, declare the Public to be in a state of increasing corruption. We must not regard as the result of mere chance all the peculiarly excellent, and especially *delicate* effects that have already been produced in our art, but we must acknowledge that they were very possibly due, in part, to the *taste* of those to whom they were presented. We meet with the delicately feeling Public, with its good taste, manifested by its most warm and most decided participation in artistic creation at the period of the Renaissance. We see the princes and nobility of that time not only patronising art, but so inspired by its finest and boldest creations that the latter must be looked on as called forth by their very enthusiasm. This nobility, in no way assailed in its station as nobility, knowing naught of the misery of that serf-life which rendered its own position possible, holding itself entirely aloof from the spirit of acquisition peculiar to the life of the middle classes, living joyously in its palaces, and bravely upon the field of battle, had exercised both ears and eyes in perceiving what was graceful and beautiful, as well as, even, what was characteristic and energetic. It was in obedience to the order of this nobility that those works of art sprang forth, which render those times the most flourishing period of art since the downfall of the art of Greece. The endless grace and delicacy in Mozart's tone-pictures, which strike the Public of the present day, accustomed to what is grotesque, as flat and wearisome, were appreciated by the descendants of this same nobility, and it was to the Emperor Joseph that Mozart fled from the shamelessness, befitting rope-dancers, of the singers of his *Figaro*; we will not blame the young French cavaliers, who, by their enthusiastic applause of the air of Achilles, in Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, favourably determined the reception, which, up to that time, had been doubtful, of the work; and, least of all, will we forget that while the great European Courts had become the political head-quarters of intriguing diplomatists, there existed, at Weimar, a German prince and his family who listened attentively and delightedly to the most graceful and the boldest poets of the German nation.

The rulers of public taste in art, at present, however, are those who pay artists, as the nobility would have paid them; who, for their money, order the work of art as they choose, and insist upon having the variation of their favourite theme as the only novelty, but obstinately oppose anything like a new theme itself—and these rulers and customers are—*snobs*.* Just as these snobs are the most heartless and most cowardly offshoot of our civilisation, so do they dole out bread to art in the most self-willed, most cruel, and meanest manner. All is acceptable to them, only they prohibit everything that can remind them that they should be men both with regard to beauty and courage: *it is their will* to be cowardly and low, and to this will must art bow—otherwise, as we have said, all is acceptable to them. Let us turn speedily from such a spectacle.

Shall we conclude treaties with a world like this? No! for even the most humiliating treaties would leave us excluded.

We can obtain hope, faith, and courage only by recognising the modern state-snob not merely as a presupposing but also as a presupposed point of graduation, and by seeking for the conditions of this phenomenon in a connected series, as we have here done with respect to art. We shall not obtain faith and hope until, listening to the pulsation of the heart of History, we hear the murmuring of that ever-living spring which, hidden beneath the rubbish of historical civilisation, flows on in its primitive and inexhaustible freshness. Who does not feel at the present moment, in the air, that frightfully pallid sultriness, which announces the approach of an earthquake? Shall we, who hear the murmuring of the spring, fear the earthquake? Truly no! for we know it will only scatter the rubbish, and prepare for the stream the bed in which we shall actually *see* its living waters flow.

Where the statesman despairs, where the politician helplessly drops his hands; where the socialist torments himself with fruitless systems, and where even the philosopher can only indicate but not foretell—because all that awaits us can only show itself in involuntary phenomena, the sensuous manifestation of which no one is able to present to himself—it is the *artist*, who, with a clear eye, can succeed in perceiving forms such as are displayed to that yearning which yearns after the only thing that is true, namely—*man*. The artist is able to perceive beforehand a world, yet unfashioned, as fashioned, and to enjoy in advance, out of the power of his wish that it should spring into existence, a world not yet existing. But his enjoyment consists in communication, and—if he turns from the senseless herds, feeding on the grassless rubbish, and presses more warmly to his breast the blessed few who listen with him to the spring—he finds hearts and senses with which he can communicate. Some of us are *older* and some *younger*; let not the older one think of himself, but love the younger for the sake of the testament which he buries in his heart for fresh nourishment—the day will come on which this testament will be opened for the salvation of the human brothers of the whole world!

We have seen the poet, in his yearning impulse after the complete expression of feeling, reach the point at which he beheld his verse reflected as musical melody on the surface of the sea of Harmony; he was obliged to penetrate to this sea; only the surface of it could display to him the picture he craved, and this sea he could not create out of his will, but it was the Other of his being; that with which he was obliged to ally himself by marriage, but which he could not determine out of himself and call into existence. Thus the artist cannot determine out of himself and call into existence the redeeming life of the Future; which is a necessity for him; it is the Other, opposite him, after which he yearns, and to which he is impelled; that, when it presents itself to him of its own accord from the opposite pole, first exists for him, absorbs his appearance, and mirrors it back recognisably to him. But on the other hand the life of the sea of the Future cannot create this reflection out of itself; it is a maternal element, able to bring forth that only which it has received. The fructifying seed, which can thrive in it alone, is offered it by the poet, that is to say, the artist of the Present; this seed is the essence of all the most delicate life-sap, which the Past has collected in him, to present as a necessarily fructifying germ to the Future, *for this Future is not otherwise imaginable than as presupposed out of the Past*. Now *melody* which, finally, is reflected on the surface of the harmonic sea of the Future, is the clear-seeing eye, with which this life looks up, from the depths of the bottom of the ocean, to the joyous sunlight; *verse*, of which melody is only the reflection, is, however, the poem, most peculiarly the property of the artist of the Present, and which he creates out of his most especial power, out of the abundance of his yearning; *and thus like this verse, will the presagefully presupposing work of art of the yearning artist of the Present ally itself by marriage with the sea of the life of the Future*. In this life of the Future, this work of art will be that which it only desires, but is not actually able to be; this life of the Future however will only be completely that which it can be by receiving into its bosom the work of art.

The procreator of the work of art of the Future is no other than the artist of the Present, who has a presentiment of the Future and yearns to be included in it. Whoever nourishes within himself, and out of the power most peculiar to himself, this yearning, already lives in a better life—but this can be done by one person only, and that person is—

The Artist.
FINIS.

THAME.—A concert was given under the patronage of the Right Hon. the Baroness Wenman, by M. Jacques, on Monday the 7th instant. Miss M. Barrow was the pianist.

BRIGHTON.—Herr Kuhe gave a concert in the Town-hall on Friday the 11th inst. The vocalists were Madame Gassier, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Swift and M. Gassier; the instrumentalists, Signor Regondi (concertina), and Herr Kuhe and M. Ede Paris (pianoforte). The hall was very full. A musical entertainment, entitled *London to Balaklava*, was given in the Town-hall to the members of the Mechanics' Institute, on Thursday the 10th, by Mr. and Mrs. Cooper.

BANDON.—The Choral Society have given a concert in the Devonshire Arms Room with success. The principal vocalists were the Misses M'Carthy, Mr. Coghlan and Mr. Atkinson. Twelve gentlemen amateurs, from Cork, also assisted. Miss Horgan was the pianiste, and Mr. R. Coghlan leader of the band, and Mr. Paul Atkinson the director.

RICHMOND (Yorkshire).—The Amateur Musical Society gave their first concert for the season on Monday, the 7th inst., in the Town-hall. Miss Whitham and Mr. Brandon were the vocalists. The room was well filled.

MANCHESTER.—A concert on behalf of the widow and family of the late Mr. R. Weston took place on Monday evening, at the Town Hall. The vocalists were Mrs. Newton Frodsham, Miss Barwick, Miss Armstrong, Messrs. Delavanti, Perring, Walker, &c., &c. The greatest hits of the evening were by Mrs. Frodsham in "Lo! hear the gentle lark," and Venzano's waltz, which were received with rounds of applause. The attendance was not so large as Charity might desire.

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* This is the only word by which I can render the German *Philister*, literally "Philistines."—TRANSLATOR.

NOTICE.

. All announcements of births, deaths, or marriages, changes of residence, arrivals, and departures, appointments to organs, &c., must be paid for as advertisements. If inserted as paragraphs, the charge will be in proportion.

The review of Mr Costa's *Eli* will be concluded next week.

THE VOLUMES.

A few copies still remain of the volumes of THE MUSICAL WORLD for 1854 and 1855, price 20s. each.

CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. BELFAST.—*The Editor of the Musical World is not known at South Square, Gray's Inn; but the publisher, through whose hands all communications meet the Editor, may be heard of at 28, Holles Street.*

A SUBSCRIBER (Grassington) *is recommended to score from the pianoforte.* The Standard Lyric Drama *editions of popular operas will be found useful, as they contain notes of the composer's instrumentation.*

H. C. (Commercial School, Manchester.)—*The initial letter is pronounced soft, but the possessor of the name is by no means soft.*

COSTA'S ELI.—*The review of this work will be found in Nos. 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16 of the present volume.*

J. M. D. (Bromley).—*The paragraph is an advertisement.*

A CONSTANT READER.—*Decidedly better to have "an excellent master."*

C. E.—*On the return of Herr Ernst to town, we will answer our correspondent's question.*

A BIRMINGHAM SUBSCRIBER.—*Mendelssohn wrote no such work as Lieder Kranz, or "Chaplet of Songs." Our correspondent must mean Beethoven's, which may be obtained at Wessel's, Regent-street.*

A SUBSCRIBER *is thanked for the light he has thrown on* "The Moonlight."

MARRIED.

At St. Marylebone—on the 21st inst.—by the Rev. S. Baden Harris, M.A.—James White, son of George Cotton, Esq., Princes Street, Edinburgh, to Mary Rosina, eldest daughter of T. P. Clapp, Esq., 49, Great Portland Street, Portland Place.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26TH, 1856.

THE Prospectus of Her Majesty's Theatre is at length made public. The printed document contains one or two particulars of importance, in addition to those we have already made known.

First, and most interesting, is the announcement that Mdlle. Johanna Wagner will appear early in June, as Romeo in Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi*. This is one of her famous parts, and it is only a pity that the opera is not one of Bellini's famous operas. However the subscribers to Her Majesty's Theatre will be glad to welcome this celebrated dramatic singer under any circumstances. The controversy she excited, in conjunction with her notorious father, three years since, must be still fresh in the memory of our readers; and if Mdlle. Wagner three years older, is three years better as an artist (taking for granted what was said of her at the time of the (Dr.) Bacher-episode), she must be well worth seeing and hearing. In addition to Romeo we presume that Mdlle. Johanna (who is extremely tall) will appear as Fidelio, and if not efface, at least rival (allowing the reported excellence of her Leonora to be true) the impression produced in Beethoven's magnificent opera by Sophie Cruvelli. Who will play Fides—Johanna Wagner or Alboni? They are equally renowned in the part, and each is likely to claim it as her own. Nevertheless, Mr. Lumley—with that well known diplomacy by means of which he always manages to conciliate his artists—will doubtless have arranged this matter to the satisfaction of both, and the public will be satisfied to welcome either as the representative of Meyerbeer's stricken mother.

To arrest speculation, however, for the present, let us give the list of the company which in an incredibly short time Mr Lumley has got together—in the order of the new complete Prospectus. The ladies are Mad. Alboni, Mdlle. Piccolomini (not "moni," as printed), Mdlle. Guidetta Ruiz, Mdlle. Finoli, Mad. Amadei, Mdlle. Barti, Mad. Albertini, and Mdlle. Johanna Wagner. No one can deny that this catalogue is very strong, and if realised to the letter (or—may we say?—"to the note"), must give great brilliancy to the "thirty nights."

The gentlemen promise efficiency, although not presenting so dazzling an effect on paper as the ladies. They are as follows:—Signors Salviani, Bo—or Bau—or Beaucardé (*les trois se disent*—the prospectus says "Bo"), Mariani and Calzolari (tenors), Beneventano, Vairo, Fortini, Baillou, Zucconi and Belletti (barytones and basses). The only new name since our last is that of Belletti, whose qualifications being generally known, need not be described. In the above list we look "with anxious polyscopity" for an accepted representative of the *buffo* element. Perhaps we may find him in one of the unknowns, when they reveal themselves—or in the person of Sig. Zucconi, about whose comic powers the tongue of Report has diligently wagged. Sig. Belletti though a practised singer and a musician, is about as comic as a helmet.

And now for the *ballet*. Here's a pretty list of *premières danseuses* and *coryphées*:—Mdlle. Rosati (may her shadow never be less!—especially when she dances, if she dances, the *pas d'ombre* in *Ondine*), Mdlles. Ballon, Boschetti, Lisereau, Clara, and Katrine (whose names for the first time assail our vision), pretty Mdlle. Rosa, and tall Marie Taglioni with the Chinese countenance. The male dancers are the agile M. Charles, the industrious Signor Paul Taglioni (Marie's father and also *maître de ballet*), and M. Vandris, with whose qualities the tongue of fame has not as yet been busy. M. Vandris must be somebody, since he assumes the post of assistant *maître de ballet*, which generally means (M. Gosselin to wit—by the way we miss M. Gosselin's name) doing all the work, or at least the most laborious part of it. The *régisseur* and *sous maître* (we shall not attempt to explain the signification of either of these terms) is, as of yore, M. Petit—*pas* M. Petipa, but M. Petit—who had more appropriately been styled, his inches taken into consideration, M. Grand.

About the orchestra all we have to state is that Signor Bonetti, from Barcelona and from Paris, is director of the music and conductor;* the veteran Tolbecque leader (of the opera), and the veteran Nadaud leader (of the ballet). Both orchestra and chorus, we are informed, have been "selected with great care"—and "celerity" might be added, since the engagements only began to be effected a short time ago. Our correspondent "An English Musician," will be surprised

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* Under the *surveillance* of ———!—*Printer's Devil.*

Google

to find no mention either of Madame Puzzi, or of Signor Pilotti—and no doubt pleased in the bargain.

We must not forget to name Mr. Charles Marshall, as "principal artist," Miss Bradley as *costumière*, and, as "superintendant," Madame Copere. Mr Sloman (whom we imagined was sitting like Marius—not Mario—on the ruins of Covent Garden) is announced as principal machinist. The names of the firemen are not advertised but we strongly recommend Mr Lumley to be careful.

And now, with one or more particulars, we have said all we have to say at present. Alboni is to make her first appearance on the opening night (Saturday, May 10), as Cenerentola; Mdlle. Piccolomini a week later in Verdi's *Traviata*; Mad. Albertini a week later, in the same omnivorous composer's *Trovatore*, as Leonora, with Alboni as Azucena, and the long-expected Mdlle. Joanna Wagner "in the beginning of June" as Romeo, in Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi*.

There is no absolute list of operas to be produced, but there is a list of composer's names, some of whose operas are to be produced—viz. Mozart, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Donizetti, Auber (*what* of Auber?—we are curious), Verdi (hang him!) and Rossini.

The great promise in the *ballet* department is *Le Corsaire*, which has had such great success in Paris with Rosati as Medora, and of which, as we said, or meant to say, in our last, the admired and beautiful Empress Eugenie suggested, or meant to have *suggested* the subject. This will be given early in the season. On the opening night the *divertissement* of the *Quatre Saisons*, from the *Vêpres Siciliennes* of Sig. Verdi—whose name spots the programme (and every other programme) all over like the chicken-pox—will be presented with Mdlle. Rosa, etc. as the representative of spring, etc.

And now we have only to wish that Her Majesty's Theatre may revive its old *prestige*, its ancient glories, and, under Mr Lumley's newly awakened energies, deserve success and obtain it.

THE same imposition seems to be playing off upon the public with regard to the sale of boxes and stalls, pit and amphitheatre tickets, as when the Royal Italian Opera had its home in the immense theatre of Covent Garden. The difficulty is, however, by what means to prevent it. Even in Paris, where the opera is under the charge of the Government, a similar practice obtains. On attractive nights the tickets, or most of them, are eagerly bought up, and can only be procured for the public at a handsome per centage to the jobbers.

If places are for sale—we shall probably be told—any one may buy them, and it would not be politic in a manager to send away money from the box-office. That may be true—nevertheless, we are of opinion *something* might be done to prevent the public from being swindled out of its just rights—robbed of its favourite amusement, by mere adventurers who have no connection with the Opera, directly or indirectly, and do immense harm to its material interests. If managers and librarians could come to better terms both would be gainers, since both are manifestly losers through the intermeddling of these quasi gamblers, who deter a great many from attending the theatres at all, and in the long run must inevitably help to diminish by their pernicious influence the number of its patrons. They bring the management into disrepute—unmerited however since the management has practically no authority in the matter.

It was just the same with Mr. Mitchell and the Jenny Lind Concerts. Every one blamed Mr Mitchell and yet that gentleman had no more right to be blamed than Jenny Lind herself. Mr Mitchell obtained a fair price for his tickets—the price he had asked, and no more. The rest went into the pockets of a number of greedy adventurers, who stood between the public and their amusement, and brought down countless maledictions upon the house in Bond-street.

It is, indeed, an anomaly that we cannot go to our theatres and concert rooms without stumbling over hybrid speculators who demand a per centage for the privilege. The advertisements say—"tickets a guinea," or "stalls a guinea—to be had at the office," or "the theatre," and yet tickets or stalls are not to be had, at the office or the theatre—nor are they to be had for a guinea. A species of hucksters whose trade is indefinable, say "stop—you must pay us five-and-twenty per cent.—or fifty, or a hundred per cent."—or even 500 per cent., as the case may be—"otherwise you cannot go." *All* the tickets are sometimes sold for a particular entertainment, and yet the house, or the concert-room, is not *full*—while numbers among the *bonâ-fide* public are anxious to attend and ready to pay the legitimate charge for places which they have seen set forth in programmes and advertisements!

Really such an anomaly is utterly inexplicable. Opera boxes are not like railway scrip—or consols, which always represent a certain value, more or less. On the contrary—the performance once over, and they are worth nothing. A daily newspaper when read is at least valued at its weight as waste paper, if it does not even contain some article one would like to keep. But a seat in a theatre, when the curtain has descended, is valueless.

For their own sakes our operatic managers should show face against a traffic so outrageously unfair to their supporters. A prospectus is issued offering the best possible entertainment at certain prices; and yet the instant the entertainment is likely to redeem the pledge—viz., to be "the best possible"—100 per cent., more or less, is clapped upon the price. *Fi donc!* The system is artificial and pernicious. None gain by it except a set of drones and hucksters who have no interest conceivable in the prospects of the Opera; while both the manager and the public are swindled, the former of at least one-third of his profit, the latter of its privilege to enter a theatre and enjoy the performance at the advertised prices. Transactions between individuals and the public at large, are not and cannot be regarded in the same light as transactions between individuals and individuals. The retort, that a man has a just right to sell what he has bought at the highest price he can get for it, does not hold here. A ticket for a public entertainment ought to have no fictitious value. It should be worth what has been arranged from the outset, and always be purchaseable at that price—neither more nor less. We have no objection to the moderate profit of honest negotiators like the librarians, who run a risk, and substantially support the theatres; but we wholly object to the process through which the public—without whose aid theatres could not exist—is mulcted of a "swingeing" bonus or compelled to forego a favourite amusement.

LAST Sunday the band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue played in the Gardens, as on the previous sabbath. This time, instead of quadrilles, polkas, and other dances—as though in contempt of the opinion pronounced by the press on the first occasion—we had *nothing but sacred music*. One extreme, however, is as bad as the other; and though the performance was a great deal better and more worthy of the assembly, it was voted *dull*, by a majority out of 100,000 people.

Google

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has given a donation of £40 to the Sheffield Ragged Schools.

Madame Viardot Garcia has arrived in London for the season.

Staudigl.—According to the *Journal de Frankfort*, this celebrated vocalist has gone mad, and is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

Madame Heinefetter.—This lady, who may be remembered as one of the *troupe* of the German Opera, has, says the *Journal de Frankfort*, died in a state of insanity, induced by the loss of her fortune.

Madame Charton Demeur.—This charming and popular singer has just returned from Rio Janeiro, after a success almost unexampled in the Brazilian capital. She is at present in London, with her husband and sister. Shall we hear her at Her Majesty's Theatre? Or is there any French opera on the *tapis*?

Signor Tamberlik is engaged for *fourteen* months at Rio Janeiro. After completing his engagement there, he intends to visit the whole of North and South America, including Canada and Cuba. The great tenor may possibly be absent three or four years.

Exeter Hall.—Last night Mr Costa's oratorio, *Eli*, was performed for the fourth time in the presence of a crowded audience. On this occasion Mad. Viardot and Herr Formes resumed their original parts of Samuel and Eli. Particulars in our next.

Organ Appointments.—Mr E. T. Chipp has been appointed organist at Trinity Church, Paddington, vice Mr E. C. Stephens, elected organist of Hampstead parish church, vice Mr Rosy removed to the new church of St. Saviour, Paddington.

Herr Charles Oberthür's Matinée Musicale took place on Saturday last, at Willis's Rooms, before a numerous audience. The vocal performers were Madame Ferrari, Miss Stabbach, and Signor Ferrari; the instrumental—piano, Miss Marie Salzmann; concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi; viola, Herr Ries; violoncello, M. G. Paque; and harp, Herr Oberthür. Mr Aguilar and Herr Schloesser were the accompanists. A trio *concertante* by Herr Oberthür, for harp, violin, and violoncello, very creditable to the composer, was played by Herr Oberthür, Herr Ries, and M. Paque. Several other compositions by Herr Oberthür, for harp solo and harp and piano, were executed with as much applause as the apathy of duchesses, countesses, etc., can allow them to exhibit in public. Miss Marie Salzmann gave Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso*, and took part in a duet for pianoforte and harp with Herr Oberthür with equal success. Madame and Signor Ferrari in a duet by Campana, "Una sera d'amore," and Miss Stabbach in some songs by Schloesser, were heard to advantage; and Signor Regondi's performances on the concertina added to the attractions of the concert, which evidently gave satisfaction.

Signor Picco's Concert.—The success achieved by the Sardinian Minstrel at his first two series of entertainments, warranted Mr Gay in giving a third. The first concert of the new series came off on Monday, and attracted a large audience. The programme was but little varied. As usual, Signor Picco played two *morceaux*—the first a *fantasia* on airs from *Sonnambula* and the *Carnaval de Venise*. Both were received with rapturous applause. The interest excited at the first performance of Sig. Picco is certainly on the increase, and the wonder excited by his performances has in no wise diminished. Taking into account the capabilities of the "pastoral tibia"—*alias* "penny whistle"—the Sardinian Minstrel must be pronounced one of the most extraordinary artists of this or any age. No performance, indeed, can be more wonderful than that of the poor blind whistler, who has expended the whole aim of his life in mastering what is little short of an impossibility. Such energy, such powers, and such perseverance, properly applied, must have led their possessor to a high position in any art. The interest already displayed towards him increases with every hearing. Mr Gay has announced a fourth series of concerts.

Magdeburg.—Mendelssohn's *Paulus* was given lately under the direction of Herr Rebling.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Il Trovatore* was given for the third time. The house was full, but not crowded.

Tuesday introduced Mdlle. Marai, Signors Gardoni and Ronconi in the *Elisir d'Amore*. Madame Bosio being indisposed, Mdlle. Marai undertook the part of Adina, with which she is evidently familiar.

It was lucky for Mr Gye that he had so clever a substitute. Mdlle. Marai was not only perfect in the part, but displayed more than her usual intelligence. Her singing was always satisfactory, her intonation almost invariably true. The *cabaletta* to "Prendi per me," by Signor Ricci, obtained the most applause. This was really a brilliant performance—although the *cabaletta* itself is not.

Signor Gardoni's Nemorino was good. He acted without effort and sang gracefully. The size of the house is in his favour. The expressive air, "Una furtiva lagrima," was delivered with more warmth, however, than the applause of the audience, who were cold. There being no "pit" in a great measure accounts for this. The stalls are too aristocratic for any outward display of emotion. The boxes are more apathetic than the stalls, and the galleries too remote to be very demonstrative.

Signor Tagliafico's Belcore is a copy, and not a bad one, of Tamburini's, but wants the *finesse* and humour of the other. It is an improvement on that of Signor Graziani, who, with all his voice, could make little of the part. Signor Tagliafico sang the florid air in the second act with great spirit. The whole performance, indeed, was meritorious.

Ronconi's Dulcamara is droller than ever. It is a masterpiece of the grotesque *buffo*. Not the least remarkable part of it is, that it is never the same two nights running. Always humorous, it is often extravagant, like some of the comic delineations of Mr Dickens. Dulcamara is a tempting character, and Ronconi cannot resist temptation. He indulges in all sorts of whims and oddities. But this is to the audience only. To the person he is about to gull how simple and straight-forward—how ingenuous and disinterested! Nemorino can only see in him the universal benefactor, the special patron of lovers. Even the shrewd Adina can espy nothing behind that mask of stolidity and assurance. Ronconi has a face for all customers, and not one of them can see his real one—that being reserved for the spectators. This wonderful performance passed off with little applause. It could not be that it made no impression, for the audience was several times convulsed with laughter; but the pit was wanting. Ronconi might have exclaimed in parody of King Richard—

"A pit!—a pit!—my kingdom for a pit!"

Coming newly from Madrid he must have been astonished. Nevertheless, we are mistaken if Ronconi is not as thoroughly appreciated in London as in Spain. But the opera-house at Madrid has a *pit*.

The *Elisir d'Amore* was a real treat to the lovers of good music, and the Lyceum is better adapted for comic operas than for the gloomy tragedies of Verdi. (Mr Gye has an opportunity of producing some of Rossini's early works, which would possess the charm of novelty. We may suggest *Il Turco in Italia*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *L'Inganno Felice*, etc.)

The scenery of Mr Beverley was beautiful, and the dresses in admirable taste. The band and chorus left nothing to be desired.

After the opera a new *ballet divertissement*, entitled *Les Hamadryades*, was produced. It is principally noticeable for a scene at the end, which, unless we err, used to serve as the last *tableau* to *Prince Charming* three years since under the management of Mad. Vestris. The plot evades discovery.

The principal dancers were Mdlles. Esper, Emma, Genb, Genat, Mr Payne, and M. Desplaces. Mdlle. Genat made her *début* on this occasion, and exhibited considerable talent. She dances with ease and grace, and is an acquisition to the *corps de ballet*.

On Thursday the *Elisir d'Amore* was repeated, when Mad. Bosio having recovered from her indisposition, made her first appearance this season as Adina. This accomplished lady seems to have no intention to stand still. Her late successes have evidently induced her to redouble her exertions, in order to meet the favour of the public, and it is only just to say that she is always advancing. Her Adina, on Thursday night, was a delightful performance, and that quietude, not to say coldness, which is so provoking in high tragedy parts (like Elvira in *Ernani*) was not unsuited to the half-apathetic half-sentimental, all capricious, though never bad-hearted, village coquette—more especially when accompanied, as it was the other night, by a certain seductive grace very naturally assumed. We could find little to criticise in Mad. Bosio's singing although she had not entirely got rid of the hoarseness which prevented her from appearing on the Tuesday previous. Her execution was wonderfully brilliant, and her *fioriture* and embellishments in general displayed as much taste as they were executed with facility. As an example of expressive singing, the "Prendi per me sei libero" was faultless, and the *cabaletta* (this time the beautiful one of Benedict and De Beriot, written for Malibran) was given with great brilliancy. Mad. Bosio was recalled with Ronconi after the duet with Dulcamara, in the second act, and also at the fall of the curtain. To-night *L'Elisir* for the *third time*.

Mario will make his first appearance on Saturday the 10th instant, in *Il Barbiere*. The following will be the cast:—Rosina—Mad. Bosio; Bertha—Mad. Tagliafico; Count Almaviva—Sig. Mario; Doctor Bartolo—Sig. Lablache; Don Basilio—Herr Formes; Fiorello—Sig. Soldi; and Figaro—Sig. Ronconi.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

The programme of the second concert, which came off on Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, in presence of a numerous assembly, contained two novelties—one by a foreign, the other by a native composer.

PART I.

Overture (*Euryanthe*)	Weber.
Concerto, E minor, violin, M. Sainton	Spohr.
Aria with Chorus, Herr Rokitanski (*Jessonda*)	Spohr.
Symphony No. 2, E flat	Gounod.
Aria, Miss Sherrington (*Tito*)	Mozart.
Overture (*Hamlet*)	G. A. Macfarren.

PART II.

Concerto in G, pianoforte, Mr. John Barnett	Beethoven.
Recit. and Air, Miss Sherrington (*Le Caïd*)	Thomas.
Part-Song, "O who will o'er the downs so free"	Pearsall.
Overture (*Così fan Tutti*)	Mozart.

Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Weber's overture was played with great vigour.

Spohr's concerto—the first subject of which strongly resembles one of his quartetts in C—was the more welcome for being so seldom heard. The great French violinist, on this occasion, surpassed himself. His execution was masterly throughout, every difficulty being accomplished with ease, and the expression varied with the happiest effect. The performance was keenly enjoyed, and M. Sainton retired down the platform amidst enthusiastic plaudits.

The piece from the introduction to *Jessonda* was carefully sung by Herr Rokitanski and the chorus. It is a noble inspiration.

Of M. Gounod's symphony we would rather not speak positively after a single hearing. It was magnificently played, and, if that could ensure success, it had everything in its favour. The conductor and band took every possible pains with it. It was consequently heard to the greatest advantage. The audience, nevertheless, was not enthusiastic. M. Gounod's symphony has obtained a high reputation in Paris. It is cleverly instrumented, has some brilliant passages and occasional power; but a want of originality is everywhere apparent. The first movement is an absolute parody on certain prominent points in Beethoven's *Eroica*. The *scherzo* is effective, and the theme of the trio is pretty. The finale, also, although the subject is trivial, contains some nice effects of orchestration. But something more than this is required to make a good symphony.

The second novelty, Mr. Macfarren's overture, although by no means well executed, is a work of a very different stamp—a great work indeed, if we are not mistaken—conceived in a true poetic spirit, and developed with infinite power. It expresses generally the melancholy, fitful temperament of the young prince, the depths of his sorrow and the gloom that overshadows his fate, well enough, without the aid of a prose analysis—or "argument"—which we could, therefore, have spared. We have said the overture (which is very difficult) was not well played. It was warmly applauded, however, and we are persuaded that a second hearing will not only confirm the favourable impression of the first, but reveal new beauties.

Master John Barnett (pupil of Dr. Wylde) has already once before charmed the patrons of the New Philharmonic Society by his performance of Beethoven's magnificent pianoforte concerto in G. On the present occasion he justified all that had been said in his favour. His performance was remarkable for a breadth and energy only to be expected from an adult. Brilliant execution and a fine perception of the character of the difficult composition he was playing were its characteristics. The cadenzas to the first and last movements were those of Moscheles. We had as "lief" have had no cadenza. Master Barnett, according to his usual and highly-commendable habit (we are aware that Molique is *not* of our opinion), played the whole without book. We object to books in public. If a great master be worth knowing, he is worth knowing *by heart*. The applause at the end of Master Barnett's performance was of the warmest and most unanimous description, and he was recalled in the bargain.

Of Miss Sherrington's singing we have no more to say at present. The sparkling *Così fan Tutti* was capitally given, and Mr. Benedict, who was well received, conducted throughout with his accustomed talent. We cannot esteem the subscribers to the New Philharmonic as an audience of *dilettanti*, or they would never have dispersed so noisily during the performance of a rarely-heard overture of Mozart, and one so innocent and full of charm.

AMATEUR SOCIETY

At the concert on Monday there was a crowded audience, and the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Symphony in D major	*Beethoven.*
Song—"Envy not the Bard," Miss Cole	*A. H. Dendy.*
Wedding March	*Mendelssohn.*
Aria—"Prendi per me," Miss Sherrington	*Benedict.*

PART II.

Duet—"Hope's Adieu," Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Cole	*Henry Leslie.*
Concertino for pianoforte (first time of performance)	*Angelina.*
Melodie—"Les Astres," Miss Sherrington	*Schubert.*
Song—"Andenken," Miss Sherrington	*Beethoven.*
Overture—(*Preciosa*)	*Weber.*

Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

Beethoven's symphony was one of the best performances we have heard from the amateur-orchestra since Mr. Henry Leslie was appointed director. Miss Cole sang Mr. Dendy's ballad extremely well, and the two clever sisters together gave Mr. Leslie's pretty duet charmingly. Miss Sherrington obtained great applause in "Prendi per me," but was less successful in her other songs. So beautiful a voice merits a more careful and thorough cultivation.

The new concerto (why concertino?) of "Angelina," was the point of the concert, and a good point, too, both in regard to composition and execution. To have attempted a work on so extended a plan, showed no small amount of honorable ambition on the part of so young an artist (a lady in the bargain); to have accomplished it so well betokened talent of an order far beyond the common. "Angelina" has taken Mendelssohn for a model—and his first pianoforte concerto in particular. We do not exactly blame her, but what she has done, in this her first great essay, shows clearly that she might have depended more upon her own resources, and less upon those seductive fascinations of style which have rendered Mendelssohn not only the great composer of his time, but the almost universal type and pattern. This apart, we have only praise to bestow upon the concerto and upon the performer. The composition was interesting from beginning to end, the execution admirable, and the applause at the conclusion enthusiastic. And now we shall look with impatience for concerto No. 3—which must *not* be in D minor, and must *not* have Mendelssohn, No. 2, for a pattern.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH gave the fourth and last of his Orchestral Concerts on Monday evening. The hall was crammed. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture—"The Isles of Fingal"	*Mendelssohn*
Aria—"O salutaris Hostia"	*Cherubini.*
Concerto—Two Flutes	*Doppler*
Aria—"Va, mi dice" (*Robert le Diable*)	*Meyerbeer*
Symphony in C minor	*Beethoven.*

PART II.

Duetto—"Dolce conforto al misero"	*Mercadante.*
Concerto—Pianoforte, in F minor	*W. Sterndale Bennett*
Old English Songs	*Henry Lawes* (1653) and *Dr John Blow* (1700)
Air—"Let the bright Seraphim"	*Händel*
Overture—"Zauberflöte"	*Mozart.*

Conductor Mr Hullah.

The performance, on the whole, was a good one. We were charmed to hear the fine concerto of Mr Sterndale Bennett played with so much spirit and feeling by his clever pupil, Mr George Russell. The piece for two flutes was a wonderful performance on the part of the brothers Doppler (one of whom composed it.) These artists are new to this country, but their success was established at a hearing.

The symphony and the two overtures went well—the symphony best. Miss Dolby sang Cherubini's melodious air (with which she made her first appearance at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society in 1842) more beautifully and calmly (it *should* be calm) than ever. One of her old English songs—Dr John Blow's "It is not that I love you less" (1700), was encored. The other was, "While I listen to thy voice," by Henry Lawes (1653). They were pleasant to hear—these ancient staves, and there was no necessity to *afficher* their antiquity. Not only good women and good wine, but *good songs* have no age. Umbrellas, and steel pens and race horses may be set down as "aged"—but none of the above. Mad. Clara Novello's voice was as splendid as ever in the airs of Meyerbeer and Händel. The trumpet *obbligato* (not "*obligato*") in the last, was played by Mr Harper as no one else now living knows how to play it.

We congratulate Mr Hullah on the success of his experiment.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Concert last Saturday week was held in the centre transept. The principal feature at this concert was the performances of Mdlle. Cleopatria Tornberg, the Swedish flautist, who created a great sensation. The novelty of a female playing on the flute had no doubt something to do with her success, but, independent of this her execution was so remarkable in its way that it produced an impression. Mdlle. Tornberg was much applauded. Mr Watson's solo on the violin was well received, and Miss Grace Alleyne sang effectively. The crowd was great.

LEEDS.—Mr Spark lectured on Monday evening, at the Music Hall, on Anthem Music. Illustrations were given by Misses Newbound and Masser, and a chorus of sixty voices. The selections were principally from the works of Farrant, Weldon, Travers, Händel, Dr Greene and Bach. Notwithstanding the "lecture concert" was under the patronage of the Sunday School Association, the attendance was very meagre.

Mr and Mrs. Howard Paul gave their comic and musical entertainment, "Patch Work," at the Music Hall, last evening.

PADDINGTON.—On Monday evening Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed. The principal singers were Miss Stabbach, Mrs. T. Dustin, Mrs. Lockey, Mr Lawler and Mr Lockey. The oratorio was very well given. The quartett, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," the trio, "Lift up thine eyes," and the air, "O rest in the Lord," were encored with enthusiasm. Mr E. T. Chipp presided at the organ.

DROITWICH.—The new organ erected in St. Andrew's Church by Mr Nicholson, of Worcester, was opened on Sunday, the 30th ult., by Jabez Jones, of Tewkesbury. The choir was assisted by several members of the Worcester Harmonic Society. The organ contains 14 stops. A collection of £24 3s. 5d. was made.

LIVERPOOL.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The Gassiers and Mr Swift, after disappointing us on Monday, appeared in *Sonnambula* at the Theatre Royal, on Wednesday, before one of the most crowded and fashionable houses I ever saw within the walls. The performance passed off with great *éclat*, though an apology had to be made for Mr. Swift, who was painfully hoarse. The same party appear in *Don Pasquale* to-morrow (Friday) night, and the *Barbiere*. Jullien is to do great things at the Zoological Gardens in Whit week. *Eli* is to be given at the Philharmonic Hall on Monday, the 6th May.

IBID.—The Law Courts Committee, at their meeting on Wednesday, resolved that in future Mr W. T. Best shall give three public performances weekly on the grand organ of St. George's Hall—two as at present—in the afternoon of Saturday and the evening of Monday, at a 6*d.* rate of admission, and another on Thursday nights, when the price of admission will be reduced to 3*d.*

LEEDS.—The sisters Sophie and Anne have been giving their musical entertainment, "Sketches from Nature," in the new Music-hall, with success.

HALIFAX.—The subscribers to the Choral Society gave a dinner to the performing members in the Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday the 8th instant, about 160 were present. The dinner was given to celebrate the 200th performance of the Society. Mr Samuel Pollitt was the chairman, and Mr J. Smith, Mr R. Carter and Mr W. Foster vice chairman. Several glees and madrigals were sung after dinner, and the meeting was addressed by several gentlemen. The members of the King Cross Reed band gave a concert in the same Hall on the Monday evening preceding. The instrumentalists were Mr Whitaker, and a young lady aged 12 (pianoforte), Mr Crowther (violoncello), Mrs. Sunderland and Miss Crossland the vocalists, and Mr W. H. Whitaker conductor.

PLYMOUTH.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Theatricals continue flourishing. On Friday Mrs. Boyce took her benefit to a "bumper." Mr Newcombe's annual complimentary benefit will take place next week. On Thursday last a *troupe* of amateurs, of more than usual ability, attracted a full assemblage. The pieces were *Charles the 2nd*, *Where there's a Will there's a Way*, and *Cool as a Cucumber*. Captain Coleridge as Rochester and Major Ibbotson as Charles, in the first piece, were excellent. Mr Godfrey played Edward well, and proved himself a singer of taste, with a good tenor voice. Captain Fisk was a humorous Copp, and the same may be said of him as of Captain Coleridge, that he has none of the *gaucherie* usual with amateurs. Mrs Boyce and Miss Robertson did justice to their parts. Don Manuel, in the second piece, was well played by Captain Coleridge. Mr Storey, as Plumper, greatly amused the audience. Of Frederick Barkins Lieut. Drake made the most, as did Captain Fisk of Old Barkins. The costumes and stage appointments were worthy of Mr Newcombe's establishment.

THE IMPROVED PATENT HARMONIUM.—Messrs. George Luff and Son have added a simple movement which by a slight pressure of the knee obtains the full power of the instrument in the most rapid passages. Until this last invention there was some difficulty in this, owing to the player being compelled to raise his fingers from the keys to draw the *full power stop*. The improvement is one of great value.

DARMSTADT.—At the second Philharmonic concert were heard two young English violinists, the Messrs. Holmes, whose performances justified the praise bestowed by the "*Mittelrheinisch Zeitung*," and other journals, on their Concerts at Wiesbaden, &c.

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VIENNA.—One of the most brilliant concerts given for a long time was that of Leopold de Meyer, which took place on the 27th ult., in the Rooms of the Musikverein. There was not a single vacant seat. The most successful pieces performed by Herr von Meyer were his *Andante Religioso*, his *Fandango*, *Ernani Fantasia*, and *Invitation à la Polka*. He was called for several times in the course of the evening.—Madlle. Rosa Kastner has arrived here.

ITALY.—The following is a list of the new operas produced in Italy during the Lent season of 1856:—*Pietro d'Abano*, at Venice, at the Theatre Fenice, by Sig. Apolloni. *Margherita Pusterla*, at the San Carlo at Naples, music by Sig. Pacini. *L'Assedio di Leida*, at the Scala at Milan, music by Sig. Petrella. *I Fidanzati*, at the Carlo Felice at Genoa, music by Sig. Peri. *Caterina Segurana*, at Nice, music by Sig. Rafette. *I Romani in Pompeiano*, at the Teatro Grande at Trieste, music by Sig. Bola. *Manuela*, at the Teatro Nuovo at Naples, music by Sig. Sarria. *La Vergine di Kent*, at the Teatro Regio at Turin, music by Sig. Villanis.

PARIS.—(*From our own Correspondent*.)—It is really astonishing how fond the French are of their own music. They seem never to grow wearied of works which would hardly be endured in an English theatre after one or two performances. I was desirous of passing an evening last week at the Grand Opéra, but could not make up my mind to choose between the *Reine de Chypre* and *La Juive*, so left M. Halévy to be fully enjoyed by his own countrymen. These operas appear to draw almost as well as anything else. Perhaps, to the performance of the new ballet *Le Corsaire*, with the charming Rosati, much of the evening's attractions is to be attributed. Nevertheless, the popularity of M. Halévy is not to be denied, and both his operas are special favourites with the Parisians. Mr John Thomas, the celebrated English harpist, has just been presented by the Emperor with a splendid pin, containing a pearl of large size, valued at 3,000 fr.—Alboni is in Paris. She sang on Monday week at the Hotel de Ville, at the Grand Concert which constituted part of the *fête* given to the members of the congress.—Madame Ristori has appeared in *Medea*, and created an immense sensation. M. Legouvé's drama has been translated into Italian verse with great exactitude by Signor Montanelli.—The event of the past week, however, has been Vivier's Concert. It took place in Erard's rooms, before a numerous and fashionable audience, notwithstanding the absence of several aristocratic diplomatists, whose early attendance at the *bal* of the Ottoman Embassy was a necessity. The concert began with an organ solo, executed by M. Lebeau, followed by a charming *barcarolle* composed by Vivier and sung by Gueymard. Mdlle. Dussy sung an air from the *Pré aux Clercs* (violin *obbligato*, M. Le Cieux) and Vivier then made his appearance and played his *Adagio Religioso*, as only Vivier can play it. The witty cornist was enthusiastically applauded both on his *entrée*, and after his performance. *La Mélancholie*, another clever composition by the *bénéficiaire*, was sung by Mdlle Dussy and Madame Massart played the overture to *Guillaume Tell* arranged for the pianoforte by Liszt. Madame Viardot then sang the finale from the *Sonnambula* in her well known artistic manner, and Mdlle Dussy and M. Gueymard interpreted the quaint little duet by Vivier *Madeleine et Mathurin* in a satisfactory manner. Madame Viardot sang some Spanish airs, and Madame Massart played two pianoforte solos by Schulhoff and Alkan. The two other pieces played by Vivier were his beautiful elegy *La Plainte*, for voice and horn, (the voice part sung by Gueymard,) which was enthusiastically encored, and his marvel of marvels, *La Chasse*, in which double, triple and quadruple notes, held all the time he is playing bravura passages, quite astonished and delighted the audience who encored it unanimously. The great cornist was immensely cheered after this extraordinary performance, and he was obliged to return and repeatedly bow his acknowledgments. Among the audience were M. Rouher (minister of public works) MM. Guizot, Duchâtel, Lamartine, Auber, Berlioz, Halévy, Adam, Chélard, Reyer, Théophile Gautier, Guinot, Hippolyte Lucas, Achard, &c, &c. Rossini alone, owing to his illness, was unable to attend.

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SIMS REEVES' NEW SONG—"GOOD NIGHT, BELOVED." Serenade by Longfellow. Composed by Balfe. Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, at St. Martin's Hall, on April 1[illegible]th, and rapturously encored.

From The Times.

"The second encore was awarded to a new song by Balfe, a setting of Longfellow's well-known serenade, very vigorous, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of poetry—in short, one of the most successful exhibitions of that vein of natural melody to which the composer is indebted for the large share of popular favour he enjoys. Had it been written expressly for Mr. Reeves, it could not have suited his voice more exactly."

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 34.—No. 18 SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856. PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It is respectfully announced that the Theatre will re-open on Saturday the 10th of May, when will be produced Rossini's Opera of CENERENTOLA. Angelina, Mdme. Alboni; Don Ramiro, Sig. [illegible]; Don Magnifico, Sig. Zucconi; and Dandini, Sig. Belletti. After which will be presented an entirely new Ballet Divertissement, entitled LES QUATRE SAISONS, founded on the Ballet Divertissement of that name, by M. Petipa, in the opera of "Les Vêpres Siciliennes." Principal parts by Mdlles. Rosati, Boschetti, [illegible], and [illegible]. Applications for Boxes and Stalls to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CONCERTS.—These Concerts, twelve in number, will take place on Friday afternoons in May, June, and July, the first being on the 16th May. They will be supported by the following eminent artists:

MADAME GRISI,
MADEMOISELLE JENNY NEY,
MADEMOISELLE [illegible],
MADEMOISELLE MARAI,
MADEMOISELLE [illegible].

Signor LABLACHE,
Signor GARDONI,
Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Herr FORMES,
Signor POLONINI,
Signor RONCONI,

Signor LUCHESI,
Signor BELART,
Signor GRAZIANI,
Signor [illegible],
Signor [illegible],
And Signor MARIO.

The Band of the Royal Italian Opera is engaged, and will be considerably augmented. Mr. COSTA has also most kindly offered his valuable aid, and will himself conduct a portion of the Concerts.

The following Three Classes of Tickets are issued for the present season, available up to the 30th April 1857:—

1.—Season Tickets (not transferable) admitting the holder to the Palace and Park on all occasions whatsoever, with the sole exception of the twelve days on which the Concerts by the Opera Company take place—One Guinea.

2.—Season Tickets (not transferable) admitting the holder on all occasions, including the above Concerts—Two Guineas.

3.—Transferable Tickets, admitting to the above twelve Concerts and to the Flower Shows, but not available on any other days—Two Guineas.

The holders of Tickets issued under Classes 2 and 3 will be limited to such a number as can be properly accommodated at the Concerts.

The Tickets may be obtained at The Crystal Palace (Centre Transept and Railway Booking-office); the Company's Office, 79, Lombard-street; the London Bridge Station of the Brighton Railway Company; the Office of the Brighton Railway Company, 43, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; the Railway Station, Crystal Palace; [illegible] Library, 33, Old Bond-street; [illegible] Library, 1, St. James's-street; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Mr. Hammond, 27, Lombard-street; [illegible]; [illegible] Library, at [illegible] George's-place, Knightsbridge; Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street; [illegible] Library, 1, [illegible]-street, Hyde Park Gardens; Messrs. [illegible], Arcade, London Bridge Station; Mr. J. H. Smith, 21, [illegible]-street; Mr. [illegible], 420 Strand; Messrs. [illegible] and Son, 24 and 25, [illegible]; Mr. [illegible], Royal [illegible], Brighton.

Remittances from the country by Post Office Order or otherwise must be made payable to George Passey. All applicants must state whether the Tickets are for Ladies or Gentlemen, and boys are not to be admitted to [illegible] unaccompanied by a gentleman.

The rates of admission to the Palace remain as before, viz.: On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays—One Shilling (excepting on the Fridays on which the Concerts take place); on Saturdays—Five Shillings. Children under 12 years of age half-price (excepting on the [illegible] days on which the Concerts take place).

The Palace will be opened on Mondays at Nine a.m.; on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at Ten, excepting on the days of the Concerts by the Opera Company, on which days and on Saturdays it will be opened at Twelve, closing daily about sunset.

By order, [illegible] GROVE, Secretary

PICCO, the BLIND-BORN SARDINIAN MINSTREL and [illegible], will give the LAST THREE CONCERTS of the FOURTH AND LAST SERIES, at St. James's Theatre, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, May 5th, 7th and 9th. To commence at eight, and finish at ten. [illegible] he will perform a Grand Aria from [illegible], and the Carnaval de Venise. Tickets [illegible] and [illegible]. Stalls, [illegible]. Boxes, [illegible]; Pit, [illegible]; Gallery, [illegible].

MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA has most kindly consented to sing Handel's Aria, "[illegible]," [illegible], at M. [illegible] ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, May 21, and the favourite Duett, "La [illegible]," of Meyerbeer, with Madame Goldschmidt Lind.

MUSICAL UNION.—May 13th.—Madame Schumann, MM. Ernst and Piatti are engaged for the FOURTH MATINEE. No more [illegible] to [illegible] Artists [illegible], owing to the crowded state of the rooms.

J. ELLA, Director

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ begs to announce that he will resume his PIANOFORTE RECITALS, [illegible] at his residence, [illegible] Mansfield-square. The dates are fixed for Thursday, May 8th, 22nd, and June 5th, to commence at three o'clock. Terms of Subscription for the series of three Matinées, One Guinea. Subscriber's Names received at Cramer and Beale's, 201 Regent-street, and at Mr. Hallé's residence.

SIGNOR CAMPANA begs to inform the nobility, gentry, and public, that his ANNUAL MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on the 9th of June, at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly. Further particulars will be shortly announced.

MAD. CLARA NOVELLO, MISS SHERRINGTON, Miss Amy Dolby, [illegible], with the Band of the Orchestral Union, conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon, will appear at Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, May 9th. Reserved seats [illegible], to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co's, 201, Regent-street; [illegible] Miss Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, [illegible], Hyde Park-square. Single tickets [illegible], may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The last Concert of the Season will take place on Thursday next, May 8th. Artistes—Mad. Anna Thillon (her only appearance in London), Mrs. [illegible], Miss Louisa [illegible], Miss [illegible], Mad. [illegible], Mr. [illegible], Mr. Thomas, and Mr. [illegible]; [illegible]. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori; Director, Mr. [illegible]. Tickets, 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to be had at the Institution, Beaumont-square, Mile End-road; and of Mr. [illegible], Leadenhall-street. To commence at eight o'clock.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S Two Annual Matinées of PIANOFORTE MUSIC at 27 Queen Anne-street, on Saturdays, May 10 and June 14, when she will be assisted by [illegible], Signor Piatti, M. [illegible], Mr. [illegible], M. [illegible], M. Walter Macfarren, Madame [illegible], Miss Louisa Vinning, Mr. [illegible], Mr. Weiss, and other eminent artists. Broadwood's Pianoforte will be used. Tickets [illegible] library, Old Bond-street, and Mrs. John Macfarren, 18, [illegible]-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 9th. Vocalists—Miss Dolby, Miss [illegible], Madame Ferrari, Herr Reichardt and Signor Ferrari. Instrumentalists—Madame Clara [illegible], Mr. George [illegible], Herr [illegible], and Signor [illegible]. Accompanyists—Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and George [illegible]. Tickets [illegible], to be had at the principal music-sellers; reserved seats, [illegible], to be had only at Signor and Madame Ferrari's residence, [illegible], Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOESSER has the honour to announce that his Concert will take place on Wednesday evening, May 7th, 1856, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Vocalists, Madame [illegible], Miss [illegible], Herr Reichardt and Signor F. [illegible]. Instrumentalists, [illegible], Herr Adolph Schloesser, Signor [illegible], Herr [illegible] and [illegible]. Conductors, Herr [illegible] and Herr [illegible].

Numbered reserved stalls, [illegible]. To be had of the principal music-sellers, and of Herr Adolph Schloesser, [illegible]-street, Portman-square.

MR. ADOLPHE GOLLMICK has the honour to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT at the [illegible] Rooms, Harley-street, on Friday, May 16th, for the [illegible] of [illegible] new compositions. Mr. Gollmick will be assisted by the following eminent artists: Miss [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible], and M. Paque. Messrs. Benedict, [illegible]. The following new compositions by Mr. Gollmick will be performed: [illegible], pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; a Quartet [illegible], violoncello; a Sestet for two performers on three [illegible]. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each. Family Tickets [illegible]. Guinea, to be had of Mr. Gollmick, 4, [illegible], and of Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, and all the principal music-sellers.

[illegible] by Google

MONS. ALOYS KETTENUS begs to announce that his MORNING CONCERT given by the kind permission of the Most Noble the Marchioness of Downshire, at her Residence, 24, Belgrave-square, will take place on Saturday, May 10th, at Half-past Two o'Clock. Tickets, One Guinea each, to be had of Schott and Co., 159 Regent-street; Mills, 140, New Bond-street; and Lonsdale, 26, Old Bond-street.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE.—The Organ in Dartford Church, Kent, having been entirely reconstructed and enlarged by Mr [illegible] (of London), will be re-opened on Thursday evening, May 15th, at 7 o'clock, with a performance of Classical Music. The Choir of Rochester Cathedral are engaged for the occasion. Conductor, Mr J. T. Stone, who will preside at the organ, and perform the following compositions:—Allegro Vivace, Jupiter Sinfonia—Mozart; March, Athalie—Mendelssohn; Let their celestial concerts, Samson—Handel; Allegro Maestoso, [illegible]. Tickets of admission may be had of the Churchwardens, and of Mr [illegible], Dartford.

W. H. HOLMES'S SECOND PIANOFORTE CONCERT, Hanover Square Rooms, Wednesday Morning, May 21, at Two o'clock. Pianists, W. H. Holmes, his Daughter and Pupils, including H. C. [illegible] (eight years and half old), Walter Macfarren, and J. J. Noble. Madame Clara Novello will sing Lady Cotton Sheppard's song, "Bird of the Wilderness" (by desire). Nocturne, pianoforte, "The Violet," W. H. Holmes, composed by his sister Georgiana Holmes. Further particulars and tickets, non-subscribers 5s. (reserved) of W. H. Holmes, 36, Beaumont-street, Marylebone.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT AND MISS COLE beg to announce that their Fourth Annual Series of Classical Chamber Concerts will take place at Willis's Rooms, in May, June, and July. 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

SIMS REEVES' NEW SONG.—The Orchestral Parts of Balfe's new Serenade "Good night, beloved" are published this day, price 5s. 6d. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

MR. LAMBERT (of York Cathedral), Vocalist, Bass, is open to accept engagements for Oratorio or Concert, in or out of London.—Communications to be addressed to his residence, 31, [illegible]-terrace, York.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 50 Songs, at 1s 6d. each, and 25 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

MISS ELIZA HUGHES (R.A.M.) Vocalist, 68, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

HERR CARL A. LAUE, Professor of the Cither, begs to announce to his pupils and friends, that he will return to London on the [illegible]. Communications to be addressed to his residence, 17 Woburn-place, Russell-square.

MR. FRANCESCO BERGER begs to announce that he has removed from 4, Wilton Place, to 26, Thurloe-square, Brompton.

HERR WILHELM GANZ will return to Town for the Season, from his Tour in the Provinces with Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind, on the 14th instant. 50, Frith-street, Soho-square.

FOR SALE.—A very fine Amati Violin, with a Genuine "Tourte" bow, the property of an Amateur. This instrument is well worthy the attention of amateurs and professional men. To be seen at Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

TO LET.—The Upper Part of the House at No. 24 Holles-street, belonging to Boosey and Sons. Application to be made to M. [illegible], Bond-street, or at the premises.

TO THE PROFESSION.—A lady could be introduced to a connection for pianoforte and singing, established several years. It is situated on the sea coast about 130 miles from London. For further particulars, apply at Letchford's music warehouse, 1, Soho-square.

PIANOFORTES.—Allison and Allison have the best description, in rosewood, from 25 guineas.—75, Dean-street, Soho.

AMATI VIOLIN.—A PERFECT GEM.—FOR SALE, a small sized instrument, of undoubted authenticity, possessing excellent tone and power, in capital preservation, late the property of an Amateur deceased. Price moderate. Apply to Mr [illegible], Messrs Cramer and Co. 201 Regent-street.

GLASS AND CHINA.—PELLATT and Co. have now on show, at their large Show Rooms, Nos. 58 and 59, Baker-street, Portman-square, the LARGEST and CHOICEST STOCK of GLASS and CHINA in ENGLAND, and all marked in plain figures, for cash. Manufactory and Glass-blowing Rooms, Holland-street, Blackfriars.

BOOSEY'S ROTARY CORNET-A-PISTONS.—This beautiful instrument still retains its high position as superior to all other models, both as regards perfect intonation and ease of blowing. Price 7 guineas with valves, or 8 guineas with cylinders. The largest and most varied stock of cornets-à-pistons by Boosey and Besson will be found in Boosey and Sons' extensive show rooms, No. 28, Holles-street. Prices from 3 to 12 guineas each, in brass, silver, and gold. Just ready, Boosey's New Cornet Tutor, price 5s., and the Cornet Miscellany, by Thomas Harper, published every month, price 3s.

THE PATENT DUET CONCERTINA.—£1 11s. 6d. to £2 2s., with mahogany box. This fashionable instrument consists of two distinct parts, each having certain unison notes, enabling a single performer (without difficulty) to play duets or melodies with an insulated tenor accompaniment. [illegible] in three [illegible]. Tutor and Airs, [illegible] each. Inventors, Wheatstone and Co. Patentees of the Concertina used by the most celebrated performers at the public concerts, 20, Conduit-street, Regent-street, London.

PIANOFORTES.—OETZMANN and PLUMB beg to inform Musicsellers and Professors that in consequence of their having made great improvements in the manufacture of their instruments, substituting machinery for manual labour, and taking advantage of the new Patent Steam Drying process, are enabled to offer to the Trade superior Pianofortes in Grands, Semi Grands, and Cottages, in all variety of woods and designs, at considerably reduced prices. Illustrated lists sent on application. A visit to their Manufactory will prove the great advantage secured. 56, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. Manufactory, Chenies-street, Tottenham-court-road. Alexandre and Co.'s Harmoniums at trade prices.

GEORGE CASE'S CONCERTINAS.—These unrivalled Instruments are manufactured under the personal superintendence of Mr George Case, the celebrated professor and performer, solely by Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square. Prices from 4 to 12 guineas each, with 48 keys, and in a variety of woods. Full particulars gratis. Just published, a third edition of Mr Case's Concertina Instructions, price [illegible], and La Sonnambula complete for Concertina, 4s. Also, The Concertina Miscellany, by George Case. Published every month, price 2s 6d.

THE IMPROVED PATENT HARMONIUM.—GEO. LUFF and SON, Inventors of the [illegible] and Celeste Stops, have added another improvement to their Harmoniums, the Patent [illegible], or knee stop, which enables the player to produce the full power of the instrument without lifting the fingers from the keys. The improvement can be applied to Harmoniums already sold. To prove the superiority of their Harmoniums they keep them in order two years, free of charge. Being pianoforte makers, they exchange harmoniums for pianofortes, and pianofortes for harmoniums, both of which can be previously hired, with choice of purchase, at the lowest price for a first-class instrument. Sole agents for Debain's new instrument, the Harmonicorde.—Geo. Luff and Son, 103, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—Rimmel's Napoleon Pomade, as made expressly for the Emperor of the French, is the only preparation that will really fix the moustache and keep it firm and graceful in all weathers and climates. Sold in pots or bottles, from 1s. by all the trade. Eugene Rimmel, Perfumer, sole proprietor of the Toilet Vinegar, 39, Gerrard-street, Soho, London.

ROYAL COURT TRAINS.—An Exposition of Magnificent Court Trains and Evening Robes, during the present week. Williams and Company's, Patentees of the Royal Tissue de Verre, 60, 61, and 62, Oxford-street, 3, 4, and 5, Wells-street.

SISAL CIGARS,

AT GOODRICH'S CIGAR, TOBACCO, and SNUFF STORES (established 1780), 407 Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square. Box, containing 14 fine Sisal Cigars, for 1s 9d., post free, 27 stamps; lb boxes, containing 109, 12s. 6d. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. Goodrich."—A large stock of the most approved brands.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A certain remedy for Disorders of the Pulmonary Organs—in Difficulty of Breathing—in Redundancy of Phlegm—in Incipient Consumption (of which Cough is the most positive indication) they are of unerring efficacy. In Asthma and in Winter Cough they have never been known to fail. Keating's Cough Lozenges are free from every deleterious ingredient; they may, therefore, be taken by the most delicate female and by the youngest child; while the Public Speaker and the Professional Singer will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and consequently a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation. Sold in Boxes, 1s 1½d., Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s 6d. and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Sold retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors. N.B. To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "Keating's Cough Lozenges" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each box, without which none are genuine.

IMPORTANT TO SINGERS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS, ETC.

St. Paul's Cathedral, 30th Nov. [illegible]

Sir,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with Hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of Catarrh. I think they would be very useful to Clergymen, Barristers, and Public Orators.

I am Sir, yours faithfully,
THOMAS FRANCIS.
Vicar Choral.
To Mr Keating.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

BY Y

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

(Continued from page 261.)

BALFE's third opera, *Enrico Quarto al passo della Marna*, was produced shortly afterwards at Milan. It was received with great applause and became a favourite throughout Italy. About this time Malibran was engaged at the Scala, at 3,000frs. nightly. Her success was unprecedented. Balfe, who had known her in Paris was received like an old friend. She had heard his *Enrico*, and hoped one day to sing in an opera of his in London. (This was prophetic.) The baritone at the Scala was not good, and Malibran prevailed upon the *impresario* to engage Balfe. During this engagement our hero performed Iago to Malibran's *Desdemona*; Dandini to her Cenerentola; and Figaro to her Rosina.

From Milan, Balfe went to Venice and sang with Malibran at the Fenice. While at Venice he began an opera, the subject of which was taken from Shakspere's *Hamlet*. Malibran was to play Ophelia, and Donzelli the Prince. The death of the Emperor of Austria, however, taking place, all engagements were dissolved and the opera was never completed. One manager would have been ruined but for the generous aid of Malibran. His name was Gallo and he had built a theatre roofed with glass which he called Il Teatro Emeronitio. The Emperor's death, however, arrested all his speculations. He was a bankrupt unless the new theatre could be made available. A thought struck him. He called on Malibran, explained his situation and offered her 200 napoleons to sing for him one night. She consented, and the *Sonnambula* was given to a house crammed to suffocation. Donzelli was Elvino and Balfe Count Rodolpho. The performance created a *furore*, but the excitement after the *rondo finale*, "Ah! non giunge" defied description. While singing the *rondo* Malibran happening to tread upon some leaves of the bouquet which Amina scatters in her sleep was nearly falling when Balfe, close behind, caught her in his arms. In the endeavour to recover herself one of her slippers found its way into the pit. A scramble ensued to gain possession of so precious a treasure. Some of the occupants of the boxes assisted, and the theatre was thrown into a state of utter confusion. The slipper was torn into pieces, which were preserved as religiously as the relics of a saint. Malibran, partly instigated by her love of fun, and partly to establish a diversion among the disputants, cast her other slipper into the pit, and the same scene was repeated. Had she been playing Cinderella, and had the slipper been really a glass slipper the consequences might have been more serious. "Ah! non giunge" was over, and while the singer was picking up the bouquets, the manager walked upon the stage, took Malibran by the hand, and addressing the audience in a speech full of gratitude, declared that the performance that night had saved him from ruin, and that henceforward the theatre should be called "Teatro Malibran"—a name which it bears to this day.

Malibran and Balfe left Venice shortly afterwards, she southwards and he to Milan. Before separating, however, Malibran promised Balfe that, when she arrived in England, she would procure him an engagement to write an opera for one of the London theatres. At Milan, Signor Puzzi, by specious arguments, prevailed upon our hero to accompany him to London. Balfe arrived at the beginning of the season. He sang at the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts. Soon becoming known he was frequently engaged at the *soirées* of the nobility. Mere singing did not satisfy him, however; his aspirations tended another way.

An opportunity soon occurred. The Lyceum theatre was open as an English opera, and the best English singers were engaged. Balfe offered Mr Arnold to write an opera for his theatre. The latter was sorry, but had never heard of Mr Balfe. Our hero referred to Mad. Malibran and Madlle Grisi. Mr Arnold knew them both, and their testimony was so satisfactory, that he entered into an arrangement with Balfe to produce an opera in six weeks. The work was ready in the time, and put in rehearsal. Some disagreement, however, led to the withdrawal of the opera, and shortly afterwards the Lyceum closed.

The new work, nevertheless, was destined to be brought out with greater advantages elsewhere. Mr Bunn, manager of Drury Lane, sent for Mapleson, librarian and copyist, who had all the parts copied out.

"Hello! Mapleson! What's this rubbish you have been rehearsing at the English Opera?—and who is Signor Balfe?" Mapleson ventured a strong opinion on the merits of the music. Bunn sent for Balfe, and *The Siege of Rochelle* was accepted. It was first represented on the 29th of October, 1835. Mr Bunn's account of the opera and the impression it made, in "*The Stage Before and Behind the Curtain*," is worth perusal.

"I had this season the pleasure of introducing to the English public a young man of great musical attainments, which I conceived were not destined 'to blush unseen and waste their sweets upon the desert air;'* and I was determined at all events, to test my own opinion by that of the public. Mr Balfe, when I was stage-manager at Drury Lane, in 1823, was an humble member of the orchestra—in coarse and homely phraseology a fiddler, and when introduced to me in the summer of 1835, his name and his fame (then become entirely continental) was new to me. The beauties of the first work he was desirous of bringing out were admitted by many able judges of music, and strenuously impressed upon me by the recommendation of Mr Cooke (*Tom*—for fear of mistake). The *Siege of Rochelle* was accordingly produced, and its success verified every judgment that had been delivered upon its merits. Though not calculated in itself to prove highly attractive,† it had the good fortune to be linked in representation with *The Jewess*,‡ and thus ran nearly nightly the first season. It became the fashion—as it invariably does in this country—to abuse a man the moment his abilities begin to denote a mental superiority over those he is surrounded by. In France, Italy, and Germany, every species of encouragement is held out to a rising genius—in England, he is subject to every possible detraction; and the moment Balfe's talent burst out upon the town, it was assailed by the most unwarrantable attacks. Persons calling themselves musical judges were loud in their assertions that every note of the *Siege of Rochelle* was stolen from Ricci's *Chiara di Rosenberg*, and it was not until this last named composition was produced by the Italian Buffo Company, under the spirited direction of Mr Mitchell, that these self-constituted judges tardily and reluctantly admitted that there were not half-a-dozen bars in the two operas that bore the slightest resemblance to each other."

Balfe became at once the favourite composer of the day. His opera was the rage; his songs were sung everywhere; the barrel-organs sounded its popularity, and he was solicited by all the publishers. The house of Cramer, Beale and Co. gave a large sum for the *Siege of Rochelle*. The new opera was a hit. It was melodious and musician-like. The story might have been better and the poetry improved; but the music charmed and made its way.

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*Lord Byron says, "One great poet should not misquote another." Gray's line is "And waste its *sweetness* on the desert air."

† Mr Bunn did not write this book.—*Printer's Devil.*

‡ Without Halévy's music.—*Ibid.*

(To be continued.)

THE WORTHING THEATRE.—The freehold of this little theatre, which cost the late Mr Trotter nearly £6,000, was put up to auction on the premises, by Mr Robinson, of Bond street. No one bidding, it was again put up with Mr Trotter's cottage, which had also cost the owner £5,000, but with no better success. The materials and fittings were then brought to the hammer and sold at miserably low prices. Two drop scenes, painted by Grieve, fetched £2. All the set pieces and properties, in one lot, £5s. to Mr Hatley, who is building a theatre at Portsmouth. Seven chandeliers, which had cost nearly £100, fell for something under £5; and several volumes of music were knocked down to Mr Shepherd, of the Surrey theatre, at a penny per volume. The theatre will shortly be pulled down, and in a few years, the very memory of the spot where Kean, Siddons, Munden, Dowton, Jordan, Elliston, Dowton, Glover and other old giants of the stage, were wont to delight crowded audiences, will be forgotten. Like other small country theatres it had gradually declined since the railway entered the town, until it was reduced to the lowest ebb of destitution, and the utmost attractions which an adventurous manager visiting Worthing could offer rarely brought more than thirty or forty to the theatre.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.*

AFTER thinking for a long time how I could offer the reader at the commencement of the year 1837, something that might add a fresh impetus to his kindly feelings towards us, among a host of wishes for his prosperity, I could hit on nothing but the idea of forthwith introducing to him a certain most happily constituted individuality. This individuality is no Beethoven, engaged in a combat of years; no Berlioz, preaching revolt with a hero's voice, and spreading dismay and destruction around; but rather a tranquil fine spirit, which, whatever the storm raging beneath, works on alone above, like an astronomer observing the course of phenomena, and watching for an opportunity to dive into the secrets of nature.

The native country of Sterndale Bennett is that of Shakespeare, and his Christian name, too, is the Christian name of the poet. And after all is it so wonderful—are the arts of music and poetry so foreign to each other that the greatly celebrated country which produced Shakespeare and Byron should also produce a musician,† If through the names of Field, Onslow, Potter, Bishop, and others, an old prejudice has been shaken, how much more has this been so in the case of the subject of our notice, at whose very cradle a kind Providence watched. It is true that great fathers have seldom had children who, in their turn, have been great in the same art or the same science; those are indeed to be accounted fortunate who even at their birth have been bound down to their talent and directed to the vocation of their life; who have thus been fortunate like Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, whose fathers were simple musicians. These men imbibed music with the milk from their mother's breast, and learned it in their dreams of childhood. On first awakening to consciousness, they felt themselves members of that great family of artists, into which others have frequently to purchase admission with sacrifices.

Fortunate, therefore, was the artist of whom we are speaking, and who, no doubt, has many and many a time sat, listening in wonder and ecstasy, under the great organ, while his father, the organist of Sheffield in Yorkshire, was playing. No nation in the world is, probably, so well acquainted with Handel as the English nation, and there is nothing of his which does not please them except his German name. They listen to him with reverence in their churches, and sing his compositions with enthusiasm at their festive entertainments; many years ago, Lipinski used to say that he heard a postillion perform airs of Handel on his horn. Even a less happily constituted disposition must, necessarily, under such favourable circumstances, have developed itself purely and in conformity with nature. What a careful education in the Royal Academy of Music in London, teachers like Cipriani Potter and Dr. Crotch, and unwearied private study may have done, I know not; I only know that from the scholastic web so beautiful a soul arose, that we feel inclined to follow it with yearning arms in its flight, while it is bathing in ether, and gathering and distributing flowers.

But as the soil on which Bennett was born could not for ever satisfy such a winged spirit, he no doubt often yearned for the land where the first among musicians saw the light of day; and, therefore, for some little time past, the favourite of the London Public, aye, the musical public of all England, has been living in our immediate neighbourhood.

Were I now to say anything of the character of his compositions, I would be that their speaking and brotherly similarity with those of Mendelssohn must immediately strike anyone. The two men possess the same beauty of form, poetic depth and clearness, ideal purity, and the same enrapturing expression outwardly, and yet there is a distinction between them. The characteristics thus distinguishing them from each other are more evident in their performance than in their mode of composition. The playing of the Englishman is perhaps the softer (greater in the working out of the details), because that of Mendelssohn is more energetic (displaying more execution on a grand scale). The former glides so delicately in the most subdued passages, as the latter really first overflows with fresh strength in the most magnificent and forcible ones; if, in the first instance, the refulgent expression of one form alone overpowers us, in the other, hundreds of joyous angels' heads burst forth as from one of Raphael's skies. Something similar is true, likewise, of their compositions. If Mendelssohn presents to us, in phantastic outlines, all the wild bustle of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bennett is more willingly excited to music by the figures of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*;* if one, in his overtures, spreads before us the profoundly slumbering surface of the sea, the other tarries by the side of the softly-breathing lake with the moon reflected in it.

This last reflection leads me directly to three of Bennett's most charming pictures, which, with two other works of his, have been published in Germany as well as elsewhere. They bear the respective inscriptions of *The Lake*, *The Mill-stream*, and *The Fountain*, and, for colouring, truth to nature and poetical conception are real Claude Lorraines in music. Living landscapes of tone and, especially the last, in the hands of the poet, full of truly magical effect.

I could say much more—how these are but small poems compared to Bennett's greater works, such, for instance, as six symphonies, three pianoforte concertos, orchestral overtures to *Parisina*, the *Naiades*, etc.—how he knows Handel by heart—how he plays all Mozart's operas on the piano, in such a manner as to make us fancy we see them bodily before us—but I cannot keep him off any longer—he has been looking over my shoulder for a long time past, and has now asked for the second time "What are you writing?" My dear friend, all I will add is, if you but knew!

EUSEBIUS.

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* From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker.* Translated for the *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgeman.

† What a [illegible]?—ED.

* He has written an overture to this play of Shakespeare.

* * *

MANCHESTER.—At the opening of the new grand organ, built by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, for St. Peter's Church, on Thursday afternoon the following selection of music was performed by Mr. E. J. Hopkins, organist of the Temple Church, London.

PART I.—"Splendente te, Deus," Mozart; Slow movement in G, Beethoven; "O thou that tellest," Handel; Air varied, Hesse; Fugue, Bach.

PART II.—Slow movement in G, Haydn; "In native worth" and "The Heavens are telling," Haydn; Sketch, E. J. Hopkins; "When the scene of trouble closes," Spohr; Overture für Harmoniemusik, Mendelssohn.

DOVER.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—On Tuesday, 22nd instant, Herr Schulthes delivered a lecture on music, at the Apollonian Hall, before an audience numbering close upon 400. The lecture was a sequel to one delivered last January, in which Herr Schulthes had classified his subject—treating, first, of the primary elements of the science; then of the church composers, particularising Palestrina, Handel and Bach; and thence proceeding to Masters Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, whose genius he illustrated by the performance of several of their pianoforte compositions. In the lecture on Tuesday, after developing his argument at greater length, Herr Schulthes commenced with Mendelssohn, introducing three of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, and then reviewed, in succession, the characteristics of Hummel, Weber, Franz, Schumann, and Wagner. The following is a programme of the pieces:—

Three songs without words, Mendelssohn; *Larghetto*, Hummel; Sonata Op. 27 (Moonlight), Beethoven; Momento Capriccioso, Weber; Polonaise in E flat, Weber; Two melodies, Franz; Lied, R. Schumann; and Aria, *Tannhäuser*, Wagner—both transcribed by Liszt.

At the end Herr Schulthes was desired to perform some composition of his own, and accordingly played a "transcription" of "[illegible]," Hertz, and a nocturne, entitled *Chant des fleurs*. Both pieces elicited hearty applause, and the entire lecture gave satisfaction.

REVIEWS.

"Eli"—an oratorio—the words selected and written by William Bartholomew. The music composed, and dedicated to Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, by MICHAEL COSTA.

(*Concluded from page 246.*)

THE sanctimonious anathema leads (through some more *[illegible]*) to a very rambling air in C sharp minor, for Eli, who resigns himself tranquilly to the judgment pronounced against him by the ingenuous Samuel. This air—"Although my house be not with God"—is the most laboured, and to the least purpose, of any single piece in the oratorio. It is the last of which the *Athenæum* with keen intelligence has pronounced "highly wrought." *Heavily* wrought, beyond a doubt, it is, and may pass very well for [illegible] with those who consider the symphony in E flat of M. Gounod a great composition; but to less sophisticated minds it presents a dreary picture of accompaniment with no tune to accompany. Now music without tune we cannot by any arguments (even those of the *Athenæum*) be persuaded to recognise. Music without tune is *not* music. The figure of accompaniment—which is conducted by Mr. Costa, in the air, through a variety of keys—sounds more like a day exercise than like anything else; and the enharmonic transition which brings the song to an end in D flat, instead of C sharp, simply represents a change of key—not a change of character which, under the circumstances, would have been better. We have rarely met with a less interesting or a more stilted essay.

The song is succeeded by a short chorus—"Lament with a doleful lamentation"—in which the Israelites sigh over their defeat by the Philistines. This begins very impressively in F minor, but leaves off very unimpressively in F sharp major. Where could Mr. Costa's sense of the relationships of keys to each other ("the tyranny of tone families") have been when he composed this chorus? We are not pedants, nor do we advocate set-rules impetuously; but here we find simply a *bad* effect obtained by means not orthodox; and this naturally induces us to cry (for once) "Hurrah for orthodoxy!"—a "doxy" to which, by the way, we are oftener inclined to adhere from similar reasons than before the present "go-a-head" epoch—an epoch of "Tannhäusers" and "Lohengrins," &c.—an epoch in which such arch enemies to music as M. Liszt are not only tolerated but "written up," in a book, too, of Mr. Chorley [illegible].

The next number (No. 45) should be expunged from the oratorio. It is a recitative. The Philistines have taken the Ark of the Lord in battle. Hophni and Phineas, the sons of Eli, are slain. These events are related to Eli. The High Priest cares little about his sons, but on hearing of the fate of the Ark he dies suddenly. The musical illustration of this is absurd. Here again is a grand opportunity lost. How many composers who have contemplated oratorios (Mr. Henry Leslie—a great admirer of *Eli*—among the rest) have looked forward to it as the culminating point of some new *chef d'œuvre!*

What follows demands but few words. Some accompanied recitative—partly choral, partly for Samuel *solus*—conveys the repentant aspirations of the Jewish people, the exhortation of Samuel to a fast, and the promise of the Lord's future mercy. This brings the oratorio to an abrupt and unmeaning conclusion (the fault is Mr. Bartholomew's) through the medium of a chorus in two movements (in the key of D major), the first of which, an *allegro moderato*, has no particular characteristic. The last movement of the chorus is, so to speak, a fugue—"Hallelujah, Amen"—which, while it has a bold and vigorous subject, almost Handelian in style, is, at the same time, the feeblest conducted fugue in the whole work. Here we have full closes, and to spare! Here we have changes of key and to spare! Here, in short, we have all the faults of beginners in counterpoint. The progression from D to [illegible] (page 187), through C, B flat, and C minor—and the whole of the next page, which is spotted all over with *flats* to no purpose—bespeak a baldness hardly to be expected after so vigorous a theme. To denominate this chorus a fugue involves a stretch of courtesy. It bears no semblance to a fugue, except in the fact that it abounds in imitations. When the dominant *pedale* is reached (page 189) the ear and the mind obtain a temporary relief; but that once quitted, nothing remains but a series of progressions, passing through all sorts of keys, without aim or connection, until, in the very last bar, we land safely on the common chord of D, and feel thoroughly convinced that the oratorio has at last come to a conclusion.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY—SIR C. EASTLAKE'S PURCHASES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

(*Concluded.*)

PURCHASES MADE BY SIR C. EASTLAKE, AS DIRECTOR.

11. "The Adoration of the Magi," ascribed to Paolo Veronese. Purchased at Venice in November, 1855, cost, £1,977, and "£3 2s. 2d. for carriage from Paris," besides "incidental and travelling expenses" to "secure" it; total not yet ascertained. Here again notoriety supersedes comment.

Responsibility.—"This purchase was recommended solely by Sir C. Eastlake."—The Secretary of the Treasury. Parl. Debates, March the 14th 1856.

RECAPITULATION.

1.	"The Youthful Saviour," &c., Guido,	£409	10	0
2.	"Portrait of a Medical Gentleman," Holbein,	630	0	0
3.	"Susannah Assaulted," &c., Guido,	1,260	0	0
4.	"The Painter's Own Portrait," Rembrandt,	430	10	0
5.	"The Tribute Money," Titian,	2,615	0	0
6.	"A Franciscan Monk," Zurbaran,	206	0	0
7.	"The Adoration of the Shepherds," Velasquez,	2,050	0	0
8.	"The Madonna and Child," Pacchiarotto,	82	0	0
9.	"Bust Portrait of a Senator," A. Doree,	147	0	0
10.	"The Krüger Collection,"	2,019	12	8
11.	"The Adoration of the Magi," Paolo Veronese,	1,979	2	0
		£12,792	10	0

I pass over the £1,050 "Lot and his Daughters," by Guido, and the £4,900 "Judgment of Paris," by Rubens, both of them knocked down to Sir C. Eastlake in person; which pictures, to say nothing of the advisableness of acquiring them at all, considering the specimens we already possessed of the masters, would *together* have been dearly bought at the price of one alone; but I appeal with confidence to every enlightened friend of art to pronounce whether it is too much to assert that of the eleven items I have enumerated, there is a single one that is "an advantageous addition to the National Gallery, and conducive to the benefit of art in England;" and, if this be true, whether the whole £12,703 10s., which they have cost—besides "incidental and travelling expenses"—is not, so long as they remain in the National Gallery, worse than lost to the nation? For I maintain that the contemplation of badness, or even of mediocrity, and more especially when they are dignified by the sanction of a people, is a perennial loss, to which the original outlay is but as nothing.

On the 1st of August, while demanding £13,000 of our money for the diversion of picture purchasers and catalogue-writers such as I have described, the Secretary of the Treasury took upon himself to proclaim a German, named Mündler, known here until then only by reference to a spurious Correggio of his own, as superior to all Englishmen for knowledge of art. That same German, with Sir C. Eastlake, is the purchaser of the "Adoration of the Magi." Will Englishmen accept that picture as their standard of excellence—as a proof of their inferiority to the German? Will the English public tolerate that thousands of pounds be wasted on such daubs as *that*, even though "the best authenticated in the world?" As if to accumulate affront upon affront, and in the teeth of Sir C. Eastlake's antecedents—notorious to all—the Secretary of the Treasury, in his minute of the [illegible] of March, 1855, "Reconstituting the Establishment of the National Gallery," expresses himself thus:—

"My lords consider it a fortunate circumstance that they are able to select for the first appointment to this important office a gentleman of such high attainments as Sir C. Eastlake, who is president of the Royal Academy *and has shown qualifications of the highest order for the office.*"

Was this deliberate insult, or unaccountable ignorance? It smacks of Mr. Wilson and the 1st of August. If insult, the Secretary of the Treasury has to learn what he owes to the public. If ignorance, the time to plead ignorance is past. Atonement is due.

The same Treasury minute also says, "*The appointment of the director may be at any time revoked by the Treasury.*" If the Treasury deal honourably by their trust, they will at once revoke that appointment.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kemp Town, March 30.

NATIVE TALENT BROUGHT TO THE HAMMER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—On Thursday fortnight a sale took place, at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's Auction Rooms, of the scores and copyrights of a number of unperformed MS. English operas, which originated in this wise. It had been suggested that the public sale of some of the *chefs-d'œuvre* now lying buried in dust and cobwebs might draw attention to the fact of our possessing a genuine race of composers, and ultimately lead to the establishment of that National English Opera so long and eagerly contemplated. The enterprising auctioneers adopted the hint and announced the sale.

No sooner was it known than scores of operas poured in from every quarter, somewhat to the inconvenience of the auctioneers. In less than one week no less than 3[illegible]5 are said to have come to hand. It was considered injudicious to put them all up at once, and about half of them were laid aside for a future occasion.

At 10 o'clock A.M., the room was crowded and the sale began. It was observed that nearly all present were singing masters, pianoforte teachers, or otherwise connected with the profession. The attendance of *bonâ-fide* purchasers, actually bent upon business, was less numerous. Eleven cheesemongers, two beefmen, a trunk maker, two publishers, and one manager made up the number. As was afterwards ascertained, the three last mentioned gentlemen came out of curiosity.

The first "lot" was a grand tragic opera, in five acts, entitled *The Deluge*—the work of an industrious aging master, supposed to have been occupied all his life in giving lessons. That he had found spare minutes for composition, however, was proved by his sending eighteen operas to Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. *The Deluge* was knocked down to a city ham and beef-shop proprietor at wastepaper price. The composer was not aware of what was going on, or he would have bought it in himself. His indignation was very great when he found how his masterpiece had been disposed of; but he was consoled by the assurance that the purchaser of *The Deluge* united the business of music publisher with the less aristocratic trade of provision merchant, and would in all probability engrave *The Deluge* before using it for inferior purposes.*

The second "lot" was *Julius Cæsar*, an historical opera by a well known quadrille-pianist. A trunk maker offered a small sum for this work; but, at the same instant, a stranger stepped forward and secured it for £100. He might have had it for less, since there was no one to bid against him, and it was generally supposed (by the friends of the composer) that the sale was a sham one, and the unknown purchaser an agent.

The third "lot" consisted of the [illegible] old story of *Don Juan* (the same which Mozart used) set to music afresh by a gentleman known for many years through his unsuccessful efforts to pass for a *genius*. He has alternately appeared before the world as a composer of fugues, symphonies, sonatas, operas, and oratorios (besides dance music and songs, under various assumed names). He has written elaborate treatises on theory, and invented a new system of notation. His fame, however, did not help him on the present occasion; the only one inclined to possess *Don Juan* appeared to be a dealer in waste paper, and it was consequently bought in by the composer at a few shillings above waste paper price.

The same fate attended the next ten "lots," which were bought in, one after the other, by the composers themselves. The tradesmen, finding the futility of attempting to compete with authors entertaining such preposterous notions about the value of their works, suddenly departed in a body.

There being now no speculators left, the sale was brought to an abrupt termination. Several composers soon after quitted the room together; and, as I passed through Piccadilly, I observed some of the most distinguished of them issuing from the "White Horse" in animated conversation. The money obtained for his score by the composer of *The Deluge* had been expended in a glass of sherry all round, to the toast of—"Better success to our next appearance in public."

A SABBATARIAN.

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* This was probably Mr. [illegible], the [illegible] proprietor of music and ham and beef shops, in Bishopsgate street.—ED. M. W.

OPERA TICKETS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I read your article on the disgraceful practice of traffic in tickets for places of amusement with a great deal of pleasure, and perfectly agree with you in all you say—with the exception of the last little paragraph, which runs thus:—"We have no objection to the *moderate profit of honest negotiators*, like the librarians who run a risk, etc." Certainly no one would have any objection to their making a moderate and honest profit; but one or two circumstances have just come under my notice which—I think you will agree with me—rather overstep the bounds of moderation.

A friend of mine wished to purchase an amphitheatre stall ticket for the Lyceum, the original price of which should be seven shillings. He went to one of our *most respectable* music sellers, and had to pay the moderate profit of 3s. before he could get his ticket. Another friend of mine had to pay at the same place, the next day, and for a similar ticket, 12s. Both of these tickets were considered cheap.

It really is too bad that the public should be thus swindled by your "honest negotiators."

A. T. B.

Belgravia, 28 April, 1856.

BARON KORFF, Director of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, has made known that the original manuscript of *Oberon* is safe and sound in his keeping. It consists of 219 pages, all written solely in Weber's hand, notes and text together, with a number of marginal notes, from which one learns that the overture was finished in London, April 9, 1826, and the rest between 1825 and 1826, partly in Dresden and partly in London. What Baron Korff does not mention is that this original score was destined by Weber's widow and son to be presented to the Queen of England; that, however, Staatsrath Kupfer persuaded the now only surviving son to present it to the Emperor of Russia, and, after having it handsomely bound for that purpose, by holding out to him the expectation of a rich imperial present in return. What he really received was a few lines from Count Adlerberg, expressing the Emperor's (Nicholas's) thanks for the present. The Baron says:—

"There is still another point on which I can offer some satisfactory information for your readers, that is to say, to the musical world. The original score of *Oberon* has not been destroyed in the fire at Covent-garden Theatre. The only surviving son of Weber not long ago presented the original scores of his father's most celebrated operas to three of the crowned heads of Europe—*Der Freischütz* to the King of Prussia, *Euryanthe* to the King of Saxony, and *Oberon* to the Emperor of Russia. This son, Max Maria von Weber, is now *Finanzrath* in the service of the King of Saxony. The Russian official to whom he confided the score of *Oberon* for conveyance to St. Petersburg was Staatsrath von Kupfer."

HAMBURGH.—The series of Philharmonic concerts was brought to a close on the 4th inst. Schumann's *Julius Cæsar* overture was performed for the first time in this city, as the commencement of the concert, while Beethoven's symphony in C minor formed the conclusion. The Bach Society lately gave a performance in Wörmer's Rooms, of the grand cantata, "Was mein Gott will, g'scheh allzeit," and the extremely difficult vocal motet, for solo and chorus, "Ich will den Herrn loben allezeit," were executed under the direction of Herr Ferdinand von Roda. The Gesang-verein "Euterpe" performed Haydn's *Seasons* on the 5th inst., under the direction of Herr [illegible].

VIENNA.—On the 12th inst., Mdlle. Rosa Kastner, the pianist, gave a concert in the rooms of the Musikverein, which was very well attended.

ITALY.—The new season at the Fondo (Naples) was inaugurated on the 23rd March by Signor Batista's opera *Ermelinda*, and the ballet of *I Bucanieri*. The opera was not well received and the singers, who were below mediocrity, were rather severely treated by the audience. They were Mad. Scotti, Signori Villani, Rossi, and Brignola. It may be remarked that the three royal theatres, San Carlo, Il Fondo, and Il Nuovo, are under the same management, and a very bad management it is, if we may judge from the doings of the last six months. The present company at the Fondo has been transplanted wholly from the Nuovo. At the latter theatre, matters continue in a wretched state, the only novelties are *Il Trovatore* and *La Donna e lo Zoccolano*, both of which everybody knows by heart, and consequently nobody cares to see. On the 27th March, a private rehearsal of Sig. Mercadante's *Miserere* took place in the church of S. Pietro a Majella, in the presence of Cardinal Forporato, who repeatedly expressed his satisfaction to the composer. Two of the pieces, "Redde mihi" and "Benigne fac Domine," were repeated; the work is considered to possess beauties of a high order. We read in the *Gazetta Musicale* of Naples that fifty-six new operas were produced last year in and out of Italy by Italian composers. The quantity, although below the average, is respectable; but we may judge of the quality from the fact that not one—with the exception of Signor Verdi's *Vepres Siciliennes*, written for Paris—has been heard out of Italy.

IBID.—Everything seems still to be going wrong at the royal theatre in Naples. When the operas are good the singers are worthless, and when the singers are good the operas are failures. The *Sonnambula* has been unmercifully treated by the public and with some shew of reason. Mad. Viola, whose voice is scarcely a *mezzo-soprano*, undertook the part of Amina, and the music was transposed and altered to suit her voice in such a way as to spoil it entirely. After all these pains, however, it did not suit the lady, who bore the penalty of her indiscretion, and was rudely hissed. Signor Nandin as Elvino met with more favour, his voice being pleasing and his style good. Signor Batista's *Ermelinda* was next tried, but likewise failed. At the Teatro Nuovo, a new opera by Signor Panico, entitled *La Figlia di Domenico*, has been produced with success. The author was recalled several times during the evening. The principal singers were Mad. Papini, Signori Benedetto, Testa, and Conti. Signor Giannini has produced a mass, of which rumour speaks favourably. It was rehearsed on the 30th March in the church of S. Chiara. The orchestras of all the royal theatres were engaged, and the execution was good. The "Kyrie" and "Qui sedes" attracted particular attention. The solos were sung by Signori Mola, Diodati, and Rossi.

At Florence, Donizetti's *Parisina* has obtained complete success. Signor Sebastiano Ronconi and Madame Vivez played the principal parts. The lady seems to have captivated the public—her voice is rather confined in compass, but her method is good and her acting equally so.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, April 16.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—On Sunday evening the 13th inst., the fourth winter soirée of the Liedertafel took place under the direction of the concertmeister. A *Lied*, by A. Schaffer, "Wenn du im Traum wirst fragen," was encored, and applause bestowed on a quartet by Schubert for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello. Four *Lieder* by Hiller were well sung and much liked. The room was full. The prosperous condition of this society, the most flourishing in Aix, is owing to the pains taken by the director Herr Wenigmann. The third Quartet *Soirée* took place on Monday evening the 14th inst., when the quartet by Beethoven, which was so well received at the previous *soirée*, was repeated.

BERLIN.—It is stated in various papers that the original score of *Oberon*, in Weber's own hand, was destroyed at the conflagration of Covent Garden Theatre. This is not correct. The scores of Weber's three more important operas, in order to preserve them from the accidents to which they might have been subject if left in the hands of private individuals, were sent to three reigning sovereigns:—*Der Freischutz* to the King of Prussia, *Euryanthe* to the King of Saxony, and *Oberon* to the late Emperor Nicholas. Weber's sole surviving son, the royal *Finanzrath*, Max Maria von Weber of Dresden, sometime since forwarded the original score of *Oberon*, through a high Russian official and distinguished scholar, Herr von Kapfer, to the autocrat. It is, therefore, most probably already in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburgh. In return for the cooperation of Madame Herrenburg Tuczek in the performance of Beethoven's second mass, by Stern's Gesang-verein and the Orchester-verein, on the 22nd March, Herr Stern has presented her with a copy of the mass, together with an original letter of Beethoven, addressed to Prince Lichnowski.

At the Neue Berliner Liedertafel last Wednesday week, ladies for the first time took part in the performance. The programme included quartets by Mendelssohn and others.

DUSSELDORF.—The Niederrheinisches Musikfest will be celebrated on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of May, in Herr Geisler's Tonhalle under the direction of Capellmeister Rietz. The following works are selected for performance:—On the first day, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, on the second day, Cherubini's overture to the *Abencerages*, R. Schumann's "Advent Lied," Handel's *Alexander-Fest*, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; and on the third day a miscellaneous concert, the programme of which is not yet definitively arranged.

HANOVER.—Weber's *Oberon* was revived on the 16th inst., in honour of the Queen's birthday. All the dresses and appointments were new, and the scenery was painted expressly for the occasion by Professor Gropius of Berlin and Herr Quaglio of Munich.

REGENSBURG.—On the occasion of the late Mozart Festival, among the spectators was observed the poor old and forgotten Nanette Schikaneder, weeping before the flower-wreathed bust of the departed master. She sang the music of the "Genius" at the very first representation of the *Zauberflöte*.

BRUSSELS.—(*From the "Independance Belge."*)—The brothers Doppler, flautists, and M. Huber, violinist, artists of the theatre at Pesth, were lately heard at the Cercle Artistique et Litteraire, after a rather dull literary evening. The flute, since the alterations made in it by Boehm and his successors, has lost a good deal of the tone which Tulou and Furstenau had given, and the quality in lieu of it is not as good. In the hands of the brothers Doppler the flute resumes its natural form. Not only do these artists possess the brilliancy and finish of the best flutists, but they know how, by new combinations, to give variety to their performances. Nothing, for example, could be more attractive in its way than the trio for two flutes and violin with pianoforte accompaniment, founded on national Hungarian themes. The *motivi* are so happy, and the variations so well written for the instruments, that they cannot fail to produce effect when executed as by the brothers Doppler. These gentlemen, by the way, are not common flutists. They are composers also, and have written operas, overtures, and other works of merit. M. Huber, the violinist, plays with great purity, and in the trio, of which we have spoken above, shared the success of the Brothers.

MR. MACFARREN'S OVERTURE TO HAMLET.—"The Overture was suggested by the following points in the tragedy:—Hamlet's melancholy—aggravated by the frivolities of the court—yielding to his love of Ophelia—his foreboding of the purpose of the ghost's visitation—the ghost's appearance to him—he addresses it—the spirit of the murdered king reveals the secret of his death and exhorts his son to revenge him—he adjures his companions not to relate what they have seen—and the ghost—invisible, calls upon them to swear—this awful scene is opposed by the revelry of the court—in the midst of this, the ghost's revelation is ever present to Hamlet—it diverts him from his love of Ophelia—the scene with her in the gallery—the play-scene, where his melancholy is disguised under the pretence of his own gaiety—the scene with the queen in the closet, where, urged by the same intention that prepared him for the [illegible] scheme, he presses upon her the subject of his melancholy—the frivolity of the court again obtrudes itself upon him—he leaves for England, thinking of Ophelia and of the ghost—he returns, remembering her love, to learn of her madness and her death—this recalls him for the present time to action—in the midst of his phrensy he remembers the ghost's exhortation—the cause of his melancholy, which has always made him a passive reflector, is now his motive for desperate action—the last scene, where he dies, knowing the ghost's admonition to be fulfilled."—*Programme of the New Philharmonic Society.*

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CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATICUS.—*The real name of the late Mr. George Wild (comedian) who died on the 28th of March last was Brodie. He was born in 1806, and made his début at the Queen's Theatre (Tottenham street) in 1825.*

H. H. C.—*We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent on all occasions.*

C. M. (Northampton.)—*The sooner the better.*

T. E. B.—*The* "Warwick Waltz" *has not been reviewed, because it has not come to hand.*

OPERATICUS.—*Ronconi made his first appearance on the stage in Mercadante's* Elisa e Claudio, *and his second in Balfe's* Un Avvertimento ai Gelosi, *at the Teatro Ré, Milan.*

X. X.—*Madame Charton Demeur sang at Buckingham Palace at the first concert given this season by Her Majesty.*

J. W. D.—*The announcements alluded to by our shrewd correspondent were all paid for. This involves a rule from which we cannot depart.*

M. B. (Oxford.)—*The song will be reviewed.*

DEATHS.

On the 1st of April—at Moscow—Prince Wladimir Lwoff, well known as a composer.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 3RD, 1856.

THE system of forcing the sale of musical instruments by placarding, plating, plastering, and other kinds of mechanical and literary puffery obtains to such an extent, now-a-days, that we are glad to find an intelligent contemporary inveighing against it. *The Press*,* in a notice of one of the concerts of the Musical Union—after duly apostrophising the excellence of that institution and the virtues of its director—launches into a diatribe, the severity of which will be found thoroughly justified by a certain paragraph, which surpasses anything of the sort that has come under our observation, and which we shall lay before our readers. The following are the indignant words of the weekly sheet—words that burn like coals of fire, and utterly scorch the peccant parties who are puffed and puff:—

"It is to be hoped that musical criticism will equally keep pace with the advanced state of musical appreciation, but there are some signs in the current notices of the day which are anything but healthy. *Will not the utter failure of corrupt and dictatorial opera-house managers to impose their own critical notices on the musical public operate as an example to the notoriety-seeking pianoforte-makers and music publishers?* It is recorded that on the first night of the performance of *Timour the Tartar*, at the burnt-down Covent Garden Theatre, thunders of applause greeted the horses on their appearance on the stage, when a man suddenly sprung up in the pit in a most excited state and exclaimed, 'I made the saddles! I made the saddles!' In these days no pianist creates a sensation by splendid playing but there is the pianoforte manufacturer, or his trumpeter, quite ready to call out, 'I made the piano.' Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers. In the name of all that is elevated in art, let us, at all events, keep the shopocracy out of our musical circles."

It is to be feared, however (and this observation is suggested by articles in *The Press* itself, as well as in other papers) that the "corrupt and dictatorial opera-house managers" have not altogether made the *fiasco* insinuated. Who, for instance supplied *The Press* with the following information:—

"Her Majesty's Theatre will open on the 16th of May. *Mr. Balfe will be conductor.*"

Who?—was it one of the "corrupt and dictatorial?" If *The Press* gave it on its own authority, the authority of *The Press* cannot be worth much. A word of inquiry might have set our contemporary right. We are afraid that the article was not *de bonne source.*

Our present business, however, is with the pianoforte makers. To what expedients these active, energetic, and pushing gentlemen resort for the effectual advertising of their wares, is notorious. The Great Exhibition of all Nations, held in the Crystal Palace (Hyde Park), must still be fresh in the memory of our readers. *The Press* was not born (or scarcely fledged) at that epoch, or we should have had thunder and no mistake. The paragraph to which we have alluded, nevertheless—and which has excited the anger of that *feuille*—sends into shade the most astounding puffs that adorned the periodical art-literature of 1851. Peruse it, reader—and then say whether we are justified or not justified—in echoing the sentiments of our enraged contemporary. (Mind—the article is from *The Morning Post*.)

THE QUEEN'S GRAND PIANOFORTE.

"A new grand pianoforte has recently been manufactured, by express command of Her Majesty, for the concert room of Buckingham Palace, by Messrs. Erard, on the plan of their new patent for sustaining tone. The gorgeous and exquisitely finished decorations are in accordance with those of the superb apartments of the palace in which the State concerts are held. The manufacturers have taken as a model the ornamentation of the time of Louis XIV. (somewhat after designs on the celebrated harpsichord of Anne d'Autriche, which is still in existence), and of which style the grotesque forms a leading feature. The subjects—all illustrative of music and dancing—are embellished by elaborate and most delicately executed floral and arabesque surroundings, delightfully relieved by chased ormolu mouldings and castings. The groundwork is of solid gold, highly varnished and polished, and the general effect, though surpassingly rich in colour, is always harmonious and perfectly artistic. The principal artist engaged on this work was Mr. Francis Bochard.

"We have minutely examined this *splendid instrument, which for beauty of design, richness of material, sweetness, and power of tone and lightness of touch, equals, if it does not surpass anything of the kind yet produced, even by the universally-famous house of Erard; and have no hesitation in stating that the happiest [illegible] union of mechanical science and decorative art never reached a more admirable result. So great is the interest excited by this masterly production, that* Messrs. Erard's rooms have been lately visited by many of our leading nobility and nearly all the *connoisseurs* and artists in town."

Has *Punch* been [illegible] *Punch*—in spite of his big eyes, bald pate, hump-back, pot-abdomen, thin shanks, and hook nose—is, in *his* way, quite as profound a connoisseur as *The Press*. But, gravely—we share the honest indignation of our honest and straight-forward (though somewhat atrabilious) contemporary, and are pleased to see him put forth his conservative rod to chastise such arrant-puffery. A wholesome word of advice too, might be administered (by *The Press*) to the Director of the Musical Union himself, who, in his latest "Record" (not—*we are convinced*—because they take out many subscription tickets) exhibits the mistaken taste of thrusting under the noses of his aristocratic "sitters," the names of two pianoforte manufacturers—both distinguished as advertisers on a stupendous scale. The artful way in which this is combined with an indirect defence of M. Franchomme, and a gentle hint to M. Hallé *not to play so loud as he did at a previous sitting*, fails to exonerate Mr. Ella from the charge of puffery—or, at least, of being a *particeps criminis* with Messrs. Erard and Broadwood:—

"In an inverse ratio we find violinists and violoncellists using *thinner strings* on the old Italian instruments, and modern grand pianofortes enlarged in size with increased power of tone! Thus, in concerted chamber music, THE MAGNIFICENT BROADWOOD AND ERARD of the present day, with stringed instrumentalists refining their tone to execute the intricacies of modern music, require the most scrupulous

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* "A conservative weekly paper."—Ella's "Record."

"*finesse' to allow each of the executants his due share of effect. That* tone, in power and quality, chiefly depends on the instrument; and the highest test of a good performance consists in uniting judgment, feeling, taste, delicacy, and precision with proper expression—modification of *tone*."

"In an inverse ratio," M. Franchomme used "thinner strings," and M. Hallé played very loudly on a very loud piano—without that union of "judgment, feeling, taste, delicacy, and precision, *with proper expression*," which the sagacious director so boldly sums up and defines as—"modification of *tone*." We had no idea that "modification of *tone*" signified so many things at once; but we are hatless before Mr Ella, and acknowledge with submission to his superior wisdom, that the "Record" cannot be understood (*approfondi*) at a first reading. When the whole work is finished, and the press, *The* "Press," and the universe shall have cause to mourn the loss of our director (*notre directeur à tous*) commentators will, doubtless, be busy and swarming; the "Record" will be explained by "marginals" and foot-notes bulkier than its own fathomless wisdom, and its signification (like that of the *Subtilitas* of Cardanus) be further off than ever.

That puff of Erard and Broadwood—unlike the director of the Musical Union, who never puffs (anything but the Musical Union)—will bother the commentators, or we are much mistaken.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I was glad to read in the columns of a Sunday paper a glowing testimony to the merits of Mr John Ella, whose exertions in the cause of music have been very painful during the last quarter of a century.

Mr Ella has raised himself (upon the shoulders of his artists) to a position from which he may be said to survey, with eagle glance, the entire domain of art. From this elevated point (with Ernst, Hallé, Piatti, and Sainton at his feet) the Director of the Musical Union broods at his leisure; and, as he contemplates the scene below, visions of the future destiny of music are doubtless revealed to him. Here he projects, and arranges in lucid order, those admirable essays which, under the general title of "Record," anticipate events and criticisms. This great serial (indecorously described by a thick-headed reporter of the *Morning Herald* as a "weekly olla of twaddle and obsequiousness") should be denominated *Prophecy*—not "Record"—since it foretells the brilliant success of every one that plays, and of everything that is played at the Musical Union. It sets critics right when they are wrong, which is often—and wrong when they are right, which is seldom. It may be compared (in a sense of reverence) with the *carte des comestibles et breuvages* at the Lord Mayor's dinner, which waters the mouth and glistens the eyes of *convives*. There is but one "Record"—and that is of the Musical Union. There is but one Prophecy—and that is the "Record."

It is rare to find a vast intellect appreciated during the progress of its mission. While Shakespere was making "the world akin" by his natural touches, while Mozart was purifying music by his harmony, their work was but little understood. It was for future generations to salute them as benefactors of mankind. Such, it was reasonable to believe, would have been also the fate of Mr Ella. The future—not the present—could alone understand and acknowledge the man and his achievements. I thought as much myself but I was deceived—or partly deceived—which any one may see by reading the following extract from one of your hebdomadal contemporaries:—

"Mr. Ella's exertions merit unqualified eulogium. In art, as in politics, a good principle honourably carried out must ultimately triumph; and true conservatism in music lies in the appeal to the suffrages of the thinking portion of the community being responded to by educated and refined minds. *Mr. Ella has established the fact* that chamber instrumental music, by the great composers, executed by first-rate performers, finds a *remunerative* audience in the city of commerce, politics, and art."

Nothing can be truer. There were never any quartet parties before. Mr. Ella "has established the fact" that chamber music is agreeable, and, if well played, will attract a "remunerative audience." He was *the first* to comprehend so much.

Mr Sterndale Bennett's *soirées** of "classical pianoforte music" (with stringed instruments, more or less, at nearly all of them) are dead failures, and must have brought the newly made Professor to the brink of ruin. There *never was* chamber music before Mr Ella's time. The wonder is why Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn—Hummel, Onslow, Weber and Schumann—*cum multis aliis* should have composed such a vast quantity of music *not to be performed*, but only to be printed and looked at, by mute connoisseurs, at their fire sides. Perhaps, however, these hard working musicians had a secret foreboding of Mr Ella and The Musical Union, and (like Wagner) confided in the Future for a recompense.

The compliment paid to Mr Ella by *The Press* is quite to the point; and Mr Ella magnanimously accepts it—in "Record" (or Prophecy) No. 2 (April 15):—

"*We cordially accept the intended compliment* if the writer identifies his politics with our consistency in carrying out the principle of promoting a taste for music—the offspring of genius and learning—appealing alike to the feelings and understanding. The same writer observes, that the fact is established by us, 'in the city of commerce, politics, and art, Chamber Instrumental Music, by the great composers, executed by first-rate performers, finds a remunerative audience.' This is quite true; but recent experience has proved *that two Institutes*, on the principle of the Musical Union, where artists are engaged on the most liberal terms, *do not find two remunerative audiences* any more than two Italian Operas or two Philharmonic Societies. Considering the slow progress of all institutions dedicated exclusively to the patronage of intellectual, reflective persons, and that it has cost us twelve years of anxious solicitude in watching the gradual prosperity of the Musical Union amidst *the shoals and rocks of secret and jealous opposition*, we may be pardoned in exulting in the triumph of its maturity, in the language of the eloquent Don Magnifico, '*Adesso! prendo fiato.*'"

The above magnificent paraphrase puts the whole matter to rights. *One* institution (the Musical Union) will pay; but two will *not*—a hint for all subsequent attempts at opposition (like the Quartet Association). No one must give (no one ever did give) Chamber Music to public but Mr Ella, unless *gratis*, and unless the artists be procured *for nothing*—as Mr Ella commenced by doing, near Middlesex Hospital, not a great many years ago. Upon that occasion the critic of *The Athenæum* made the only attempt at a *bon mot* of which he was ever known to be guilty, and stigmatised the Musical Union as "*The Musical Ruin*." Mr Ella will remember the "*mot*," and the chagrin which it caused him, while "watching the *gradual* prosperity of the Musical Union amidst the shoals and rocks of secret and jealous opposition."

What by the way could this "secret and jealous opposition" have been? Not that of Mr Edward Holmes (late of *The Atlas*),—not that of the successor (in *The Atlas*) of Mr Edward Holmes—since both of these gentlemen seemed to enjoy a special prerogative of extravagantly apostrophising

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* Established in 1842.—Ed. *M. W.*

Mr Ella and his doings. What then? Where were "the shoals?"—where "the rocks"? I will tell you. These "shoals and rocks" were in the imagination of Mr. Ella himself—no where else. Mr. Ella felt an intimate conviction in his own mind that he was making a great fuss about nothing. He knew very well that what he was doing amounted simply to putting money annually into his own pocket, through the medium of a successful speculation. Having the bump of pride largely developed, he was anxious to induce the world at large to believe he was a *martyr*—a martyr to a great cause; but believe me, Mr. Editor, Mr. Ella is no martyr; on the contrary, he has "waxed fat and kicked." If the prosperity of music depends upon the well-being of Mr. Ella, why then music is prosperous—which must be a consolation to real lovers of art.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

P.S. With your permission, I shall reply to Mr. H. C. Cooper's puff upon himself next week.

Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, April 29.

AN ADMIRABLE JOKE.

An admirable joke, and quite a new one, has been played off, since our last issue, upon the publishers of *The Musical World*. In this joke Mr. Albert Smith, our ancient (but rare) contributor—who made the ascent of Mont Blanc and the translation of Burger's *Lenore*—is forced to play an involuntary part. The joke consisted of two letters. The first letter in the joke was as below:—

"Mr. Albert Smith will feel obliged to Messrs. Boosey and Sons to send one of their very best cornet-à-pistons, valve action, silver mouthpiece, to his residence. "12, *Percy-street, Bedford-square.*
"*Monday, April.*"

The first letter was as above. The second letter in the joke was as below:—

"Some boys having written orders, in the name of Mr. Albert Smith, for articles advertised by you, it is requested that no attention be paid to such orders." *To Messrs. Boosey and Sons.*

The second letter was as above. This was an admirable joke. Nevertheless, our publishers, aware that those cornets had more pistons than Mr. Albert Smith, our ancient (but rare) contributor, is in the habit of using, did not send the cornets. Nevertheless, it was an admirable joke.

Mr. Costa's Eli.—In the list of subscribers to Mr. Costa's oratorio of *Eli* may be found (letter W) Mr. Waddel and the Earl of Westmoreland (composer of the opera, *Il Torneo*).

Naples.—The Baroness Vigier (Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli) has arrived with the intention of passing the spring in the Neapolitan capital.

Fanny Cerito.—The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* of Paris states that this celebrated *danseuse* has announced a benefit at the Grand Opera, previous to her departure for *Russia*. Our contemporary must be misinformed, since Mdlle. Cerito is engaged by Mr. Gye to appear at the Lyceum in June.

Picco.—Mr. Uzielli entertained a numerous party on Tuesday evening, at Hanover Lodge, Regent's park. Among the guests were noticed Picco, the blind Sardinian minstrel, who was engaged to perform.

"Patchwork."—Mrs. Howard Paul has lately introduced in her new entertainment of "Patchwork" Balfe's new song "The First Kiss." It is encored every evening.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, after singing at Leeds, presented twenty-five guineas to the Infirmary and ten guineas to the Recreation Society.

Mdlle. Bater Zerr, sister to Mademoiselle Anna Zerr—so well known to the frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera and M. Jullien's Concerts—has arrived in London for the season. Mdlle. B. Zerr has lately been singing in some of the principal towns of Germany with eminent success.

M. Jullien has left Paris and is now at Berlin, still beating up recruits for his new orchestra.

Concert at Buckingham Palace.—Her Majesty gave a second concert at the Palace on Wednesday evening. The following artists assisted:—Mesdames Bosio, Clara Novello, Viardot, and Nantier Didiée; Signors Gardoni and Ronconi, Herr Formes, and Mr. Sims Reeves. We are glad to find that our great English tenor has not been overlooked, and hope, when the foreign pinions have fled southward, to find the names of Miss Arabella Goddard and Professor Bennett among the artists engaged at the Buckingham Palace Concerts.

Réunion des Arts.—The third concert came off on Wednesday. The programme was good, the first part being devoted to Mozart, in commemoration of the centenary year of his birth. The principal pieces were quintett in D for two violins, tenor, and violoncello—executants, Messrs. Jansa, Schmidt, Goffrie, and Hausmann; and quartet in G minor, for piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello—executants, Messrs. John Barnett, Jansa, Goffrie, and Hausmann. Both were well played. Herr Reichardt sang with great sweetness and expression the aria "Cara immagine," and Signor Lorenzo gave a spirited reading of "Fin ch'han dal vino." Mdlle. Corelli was pleasing in "Resta o cara." In short, the Mozart selection was too good and too well executed not to please. The second part was miscellaneous. The brothers Doppler played a duo for two flutes of their own composition with great effect. Miss Messent sang two songs—Benedict's "Scenes of my Youth" and "Ernani, Involami"—in her best manner. Herr Reichardt and Signor Lorenzo gave a bacchanalian duet with great vivacity; and Herr Reichardt obtained an enthusiastic encore in Balfe's new serenade "Good night, beloved," when he gave a new song by Francesco Berger. The rooms were full. Messrs. Kiallmark and Gollmick conducted.

Madame Rudersdorff gave a morning concert on Tuesday last, at the mansion of the Marquis of Breadalbane, under the patronage of three duchesses, two marchionesses, two countesses, and a host of other titled individuals. Under these circumstances—apart from the attractions of the *bénéficiaire* and her assistants (Miss Dolby, Mdlle. M. Rudersdorff, Herr Reichardt, Signor Pinsuti, M. Sainton and Mr. Benedict)—there is no wonder that the splendid concert room of the Noble Marquis was thronged by a fashionable company, whose carriages filled the adjacent square. The first part of the concert consisted of compositions by Benedict and De Beriot, Verdi, Luders, Piatti, a romance, "Am blumigen Rain," by H.R.H. The Duke of Saxe Coburg, charmingly sung by Herr Reichardt; a duetto, by the Earl of Westmoreland, "Ti veggo di Lancastro," to which ample justice was done by Mad. and Mdlle. Rudersdorff; and a "Grand Mazourka" for the violin, and played to perfection by M. Sainton, its composer. The second part consisted of a selection from Mr. Costa's Oratorio of *Eli*, in which all the artists assisted. The concert evidently gave satisfaction to Madame Rudersdorff's patrons.

Myddelton Hall.—Mr. F. W. Ferre's second concert came off on Tuesday last. The singers were Misses E. Steele, Palmer, Birch, and Messent; Messrs. Sims Reeves, A. Walworth, and Frank Ferre; instrumentalists—Mr. H. C. Cooper (violin), Mr. George Case (concertina), and Mdlle. Tornberg (flute). Mr. Sims Reeves sang Balfe's new serenade, "Good night, beloved," with rapturous applause, and was encored, as he was also in "Fra poco," and "The last Rose of Summer." Miss Palmer was encored in "Di tanti palpiti" from *Tancredi*, and Miss Birch received a similar compliment in "Coraline," a ballad. Miss E. Steele displayed a very pleasing voice in two songs, of which Wallace's "Why do I weep for thee," was the best. The Hall was crowded.

Good News for Organ Builders.—At the adjourned meeting of the synod at Liverpool, on Friday the 25th ult., it was resolved, on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, that the use of instrumental music in church worship was not approved, and enjoining all presbyteries to take order that no such innovation be introduced.

Pesth.—Dr. Franz Liszt will shortly direct in person the performance of Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* in the Nationaltheater.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This establishment, as we have already stated, will open on Saturday next with Rossini's comic opera, *Cenerentola*. The cast of principal parts, which we have not stated, will be as follows:—Angelina, Mad. Alboni—her first appearance these five years; the Prince, Signor Calzolari; Dandini, Signor Belletti; and Don Magnifico, Signor Zucconi. Who are to be the two Sisters has not appeared. We trust some competent ladies may be entrusted with the music of the Sisters, which is important, as it concerns some of the finest concerted pieces in the opera. *Cenerentola* will be welcomed by the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre for many reasons. Tamburini made his first appearance as Dandini in 1832. Pauline Garcia made her *début* on the stage as Angelina in, we believe, 1837; and Alboni came out in the same character in 1840. Moreover, as Cenerentola, Alboni made her greatest hit, and it is undoubtedly her greatest part. These facts combined will add much interest to the reopening of Her Majesty's Theatre, which has caused, and continues to cause the greatest excitement.

Next week we shall be enabled to supply some particulars respecting the renovating of the interior, and also the future movements of the administration.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Elisir d'Amore* was presented, for the third and fourth times, on Saturday and Tuesday.

On Thursday Grisi made her "*rentrée*" in *Norma*. The audience was numerous and brilliant; even the pit was nearly full. Most of the constant *habitués* of the old burnt-down theatre were present; all the admirers of Grisi—and their name is legion—who could find room; all the critics, daily and hebdomadal. In short, everything was significant of something unusual and interesting.

Year after year—for how many years!—when Grisi's name has appeared in the Royal Italian Opera prospectus, the friends of the tragic Queen of Song have nervously anticipated the opening night, dreading the effects of time, of wear and tear in long and laborious exertions; and year after year have they risen from her "first performance," with admiration that so much was spared, so much untouched, that their idol still held her place on the lofty pedestal, with little chance of rivalry from any quarter. The "first appearance" this season constituted no exception, although greater fears than usual were entertained. It was natural to suppose that Grisi would be less at her ease in a small theatre, like the Lyceum, than in a large one, like Covent-Garden, to which her grand style was so much better adapted. Grisi is a true artist, and readily accommodated her powers to the capacities of the new arena. Every one who attended the performance of *Norma* on Thursday night must have been convinced of this. Indeed, we are at a loss to decide in which theatre she is seen and heard to most advantage.

We are not going to criticise Grisi's Norma. The *Musical World* ("*unis*"—no end of pages), may be consulted for our opinion on that performance, and we have found no reason to modify it in any respect. Perhaps on no former occasion have we been more profoundly impressed with Grisi's acting. It seemed to us more pathetic and grander in many parts than ever; but this may in some measure be attributed to our being agreeably disappointed.

Grisi is much thinner than last year—a manifest advantage. Moreover, she looks remarkably well. The audience—who were listless and apathetic when Mdlle. Marai (we cannot laud their gallantry) and Signor Tamberlik (nor their discrimination) appeared—when Grisi came on warmed up into a sort of *aristocratic enthusiasm*. There was a limping display of "bravos," a condescending tapping of gloved palms, exclusively Vornehm and Patrician. The pit and galleries, however, were hearty, and thought only of the artist in their unsuppressed cheers and ungloved clappings. Grisi was encored in the famous "Ah! non tremare," was recalled after the first act, and again at the fall of the curtain. There was a real demonstration at the last recall, and for the first time since its opening as an Italian Opera, we thought we could detect "echo."

Signor Tamberlik, without even excepting Donzelli, is the best Pollio we have seen; since in pathos he surpasses his predecessor. His singing throughout the last scene on Thursday, more especially in the duet "Qual cor tradisti," was exquisitely pure and touching. His acting, noble and unaffected, added no little to the impression produced in this scene, and the great Roman tenor deservedly shared the honours with the great Lombardian *prima donna*.

Mdlle. Marai sings the music of Adalgisa admirably, and acts the part with becoming delicacy. This young and intelligent artist grows more and more into favour—a sign of genuine talent. Signor Tagliafico was capitally made up—as he always is—and gave the music of Oroveso druidical weight. The opera is not so long—nor Signor Tagliafico so unwilling, we venture to say—that the air of the High Priest in the second act should have been omitted.

The dresses and scenery were all new (of course), appropriate, and excellent. We thank Mr A. Harris for not showing us the moon rising in the first scene, whereby was avoided the solecism of Norma addressing Luna with her back turned on her; and the astronomical error of making the *full* moon rise at midnight was not committed. A stage-manager need study the theory of the heavens as well as perspective, and Mr Harris, no doubt, has been drawing conclusions from the late "moon controversy" in the *Times*.

Norma will be repeated to-night.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The second, on Monday night, was better than the first. The programme itself was not absolutely better, but the band, for the most part, went better; and with a *piano* (we do not look for a *pianissimo*) here and there, we should have been more than satisfied with its execution under the English conductor. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in G minor	Mozart.
Duetto, Mad. Viardot and Herr Formes (*Faust*)	Spohr.
Concerto in D minor, pianoforte, Mad. Clara Schumann	Mendelssohn.
Aria di Bravura, Mad. Viardot (*Britannico*)	Graun.
Overture (*Jessonda*)	Spohr.

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Aria (*Serail*) Herr Formes	Mozart.
Overture (*Anacreon*)	Cherubini.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

We were pleased with both symphonies, since every movement in each was *perfectly* "timed." Of the two the *Pastorale* was the best performed; but Mozart bore away the honours, the minuet and trio in *his* symphony (what a symphony!) being encored. The overtures left little room for criticism; and yet we never remember Spohr's magnificent composition (coming too, as it did at the end of the first part) received with so little warmth. Is the Philharmonic audience growing unnerved or pedantic?—or is it about to *passer en relique*, like the Parisian Conservatoire, where all the *abonnés* (ask Vivier) invariably nod their heads at the same places (since a quarter of a century) and murmur at modulations (trio and scherzo in Beethoven No. 9—oboe passage—to wit).

Mad. Schumann played the slow movement in Mendelssohn's glorious concerto like an angel. Nothing could be more lovely and expressive. The first movement we liked less, and the *finale*————. And yet the *Daily News*, true to its vocation, writes:—

> "Madame Schumann's performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto was, if possible, *even finer than her playing of Beethoven's Concerto* at the previous concert. The beauties of her execution are not to be described; we can only say that, save by Mendelssohn himself, we have never heard his *chef-d'œuvre* so exquisitely performed."

If this sort of criticism is to pass, an artist has no reason to take pains, and no reason to be proud of a really great achievement. Mad. Schumann herself is quite aware that she *did not* play the last movement of Mendelssohn's concerto well—a quarter so well, indeed, as she can play it. She was nervous, fidgetty, and kept the pedal down almost from end to end. And having said thus much we proclaim ourselves loudly among the most unbounded admirers of Mad. Schumann. She was applauded with genuine warmth.

The only noticeable thing in the vocal department was Graun's air—as unmeaning a *pot pourri* of *bravura* passages as we ever heard. An opera of Graun must, indeed, have been a dreary business. Mad. Viardot's execution was marvellous; but even that could not redeem the combined insipidity and bombast of the music. Of this queer *morçeau*, the *Daily News* writes :—

"It will be evident from the contents of this concert, that though it was most excellent and successful, it affords little room for particular remark. It is as open as the Philharmonic Concerts have generally been to the oft repeated complaint—want of novelty—a complaint which we have repeatedly disposed of. When those who make it shall be able to point out any new symphony, overture, or concerto, sufficient to be a compensation to the audience for the loss of any of the masterpieces included in the above programme, then we will admit that the complaint has some foundation. In fact, the Philharmonic Society have frequently made the experiment; but has often has its success been, such as to encourage its repetition? There is however another sort of novelty, which consists in the revival of forgotten works of great masters, and which ought to be more sought for by the Philharmonic Society as well as other concert-givers. But these revived novelties cannot be orchestral pieces, because composition for a great orchestra is a modern art, which does not date beyond the days of Haydn. At this concert, there was one of those novelties which ought to be more frequently met with—the bravura air from the *Britannico* of Graun, the celebrated chapel-master to Frederick the Great, a hundred years ago. For the revival of this forgotten *morceau* we are indebted to Madame Viardot, by whom it was sung. It belongs to the part of Agrippina, the mother of the Emperor Nero, and is the outburst of the hate and fear which she felt towards her atrocious son. It is a grand old song, in a style which is now quaint and antiquated, being full of roulades and divisions of unmeasured florid, by which, however violent and impetuous passion is strongly expressed."

We shall not attempt to point out "any new symphony overture or concerto," as a "compensation"—leaving that to Professor Anderson, who (at the suggestion of M. Sainton) when Mr. Costa seceded, dug Herr Wagner out of the snow at Zurich, and presented him to the Philharmonic Society "as a compensation." We shall not attempt this; but we take leave to suggest that the forgotten work of Graun (who, by the way, was anything but "a great master") might have done very well for King Frederick a century ago; but that at present it is decided (and hopeless) *rococo*.

The duet from Spohr's *Faust*, a melodious and beautiful piece, did not go well, since it is very ill suited to Mad. Viardot's voice. The air from Mozart's *Entführung aus dem Serail* was sung by Herr Formes in his accustomed *énergetic* manner. Professor Bennett was again well received. There was a full room. Matters in short begin to look up at the "Old" Philharmonic.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

Mr. Ella gave his patrons one of his very best concerts at the sitting of Tuesday (No. 3 of season 12), when (in spite of the drawing room at the Palace), a rare display of noble "élitere" adorned the rooms of Mr. Almack's Willis—King-street, St. James's. The programme was as follows (the Earl of Westmoreland was present, seated near—and looking almost as well as—the director):—

Quartet, G minor, No. 83	Haydn.
Trio, E flat, Op. 70	Beethoven.
Quintet in C. Op. 29	Beethoven.
Solo, violoncello	Franchomme.
Solos, pianoforte	Heller and Mendelssohn.
Duet, two flutes	Doppler.

Accompanyist, Herr Carl Huber.

The delightful old quartet of Haydn, admirably executed by M. Sainton, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hill and M. Franchomme afforded unqualified satisfaction. The same may be said of Beethoven's splendid quintet, in which Mr. Goffrie joined the party as second tenor. M. Sainton must be named apart, as having surpassed himself on the occasion.

M. Charles Hallé was the pianist, and has seldom distinguished himself more honourably than in the splendid trio (splendid again—always splendid—bother this German!) of Beethoven. In the delicious bagatelles of Stephen Heller (*Dans les bois*, and *Wanderstunden*) followed by the last of Mendelssohn's *Seven Characteristic Pieces*—the *presto* in E, which, although written when a boy, foretells the coming of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*—M. Hallé was equally successful.

M. Franchomme, as we said before, is heard to better advantage in quartets than in solos. The flute duet of Herren Doppler was a model of *ensemble* playing.

In the programme Mr. Ella inserts quotations from *The Times* and *Athenæum*—just so much from notices on the previous "sitting" as suited his own views. An anecdote of his own however about the accomplished Mad. Schumann, is worth reproducing—although it would have been more readable without the "puff superlative" at the end :—

"We have often to remind foreign artists that, in this country, the conventional habits and reserved manners of the fair sex prevent them expressing their feelings of delight with the same *demonstrative ecstasy* as on the continent. Nevertheless, we know that among a large portion of the members of the Musical Union there is both enthusiasm and quick perception to enjoy and appreciate that which is most worthy of applause. An accomplished lady member writes to us a capital notice on our last *Matinée*, and it may be gratifying to Madame Schumann to find how heartily her performances were enjoyed by one of her own sex. 'I never shall forget that last movement of Beethoven's Sonata! I was quite affected; then again, I was so carried away with delight by her playing of Mendelssohn's "Lieder," I could have thrown my bonnet into the air.' All critics are unanimous in their praise of these very pieces which our enthusiastic *dilettante* has cited as the most remarkable efforts of the genius and playing of Madame Schumann. Indeed, such a talent is above criticism, and deserving of all the praise that has been lavished upon it in Paris, St. Petersburgh, Vienna, and London."

Madame Schumann does not want puffing any more than she wants "demonstrative ecstasy" (whatever that may be); she can make her way comfortably without either of them. We must, therefore, arraign the last sentence of the above extract as superfluous, and place it in the same category as the puff upon those notorious "houses" of Broadwood and Erard. Madame Schumann, we are aware, cannot take tickets; the "houses," of course, do *not*. Under these circumstances—*quid fiam*, Mr. Ella?—*quid iram*?

Princess's.—The production of Shakespere's *Winter's Tale* bids fair to rival the antecedent glories of this theatre, and to constitute a worthy pendant to *Sardanapalus* and *Henry the Eighth*. The *Winter's Tale* affords immense scope for scenic and decorative display, and Mr. Charles Kean has left nothing undone to illustrate with splendour and propriety the customs and manners of the various times and countries comprised in the drama. The scenery throughout is of the highest order of pictorial art, the dresses costly and striking, and the *mise-en-scène* magnificent. Mr. Charles Kean plays Leontes and Mrs. Kean Hermione.

Leeds.—The Madrigal and Motet Society gave a concert on Saturday the 19th ult., to an overflowing audience.

A paragraph respecting a lecture-concert given by Mr. Spark, in the Music-Hall, which appeared in our paper was incorrect in one or two particular instances. The audience consisted of about 450 people, and was not, therefore, "very meagre."

Cheltenham.—On Friday evening, the 18th ult., Mr. Andrews gave a concert in the Assembly Rooms, which passed off successfully. The vocalists were Miss Milner of London, Mrs. Paget (R. A. M.), Mr. Hunt of the Gloucester Cathedral choir, and Mr. Paget; and the instrumentalists—Mr. H. C. Cooper, violin, and Signora Montignani, pianoforte. Mr. J. O. Smith was the conductor. Mr. and Mrs. Paget made a favourable impression. Mr. Paget sang "A man's a man for a' that," and Rossini's "Ah madame." A feature in the programme was a new national song, entitled "Old England is our Home," words by Mary Howitt—music by E. J. Loder—which was well sung by Mr. Paget. The other artists acquitted themselves creditably. The duet from *William Tell*, by Signora Montignani and Mr. Cooper, was encored; Miss Milner received the same compliment in "Kate Kearney."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fourth performance of Mr Costa's *Eli* at Exeter Hall drew a larger audience and created a greater degree of enthusiasm than any of the three preceding.

The principal singers were Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, Mad. Clara Novello, Mr Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. If we are not mistaken the oratorio was expressly composed for "these four," and certainly no four could possibly do it more justice. The execution generally was admirable. The band was perfect, of course; the band is always perfect in Mr Costa's music. The chorus was not perfect (not *quite* perfect); and yet the choruses never before were heard to such advantage in London. Altogether it was a gratifying performance, and Mr Costa appeared utterly content. Every possible honour was paid to him. Restrictions and conventionalities were set at defiance, and there were no less than four encores—no less than four. If this was not a triumph, "overhaul the wollum and look for one," and when found make note on. (We are aware that we quoted Captain Cuttle last week.)

The hall (we have hinted) was crowded. It was a motley audience. There were no end of opera folks, not forgetting Sig. Monterasi, the inimitable *souffleur* of the Royal Italian Opera. There were Gardoni and Graziani, Polonini and Soldi (the "vociferous"); there were Madame Charton (*Favorable*) fresh from Rio Janeiro and her husband M. Demeur, who knows how to play the flute; there were the piquant Angiolina Bosio and her husband, M. Xindavelonis, who understands the Greek language. But to name them all (Mr Ella was there, and Mr Henry Leslie, and Mr Lake editor of the *Gazette Musicale*, "Blue") would be tedious. In short, it was a remarkable assembly.

How Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia sings the music of Samuel was stated at length by our reporter, in his report of the last Birmingham Festival. On Friday se'nnight she sang it more impressively than ever. She was encored in the Morning Prayer (in E flat—"Lord, from my bed again I rise"), and would have been encored in the Evening Prayer (in F—"This night I lift my heart to thee"), but that it ends (or rather does not end, since it stops short on the dominant harmony) softly, and is interrupted by an angel, who ushers in the pretty little jaunty chorus (in A flat—"No evil shall befall thee"). But for that Mad. Viardot would have been encored in the "evening," as well as in the "morning." She was exquisite in both, and in both roused the audience to what the learned Mr Ella has described, with great felicity, as "demonstrative ecstacy." Mad. Clara Novello, too, was encored in Hannah's song of thanksgiving ("I will extol thee, O Lord"—in B flat), which she delivered with becoming exultation. As for Mr Sims Reeves and his war-song—or rather the war-song (with chorus) of the big man, Saph (in D—"Philistines, Hark")—*he* more than ever splendid, was *vociferously* encored. How Mr Sims can manage to sing that strident piece twice through with unimpaired lungs, we leave to *The Athenæum* to decide. There was no "scrannel" orchestra to accompany him, but a lusty one, and directed by a *chef* (viz., Mr Costa himself) as lusty as King Uter Pendragon himself—who was wifeless until he wedded Dame Ygraine, who was husbandless until she married King Uter aforesaid.

Eli is the slowest of high priests—almost as slow as Samuel, the slowest of prophets. Mr Bartholomew (all honor to him!) has treated him as slowly as possible, and Mr Costa, taking the cue from Mr Bartholomew, has made him sing slow all through the oratorio. The marvel is then, how Herr Formes (the Teutonic bass) can manage to get through such a mass of slow recitatives and airs without *impedimenta*. He does manage it, however; and though on Friday (se'nnight) he won no encores, he won no end of good opinions, except from the members of the orchestra, who seem to imagine that they know a great deal about singing themselves—whereas (hear them *sing* on their own instruments) they know nothing.

Mr Montem Smith personated Elkanah—a slow sacrifice in the temple—slowly.

On the whole, this performance was extremely creditable to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and we are glad to turn into our notice by the announcement (*Eli* is to be given at the Bradford Festival—thanks to Lord Mayor Smith) of another (a fourth) encore, which was awarded to the unaccompanied quartet (in F—"We bless you in the name of the Lord") sung to admiration by Mad. Novello, Mad. Viardot, Mr Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. This quartet, as all the world knows, is founded on the organ prelude (in F) which begins the oratorio, and ushers in the overture (in D minor) very tranquilly.

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W. H. HOLMES' SECOND PIANOFORTE CONCERT. Selections from works by Cipriani Potter, Sterndale Bennett, H. J. Lodge, Mozart; also first time of performance in this country of Benedict's concerto in A flat, Hauptmann's sonata in E flat, Schumann's "Bear Dance," "Ghost March," etc., at Hanover-square Rooms, Wednesday morning next, May 21, at 2 o'clock. Madame Clara Novello will sing Costa's air from Eli, "I will extol thee, O Lord," and Lady Cotton Sheppard's song, "Rest in the Wilderness" (by desire). Mr. H. G. Holmes will perform nocturne, "The Violet," composed by his sister; also a romance with his daughter Miss H. G. F. Holmes, and his duet "Midnight Reverie," with Mr. R. J. Noble. Conductor, Mr. Walter Macfarren. Programmes and Tickets, Non-subscribers 5s., of W. H. Holmes, 36, Beaumont-street, Marylebone.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN'S Two Annual Matinées of PIANOFORTE MUSIC at 27, Queen Anne-street, on Saturdays May 31 and June 14, when she will be assisted by M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, M. [illegible], Mr [illegible], M. Baumann, Mr Walter Macfarren, Madame [illegible], Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Miranda, Mr Weiss, and other eminent artists. Broadwood's Pianoforte will be used. Tickets at Ebers's Library, Old Bond-street, and Mrs. John Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

MISS MESSENT and MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT, Tuesday Evening, May 27th, at Willis's Rooms, on which occasion they will be assisted by the following eminent artists—Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Messent, and Miss Dolby; Herr von der Osten (from Leipsic, his first appearance), M. [illegible], and M. [illegible], [illegible], Goffrie, and Piatti. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Mori, and [illegible]. Mr Brinley Richards, Molique, Goffrie, and Piatti will play Mozart's Quartett in G minor. Mr Brinley Richards will also perform Mozart's Sonata for piano and violin in A major, and for the first time his own Pastorale, "Le Soir" in E major, and a new Fantasia, "Souvenir de [illegible]." Signor Piatti will perform one of his celebrated solos on the violoncello. Herr Molique will introduce a new Violin Fantasia on Austrian Airs. Miss Messent and Mr Weiss will sing, for the first time, a new Duet, "How beautiful is night," composed for them by Mr Brinley Richards. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s., to be had of Miss Messent, 6, Hinde-street, Manchester-square; of Mr Brinley Richards, 4, Torrington-street, Russell-square, and the music-sellers.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that his Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday June 19th. Further particulars will be duly announced. Reserved seats 10s. 6d., single tickets [illegible], to be had of Mr Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT beg to announce their FOURTH ANNUAL PERFORMANCES of CHAMBER MUSIC, to take place at the Willis' Rooms, on Mondays, June 2, 16, and 30. Subscription to the Series, One Guinea. Tickets to be had only of Mr Alfred Gilbert, 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

MISS MANNING begs to announce that her annual concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday evening June 17th. Full particulars will be shortly announced. 54, George-street, Portman-square.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—A Concert will take place, on Thursday next, May 22nd, at the Hanover-square Rooms, at half-past eight o'clock, on which occasion the Choir will sing several of their most popular Madrigals, Part Songs, Anthems, &c., and some of the performing Members of the Amateur Society will assist. Vocalist, Miss Dolby. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. each. To be had at Addison, Hollier and Lucas, 210, Regent-street, and at R. Ollivier's, 19, Old Bond-street.

MISS STABBACH has the honour to announce that her ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday evening, May [illegible]th, to commence at eight o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Viardot, Miss Stabbach, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Weiss. Instrumentalists: Miss Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Deichmann, Paque, Regondi, and Oberthur. Conductors—Messrs. Frank Mori and Francesco Berger. Tickets—Numbered Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; to be had at the principal music-sellers, and of Miss Stabbach, 11, Edgeware-road, Hyde-park.

MR. BLAGROVE'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—Thursday mornings, May 29, June 19, July [illegible], at three o'clock; and Thursday evenings, June 5, July 3, and 31, at half past eight o'clock, at 11, Hinde-street, Portman-square. Performers, mornings—Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, H. Blagrove, Piatti, Lazarus, Mad. Schumann (first concert), Mr Osborne and Herr Hallé; evenings—Messrs. Molique, Blagrove, R. Blagrove, Piatti, Herr Pauer, Professor Bennett, and Mr Holmes. Single Tickets, 7s.; Reserved, 10s. 6d. Tickets to any three concerts (or three to one concert), 15s.; Reserved, [illegible]; to be had only of Mr Blagrove, 11, [illegible]-street, where plans of seats may be seen.

REUNION DES ARTS.—The next Soirée Musicale will take place on Wednesday, 21st, at 76, Harley-street, when the following eminent artists will perform:—Madame Mattmann, pianist (from Paris), Herr Leopold and Moritz Ganz, solo violin and violoncellists to the King of Prussia, Herr Deichmann, etc. etc. N.B. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be had through the recommendation of members at Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

CHARLES GOFFRIE, Manager.

PROGRAMME of M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S FIRST MATINEE, at his residence, 13, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, Thursday May 22nd. Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, [illegible], Mendelssohn; Aria, "Non Temer," Mozart; Sonata, C sharp minor, Op. 27, Beethoven; Polonaise, C, Piano and Violoncello, Chopin; [illegible], "Midnight," and Barcarolle, [illegible]; Finale, "Lucia," Liszt; Tarantelle, [illegible]. Violin, Herr Jansa; Violoncello, M. Paque; Vocalist, Miss Stabbach. Subscription for the two Matinées, One Guinea. Subscribers' names received by Wessel and Co., and at M. Billet's residence.

MR. JOHN CHESHIRE, the highly successful harpist, will perform (on his presentation harp, by Erat) at Miss Ada Thompson's concert, at Hackney, on Tuesday evening next, May 20th, 1856.

LIVING PICTURES.—Mr George Buckland's New Musical and Pictorial Entertainment, Monday May [illegible], at the Royal Gallery, Regent-street.

MR. GEORGE BUCKLAND begs to inform Secretaries of Literary Institutions, in town and country, that he cannot accept engagements after May [illegible].—Royal Gallery, Regent-street.

HERR IGNACE TEDESCO will be assisted at his third and **FAREWELL CONCERT** on Tuesday Evening, May 20, at the Hanover Square Rooms, by Mdlle. Krall and Bochkoltz, Herren Reichardt, Jansa, Goffrie, Hausmann, Mr. [illegible] Reeves, and Signor Regondi. Herr Tedesco will perform Mendelssohn's second pianoforte quartett, Beethoven's Sonata in B flat, Op. 22, and several of his own new compositions. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 15s.; to be had of Herr Tedesco, 54, Wigmore-street, the principal music-sellers, and Herr Tedesco's publishers, Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 50 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 30 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

PICCO, the Blind born SARDINIAN MINSTREL and MUSICAL PHENOMENON.—For concerts or private parties address to Mr. Gray, 4, Lichfield-street, Soho. See notices in *Times, Morning Post, Morning Chronicle, Daily News,* and *Sunday Times* of March 16th; also *Times* of 7th and 23rd April.

PIANOFORTES.—OETZMANN and PLUMB beg to inform Manufacturers and Professors that in consequence of their having made great improvements in the manufacture of their instruments, substituting machinery for manual labour, and taking advantage of the new Patent Steam Drying processes, are enabled to offer to the Trade superior Pianofortes in Grands, Semi-Grands, and Cottages, in all variety of woods and designs, at considerably reduced prices. Illustrated Lists sent on application, or a visit to their Manufactory will prove the great advantages secured. 4, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. Manufactory, Chenies-street, Tottenham-court-road. Alexandre and Co.'s Harmoniums at trade prices.

HOPKINSON'S PIANOFORTES.—By Royal Letters Patent.—These instruments obtained **FIRST CLASS PRIZE MEDALS** at the Universal Exhibitions in London in 1851, and Paris in 1855. An entirely new stock now ready for selection. None can surpass them, and the prices are moderate. Lists and drawings free. Warerooms, 235, Regent Street, and 18, Soho Square, London.

PIANOFORTES. — Allison and Allison have the best description, in rosewood, from 25 guineas.—75, Dean-street, Soho.

THE IMPROVED PATENT HARMONIUM.—GEO. LUFF and SON, having now all the Sourdine and Celeste Stops, have added another improvement to their Harmoniums, the Patent [illegible] Stop, or Knee Stop, which enables the player to produce the full power of the instrument without lifting the fingers from the keys. The improvement can be applied to Harmoniums already sold. To prove the superiority of their Harmoniums they keep them in order five years, free of charge. Being pianoforte makers, they exchange harmoniums for pianofortes, and pianofortes for harmoniums, both of which can be previously hired, and allowed at purchase, at the lowest price for a first-class instrument. Sole agents for Debain's new instrument, the Harmonicorde.—Geo. Luff and Son, 103, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

THE PATENT DUET CONCERTINA.—£1 11s. 6d., to £2 12s. 6d., with mahogany box. This fashionable instrument consists of two distinct parts, each having certain [illegible], enabling a single performer (without difficulty) to play duets or an independent accompaniment. With beautiful tone, it is admirably suited to the voice, and combines [illegible] hitherto unobtained. Tutor and exercises, 1s. 6d. and 2s. [illegible] Wheatstone and Co., Patentees of the Concertina as used by the most celebrated performers at the public concerts, 20, Conduit-street, Regent-street, London.

GLASS AND CHINA.—PELLATT and Co. have now on view at their large Show Rooms, Nos. 58 and 59, Baker-street, Portman-square, the **LARGEST** and **CHOICEST STOCK** of **GLASS** and **CHINA** in **ENGLAND**, and all marked in plain figures, for cash. Manufactory and Counting House, Holland-street, Blackfriars.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—Rimmel's Napoleon Pomade, as made expressly for the Emperor of the French, is the only preparation that will really fix the moustache and keep it firm and graceful for all weathers and climates. Sold in pots or bottles, from 1s., by all the trade. Eugene Rimmel, Perfumer, sole proprietor of the Toilet Vinegar, 39, Gerrard-street, Soho, London.

ROYAL COURT TRAINS.—An Exposition of Magnificent Court Trains and Evening Robes, during the present season. Williams and Company, Purveyors to the Royal Houses of Europe, 60, 61, and 62, Oxford-street; 3, 4, and 5, Wells-street.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS singularly efficacious for the cure of Bile and Indigestion.—Daniel Dogherty of Aghadoey was so afflicted with bile and a disordered stomach that life had become quite a burthen to him. He could scarcely digest any kind of food; even bread alone would occasion flatulence and other unpleasant feelings. He had a variety of remedies without the wished-for relief, but a few doses of Holloway's Pills had a most miraculous effect, for in a few weeks a perfect and permanent cure was effected by them. Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World, at Professor Holloway's Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stampa, Constantinople; A. Guidicy, Smyrna; and E. Muir, Malta.

BUTLER'S
TASTELESS SEIDLITZ POWDER,
IN ONE BOTTLE.

This useful aperient preparation, besides forming an equally efficient and far more agreeable draught than that produced by the common Seidlitz Powders, is made in much less time, and with infinitely less trouble. To allay fever or thirst, a teaspoonful in water forms a most refreshing saline draught. Being inclosed in a bottle, it will remain uninjured by humidity during the longest sea voyage or land journey. Sold at 2s. 6d. the bottle (which is inclosed in a case, and accompanied by measure and spoon), by the preparers.

BUTLER'S
TARAXACUM or DANDELION COFFEE.

This truly wholesome and agreeably-flavoured beverage contains all the full medicinal properties of the Dandelion, which are most skilfully and efficiently preserved in this preparation of the root of that vegetable. The medical faculty have for years past used and recommended this valuable article for the cure of affections of the liver, kidneys, and digestive organs, the symptoms of which are [illegible] more familiarly known as bile, heartburn, indigestion, loss of appetite, flatulency, or debility of the stomach. In promoting a healthy secretion of bile, &c., it may be employed with great advantage. Sold in Tin Canisters, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

BUTLER'S POMMADE DIVINE

An elegant and most efficacious application for chapped hands and lips, burns, scalds, sore nipples, accidental excoriations and roughness of the skin, occasioned by sea bathing or exposure to the sun or inclement weather. In glasses, 2s. 6d. Ask for "Butler's Pommade Divine."

BUTLER'S VEGETABLE TOOTH POWDER

Has now been in general use by the public, and as an appendage to the fashionable toilette, for fully half a century. It was originally prepared (according to the directions of an eminent physician) of vegetable substances, without the admixture of any pernicious ingredients, so as to impart firmness and a healthy redness to the gums, and sweetness to the breath; at the same time, by its regular daily use, preserving them from decay and preventing the Toothache. These distinguishing characteristics have procured for it the approbation of the Royal Family and the most distinguished personages in the United Kingdom. Prepared and sold in boxes at 1s. 9d. each.

PREPARED BY
BUTLER AND HARDING,
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UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF ROYALTY AND THE ARISTOCRACY THROUGHOUT EUROPE.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, an Oriental Botanical Preparation for IMPROVING and BEAUTIFYING the COMPLEXION.

It eradicates all REDNESS, TAN, PIMPLES, SPOTS, FRECKLES, DISCOLORATIONS, and other Cutaneous Visitations. The radiant bloom it imparts to the Cheek, and the softness and delicacy which it induces of the Hands and Arms, render it indispensable to every toilet.

During the heat and dust of summer, or frost and bleak winds of winter, and in cases of Sunburn, Stings of Insects, Chilblains, Chapped Skin, or Incidental Inflammation, its virtues have long and extensively been acknowledged.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

Are not only indispensably requisite to a pleasing exterior in both sexes, but they are peculiarly appreciated through life as highly conducive to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE,

Compounded of Oriental Ingredients, imported by the Proprietors at a great expense. This Powder is of inestimable value in Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth, imparting to them a Pearl-like Whiteness, Strengthening the Gums, and in rendering the Breath sweet and pure. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

CAUTION.—The words "Rowlands' Odonto" are on the label, and "A. Rowland and Sons, 20, Hatton Garden," engraved on the Government Stamp affixed on each box. Sold by them and by Chemists and Perfumers.

KEATINGS COUGH LOZENGES.—A certain remedy for Disorders of the Pulmonary Organs—In Difficulty of Breathing—in Redundancy of Phlegm—in Incipient Consumption (of which Cough is the most positive indication) they are of unerring efficacy. In Asthma, and in Winter Cough, they have never been known to fail. Keating's Cough Lozenges are free from every deleterious ingredient; they may, therefore, be taken by the most delicate female and by the youngest child; while the Public Speaker and the Professional Singer will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and consequently a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Sold retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors. N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "Keating's Cough Lozenges" are engraved on the Government Stamp of each box, without which none are genuine.

IMPORTANT TO SINGERS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS, ETC.

St. Paul's Cathedral, 30th Nov., 1849.

Sir,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with Hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of Catarrh. I think they would be very useful to Clergymen, Barristers, and Public Orators.

I am Sir, yours faithfully, THOMAS FRANCIS,
Vicar Choral.
To Mr. Keating.

THE LATE ELECTION FOR ORGANIST AT ROCHESTER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Mr. Editor,—Will you kindly allow me to say a few words on the late election for organist at Rochester Cathedral.

A short time since I offered myself as a candidate for the position, and received the following reply to my application :—

"The Precinct, Rochester, 20th April, 1856.

"Sir,—I am instructed by the Dean and Chapter of Rochester to apprise you that they intend, on Thursday the 8th of May, to consider the applications of the candidates for the office of organist and teacher of the choir at their Cathedral, and that it will be requisite for those gentlemen who offer themselves to attend at the Deanery on Wednesday the 7th day of May next at twelve o'clock at noon, when each candidate will be examined in harmony and the theory of music.

"On the following day their talents will be respectively tested by their playing on the organ.

"The examination will be conducted by Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"I am instructed to add that the Dean and Chapter are not disposed to elect any gentleman to the office whose age exceeds forty years.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant. [illegible], Chapter Clerk."

In accordance with this summons, I went to Rochester, and at the appointed time arrived at the Deanery, where I was ushered into a large room with the other candidates, and an examination paper was placed before us containing the following :—

"1st. To harmonise the melody of a chant and figure the bass.

"2nd. To construct a chorale in four parts from a given figured bass.

"3rd. Taking the melody of the previous chorale, write three parts under it in florid counterpoint.

"4th. Write a short organ fugue or other piece upon the following subject."

At the examination Mr. Goss was not present, and in reply to our inquiries, it was stated that he would not arrive until late in the evening.

This was thought rather singular, especially as Mr. J. L. Hopkins, the present organist, was taking a very prominent part in directing the arrangements, and in fact distributed the papers to the candidates.

At four in the afternoon the papers were finished and handed to the care of the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, the precentor of the cathedral, who we thought would take charge of them until the arrival of Mr. Goss.

In the course of the evening one of the candidates recollected that he had not figured the chant as required in the paper; accordingly he applied to the Precentor for leave to make the necessary additions. He was told to go to Mr. J. L. Hopkins, as he had taken charge of these papers until the arrival of the umpire! I need not say that these papers were of the greatest importance, and should not have been given in charge of any one but the umpire.

At half past twelve the next day the organ performances commenced. The scheme for each candidate was as follows:

"1st. To accompany an imaginary choir chanting the seventh and eighth psalm.

"2nd. To play from Dr. Boyce's score Clark's chorus "He shall send down from on High," prefacing it by a short voluntary on subjects from other parts of the anthem.

3rd. To play from Dr. Greene's score the five part chorus, "O sing unto the Lord."

4th. To perform a piece of the candidate's own selection.

Ten of the candidates, with varied success, went through this ordeal, and while this was going on the umpire and Mr. J. L. Hopkins sat together in the choir of the cathedral! Another Mr. Hopkins was placed in the organ loft for the purpose of (so he said) turning over the leaves!! And every candidate as he advanced across the screen could be seen by the people and of course (no one could help it) by the umpire!!!

At the conclusion of the performances at six in the evening we again met at the Deanery, and after some delay the Precentor, Mr. Goss, and Mr. J. L. Hopkins came to us and informed us that the Dean and Chapter had elected Mr. J. Hopkins, cousin of the gentleman who had charge of the examination papers, and who sat in the same pew with the umpire! Mr. Goss also gratuitously informed us "that he hoped his right hand might be cut off if any unfair play had been used." This remarkable and very premature expression rather attracted the attention of some of the candidates, and some little questioning took place, especially with regard to the examination papers. Some one suggested that they should be returned. This was objected to. Mr. Goss then stated that the successful candidate's paper contained some very good writing, and he had no doubt but that permission could be obtained for our perusal of it; one of the candidates asked to see it, but the Precentor most decidedly set his face against this movement.

Mr. Goss then stated, for the gratification of the unsuccessful ones, "that he never was engaged as umpire in a contest in which all the candidates had played and done the paper work so well." Now, Mr. Goss must have known that two at least of the candidates did not fill up the examination paper, as some part of it—the fugue especially—was beyond their comprehension. The umpire must also have known that a few of the candidates were—in the organ performances—entirely innocent of pedal coupling, one gentleman playing the chant on the [illegible] stop diapason and dulciana, with the pedals coupled to the full great organ, and this not merely in one, two, or six verses, but every place where the pedals were used. Another candidate played three vocal parts only of the five-part anthem, leaving the two soprano parts to help themselves. Another gentleman refused to play the anthem, admitting that it was too much for him. Another candidate, in playing Clark's "He shall send down," read the old soprano clef as the treble clef.

Some of the playing was very good; one candidate played Sebastian Bach's fugue in D minor, another the fugue in E major, another the St. Ann's, while another gentleman played Mendelssohn's third organ sonata. The successful candidate's solo was Handel's coronation anthem, "Zadock the Priest."

I will not trespass further on your kindness, but ask—as this was a public competition,—what is the inference to be drawn from the above statement, which I conscientiously know to be true. Believe me ever to be, Mr. Editor, truly yours, [illegible]

May 14th, 1856.

MR. H. C. COOPER AND "AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—As an old reader of your journal, I was gratified at finding that you had refused insertion to a further attack upon Mr. H. C. Cooper, and especially so, as, judging from the terms of your note, the "English Musician's" last letter must have been couched in terms even more offensive than those which preceded it. It is not my intention to enter upon anything like a discussion of the dispute between your correspondent and the Philharmonic directors, but I may express an opinion, which, I am sure, is widely entertained amongst the professors and amateurs of this locality, that in electing Mr. Cooper to a principal position in the orchestra, the directors not only did honour to their own judgment, but no injustice to Mr. Sainton or Mr. Blagrove. Nor is the impression less general that the last named gentlemen have, in the course taken by them, neither evinced discretion nor good feeling, but have favoured a remark once made at a provincial lecture by the late Sir Henry Bishop (and which excited at the time [illegible]), that "the professors of the noble art (music) are swayed by the narrowest views and meanest jealousies." As regards Mr. Cooper personally, what good reason can be shown why he should be so assailed? He did not canvass for the distinction conferred on him, and which he so worthily holds, and he is not answerable for such appointment any more than his fellow citizen [illegible] is answerable for having been recently elected, without solicitation, a member of the British Society of Painters. Hoping that all discord may now cease, and that all parties may be speedily restored to that fulness of harmony which, as it is the great charm of musical art, should be the chief characteristic of musical artists, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

An Amateur and Constant Reader.

Bristol, May 15th 1856.

[The letter of "An English Musician" contained nothing whatever about Mr. Cooper.—Ed.]

ADOLPH ADAM.

ADOLPH ADAM was the son of Louis Adam, professor of the piano, who was his master, and also the master of Hérold, and passed forty-four years of his life in instructing pupils at the Conservatoire, which he did not quit until 1840. When a boy, Adolph Adam was sent to the Bourbon College, but not displaying any particular taste for literary pursuits, his father took him home, and—whether in a happy or an evil hour it is impossible to state, since, in after life, he exhibited no mean capacities for writing—made him devote himself entirely to music. A circumstance occurred at the same time, by which it would appear that he was destined to accept music as his vocation. Hérold, the godson of Louis Adam, had just arrived from Italy. Though much older than Adolph, whom he had not seen for several years, he entered into close friendship with him, which endured with the life of the author of the *Pré aux Clercs*. Boieldieu had just begun to form his class for composition at the Conservatoire. Adolph Adam entered the class at the same time with Theodore Labarre, already a harpist, as Adam was an organist, and who was one day to become his rival in the composition of ballet music.

In 1825 Adolph Adam obtained the second grand prize of the Conservatoire. To recruit himself after many months of hard study, he made a short tour in Switzerland. Here he met M. Scribe and travelled with him some days through the most romantic parts of the country. M. Scribe, inspired by the sublime scenery around him, wrote a vaudeville entitled *La Batelière de Brientz*, the couplets of which Adolph Adam set to music, and which was subsequently represented at the Gymnase. This was Adolph Adam's first essay in composition for the stage. The success of this piece stimulated the young musician to further exertions in the same department of the art, and we accordingly find him bringing out in succession at various times, about this epoch, *Valentine; ou, la Chute des Feuilles; Le Hussard de Felsheim, Caleb*, and others. These constituted but preludes to higher efforts. The talent they exhibited, however, was not thrown away—the French, to do them justice, are unflinching supporters of their own countrymen, always excepting Daniel Auber, whom either they do not understand, or cannot appreciate. The management of the Opéra-Comique entrusted the young maestro with an old libretto to reset to music. Before following Adolph Adam, however, in his new career, we shall relate in this place a curious anecdote but little known, which arose out of his acquaintance with Boieldieu.

The *Dame Blanche* was in rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique. Pressed for time, Boieldieu had allowed the last days to pass without sending in the overture. Fatigued and harassed, he felt himself unable to write, and the final day of rehearsal arrived. The copyists were waiting, the orchestra was in attendance, the management anxious. What was to be done?

It was the day before the performance. Boieldieu had brought home with him to dinner his two pupils—Adolph Adam and Theodore Labarre. When the cloth was removed, and master and pupils had partaken of a strong cup of coffee, Boieldieu sat down to the piano, and played over the principal *morceaux* of the opera. The pupils were enchanted, and expressed their delight in unmeasured praise.

"What do you think," exclaimed Boieldieu, "of the three of us together setting about the composition of this devil of an overture?"

The pupils were silent——they dare not reply.

"Come," ejaculated the master, "let us go to work at once!—you, Labarre, shall write the commencement of the *allegro* upon one of the Scottish melodies you have procured me—I shall make the *andante* ——— and you, Adolphadam (he pronounced his name in one word) shall occupy yourself with the cabaletta."

And in this manner was written the overture to *La Dame Blanche*. Adam borrowed his subject from the popular trio and from the crescendo. All was completed the same night. The overture was played at the general rehearsal, and with so much success, then and since, that, although Boieldieu put but little faith in a work thus suddenly improvised by three persons, and was desirous of re-writing it at his leisure, the congratulations he received from all quarters decided on his retaining it. To this day the overture to *La Dame Blanche* is never performed without the liveliest plaudits, but those who applaud are for the most part ignorant of the facts just stated.

The first opera written by Adolph Adam for the Opéra-Comique dates back as far as 1829. It was entitled, *Pierre et Catherine*, and was represented upwards of one hundred times. It was followed by *Danilowa*, an opera in one-act, brought out within twelve months, and confirmed the impression the composer had made in his first work. The very evening of the revolution, July 1830, *La Chatte Blanche*—an English pantomime, executed by English actors—was produced for the first time, the music of which was written by Adolph Adam in conjunction with Gide. Shortly afterwards Adam, joined with Romagnesi, the once well-known composer of romances, wrote the music to *Trois Jours en Une Heure*, a political burlesque, to which was prefixed a sort of *symphonie pot pourri* formed of the Marseillaise, the air "La victoire est à nous," etc., etc. In the same year Adolph Adam composed for the Opéra-Comique, *Josephine; ou, le retour de Wagram* in one-act; in 1831 *Le Morceau d'Ensemble*, in one-act, and *Casimir*, in one-act, and, in 1832, *Le Grand Prix*, in three-acts. The success of this last work was interrupted by the closing of the Opéra-Comique, and Adolph Adam having leisure time on his hands left Paris for London, where he had the good fortune to have two pieces—*The First Campaign* and *The Dark Diamond*—produced at Covent Garden under Mr Laporte's management. The first was a success, the last a failure. In 1833, *Faust*, a ballet in three-acts was brought out with great splendour and effect at the King's (now Her Majesty's) Theatre. This was a great success, and served to render the name of Adolph Adam popular in England. Adam soon after returned to Paris, and wrote the music to *Le Proscrit*, an opera in three-acts, which obtained little or no success at the Opéra-Comique, chiefly on account of the badness of the poem. Adam, however, took his revenge in the *Une bonne Fortune*, a charming work, which was played nearly a hundred times in succession.

To be concluded in our next.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your notice of the Concert at the Beaumont Institution of Monday last, in this day's number of your excellent periodical, I read that:—

"The building was erected by a Mr. Beaumont, who bequeathed to the Institution the yearly sum of £500 towards defraying the expenses of concerts, lectures, etc. Upon his decease there was (of course) a law-suit, which ended in the lawyer cutting down the £500 to £400 annually. The hall holds about 1,400 people, and the prices of admission being 2s. 6d., 2s., and 1s. 6d., it would have been impossible for the directors to pay high terms but for the endowment."

This statement being incorrect, do me the favour to permit me to correct it. The endowment was originally £400 (not £500), the money being left to carry out a peculiar religious service, and scientific lectures on the Sundays, in addition to the usual advantages of a literary society on week days, but not concerts, which were not given by the Institution till some years after the death of the founder.

It certainly would not interest your readers to enter into the details of a Chancery suit, or of the various changes of objects and management, but I may perhaps be allowed to state the highest amount the Committee can now receive from the endowment is about £100 a-year. Not a shilling of this has been paid to them for three years, the amount being required for repairs and alterations done by the trustees, in addition to a large sum expended by J. A. Beaumont, Esq., son of the founder. It is principally to the generosity of this gentleman that the building has been beautified and enlarged. The hall at one time held but 600 persons.

The concerts which I have the honour to manage, are *entirely self-supporting*. Although, like all speculations, the receipts are extremely fluctuating, I am happy to add that during the last three seasons we have not only been enabled to give great artists their usual terms, to admit all our subscribers free, but to carry over a balance to the funds of the Institution. Your obedient servant,

D. FRANCIS, *Director*.

THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF MOZART'S REQUIEM.

BY I. F. EDLER VON MOSEL,

Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

(*Translated expressly for the Musical World.*)

Continued from page 293.

The first test consisted in comparing this score with the other MSS. of the *Requiem* contained in the Imperial Library. I have already announced, in my preface to G. N. von Nissen's *Biography of W. A. Mozart* (*Jahrbücher der Literatur*—vol. xlix., page 209) that of these MSS. the movements "Dies iræ," "Tuba mirum," "Rex tremendæ," "Recordare," and "Confutatis" were presented some years ago to the Imperial Library by the Abbé Stadler; the movements following these, however, viz., "Lacrymosa" (and, indeed, of this only the first eight bars), "Domine Jesu," with the fugue "Quam olim," and "Hostias," were at that time the property of the Imperial Capellmeister Herr Joseph Edler von Eybler, who has since then presented them as a donation to the Imperial Library.

The Abbé Stadler, in his disquisitions upon this masterpiece, often refers to the two above mentioned divisions of it. They are the same which he, and with him Herr André, of Offenbach (in his introduction to the second edition of the *Requiem*, page 1) is fully justified in calling "the actual scores." Herr André has, moreover (in his introduction to the first edition of the *Requiem* page 12), confirmed, by reference to his great collection of Mozart's MSS., that this master was accustomed, in writing vocal compositions with orchestral accompaniments, to make sketches of the score, in which the voice parts and mostly the instrumental bass were written complete, but of the other parts, the subjects were only occasionally indicated. It could therefore not appear singular, nor lessen the probability that the present complete score is an autograph of Mozart, that, of a composition of such great importance there should be found such previously made sketches besides the score under consideration.

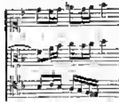
The division from "Dies iræ" to "Confutatis," inclusive, is doubtless the one that the widow Mozart sent to Herr André, with a letter dated the 26th of January, 1801, requiring him to return it. (See his introduction to the first edition, page 5.) The filling up in a strange hand—not that of Süssmayer—of the sketch left by Mozart, which differs almost entirely from the score now under consideration, appears not to have been inserted at that time, since Herr André makes no mention of it. Why this instrumentation should have been added to the original sketches of Mozart, when the complete score was already published by Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipsic, is unaccountable.

The second division, from "Lacrymosa" until "Hostias," inclusive, is, with the exception of two bars of the soprano in the "Lacrymosa," an attempted continuation in the same unknown writing, the melody of which differs completely from that of the score untouched by any strange hand; and exhibits only the hand-writing of Mozart, namely, the voice parts and the fundamental bass, with occasional indications of the accompaniment for the violins and viola.

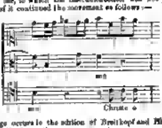
With these original sketches the complete score was in the first instance carefully collated. They were particularly appropriate for such a comparison, since the eight movements contain the same notes and the same words. The resemblance, with the exception of the shape of one or two of the capital letters in the writing of the text, was found to be perfect. Not satisfied with this, the greatest possible number of specimens of Mozart's handwriting was brought together for the purpose of inspection and comparison. We are indebted to the kindness of the younger Mozart, now living in Vienna, for the contribution of four large portfolios, which, besides several completed compositions of his celebrated father, contained above eighty fragments, belonging to nearly every stage of his career, including the last, as for example several of the subjects in the operas *Die Zauberflöte* and *La Clemenza di Tito*. The Society of Musical Amateurs of the Austrian Empire had the courtesy to send in the original score of the before-mentioned *cantata*—"Laut verkünde unsre Freude"—which in respect to the time of its composition stands nearest to the *Requiem*. Herr Aloys Fuchs, the possessor of a great collection of valuable and interesting musical autographs, brought two small MSS. of Süssmayer, a quartet for male voices, and a minuet and trio for the orchestra; and I added to these the original score of a quartet of Mozart for flute, violin, viola and violoncello, belonging to myself.

Thus provided, several of the principal musical connoisseurs in Vienna, all familiar with Mozart's handwriting, were invited to inspect and judge the newly acquired score.

This consists of thirty-two sheets of Italian (oblong) music-paper of twelve staves. The sheets are not numbered according to the pages, but, as was the custom of Mozart, according to the leaves. The score is not sewn together, but in loose sheets, without any title-page or wrapper. At the top of the first page in the middle is written, "*Requiem*," on the right, "*Di me*, W. A. Mozart, m. p. 792" (*sic*); on the left, "Adagio." In the fugue "Kyrie," on the second page of the seventh leaf is found a remarkable correction; namely, in the fourth bar Mozart wrote according to his first thought:—



He changed his mind, however, at the last quarter of the bar, crossed through this bar, to which the instrumentation was not yet written, and instead of it continued the movement as follows:—



as this passage occurs in the edition of Breitkopf and Härtel. Commencing from the fugue, the accompaniment appears in a paler ink than the four voice parts and the fundamental bass, from which it seems that it must have been written at a later period. In both movements, in the "Requiem" as well as the "Kyrie," the fundamental bass is carefully figured, as was Mozart's practice in his compositions for the church, on account of the organ. The second page of the ninth leaf, though numbered 10, and the remainder of the sheet, is blank.

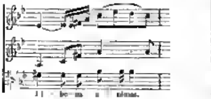
Upon the next leaf, which is not numbered 11, but again commences at 1, begins the "Dies iræ;" this is followed by the other vocal pieces, of which the last, "Hostias," concludes on the second page of the thirty-third leaf. It is to be observed that leaf five is succeeded by leaf five-and-a-half after this, from leaf six the numbering is regularly continued.

The numbering of the pages commences again at 1 of the *Sanctus*; and the whole concludes on the second side of the nineteenth leaf, having the word *Fine* at the bottom of the page. On the twentieth leaf, which bears no number, are written the parts for the oboes of the Benedictus, for which there was not room on the page in the complete score. On comparison of this manuscript with the edition of Breitkopf, it is found in all essentials most perfectly to agree with it. This edition must, therefore, have been printed from a copy of the score under consideration.

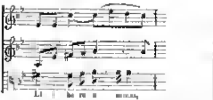
We may particularise the following important variations:—The time of the movement *Requiem* is in the MS. marked with 𝄴 and in the printed score with 𝄵.

In the "Tuba mirum" the case is exactly reversed; also in this movement Mozart has assigned not only the first three bars, but the entire solo, to the tenor trombone, which in this edition is given to the bassoon.

Herr Rochlitz, who was an eye-witness of the following circumstance, kindly gave me this explanation of the discrepancy; at the time when the widow Mozart gave a performance of the Requiem in Leipsic for her benefit, there was not at hand a trombone player who could execute this solo as it stands in the original. Hiller, at that time cantor of the Thomas-schule, who conducted the performance, found himself obliged, at the rehearsal, to mark this alteration with pencil on the copy of the score before him. The same copy was afterwards made use of by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel for their edition of the work, and thus this passage still was allotted to the part of the bassoon in print. Besides this, the fourth bar of the "Domine Jesu" presents the following variation in the MS. :—



In the printed score —



In Mozart's sketch of the score, mentioned above, to which I have carefully referred, the instrumental accompaniment to this passage is wanting, the alto voice part, however, stands as it appears in the printed copy.

When the connoisseurs who had been invited had examined the score with the greatest attention, the majority of them declared it to be, as well in the formation of the violin and *alto* voice notes as of the letters and some of the figures for the thorough bass, without doubt Mozart's handwriting, whilst the comparison of this with that of Süssmayer, written hastily on small sized paper, scarcely showed the most distant resemblance, but on the contrary, some of the characters, as for instance, the treble and base clefs, exhibited a marked difference. The minority of the judges admitted that the reasons which spoke in favour of the genuineness of the whole far outweighed the objections to it, which were grounded on the supposition which had prevailed till then that only a portion of the genuine originals had ever existed. Upon being repeatedly requested, these parties expressed their doubts as follows :—

On the first page there stands under Mozart's name the date of 1792, whereas it is well-known that Mozart was torn from the world by death on the 5th December 1791.

That Mozart could scarcely have been guilty of the consecutive fifths in the fourth bar of the "Sanctus." Amongst the most characteristic signs of his handwriting are the naturals, which he always formed as a close square, narrower at the top than at the bottom; whilst in the "Domine" and the ornaments belonging to it, there appear naturals which are formed with an open square, agreeing with those in the leaves of Süssmayer's writing which were laid before them.

Amongst the capital letters in the writing of the words, commencing from the "Domine," the letters B, P, Q, R, and T differ from those in the "Kyrie" and "Requiem" and in the two divisions of the sketch of the score.

Almost on every page there are, at the beginning of the top line, straight strokes and crosses, which may have been made by Süssmayer in order to remind himself of Mozart's intentions.

(*To be continued.*)

Sheffield.—(*From a Correspondent*).—A concert was given at the Music Hall on the 1st, by Mr. Walter Ibbotson, pianist, a pupil of Professor Sterndale Bennett (also a native of Sheffield). The principals were Madame Amadei, Mr. Augustus Braham, Herr Hausmann (violoncello), Mr. W. E. Evans (violin), and Mr. John Cheshire (harp). Madame Amadei was encored in "Il segreto." She also sang a ballad of Mr. Ibbotson's, "The Violet." Mr. Braham was encored in "Oft in the stilly night," and substituted the "Bay of Biscay." Mr. Ibbotson was recalled after his performance of Weber's *Concertstück* (the March and *Allegro*). He also played a *fantasia* of his own on "Partant pour la Syrie." Mr. John Cheshire was equally successful in some harp solos.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. COSTA.

On Monday afternoon a numerous and influential body of gentlemen, chiefly connected with the management of the Birmingham Musical Festivals, assembled in the committee-room of the Town-hall of that town, for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Costa a testimonial in token of his eminent services as conductor of the musical department of those performances during the last three triennial festivals. Lord Willoughby de Broke occupied the chair, and among the gentlemen present were the Mayor, Mr. J. W. Whateley, Mr. Mason, Mr. Wentley Richards, Mr. G. Whateley, Mr. Stimpson, Mr. J. T. Lawrence, Mr. F. Holliss, Mr. Thornton, and Messrs. Bartholomew, Doulby, and Smith of London, &c. Mr. Costa was loudly applauded when he entered the room.

The noble Chairman, in addressing Mr. Costa, said he had been requested by the Committee of the Birmingham Festival to present him with the testimonial on the table. He only wished that the duty had fallen into other hands, or upon one whose powers of eloquence would have done more justice to the presentation; but this he could say, that no man more than himself appreciated the motives by which the gift had been dictated. At a time when the duties of Mr. Costa were extremely onerous, he undertook the production of a new oratorio for the Birmingham Festival, and, notwithstanding his other engagements, in three months it was completed. (Hear, hear.) How well that oratorio succeeded those who heard it would best judge; to him (Lord Broke) it gave perfect satisfaction. Mr. Costa had conducted the last three festivals in Birmingham, and to his talents and judgment in conducting was, in his (Lord Broke's) opinion, to be attributed the high reputation and success which they had achieved." After alluding to the gratuitous production of *Eli* for the Birmingham Festival, the noble lord concluded, amid cheers, by presenting the testimonial.

The testimonial is of silver, relieved with gold. It is from the manufactory of Messrs. Elkington, Mason, and Co., and was designed by their principal artist, Mr. Charles Grant. The subject is taken from the First Chapter of the First Book of Kings, and represents the representation in the Temple of the infant Samuel to Eli. The high priest, robed in gorgeous vestments, and holding a golden censer, occupies a dais in the centre of the group, receiving Samuel at the hands of Hannah as "dedicated unto the Lord." Opposite the mother and her first born is placed Elkana, leaning in a reverential attitude on his staff, having brought of "the first fruits of the land" as an offering. In the back ground appear the altar of incense, the table of show bread and pot of manna. The inscription, in raised silver letters, on the front of the pedestal of Sienna marble is taken from the following passage in the oratorio :—"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." On a silver plate at the back is engraved :—"To Michael Costa, in commemoration of the first performance on the 30th of August, 1855, of *Eli*, an oratorio generously composed by him for the Birmingham Musical Festival in aid of the funds of the General Hospital. As a tribute to his genius and as a record of his disinterested liberality, this testimonial is presented by noblemen and gentlemen of the committee of management.—MDCCCLV."

Mr. Costa, who for a time was completely overcome by his feelings, acknowledged the gift in the following terms :—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—When I, in 1829, came to England an utter stranger, Birmingham, for a short time, became my abode, and it was here I first experienced kindnesses to which I constantly recur with pleasurable recollection. If, then, after 26 years, I still retain these happy reminiscences, what must be my feelings now on receiving at your kind hands a testimonial of your esteem for me as a friend rather than as a mere memorial of your approval of my efforts in your service! (Cheers.) I thank the subscribers for their beautiful gift, and I beg to assure them that it shall be my constant earnest endeavour to prove to the committee of the Birmingham Festival how highly I appreciate the honour they have thus conferred upon me. Your lordship has been flatteringly pleased to connect my name with so noble an institution as the Birmingham General Hospital—that amply repays me for all the anxious moments I passed in bringing to maturity my first sacred composition. The liberal adoption and inauguration of this work might of itself justify the ambition of any

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composer. Your lordship has also thought well to speak of my exertions in connection with the Birmingham Musical Festival. I feel proud, my lord, in being at the head of the finest musical congress in the world; and so long as the committee pursue their present bold and judicious management, I feel assured will the meeting prove beneficial to the funds of that important institution, to the interests of which all musical arrangements should be made subservient. Accept my thanks, which I gratefully offer for this truly beautiful memorial of your kindness on this day—a day of which I am proud, and shall never forget."

Mr. Costa retired amid enthusiastic cheering.

A dinner was to be given to Mr. Costa at the Hen and Chickens in the evening, and selections from the oratorio of *Eli* in the Town hall.

South London Harmonic Society.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given at the School Rooms, Esher-street, Kennington-lane, on Wednesday, May 7th, upon which occasion a silver salver and goblet were presented to Mr Williams, the conductor. This is the seventh public testimonial presented to that gentleman by various societies.

Liverpool.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—On Monday and Thursday nights M. Jullien gave two open air concerts at the Zoological Gardens. The first, owing to the rain which fell in torrents, was poorly attended; but on Thursday, though the atmosphere was chilly and gloomy, the audience was large and fashionable. The following was the programme on both evenings:—

Overture, "Zampa;" the Huntsman Quadrille, Jullien; Solo—clarionet, Mr Wuille; "Allegro Scherzo," Mendelssohn; "Gunner" Polka; Solo "My dream thro' all the night art thou," Herr Koenig; Angelina; Quadrille "The Zouaves," Jullien; selection from "Il Trovatore;" Polka, "Rataplan," Koenig; Solo—ophicleide, M Colosanti; "Allegro Presto," Beethoven; Solo—trumpet, Mr Duhem; Galop, "Zouaves' Galop," Jullien.

The great attraction of the concerts were M. Jullien's "model Military Band" and the Trumpeters of the 2nd Regiment of Zouaves, whose dashing and picturesque *personnel* created great interest and admiration. They are introduced in the following glowing terms in the programme:—

"Trained in hardship, and under the sun of an African sky, their aspect, combining the ferocity of the savage with the lofty bearing of the soldier, defies description. The shrill sound of their clarions harmonise fitly with the peculiar character of the tribe. The notes produced from their trumpets number but *four*; nevertheless, their magic influence excels all that imagination could realise. On the field of battle the Zouaves present a mass of wild and daring men, to whom discipline is apparently unknown, but the piercing note of their favorite trumpets suffices to convert them instantaneously into an invincible phalanx. These are the men now enrolled under the *bâton* of M. Jullien, who will present them glowing with laurels gathered at Balaklava and on the ramparts of Sebastopol."

The performances of M. Jullien's band met with that enthusiastic reception which they always command. The pieces on the flute, performed by Herr Reichert, on the clarionet, by M Wuille, on the horns, by M. Jarrett, etc., and on the cornets, by M. Auban and M. Laloup, were much applauded. Herr Koenig, the principal cornet and leader of the brass band, fully maintained his just and deserved reputation.

To meet the taste of every class of listeners, Mr Best has arranged that his performances in St. George's Hall shall comprise music of almost every character. There have been fewer works of late exclusively written for the organ. To-night, however, he has resolved to provide a treat expressly for the lovers of organ music.—Miss Emma Stanley's "Seven Ages of Woman" continues to attract at the Clayton Hall. She will shortly sail for America, where she has been engaged by Mr Niblo at the rate of £50 a night—expenses paid.—An opera company, most of them unknown to your correspondent, appear at the Theatre Royal.—Clara Schumann, Miss Sherrington, and Herr Rokatansky-B[illegible], are engaged for the next Philharmonic Concert, on the 20th inst.

Overton.—Yesterday week the church at Overton, which has recently been enlarged by the addition of a new south aisle, at the expense of Miss Bennion, of Wrexham, was re-opened by two full cathedral services. A new organ, given by Mr. Peel, of Bryn-y-pys, was opened at the same time, by Mr. Simms, Organist of Wrexham Church, and choristers from Chester and Manchester assisted on the occasion. The sermons were preached by Archdeacon Thurlow, of Chester, and the attendance was numerous.

Hackney.—A concert took place at the Institution on Monday evening. The vocalists were Miss Stabbach (who was highly successful in Weber's *scena*, "Softly sighs"), Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Miss Cole, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Hamilton Braham. The instrumentalists were Mr Victor Collins, violin, and Mr W. Young, pianoforte. Mr Haskins was the conductor.

Ramsgate.—The members of the Choral Society gave a concert on Thursday, the 24th ult. The programme included choruses by Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Rossini, etc. Miss Clara Henderson, from London, was the principal vocalist. Mr Knight, a local professor, also sang. The choruses were heard to advantage. Mr Thurnam was conductor.

Italy.—At Naples musical matters are getting worse and worse. Signor Verdi's *Luisa Miller* has been brought out with as little success as the two preceding operas. The parts were sustained by Madame Fransini and Signori Negrini, Rossi and Arati. Madame Fransini has a tolerable voice, clear and powerful in the upper notes, but weak in the medium. Moreover, she takes breath badly and too often, and with great effort. Neither is her method good. The other singers are very little above mediocrity; and the want of success would seem to lie with them rather than in the choice of the operas, which are neither better nor worse than usual.—Verdi's *Giovanna de Guzman*, alias *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, has been produced at the theatre Argentina at Rome. It was well cast, the principal parts being allotted to Madame De-Giuli and to Signori Fraschini, Coletti and Tazza, and was well received by the public, although the choruses are too weak and the orchestra unsteady. The principal artists highly distinguished themselves, and were repeatedly encored and recalled during the opera.

Magdeburg.—Mad. Jenny Ney, Mdlle. Johanna Wagner, Herren Léonard, Servais, Formes and Schneider have been invited to take part in the approaching Musical Festival. On the first day Herr Abt will conduct Haydn's *Creation*, and on the second, Mr H. Litolff Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Handel's *Cecilia Cantata*, Mozart's Symphony in C major, &c. Herr Mühling will direct the performance on the third day. Dr Franz Liszt was invited to direct on one of the days, but declined.

Cologne.—A number of the members of the Association the "Harmonie," and of the "Bürger-und Handwerker-Gesangverein," gave a concert, last week, for the benefit of a charitable institution. The performance went off very finely.

Dresden.—On the 24th ult., Mdlle. De Ahna, pupil of Herr Mantius of Berlin, appeared as Orpheus, in Gluck's *Orpheo ed Euridyce*. She was called on at the conclusion of each act, and with great enthusiasm after the scene in Hades.

Stuttgart.—A Mozart Concert, for the benefit of the Mozart Associations in Frankfort and Gotha, will shortly take place. Herr von Lindpaintner will direct the whole. Herr Suppé's music to the melodrama, *Mozart*, will constitute the second part of the programme.

Vienna.—Mdlle. Rosa Kastner has given another concert, which was as successful as her first. Among the pieces selected by the young lady were Beethoven's Sonata in A major, for piano and violin; Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso;" a "Nocturne" by Rosenhain; "La Fée follet," by Herr Kuhe; and "Le Torrent," by Lacombe. Herr Hellmesberger played the violin part in Beethoven's Sonata.

Madrid.—A grand Vocal-Symphony, entitled *The Battle of Inkermann*, by Senor Lorenz, has been produced at the Theatre Royal. 300 performers were engaged in it, and the composer was called on several times.

Barmen.—At the last Subscription Concert, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed, under the direction of Herr C. Reinecke. Herr Du Mont-Fier sustained the part of Elijah.

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NOTICES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

M. Meyerbeer, Berlin May 15th.
A F., Bombay, April 20th.
H L., Sydney May 14th

The Reviews of New Music will shortly be resumed. We have been overwhelmed of late with concerts and operas.

DEATH

At Florence, A. Fumagalli pianist and composer on the 3rd inst., after a brief illness Sig. Fumagalli had given a concert on the 1st with great success.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON SATURDAY, MAY 17TH, 1856

THE return of Alboni in her favourite part of Cenerentola on the re-opening of Her Majesty's, on Saturday last, was equally a pleasure to the audience and a triumph for the singer. The house was crowded to suffocation, and the enthusiasm of the public recalled the most memorable performances of Jenny Lind.

The career of Alboni though not long, has been remarkable. It is scarcely more than thirteen years since a very young girl attracted the attention of Rossini at Bologna. The celebrated *maestro* struck with the singular beauty of her voice and its extraordinary compass took an immediate interest in Alboni, and devoted considerable time and pains in giving her advice, which the result has shown to have been invaluable. The idle and apathetic nature of Rossini is well accredited. His attentions to his youthful *protegée* were, therefore, the more to be prized, and can only be accounted for by the probability of his foreseeing, in her person, a new and a great representative of many of his most admirable creations. The sequel justified his anticipations. Not only has Alboni proved herself a perfect executant of some of the most striking parts in Rossini's operas, but, what is more, she is the last of a glorious race—the last legitimate singer of the real Italian style, now on the point of dissolution. The decay of the Italian school of singing is traceable to several causes, the chief of which, unhappily, is the dearth of composers, which has made the last quarter of a century the most barren in the history of Italian opera. The last great genius, the last great composer of Italy was Rossini. Bellini was a plaintive echo of his saddest strains. Donizetti a vigorous imitator in whom every thing was found but the "divine fire." Rossini, disgusted at the growing apathy for his works in the land of his birth, went to Paris and composed French operas. He altered his style entirely, and gave the death-blow to the true Italian school. This was his revenge for the neglect of those who should have cherished him as their only hope. To Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti succeeded Verdi. Verdi exhibits all the worst faults of his predecessors, exaggerated one hundred fold, with none of the genius of Rossini, little of the tenderness of Bellini, and less of the facility and *savoir faire* of Donizetti. Nevertheless, Verdi has his merits—viz. occasional facility of tune considerable energy and a dramatic fire that cannot be denied. But these are not enough to sustain a tottering edifice rapidly crumbling into dust. The Italian school has seen its best days; its decline is near at hand, and it is doubtful whether anything can restore it. *C'en est fini.* There are now no composers, no orchestras, no chorus, no librettists in Italy. The last of Italian singers is Marietta Alboni, but even she has been compelled to succumb to the capricious changes of taste. Acknowledged the finest *contralto* singer of her day, the only competent representative of Arsace, Malcolm Græme, Tancredi, and a host of other characters, she was nevertheless persuaded that she was not in her proper sphere. While the mere tones of her voice held the crowd in the spell of their enchantment, while the "Brindisi" was cheered, the "In questa semplice" apostrophised—and none denied her to be incomparable—Alboni was yet not in the front rank, not what she felt internally convinced Alboni ought to be. Silently, in secret, and without disclosing her intentions to any one, she began to study another kind of music—the modern dramatic and, when few expected what was going to happen, appeared before the Parisian audience on the stage of the Grand Opéra, as Fides in Meyerbeer's opera, of the *Prophète*. The astonishment of the public, when the announcement was first published, may be easily imagined. "Alboni, the *contralto*—the calm Arsace, the lively Orsini, the imperturbable Malcolm—Alboni, the *cantatrice par excellence*, who had never given any indication of dramatic power, was going to attempt Fides, the most arduous part in the most difficult opera of the most exacting and restless of composers!" This was the unanimous sentiment, which, however was unconditionally reversed after the first performance, one of the most memorable events in the archives of the Grand Opéra. Previously, however, Alboni—not trusting wholly to her estimate of her own powers—had been diligently practising in Belgium. Her Leonora in *La Favorite*, and other characters in the grand operas of the Académie, created a *furore* at Antwerp, Liege, Ghent, and Brussels; and by this means she acquired a command of the French language in singing, which induced the severest of the French critics to pronounce her accent irreproachable. Whether in partially abandoning that particular school of which she was the greatest ornament, Alboni will add to her reputation in the end, has yet to be established. That she has quadrupled her professional emoluments, and materially shortened the road to competence and fortune is unquestionable; but this can interest herself alone; the musical public of Europe has nothing whatever to do with it. One thing speaks in her favour. At the Grand-Opéra of Paris, she sustained the falling fortunes of the theatre, and her name was the only sure means of attracting the public, and ensuring good receipts.

Meanwhile it is gratifying to know that, while Alboni has succeeded in attaining the highest position as an exponent of French dramatic opera—while she has undergone the trying ordeal of Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber—she comes back again to the school in which she was tutored and brought up with a voice unimpaired in every respect. This must be traced to that unfailing method of training and employing the voice—the Italian method—of which she possesses the secret, and which she has known to employ to such good purpose. Alboni always *sings*—in French opera no less than Italian; she never forces her voice, never strains to reach what her natural register does not place at her disposal. Hence the unvarying freshness, strength and mellow ripeness of an organ in many respects unequalled.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The *Messiah* was performed at Exeter Hall last night, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians. The principal vocalists were Mesdames Clara Novello, Rudersdorff, Weiss, Viardot Garcia, and Miss Dolby; Herren Formes and Reichardt, Messrs. Swift, Benson, Weiss, and Thomas. The chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society and an excellent band assisted. Mr Costa conducted.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE old Opera House was reopened, after an interval of three years, on Saturday evening. The event was celebrated by a performance of Rossini's opera of *Cenerentola*—with Alboni (her first appearance since 1851) as the heroine—and a *ballet divertissement*. The house, though freshened and brightened up, presented the ancient and familiar appearance, and the inauguration was most brilliant and satisfactory. Mr Lumley was called on at the end of the opera and loudly cheered.

No part better than Cenerentola serves to display the various gifts of Alboni to advantage. In the first scene, where, while her more favoured visitors are employed in discussing the artifices of costume, Cenerentola prepares their coffee at the fire-side, the quaint romance, "Una volta c'era un Re," brings out low notes as sweet and rich as the softest tones from the harp. Nothing can be more prepossessing than the simplicity with which Alboni says, rather than sings, this unpretending melody. In the *cabaletta* of the duet with Don Ramiro her flexibility is first denoted, while the infantine archness with which she addresses her unknown companion, in the words:—

"Deh scusate, perdonate
Alla mia semplicità"—

has an irresistible charm. The last scene of the first act, where Cenerentola appears veiled, as an unknown guest at the Prince's ball, offers an example of the florid ornamented *largo* in the pure Italian style unexampled for breadth and dignity combined with grace of style. In the delivery of such phrases, it must be admitted, Alboni stands without a competitor. The second act is chiefly distinguished for the celebrated *adagio* "Nacqui all' affanno," and the brilliant *rondo* with variations, "Non più mesta," which terminates the opera. Alboni's execution of these movements realises the *beau idéal* of the vocal art. When we hear her pour forth, with a wealth of tone and style of phrasing, which, lavish in elegant *fioriture*, is the essence of artistic finish, the large and flowing melody of the *adagio*, we cannot but lament that such a simple and expressive style of writing should be hopelessly on the wane, and that a voice and method like Alboni's should ever be exhibited—to satisfy the external craving for novelty, to which the continual transformations in the forms of art are attributable—in performances perhaps more vehemently exciting, but assuredly less natural and pure. The *rondo* "Non più mesta," in the hands of Alboni, as a feat of mechanical execution, has never been surpassed, if, indeed, equalled. It is not merely the faultless correctness with which the scales, ascending and descending distant intervals and florid diversions are taken, nor the roundness and satisfying quality of each particular note, nor the astonishing fluency with which the rapid melody escapes from the lips of the songstress, that calls for admiration; but, beyond all this, a certain unconsciousness of the effect she is producing, a child-like innocence that plays upon her features, when she is in the act of accomplishing the most extraordinary difficulties, and which, while it would plead successfully for a multitude of sins, exercises an indescribable spell upon the hearers when allied to such absolute perfection.

The reception of Alboni was such as is only accorded to the most favoured artists. The first tones of her voice in the romance "Una volta," fell upon the ear like some cherished melody of early days, and at once aroused the sympathy of the audience. The florid *cabaletta* in the duet with Don Ramiro (created a "sensation," and the *largo di bravura* in the first *finale*—"Sprezzo quei don che versa"—was applauded with enthusiasm. The excitement created by "Non più mesta," and the *largo* which precedes it, we shall not attempt to portray. The encore and recall were but common-place matters when compared with the breathless interest and suppressed murmurs of delight which accompanied the execution of these movements from end to end. Alboni never more triumphantly sustained her reputation as one of the greatest singers of the age, and in her own especial style the greatest.

Sig Calzolari (who was last here in 1853) has retained all his facility, and sings the music of Don Ramiro to perfection. He, too, was received in a very flattering manner. The public had not forgotten him. We did not like the Magnifico (Sig Zucconi), and still less the Dandini (Sig Beneventano). These gentlemen have both the appearance of being often mediocrities. We shall, however, be glad to modify our opinion. The representatives of the two sisters of Cinderella (we forget the names) were tolerably good.

Sig Bonetti was the conductor. Why not Balfe? Echo answers, "Why?"—ashamed of the other monosyllable.

After the opera, the whole company appeared before the foot-lights, and gave the National Anthem.

A *ballet divertissement* followed, founded upon the *Quatre Saisons* in Verdi's grand opera of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, but with music by M. Nadaud (who conducted), instead of that of the composer of *Il Trovatore*. The principal dancers were Mdlles. Bellon, Boschetti, Lasereux, Pierron, and Katrine, who represented the seasons (four seasons) among them severally. There was also M. Vandris, who danced a *pas de deux* with Mdlle. Boschetti, and as *The Times* says, took the stage at a bound whenever "it him pleased." The *Coryphées* looked well and were dressed well, and the whole *divertissement* was applauded "to the echo." Thus terminated this eventful evening. The house was crowded to suffocation by a brilliant and animated audience.

On Tuesday the same performances, with the proviso that Alboni sang even better than on Saturday.

On Thursday the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, with the dryest Dr Bartolo we ever saw—viz. Sig Zucconi (who should be entitled Dr Dryasdust—after Scott), a dry Figaro (Sig Belletti), a dry Almaviva (Sig. Calzolari, who can *play* anything better than the Count, although he sings the music very fluently, as Belletti does the music of Figaro), a dry Basilio (Sig Baillou, who should be christened Caillou), and an incomparable Rosina, in the person of Marietta Alboni, the "fat, fair, and" 30 (Qy. 35—?).

We have only to speak of the Rosina, and happily we have nothing but praise for that performance. The "Una voce poco fa" was simply exquisite. The *largo* was redemanded, but Alboni prudently declined. The duet with Figaro—"Dunque io son"—was inimitable. The last movement of this, with its florid *coda* (first delivered as Rossini wrote it, and then as Alboni alone can embellish it) was so rapturously encored that denial was out of the question, and it was sung again. In the lesson scene Alboni introduced an air with variations by Hummel, a very sparkling and effective piece of florid writing, which was executed to admiration by the peerless singer, and received with acclamations. The last variation was repeated, with increased brilliancy.

Alboni was recalled after both acts of the opera and enthusiastically cheered. To-night the *Barbiere di Siviglia* for the second time.

M. JULES DE GLIMES, the well known professor of singing, has arrived in London.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Earl of Westmorland, the chairman of the committee of management of the Academy, having represented to the Queen, that the funds of this institution were not at present adequate to carry out its artistic purposes, Her Majesty, taking into consideration the great good already effected for art in this country by the Academy, although with limited means, has most graciously signified her intention of honouring with her presence a Grand Fancy Dress Ball, which will be given on *Friday*, the 6th of June, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Academy. In the list of patrons are the names of Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess and Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester; and amongst the lady patronesses are upwards of seventy distinguished members of the aristocracy. The ball will be unusually brilliant and attractive, the regulation being that no gentleman will be admitted except in uniform, court, or fancy dress, and many quadrilles of picturesque costumes are now being organised. The grand fancy dress ball bids fair, therefore, to be one of the events of the season, and it is to be hoped that the Academy will be strengthened by a large financial success.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Il Conte Ory was given for the first time on Saturday. The cast was the same as last season. The performance was irreproachable, and the audience, more than ever, seemed to enjoy the beauties of the music. If the Royal Italian Opera had done nothing else than revive a taste for such genuine and refined music as that of the *Conte Ory* it would be entitled to praise from all lovers of the art. Already signs of such a result are visible. On its first introduction *Il Conte Ory* was little relished by the subscribers, and was positively distasteful to the admirers of Verdi. A few representations however changed the feeling, and now this masterpiece bids fair to become one of the most attractive operas in the *répertoire*—if we may judge from the success of the performance on Saturday. All the artists exerted themselves to the utmost, no doubt stimulated by circumstances to unusual exertions.

Madame Bosio is especially happy in the part of the Countess. She sings the music exquisitely and acts with becoming grace. Not only does Madame Bosio execute the florid music with consummate ease, but she exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the grand style of *cantilena* in which the opera abounds. This was exemplified in the *largo* of the opening air, "*Soffri, penare ognora*," the phrasing of which was perfect.

Mdlle. Marai's Isoliero wants little to render it faultless. She looked the page to the life, though perhaps a little too retiring for so forward a young gentleman. She is quite familiar with the music, and sings it admirably.

Madame Nantier Didiée's Ragonda could hardly be surpassed. Her acting is excellent, and the concerted music is indebted not a little to her very careful singing.

If Signor Gardoni could infuse a little animation into his acting, nothing would be better than his Count Ory. He sings the music delightfully.

To Signor Tagliafico, who plays Raimbaldo, and M. Zelger, the Preceptor, we have nothing to award but praise. The former, besides being bustling and active, is *humorous*, which he is not always—Belcore, in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, to wit. The music of the Preceptor is well suited to M. Zelger.

The *mise-en-scène* was admirable. The band and chorus, under Mr. Costa, left nothing to be desired. The unaccompanied septet (for the principals) in the grand *finale* to the first act was encored.

On Tuesday Mario made his first appearance as Gennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Three successive nights were allotted to *Il Trovatore*, four to *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and three to *Norma*—and yet *Il Conte Ory*, which is worth the three together, was abandoned after one performance! As it turned out, it would have been better had *Il Conte Ory* been substituted for *Lucrezia Borgia*. Of course Mario's return is looked forward to as one of the "events" of the season, and never fails to attract a large audience. But on the present occasion the public were doomed to more than one disappointment. Ronconi had so severe a cold that M. Zelger was compelled to undertake the part of Duke Alfonso; while Mario, who began the opera unusually well, was scarcely able to sing at all in the last two acts. Grisi, however (as usual) saved the performance. She acted magnificently and sang with astonishing power. Grisi's natural impulse is always to do her utmost; but she never exerts herself so much as when some unforeseen misfortune menaces the success of the performance. She created a *furore* on Tuesday; everything was forgiven in the splendour of her performance.

The truth is there was no one to blame, and the audience, one of the most crowded of the season, was also one of the most indulgent.

Lucrezia Borgia was repeated on Thursday night, under much more favourable circumstances than on Tuesday. Mario, with his voice in perfect order, and exhibiting more than his usual energy, sang and acted his very best. The aria, generally introduced in the second scene of Act II., was restored and executed to perfection. The death scene of Gennaro was as striking as ever, and the audience were warmed into unusual enthusiasm. It was more than a revenge on the part of the great tenor—it was a triumph. He was recalled, with the incomparable Grisi, after each act.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The programme of the third concert, which took place on Monday night, was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in B flat, No. 16 (Grand)	Haydn.
Scena and Aria, "Ah, perfido," Mad. Jenny Ney	Beethoven.
Overture (*Anthony and Cleopatra*)	Potter.
Dramatic concerto, violin, Mr. Cooper	Spohr.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5	Beethoven.
Aria, "Disperso il crin," Herr Reichardt (*L'Etoile du Nord*)	Meyerbeer.
Concertante on Hungarian Airs for two flutes and violin, with orchestral accompaniments, Messrs. François and Charles Doppler, and Charles Huber (from the National Theatre, Pesth)	Doppler.
Overture, *Der Freischütz*	Weber.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

Haydn's symphony was well played, and doubly welcome, on account of its being rarely heard. It is one of his best. The C minor, too, went famously—nothing being wanted but a moderate sprinkling of "*pianos*." (Oh! those pianos—they won't come!) Professor Bennett has had the courage to omit two bars from the *scherzo*, which, for years, have been regarded by good judges as superfluous. Every one acquainted with the score will remember the place where they occur. Beethoven simply wrote two bars twice over inadvertently, and these two bars have been inadvertently engraved twice over. *Voilà tout.* Professor Bennett moreover has reversed all the new readings of Herr Wagner, besides dispensing with several unnecessary "*sforzandi*," of Neapolitan origin. *Il a bien fait.*

Mr. Potter's clever overture (which any one may purchase *chez* Addison and Lucas, arranged as a piano forte duet) went well; and the overture to *Der Freischütz* (with all the *strong* notes for the trombones, and without the *ritardando* in the *coda*) still better. Mr. H. C. Cooper played Spohr's fine concerto with immense dexterity, and was applauded "to the echo." The *concertante* of the brothers Doppler was amusing, to say the least of it. Madlle. Ney sang Beethoven's scena with great energy; and Herr Reichardt gave the air from *L'Etoile du Nord* (that of Danilowitz—act three) with perfect taste. The accompaniments in this last, however, were utterly boisterous. "Call ye that soft—oh flutes?"

The concert was of more than average excellence. Things look up.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The third concert, on Wednesday night, was one of the longest and, at the same time, most interesting, ever given by this Society. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture—"Ruler of the Spirits"	Weber.
Air—Mdlle. Krall	Weber.
Concerto (in A minor) pianoforte—Mad. Schumann	Schumann.
Air—Mdlle. Krall	Gluck.
Symphony (No. 7—in A)	Beethoven.

PART II.

Overture—Melusina	Mendelssohn.
Cantata—Tam O' Shanter	Glover.
Overture—Zauberflöte	Mozart.

Conductor — Dr. Wylde.

Taking it as a whole, and in spite of many drawbacks, the seventh symphony of Beethoven was a remarkably fine performance, and highly creditable to Dr. Wylde and his orchestra. Of the three overtures the *Zauberflöte* went the best, although it was allotted the not very grateful task of playing the people out of the room. The aid of careful rehearsals are indispensable even to a tolerably correct performance of *Melusina*, which is the "devil to pay" for the wind instruments.

Mr. Howard Glover's *cantata*—the more it is known the better it is liked. On the present occasion, however, it suffered greatly from the careless manner in which it was executed, although the composer himself conducted. If English works of

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merit cannot be rehearsed with greater pains, it would be best to leave them alone.

Mad. Schumann's performance of her husband's concerto was admirable, and full of enthusiasm. Of the music itself we would rather not speak. It is enough to record the unanimous applause which was bestowed on the praiseworthy efforts of the gifted lady to make her husband's curious rhapsody pass for music with an audience not altogether initiated—since it consisted, for the most part, of patrons and well-wishers of the Brompton Hospital, on behalf of the funds of which the concert was given.

The vocal music pleased. Mdlle. Krall is rising in public estimation. She sang the air from *Der Freischutz*—"Und ob die Wolke"—with charming expression. Mr. Miranda, the other singer, gave the tenor solos in Mr. Glover's *Tam o' Shanter* remarkably well.

MISS DOLBY'S AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S CONCERT

The annual concert of the above named artists came off on Friday morning (yesterday week) at the Hanover Rooms, and attracted a numerous and fashionable assembly. The singers, in addition to Miss Dolby, were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Sherrington, Miss Amy Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The programme for the most part was excellent. The band—the Orchestral Union—executed the overtures to *Fidelio* and *Guillaume Tell*, both splendidly, the last with immense effect. Mr. Lindsay Sloper played with the brothers Doppler, Bach's Concerto for pianoforte and two flutes, and some "Variations de Concert" in a masterly style. M. Sainton gave two solos, with orchestral accompaniments, of his own composition, in his most admirable manner. Miss Dolby, among other things, introduced a new ballad by W. V. Wallace, "If loved by thee," which was greatly admired, both on account of its own loveliness and the charm infused into it by the singer. Miss Dolby, with no less effect, sang two old English songs, and was encored in one—Allen's "It is not that I love you less." Madame Clara Novello sang three times. Her best effort was Cagnoni's "Ah, se giunge," which displayed the purity and brilliancy of her voice to great advantage. Mr. Sims Reeves sang magnificently the air from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauride* in which he created as profound a sensation at Mr. Hullah's, and was more applauded than ever in Balfe's serenade, "Good night, beloved." The fantasia for two flutes, by the Messrs. Doppler was a great treat to amateur flautists.

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI'S ANNUAL CONCERT

The yearly concert of Madame and Signor Ferrari is invariably one the best attended of the season. The lady is an excellent artist, and the gentleman a zealous one. The programme is always selected to please the immediate friends and patrons, rather than the public at large, and the concert therefore as usual, was of the kind termed miscellaneous. There was, however, a classical exception—Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, exquisitely played by Mad. Schumann, who took to herself all the applause of the evening. Mad. Schumann, also performed a notturno by Chopin, and one of Mendelssohn's songs without words, in the last of which she was encored. Herr Reichardt, who is singing this year better than ever we heard him, gave Donizetti's "Io terro solo" and Blumenthal's "Chemin de Paradis," with infinite taste and expression. Mad. Ferrari among several vocal displays, is entitled to no small praise for her artistic reading of Mozart's "Non temer." Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and George Russell presided alternately at the pianoforte.

Bandon.—The Bandon Choral Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Atkinson, gave a concert on the evening of the 9th ult., in the Ball-room of the Devonshire Arms Hotel, which was filled. The performers consisted of the members of the society and a body of instrumentalists and vocalists from Cork—all amateurs except the leader, Mr. Robert Coghlan. Three overtures were played by the band. Miss Horgan of Cork performed a pianoforte piece, and two young ladies also of Cork, sang the duet from *Semiramide* "Ebben a te ferisci."

MUSICAL UNION.

The following was the programme at the last sitting on Tuesday afternoon:—

Quartet, No. 1, in G major	Mozart.
Pianoforte solo, air with variations, C minor, Op. 36	Beethoven.
Quartet (Posth.) in E major, Op. 81	Mendelssohn.
Trio, C minor, Op. 66	Mendelssohn.

The quartets were played by Ernst, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti. The return of Ernst and Piatti was a *fête* for Mr. Ella's aristocratic members. Ernst was in glorious play. The *adagio* of Mozart (not to speak of the other movements) was perfect. The interesting fragments of Mendelssohn were never heard with greater pleasure. The *scherzo* executed with a spirit, *entrain*, and *quasi* abandon peculiar to Ernst, was loudly redemanded; but the Director of the Musical Union has, we presume, made a new law against encores (or perhaps, he wanted to hear the trio of Mendelssohn), and the unanimous desire of the audience was not complied with—which (considering there were so *many* ladies) was somewhat ungallant on the part of Ernst.

The trio was well worth hearing. First, it is one of the grandest works of Mendelssohn, who never surpassed (nor any one else) the opening movement, never sang more sweetly than in the *andante*, and was never more romantic and exciting than in the *scherzo*. Second, it was nobly executed by Madame Clara Schumann, Herr Ernst, and Signor Piatti, who played together as if they had been born together, and had been playing together since they were born. Third, the audience thoroughly appreciated this magnificent music, and would not have greatly objected to hear that other *scherzo* again.

Madame Schumann was equally to be admired for her intellectual reading of the thirty-two variations of Beethoven. We have heard them played with more fire and *élan*, but never with a more graceful conception of their character. Mr. Ella, by the way, has not done apostrophizing Madame Schumann in much the same stereotyped phraseology which he was wont to use in favour of Mdlle. Clauss. Here are two specimens:—

Apostrophe, No. 1.

"Of Madame Schumann's talents no words can express sufficiently our admiration; and the overpowering effects of her grand, passionate, and poetical delivery of Mendelssohn's superb trio, at rehearsal, only strengthen our conviction that it is impossible to over estimate the powers of her mind, the beauty of her touch, and brilliancy of her execution. The unanimous praise of any talent *from artists*, is a rare event; but the best pianists of our acquaintance are *all* agreed in the opinion, so often expressed to us by Mendelssohn, that this lady is the greatest female pianiste of the age. Madame Schumann, it should be known, is a most accomplished musician, and her chamber songs well sung and accompanied are charming productions."

[Poor Mendelssohn! How many opinions is he not made by survivors, to answer for!]

Apostrophe, No. 2.

"To sustain the interest of the auditor in the execution of these variations, requires no less a genius than a Madame Schumann, whose mind is equal to the right conception of the music, and whose fingers realize all she aims to accomplish—rare union this, of mental and physical power."

You see, reader, we help the director. May his light never be hid under a bushel! In our opinion, however, it would be better to leave the task of eulogizing the performance at the Musical Union concerts to the professional reporters, whom he generously allows standing room at the "sittings." Why does the director persist in taking the bread out of their mouths? Or are these paragraphs in the "Record" intended to serve the purpose of "cramming" the critics? If so, Mr. Ella is entitled to our acknowledgments.

The other players with Ernst and Piatti (always incomparable among violoncellists), were Messrs. H. C. Cooper and Hill (who played the tenor *cantabile* in Mendelssohn's "Variations" capitally).

The rooms were densely crowded by a well-perfumed audience.

Huddersfield.—The last concert of the Choral Society was given in the Philosophical Hall on the evening of the 18th April. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Whitham, Miss Crosland, and Mr. Garner.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S CONCERT

Miss Goddard gave a morning concert on Thursday in the Hanover-square Rooms. It was her first public appearance for two years, which, as our readers are aware, have been spent in Germany and Italy. The following was the programme.—

PART I.

Symphony, No. 4, in B flat	Beethoven.
Romance from *L'Etoile du Nord*, Herr Reichardt	Meyerbeer.
Concerto, pianoforte, in D minor, Miss A. Goddard	Mozart.
Song, Madlle. Krall	Weber.
Overture, "Son and Stranger"	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin, Miss A. Goddard and Herr Ernst	Beethoven.
German Song, "Mein Liebe," Madlle Krall	Hagen.
Rondo, E flat, pianoforte, Miss A. Goddard	Mendelssohn.
Serenade, "Good night, beloved," Herr Reichardt	Balfe.
Overture, "Heloise"	Mellon.

Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.

From the above it will appear that Miss Goddard has not been seduced by strange idols to leave that pure and classic path in which she delighted to walk before her departure from this country, and at so young an age as 18 acquired for herself the name, with all intelligent musicians, of the first female pianist living. If Miss Goddard was entitled to that distinction then she is much more so now that two years of experience have been allowed her. Her playing is, indeed, so finished and masterly, that we can find no fault in it. The great concerto by Mozart, the colossal sonata of Beethoven, dedicated to Kreutzer (in which she enjoyed the invaluable co-operation of Herr Ernst), and the brilliant *rondo* of Mendelssohn, so full of energy and fire, were all played in the highest degree of perfection attainable by faultless mechanism united to an essentially musical mind. We never heard any of them played better, and seldom any of them so well.

Next week we shall speak of the concert in detail.

Beaumont Institution.—A concert took place on Wednesday evening last, for the benefit of Mr. Ivimey, a teacher of singing, residing at Bow. A good quintett band, aided by the services of Mr Card and his son (flutes), executed several pieces. Madame Rainaldi and Madame Correlli sang both in Italian and English. Mr Card performed a duett with his son, founded upon the Tyrolienne in *William Tell*, with great brilliancy, which was unanimously re-demanded, though not complied with. Messrs. Barnby, Coward, Howe, and other vocalists sang various popular pieces, and assisted in some glees in a very effective manner. A young *débutante* Miss Amelia Crawley (pupil of Mr Ivimey), gave "Hush! ye pretty warbling," from *Acis and Galatea*, with much effect. Mr Henry Westrop accompanied the first part of the concert, and performed Hummel's quintet in E flat in conjunction with Messrs. Dando, Boileau, C. Severn, and another in a masterly manner. Mr C. Severn was accompanist in the second part. Mr Dando's solo, by De Beriot left nothing to be desired. Mdlle. Krall sang one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder* with great effect.

Mdlle. Sedlatzek.—The *matinée musicale* of this clever and rising vocalist, took place yesterday at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's. The concert commenced with a duet from *Der Freischütz*, sung by Mdlle. Sedlatzek and Mad. Willperg very charmingly. Herr Reichardt sang a graceful ballad, called "Fare thee well," by Angelina, which being unanimously encored, he substituted "Le Chemin du Paradis." Mad. Amedei was encored in an aria from *Torquato Tasso*. Mr Osborne played the pianoforte part in Beethoven's quintet, accompanied by the members of the Anemonic Union—Messrs. Lazarus, Baumann, T. Harper, Nicholson, C. Harper, and H. Nicholson, who afterwards gave a selection from *Il Trovatore*. The concert was altogether attractive.

Brunswick.—Mr. Henry Litolff has composed a *Fest-Overture* (Festival Overture) in honour of the 25th anniversary of the Duke's accession to the throne. A new theatre will shortly be built here on the plan of that at Karlsruhe. The sum of 800,000 thalers has been voted for the purpose.

Manchester.—On the afternoon of the 14th, M. Jullien gave a concert at the Belle-Vue Gardens, with his "model military band," and the Zouave trumpeters. The model band is certainly excellent. It numbers nearly 40 performers, and embraces a larger proportion than usual of clarionets, oboes, bassoons, and also of the softer brass instruments. Two double-basses, and we think a violoncello, are the only stringed instruments used. Although there is a large proportion of reeds and the softer brass instruments, the band is powerful enough for any purpose. A temporary covered orchestra was erected for the concert, at the lower end of the dancing board, opposite the permanent orchestra. The concert commenced with Herold's overture to *Zampa*, splendidly played. Then followed "The Horton Quadrille, founded by Jullien upon Melodies from Miss Horton's (Mrs T. G. Reed) entertainment; the arrangement is capital. M. Wuille, on the clarionet, played with great delicacy and richness of tone, and was rapturously applauded. The *allegro scherzo* from Mendelssohn's third symphony was given in masterly and beautifully style. After the "Gassner Polka," Herr Koenig played as a solo, Angelina's charming song, "My dream through all the night art thou." The performance was listened to with the deepest attention, and loudly applauded. The first part of the concert concluded with a new quadrille by Jullien—*The Zouaves*—a minor battle-piece, of the kind which the composer knows so well how to produce, with the novelty and attraction of twelve trumpeters of the 2nd Regiment of Zouaves, recently returned from the Crimea, strong, agile, sinewy, sun-burned men, highly picturesque, but it may be safely concluded not pleasant opponents on the battle-field. They were attired in their full regimental dress; and the instrument of each was a "clairon" (clarion) the only one used by Zouave regiments. Its compass is no more than four notes, but with those, and its peculiar sharp, ringing sound, it is evidently capable of a widely ranging use as a means of command. We learn from the programme that upwards of 200 "calls" can be given upon it, and that "military marches and lively tunes are performed upon this ancient instrument." The trumpeters played with hearty good-will and earnestness, and the notes they caused to ring out over the rest of the orchestra will not easily be forgotten by the auditors. The quadrille was "a great success."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Stockholm.—Herr Alexander Dreyschock has been playing in concerts with great success. On the day after his first concert, he was presented by the Royal Academy with a medal and his diploma as honorary member.

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 34.—No. 21. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1856. PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mdlle. Piccolomini.—Grand Extra Night, Wednesday, May 28, a combination of attractions, including the new Opera LA TRAVIATA. Violetta, Mdlle. Piccolomini. On Thursday May 29, there will be no performance. On Friday May 30, a Grand Extra Night, with a variety of Entertainments in Opera and Ballet.—Applications for boxes and stalls to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LYCEUM.—EXTRA NIGHT—NEXT WEDNESDAY.—MDLLE. CERITO.—On Wednesday next, May 28, a Grand Extra Night will take place, on which occasion will be performed Verdi's favourite Opera, RIGOLETTO. Principal characters by Madame Bosio, Mdlle. Didiée, Signor Ronconi, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polonini, and Signor Mario. Conductor, Mr. Costa. After which, the Divertissement entitled EVA. Principal characters by M. Desplaces and Mdlle. Cerito. Commence at Eight. There will be no performance on Thursday.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT LIND.—Farewell Concerts, Exeter Hall.—Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces the last Concerts which will be given by Madame Goldschmidt in this country: Wednesday evening, June 11, 1856, grand Miscellaneous Concert with full band and chorus; Wednesday evening, June 18, 1856, Haydn's Oratorio, "The Creation;" and Monday evening, June 23, 1856, grand Miscellaneous Concert, with full band and chorus, on which occasion Madame Goldschmidt will make her last and farewell appearance in this country. Reserved and Numbered Seats, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats (body of the Hall), 10s. 6d.; Area (under West Gallery), 7s. No more tickets will be issued than can be conveniently accommodated. Applications for tickets received by Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

HERR BERNHARD MOLIQUE begs to announce that he will give, under the most distinguished patronage, a Morning Concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, June 2nd, at Three o'clock. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea. Reserved Seats, 15s. each, to be had of Herr Molique, 3, Houghton Place, Ampthill Square, and at the principal music-sellers.

MUSICAL UNION.—TUESDAY, MAY 27th, WILLIS'S ROOMS, Half-past Three. Quartet in A, No. 5, Beethoven. Prelude, Sarabande, Bourrée, and Gigue, Piano Solos, S. Bach. Quartet E minor, Op. 44, Mendelssohn. Grand Septet, D minor, Hummel. Executants—Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Piatti, Howell, Schreurs, Barret, and Harper. Pianist—Hallé. Tickets, half-a-guinea each, to be had of Cramer, Beale and Co., Chappell and Ollivier. Madame Schumann will play at the Sixth Matinée, June 10th.

J. Ella, Director.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—The SECOND CONCERT of the season will take place on Thursday morning, June 5th. Vocalist, Mdlle. Jenny Baur; Solo Performers, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

MISS STABBACH has the honour to announce that her ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday evening, May 27th, to commence at eight o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Viardot, Miss Stabbach, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Weiss. Instrumentalists—Miss Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Deichmann, Paque, Regondi, and Oberthur. Conductors—Messrs. Frank Mori and Francesco Berger. Tickets—Numbered Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s., to be had of the principal music-sellers, and of Miss Stabbach, 11, Edgeware-road, Hyde-park.

MDLLE. ANNIE DE LARA begs to announce her EVENING CONCERT takes place on Tuesday next, 27th instant, by the kind permission of Lady Pollock, at Queen-square House, Guildford-street, Russell-square, under the most distinguished patronage. Vocalists—Mesdames Emilie Krall, C. Alleyne, A. de Lara, Miss Lascelles, Signori Albicini and Ferrari. Instrumentalists—M. Aguilar, Piatti, Collins, Miss [illegible] [illegible], and Mr. George Lake. Accompanists—Signor Pilotti, Maurice Davies, and Mr. George Lake. Reserved Seats only, of Mdlle. A. de Lara, 3, Torrington-square, 10s. 6d. and 5s. each.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that his Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday Morning, June 19th. Vocalists—Madame Viardot Garcia, Mdlle. Emilie Krall, Mdlle. [illegible] and Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists—Herr Ernst, Mr. Webb, Herr Hausmann, Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Aguilar. Conductor—Herr Kuhe. Among other pieces will be performed Mr. Aguilar's new Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Tickets 10s. 6d. and 7s., to be had of all the principal Music Publishers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT beg to announce that their FIRST PERFORMANCE of CHAMBER MUSIC (Fourth Annual Series) will take place at Willis's Rooms on Monday June 2nd. Tickets to be had of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

HERREN LEOPOLD and MORITZ GANZ, Concert-Master and Solo Violinist and Violoncellist to His Majesty the King of Prussia, and HERR WILHELM GANZ, respectfully announce that they will give a GRAND MORNING CONCERT on Saturday, June 14th, 1856, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on which occasion they will be assisted by the most eminent artists.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S Second Matinée of Pianoforte Music, at 27 Queen Anne-street, will take place on Saturday, June 14, from 3 to 5 o'clock, when she will be assisted by Herr Ernst, M. Barret, Mr. Williams, M. Baumann, Mr. Walter Reinhardt, Mr. [illegible], and M. [illegible]. The pianoforte by Messrs. Erard. Tickets, 7s., of Mrs. John Macfarren, 45, Stanhope-street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's-park.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, King-street, St. James's. Under the immediate Patronage of His Serene Highness, PRINCE EDWARD of SAXE-WEIMAR.—Herr NABICH begs to announce that his MORNING CONCERT will take place at the above Rooms on the 7th of June, when he will be assisted by the most eminent artistes. To commence at Half-past Two o'clock.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at all the principal Music-sellers, and of Mr. N. No. 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street.

MISS MESSENT and MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT TUESDAY EVENING next, May 27, WILLIS'S ROOMS.—The new Bass Vocalist, Mr. Tilliard, will sing, for the first time with Miss Messent, a new duet, "How beautiful is night," composed by Mr. Brinley Richards. Miss Messent will also sing Balfe's new Cavatina, "Merry May."

MISS MESSENT and MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT, Tuesday Evening next, May 27th, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. The following eminent artists will assist—Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Messent, and Miss Dolby, Herr von [illegible], Mr. W[illegible] and Mr. [illegible], Signor Piatti, Herr Molique, and M. Goffrie.—Conductors, [illegible], Mori, and W. Ganz. Madame Clara Novello and Miss Messent will sing [illegible] new songs by Macfarren and Balfe. Mr. [illegible] and Miss Messent will sing Mr. Brinley Richards' new duet, "How beautiful is night." Mr. Brinley Richards will play with Herr Molique, Mozart's Sonata-duo in A major; and with Signor Piatti, Molique, and Goffrie, Mozart's Quartett in G minor. Signor Piatti will introduce one of his celebrated solos, and Herr Molique a Fantasia on Austrian Airs. Mr. Brinley Richards will play his own compositions, "La Reve" (Pastorale in E major), and a new Fantasia, "Souvenir de Bellini." Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; Single tickets, 7s.; of Miss Messent, 6, Hinde-street, and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 4, Torrington-street, Russell-square.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI begs to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday next, May 30, commencing at 2 o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Stabbach, Mdlle. Federici, Reinaldi, Mrs. Lascelles, Madame Viardot Garcia, and the gentlemen of the [illegible] Glee Union. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Herr Pauer; harp, Herr Oberthür; violoncello, Herr Lidel; guitar and concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi. Conductor, Signor Li Calsi. Reserved seats, half-a-guinea, to be had only of Signor Giulio Regondi, 21, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square. Tickets, 7s. each, to be had at the principal music-sellers.

MADAME THERESA HUBER (pianist from Munich), announces that her Matinée Musicale will take place on Saturday the 31st of May at WILLIS'S ROOMS, at half-past two o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Stabbach and Mdlle. [illegible]. Instrumentalists—Madame Huber, Signor Regondi, Messrs. Oberthür, Blagrove, and Paque. Conductors, Mr. Aguilar and Herr Schloesser. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s., to be had of Madame Huber, 6, Albert Terrace, Richmond-road, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater; or of Messrs. Cramer and Co., Wessel and Co., and Schott and Co., in Regent Street.

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MR. GEORGE BUCKLAND has the honour to announce that on MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY EVENINGS, and on THURSDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, in next week, he will open the Tower Room, Regent Gallery, 69, Regent-street, with a PICTORIAL and MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT of Songs and Scenes from the Tempest. The Tableaux, 11 in number, will be given by Living Artists. The original music of Ariel will be sung by Miss Clari Fraser, who will introduce a new ballad, by W. S. Rockstro, "The Cradle of Genius." Mr. George Buckland will sing two new songs, "Caliban's Curse," composed by J. W. Hobbs, and "Prospero's Farewell to Ariel." The Scenery and Dresses entirely new. The entertainment will conclude with a buffo song, illustrated in pantomime, "The Rehearsal of a Melodrama." — Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Dress stalls, 3s. The Box-office is now open. Evenings at Eight, afternoons at Three.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—THE MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIP.—One Scholarship (Male), called the "Mendelssohn Scholarship," has been instituted by the Committee of the Mendelssohn Fund, and will be competed for in the month of June next. The Scholarship is open to competition to Natives of Great Britain and Ireland, from the age of fourteen to twenty, and entitles the holder to gratuitous education at the Royal Academy of Music for one year, and subject to renewal. The principal qualification required in the candidate will be talent for composition. Candidates for the Scholarship are to send in their names and addresses to the Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, on or before the [illegible] of June next, accompanied by a certificate of birth. The Examination will take place on Saturday, June 28th, at the Institution, at Twelve o'clock, when the Board of Professors, with the sanction of the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music, will select the two best candidates, one of whom will be appointed to the Scholarship by the Committee of the Mendelssohn Fund.

(By order) J. Gimson, Secretary.

May 20th, 1856, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

BRADFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1856.—Under the especial patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, K.G. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., etc. etc. President—The Right Honourable the Earl of Harewood. The Festival will be held in St. George's Hall, Tuesday, August 26, Wednesday, 27, Thursday, 28, and Friday, 29. Conductor—Mr. Costa. Chairman—Samuel Smith, Esq. Secretary—Mr. Charles Ollivier.

Committee Room, St. George's-hall, Bradford.

MRS. PAGET (late Miss Clarke, R.A.M.), Contralto, has arrived in London for the Season, and may be engaged for public and private Concerts, &c. Address 13, Judd-street, New Road.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 11 Songs, at [illegible] 6d. each, and 10 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

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TO JENNY LIND.

(From an enthusiastic Contributor.)

She comes—the peerless, heaven-toned Queen of Song,
In her own beauty, yet excelling grace;
Her blue eyes glist'ning as she moves along,
And more than goodness beaming in her face.

It is her mind that shines so pure and bright,
And casts a halo o'er her; 'tis her soul
That through her mortal frame diffuses light,
And lends a ray immortal to the whole.

Hush! hush! as she pours out—in liquid stream
Of song—her heart! Ah! sweetest melody!
Not the soft strains alone so sweet, we deem,
But voice and heart are tuned in harmony.

Oh! sure such music is not of the earth—
That distant note has heaven in its tone,
And wafted upwards from its place of birth,
Is echoed in worlds happier than our own.

The song is o'er and Music's voice is still'd,
A pause of rapture comes upon the scene;
Hushed are those notes which late the bosom thrill'd,
All wrapp'd in silence, as they ne'er had been.

Have those sweet sounds, then, melted in the air
Which bore them upwards? No; they still endure:
That voice shall be heard in many a prayer
In many a blessing from the succoured poor.

And when those angel eyes have lost their light,
That form its beauty, and that voice its power,
Then shall our Jenny Lind in worlds more bright,
A seraph sing in Heaven's immortal choir!

ADOLPH ADAM.

Continued from page 308.

Le Châlet, considered by many Adolph Adam's masterpiece, was produced about this time, and with a success that surpassed all his other works. The music of this opera is indeed more fresh, original and expressive, than any Adam previously wrote. Everybody was charmed with it, and the performance drew all Paris to the Opéra Comique. The very success of *Le Châlet*, however, brought a host of enemies about Adolph Adam's ears. These were for the most part among the junior composers, all of whom looked upon the facility and readiness of Adam as the chief cause why their productions were withheld from the theatre. They had recourse to all sorts of calumnies, and went so far as to avow that he was not the author of the music at all. They even fabricated a story to prove that Adolph Adam never wrote *Le Châlet*. The story was to this effect:—When Hérold died he left behind him *Les Rosières*, *La Clochette*, *Le Muletier*, *Marie*, *Zampa*, and the *Pré aux Clercs*. Adolph Adam was charged by his relatives to examine and put in order Hérold's papers. It was asserted that among these papers Adam had found scraps of music belonging to an unfinished opera, called *Ludovic*, which he did not hesitate to appropriate and make use of in the partition of *Le Châlet*. Of course, if there were nothing else to disprove this calumny, internal evidence would have done so. All the music of *Le Châlet* is thoroughly characteristic of Adolph Adam's style, and has nothing in common with Hérold. Adam's mode of thinking was decidedly French. Hérold shewed occasionally the large phrasing, and natural tunefulness of the Italian school. Adam's phrasing was narrowed, *minced*, and his tune never gave out the idea of inspiration. *Le Châlet* is full of melody, but it is the melody of the Boulevards, not of the fields and forests, as we frequently find in *Marie*, *Zampa*, *Pré aux Clercs*, and other works of that composer. Of course judges scoffed at the idea that Adam stole the music of the *Châlet* from Hérold, or argued, if he had done so, he had not helped himself to the choicest *morceaux*. The controversy, however, went to prove that the opera was worth talking about, and only served to make its success more decided with the public.

To *Le Châlet* succeeded, in 1835, *La Marquise* and *Micheline*, each in one act. In 1836, *La Fille du Danube*, a ballet, was produced at the Grand Opéra, and soon after, at the Opéra-Comique, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*. Both achieved eminent successes, and may be reckoned among the most popular works of the master. *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* was written expressly for M. Chollet. *Les Mohicans*, a ballet, was produced in 1837, and *Le Fidèle Berger*, a comic opera, the same year. The former made a regular *fiasco*, and was withdrawn after the first performance. It subsequently shared a better fate in Prussia, and was, for several years, a standard work in the *repertoire* of the opera at Berlin. In 1838 *Le Brasseur de Preston*, an opera in three acts, was brought out, and, in 1839, *Regine*, in two acts, and *La Reine d'un Jour*, in three acts. These two last works left but a feeble impression. Adolph Adam was chagrined, and left Paris for Russia, thinking that among despots he had a fairer chance of achieving a greater success and of making a rapid fortune.

During his sojourn in Russia, Adolph Adam, for the first time turned his attention to literature, and wrote, for a musical journal, a series of letters entitled *The State of Music in Russia*. He did not, however, long continue in his new vocation. The climate of Russia disagreed with him; he fell ill, and, as soon as he was convalescent, repaired to Berlin. Here the King of Prussia, who had accepted the dedication of the *Postillon*, engaged him to write an interlude, which, composed, copied, and executed in less than three months, grew into an opera in two acts, under the name of *Die Hamadryaden* (the Hamadryades). Considering the rapidity with which it was written, that Adam was almost entirely ignorant of the German language, and was compelled to study the meaning of each word and the force of each syllable separately, the composition of *Die Hamadryaden* was one of his most remarkable achievements. This was the last work which King Frederick William had caused to be represented.

Tired of wandering about, Adolph Adam returned to Paris. His first work was *La Rose de Venise*, an opera in three acts, given for the farewell appearance of Madame Cinti Damoreau, in 1841. *Giselle*, perhaps the most successful ballet ever produced at the Grand Opéra, and the composer's choregraphic *chef d'œuvre*, written expressly for Carlotta Grisi, was brought out the same year. About the same time Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion* was revived, newly instrumented by Adolph Adam; and in the same year was given *La Main de Fer*, an opera in three acts. In 1842 appeared the ballet *La jolie Fille de Gand*; *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, an opera in three acts; and *Lambert Simnel*, an opera in three acts, begun by Hippolyte Monpou and finished by Adolph Adam. *Le Roi d'Yvetot* achieved a fair success, *Lambert Simnel* none whatever. In 1844 Adam re-instrumented the *Déserteur* of Monsigny, and composed for the *rentrée* of Chollet, an opera in three acts entitled *Cagliostro*. The same year M. Berton having died, the Académie des Beaux Arts conferred the vacant arm-chair on one composer, who henceforth signed himself, with secret and childish joy, "Adolph Adam of the Institute."

In 1845, the Grand Opera produced his new ballet, *Le Diable à Quatre* with eminent success, chiefly attributable to the incomparable dancing of Carlotta Grisi. The following pieces were produced in the order assigned them:—*La Bouquetière*—an opera in one act, and *Le Premier Pas*—a *pièce de circonstance* for the re-opening of the Opera, in which he had for his *collaborateurs* MM. Auber, Halévy, and Carafa (in 1847); *Griselda; or, Les Cinq Sens*—ballet (1848); *Le Toréador*—an opera in two acts (1849); *La Filleule des Fées*—ballet for the Grand Opera, *Le Fanal*—opera in two acts, and *Giralda*—opera in three acts, for the Opéra-Comique (1850).

Since the year 1850, Adolph Adam composed, at various times, *Le Sourd, ou, L'Auberge pleine*; *Le Roi des Halles*; *Si J'étais Roi*; *Le Bijou Perdu*, for the *début* of Madame Marie Cabel; *Le Housard de Berchini*, and other operas, operettas, and ballets produced at the Opéra-Comique, or Théâtre Lyrique. Besides the above, the works of Adolph Adam comprised a quantity of romances, *airs variés*, cantatas, *morceaux de fantaisie*, overtures, symphonies, etc., etc. His sacred contributions are but small, consisting only of two Masses. One of these was executed on Pascal Sunday, in 1817 at the Church Saint-Eustache—so to speak the Musical Church of Paris; the other, composed for the *Association des*

Artistes Musiciens, was performed in the same church in 1850. All these works have tended more to spread far and wide the name of Adolph Adam than his *fauteuil* at the Institute, his Professor's Chair at the Conservatoire, the Cross of Officer of the Legion of Honour, that of the Oaken Crown of Holland and the Cross of Commander, blue and white, of Notre-Dame de la Concepcion de Villa-Viciosa of Portugal.

In 1846, Adolph Adam conceived the idea of establishing a third lyric theatre, to afford young composers a chance of having their works brought out. He was supported by an influential journalist, who gained the support of M. Gainet, and obtained the sum of one hundred thousand *francs* for cession of the privilege. Adolph Adam opened this theatre in the month of November, 1847, and had the honour of re-introducing to the Parisian public Madame Marie Cabel, now one of the most renowned French singers of the day and to whose talents the success of the new establishment was mainly indebted. Madame Marie Cabel had some years previously—when she was very young and her studies were incomplete—debuted at the Opéra Comique without success. Adolph Adam having heard her subsequently in Belgium, saw the great impression she had made, and engaged her for the opening of his theatre. The affairs of the Théâtre-Lyrique prospered well, until the revolution of February, which turned the heads of the people from all music excepting the Marseillaise Hymn and other political songs. Adolph Adam battled against fortune bravely, but with little effect. It was greatly to his credit that he held fast to all his engagements, and proved himself, in the truest sense of the word, an honourable man. His talents as an *impresario* were hardly first-rate; when he saw ruin stare him in the face, and when necessity compelled him to labour more than ever at his desk, he should have withdrawn from the management, and devoted himself entirely to composition; or, if he preferred his administrative duties, he should have made composition a secondary consideration—the object merely of his leisure hours. Instead of choosing either alternative, with a recklessness altogether inconsistent with his character, he turned his attention to literary writing, and became musical critic first to the *Constitutionnel*, and afterwards to the *Assemblée Nationale*. As a *litterateur*, Adolph Adam did not advance his reputation with the world at large. His articles were frequently instructive, and sometimes amusing; but their signature was their principal merit.

The Italian composers alone offer examples of the natural facility of the master whose loss French art cannot cease to deplore. To a lively instinct for dramatic colouring Adolph Adam added an aptitude and readiness in composition, which rendered him precious in the eyes of lyric managers. Were they in want of a new work, he would engage to furnish a one act opera in three days, and a three act opera in fifteen. As a composer, Adolphe Adam has no pretensions to rank in the first class. He is admirable in the disposition of the voices—he was not on intimate terms with Rossini for nothing—and his instrumentation is extremely clear and correct. His ideas are lively and fanciful but want originality and elevation. He shows to best advantage when he writes neither tragic nor comic music, but something between, in which no particular inspiration is demanded, which ingenuity and talent cannot supply. With all his cleverness, Adolph Adam was no genius; the "divine fire" was not in him; and his works cannot live beyond our own time. They have had their day, like other pretty ephemera, and are already passing on their way towards the great lake of oblivion. As a man and a friend, Adolph Adam must be written down among the very worthiest. He won and retained the respect and esteem of all who came within the circle of his acquaintance, and the real affection of such men as Rossini must go a great way to exhibit his character in the most amiable light.

The successor of Adolph Adam at the Institute is Hector Berlioz.

Leipsic.—A new work, *Beethoven et ses Glossateurs*, by Herr Oulibicheff, the biographer of Mozart, will shortly be published by MM. Breitkopf and Härtel.

THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF MOZART'S REQUIEM

BY I. F. EDLER VON MOSEL.

Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

(*Translated expressly for the Musical World.*)

(*Continued from page* 310.)

These remarks, which prove with what extraordinary care and conscientiousness the examination was conducted, are to be explained in the following manner, by means of the MSS. of Mozart, already mentioned, which were collected for this purpose:—

As regards the date, 1792, it would be too bold a conclusion to suppose that Mozart purposed to have a transcript made for himself of this, his most important work, when it should be completed, before consigning the original to the person who commissioned him to write it, and which could not be effected before the first days of the approaching new year, and that in this expectation he wrote the date of the coming year upon the first page. This inscription can, however, be explained by another and more obvious probability.

Among the MSS. of Mozart contained in the portfolios referred to, there is a score of a concerto for a French-horn, with accompaniments for string instruments and two oboes, which Mozart composed for his friend Seitzel, a celebrated horn-player. At the end of this stands in his hand-writing, "*Vienna, Venerdi Santo, li 6 Aprile,* 792." Evidently here 1792 is written by mistake, instead of 1791, in which year Good Friday fell upon the 6th of April, and thus it might also have happened with the date in the *Requiem*, although, for my own part, I prefer the former solution of the question. Further, no one who designed to make a forgery of a MS. of Mozart would have added to his signature the date of a year in which he no longer existed. Nevertheless, it is worthy of remark that the Abbé Stadler did not notice this date, since if he had he would certainly have mentioned it, as we know, from his dissertations upon the work, that he copied the *Requiem, Kyrie*, and the *Dies Iræ* "from the first written score, and the genuine autograph of Mozart," and indeed that not long after his death.

The consecutive fifths in the violins in the *Sanctus*, the effect of which is softened and almost cancelled by the contrary motion of the first and second violins, may have escaped the composer's attention in the ardour of writing, or may intentionally have been written by him as an exception that may well be permitted to such a master. Moreover, there might be quoted not a few consecutive fifths well known to me, from works of Handel, whom however no one would accuse of impure part-writing.

It is true that Mozart was accustomed almost always to write his naturals in the manner described above, and that this is indeed one of the chief peculiarities by which to identify his handwriting. It is, however, to be observed, that in the rondo for the Horn, before referred to, the open shaped natural, exactly resembling that used in the *Dies iræ* of the score in question, appears throughout; and it is to be remembered that the *Rondo* and the *Requiem* were both written during the last year of Mozart's life. These open, unusual shaped naturals are moreover, in the MS. under judgment, the less questionable, as they are not contained from the first page of the *Dies iræ* throughout the score, but from the second page of the sixth leaf the close ones which he usually wrote begin to be mixed with all the open ones, and are more and more frequently employed until folio 37, and they only appear from the 38th leaf until the end of the work.

With regard to the capital letters above referred to: in the MSS. of the two Portfolios are many examples of the D corresponding with those in the score under notice, and there is an R exactly like that in the superscription of the above-mentioned *Rondo*. The remaining letters in the *Dies iræ* to the end, do not properly correspond with the MSS. with which they have been compared; on the other hand, the word *finis* at the conclusion of the whole, might be supposed to be an impression from that at the end of the before-named *Cantata* of the 15th November, 1791.

What was meant by those little perpendicular lines and crosses, which either alternately or side by side, at greater or less distances, appear at the top line of almost every page, must always remain a problem which Mozart himself alone could solve. That, however, they were inserted by himself, and not by Süssmayer, is proved by their appearing not only in the sketches of the score of the *Requiem*, which are entirely in Mozart's handwriting, but also in many other vocal pieces in the portfolios, and even in instrumental compositions; for example, on every page of the original MS. of the beautiful sonata for the pianoforte in A minor, which Mozart wrote in Paris in the year 1778, and is included in his collection.

With respect to the numbering of the pages, it is certainly remarka-

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ble that it was not, as in the sketches of the score, in connected succession; but, as is well known, Mozart wrote this work at interrupted periods, and probably was not at the pains of referring to the numbering of the previous portion, to ensure the regular succession of figures in the complete work, and so began numbering afresh each time he resumed the composition. At all events, the figures in the leaves exactly resemble those of the sketch of the score.

(*To be continued.*)

TRANSLATIONS FROM SCHUMANN.*

(No. 4.)

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTO-OVERTURES.

J. J. H. VERHULST.—W. STERNDALE BENNETT.—BERLIOZ.

Chance has placed side by side the three names above, the bearers of which may be regarded as the representatives of the younger artistic generation at least, of three different nations—the Dutch, English and French. The last name is well-known, the second is beginning to be appreciated while the first has already lost some of its strangeness by frequent mention, especially in our own journal. We beg to direct the attention of the reader to them collectively; they are destined, we believe, in time, to play an important part in the musical history of the three countries.

The overtures, of which an account is to be here given, I have not, unfortunately, heard executed by an orchestra. But this fact is perhaps counterbalanced, and I am enabled to pronounce an opinion on them, by a tolerable familiarity with most of the composers' other works, and also, with the composers personally, at least with the two first-named. Berlioz promises from year to year to visit Germany, and make us more nearly acquainted with his music; meanwhile, he has sent us a new overture, affording evidence of the strange path he has struck out.

Holland, hitherto celebrated only through its painters, has signalized itself in recent times, by a lively sense of music also. Great influence has, probably, been exercised in this particular by the Society for the Furtherance of Music which spreads through the country in a hundred off-shoots, and the object of which is the diffusion of native, side by side with German, music. The composer of whom we are speaking is a *protégé* of this Society, and, if I am not mistaken, gained, in several contests, the prize for composition. He is, for the moment, living among us, and has, also, earned a fair reputation as a conductor, by his direction of the concerts of the Euterpe Society last winter. It is to the first named Netherlandish Society, also, that we are indebted for the publication of some of his compositions; a church piece and an overture have already been noticed and prominently treated in this paper, as the productions of a man of decidedly happy talent. A new overture† is now lying before us; it was written for the opening of the well known Dutch tragedy *Gysbrecht van Amstel* for which Verhulst composed, also, music to be played between the acts. The overture, which has frequently been heard in Leipsic, gave great satisfaction, and must do so. It is an overture for all: for the public, the musician and the critic, and is conceived in that tone of generally appreciated culture, which awakens respect in the masses and sympathy in the artist. Some friendly spirit has, hitherto, kept the composer from the rocks which have often lain in the way of other young artists,—from experiments and seductions; he knows his way and never hazards anything where success is not certain. A knowledge of the measure of his strength, which has already obtained a most satisfactory elevation, and, in addition, liveliness and sprightliness, distinguish this altogether natural Dutchman as a man, if we would construe him by the aid of his musical efforts. As a musician, more especially, he possesses that instinct of instrumentation which has no longer to choose between two different directions, but at once takes the right one; he delights most in masses, which he well understands how to arrange and set in motion, although he has an observant eye for detail as well; he does not aim at new and unusual effects; with good masters before his eyes, he always strives to produce effects that are more general, everywhere recognised, and always agreeable. The overture in question is, however, already some years old, and cannot be regarded as the last result of his aspirations. Talent of this description does not, it is true, progress rapidly, but its advance is all the more sure; diligent observation, intercourse with masters, and public encouragement have also urged him on, and thus there is no doubt that the young trunk will, from year to year, bear richer and more abundant fruit; the roots are already striking out towards German soil, and gradually the overhanging weight of blossoms, also, will turn towards the land which has already afforded nourishment and strength to so many great musicians; and just as, in poetry, there are many foreigners, such as Oehlenschläger, Chamisso, and others, whom we may look upon as our own, so may we greet, likewise, Verhulst as honorary member of the German Brotherhood of Art, the number of whose members may, we trust, always increase.

Bennett, too, belongs to this class, although he at once holds himself, as an Englishman, more aloof and, in somewhat the same manner that we claim back Handel from England the English may, at some future period, re-demand Bennett as entirely belonging to themselves—not, however, that we intend that any comparison should be instituted between Händel and Bennett. Bennett's latest overture bears the name of "Die Waldnymphe,"* the only non-happy feature, it strikes me, in the whole composition. I know that it is impossible to offend a composer more than by raising objections to the name of his child, since, in his own opinion, he must know better than any one else what he intended, and we might suppose, from Bennett's selecting precisely the "Waldnymphe," that he wished to give us a companion piece to his famous overture, "Die Najaden;" still the title is not at all striking or favourable to the work. It is certainly poetical to determine a fundamental frame of mind by means of a single existence related to it, just as, from Mendelssohn's "Melusina," the romance, thousands of years old, of life might spring forth from beneath the surface; but this is not applicable in single instances, and I should have preferred the general designation of "Ouverture pastorale" or something similar. But, setting aside these minor considerations, which, however, as I have already said, are injurious to the effect, the overture rises sufficiently in its wonderfully tender and slim shape, over others of its sisters, and breathes the purest and brightest poetic life. The pianoforte score, as a general rule, only half enables us to form a judgment of any piece; but this, I have heard from competent authorities, is not the case with the present overture. Bennett is more especially a pianist, and, however skilfully and daintily he can treat the various instruments, his favourite one still peeps out from his orchestral compositions, and, finally, something fine is produced in a diminished form, like a beautiful thought out of the mouth of a child.

The overture is charming; in fact, with the exception of Spohr and Mendelssohn, I know no other living composer who, as far as delicacy and softness of colour are concerned, has the pencil so much under command as Bennett. Even the fact that he has gleaned a great deal from the two artists just named is forgotten in the masterly treatment of the whole, and it appears to me, he never displayed himself so much as he really is as in this work. Let any one examine it bar by bar; what a delicate, what a strong web from beginning to end! Instead of hand-broad gaps, from the creations of others, jarring upon our ear, how closely and intimately are all the parts connected! But there is one fault which has been found with the overture: its great diffuseness. This applies more or less to all Bennett's compositions; it is his style; he is finished even to the minutest details. He frequently repeats, too, the very same passages; nay, he does so note for note after the conclusion of the middle movement. Let any one, however, attempt to change without injuring the work; the attempt will not prove successful. Bennett is no mere schoolboy to whom hints are of any use; what he has once thought stands fast, and cannot be disturbed.

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* From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker.* Translated for the *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgeman.

† "Ouverture en Ut mineur, à grand Orchestre, etc., publiée par la *Société des Pays-Bas, pour l'Encouragement de l'Art Musical.*"

* "Overture for grand Orchestra, arranged for four Hands, by W. Sterndale Bennett, Op. 20."

It is beyond the scope of Bennett's natively fervent poetic character, and the direction he has taken in conformity with it, to set in motion grand masses and forces; magnificence and display are foreign to his nature; where his fancy is most fond of tarrying by the lonely strand or in the mysterious greenwood, a man does not seize on trumpets and battle-drums to describe his solitary happiness. Let us, therefore, take Bennett for what he really is, and not for that which he does not at all desire to be, the creator of a new epoch or an intractable hero, but as a deeply feeling and true poet, who, indifferent to a hat or two more or less waved in the air, pursues his quiet way, at the end of which, although, perhaps, no triumphal arch awaits him, there is, at least, a wreath of violets offered by some grateful hand—such a wreath as Eusebius would here place upon his head.

Wreaths of another description are sought by Berlioz, that raging Bacchanal, the horror of many, who think him a shaggy monster with ravenous eyes. But where do we find him to-day? Near the crackling hearth in the house of a Scotch noble, among huntsmen, dogs, and smiling peasant girls. An overture to "Waverley"[*] is lying before me, an overture to that novel of Sir W. Scott, which in its charming wearisomeness, its romantic freshness, and its general English character is, to my mind, the most pleasing of all the new foreign romances. To this has Berlioz composed music. It will be asked, to what chapter, to what scene, to which verse, and for what purpose?—Critics are always so fond of learning what the compositions themselves cannot tell them, and, moreover, very frequently do not understand a tenth part of what they discuss. Good Heavens! when will the time at last come when we shall no longer be asked what we intended by our divine compositions? search for fifths and leave us at rest. In this case, however, the motto on the title page of the overture affords us some explanation:

"*Dreams of love and lady's charms*
Give place to honour and to arms."

This alone brings us nearer on the track. At this moment I should like nothing better than for the orchestra to strike up the overture, with the whole mass of readers seated around, to test everything with their own eyes. It would be an easy task for me to describe the overture, either in a poetical manner, by giving the impression of the pictures which it has suggested to me in various ways, or by dissecting the mechanism of the work. Both these methods of interpreting music have something peculiar to themselves; the first, at least, is distinguished for the absence of that dryness into which the second falls, whether it will or not. In a word, Berlioz's music must be *heard*; even the perusal of the score is not sufficient, whatever trouble a person may give himself to realise it on the piano. Very frequently we find only effects of noise and sound, mere lumps of chords, dashed in anyhow, which convey the composer's meaning, and frequently strange dissonances, which even a practised ear cannot embody from merely looking at the notes upon the paper. If we probe to the bottom of the separate ideas, they frequently appear, considered by themselves alone, common, nay even trivial. Taken as a whole, however, the work exercises on me an irresistible charm, in spite of the many things in it which shock and strike a German ear as unusual. Berlioz appears different in every one of his works, and in every one ventures on a new sphere. We do not know whether to call him a genius or a musical adventurer; he is as brilliant as a flash of lightning, but, at the same time, he leaves a stink of brimstone behind him; he presents us with great maxims and truths, and soon afterwards falls into the stammering of a mere schoolboy. To a person who has not got beyond the first elements of musical education and perception (and the majority have not got farther), he must appear as nothing more or less than a fool; this must be doubly the case with professional musicians, who spend nine-tenths of their time in the most ordinary manual,[*] as he exacts from them things such as no one ever exacted before him. Hence arises the opposition to his compositions; hence do years elapse before one of them achieves the clearness of a perfect performance. The overture to *Waverley* will, however, make its way more easily. *Waverley* and the figure of the hero are well-known, and the motto speaks especially of "Dreams of love which must give place to honour and to arms." What can be more plain? It is to be hoped that this overture will be printed and performed in Germany. Berlioz's music could only prove injurious to persons of weak talent, who would not be benefitted by music of a better kind. Before concluding I must mention that, strangely enough, the overture bears some distant resemblance to Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille;" nor must I pass over a remark by Berlioz on the title page of the overture, which is marked Op. 1, that he has destroyed his previous work (eight scenes from *Faust*) printed as Op. 1, and wishes his *Waverley* overture to be considered as his first. But who will undertake to say that, at some future period, this later Op. 1 will not also, no longer please its author? Let the reader, therefore, lose no time in becoming acquainted with this composition, which, in spite of all the weaknesses of youth, is, in greatness and peculiarity of conception, the most eminent specimen of instrumental music which the land of the Franks has produced for some time past.

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[*] Gr. Ouverture de Waverley, etc., Op. 1. Partition.

[*] I have often been obliged to acknowledge that the most circumscribed ideas are found among working musicians; on the other hand, however, it is not easy to find an instance in which they are deficient in certain sterling qualities.

THE LATE BOCHSA.—(*Extract from a private letter.*)—*Sydney, February 11th, 1856.*—"Poor Bochsa died here on Sunday, January 6th; he arrived here about a month previously from California with Anna Bishop. I felt certain when I first saw him here that he would leave his bones in this place. His suffering must have been extreme from dropsy and asthma. Two days before he died he composed a *Requiem*, which was performed at his funeral, and produced a most solemn effect. I attended as chief mourner. During the whole of the day on which he died he entreated them to bring him out to see me, my residence being a few miles in the country. He also insisted upon every piece of music, of which he had large boxes full of scores, &c. &c., even to the smallest MS., being taken out of his room. I never, during my life, witnessed such a fearful change in any man—knowing him in the prime of his life, and one of the handsomest men of his day—as also one of the best musicians—to behold him arrive here in so infirm a state—swollen too, to such an immense size, notwithstanding which, his mind appeared as active and energetic as ever. I could not help feeling it a sad and strange circumstance that so great an artist should come out to this part of the world *to die*."

MANCHESTER.—Madame Clara Schumann gave a *soirée musicale* at the Town Hall on Monday evening, the 19th of May. Her recent performance at the Concert Hall was so successful that a second hearing was unanimously demanded by her countrymen who are very numerous in Manchester. Madame Schumann played a sonata by Beethoven in D minor, Mendelssohn's *variations sérieuses*, and compositions by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and her husband, in all of which she was warmly applauded. Mdlle. Hartmann was the vocalist.

LIVERPOOL.—A series of English operas are being given at the Theatre Royal with the following company:—Mad. Costantini, Miss E. Johnson, Miss Emma Miller, and Messrs. George Perren, D'Arcy Read, J. L. Haines, and Hamilton Braham. The operas already given have been the *Bohemian Girl*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Madame Costantini, the *prima donna*, is very well spoken of by the local papers. This lady may be remembered as having appeared some months since, in opera, at the National Standard and Marylebone theatres, with success. She is a native of Liverpool.

VIENNA.—Herr Staudigl is, we regret to say, but too truly a lunatic. There is little hope of his recovery.

THE BAND IN THE PARKS

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The Bands have ceased to play in the Parks on Sundays. The reason is patent to the world. A social question has become a religious one. One class of persons believes that the eternal prospects of another are compromised by listening to music in the open air on Sundays. Exertions have been made, in consequence, to save souls from perdition, and, so far as we know at present, with success.

It is a comfortable reflection, that, however our weak natures may err there are always persons in the world ready to snatch us from temptation.

I for one, really do not see why a moderate amount of pleasure in this world should prevent us from enjoying happiness in the next. On the contrary I maintain, that a little preparation will fit us all the better for the appreciation of those felicities reserved for the elect in a future state.

I am unable to understand how a soul which has never experienced an agreeable sensation in this life can be able to realise happiness in the next. It is an almost universal opinion that the future condition of man is dependent on the frame of mind in which he quits this sublunary sphere. If he has passed his existence in miserable despondency and self-denial, how can his heart yearn with love and gratitude towards that Omnipotent Being whose will determines our fate both in time and eternally. If on the other hand he has sojourned on the earth cheerful and contented, enjoying the pleasures which the earth affords, he will be the better prepared to quit temporal life, confident that the Power which has surrounded him with blessings below will multiply them a hundred fold above.

These being my views, I am strongly in favour of the poorer classes (whose whole existence is employed in providing luxuries for their task-masters) being entertained and amused in every way practical. Why should the only day on which they can take recreation be a dark, gloomy one to them? Six days in the week the poor man almost forgets his nature in hard work. On the seventh he tries to remember that he is a man, with intellect and senses like his more fortunate fellows. But these very people for whom the poor man drudges like a beast of burden grudge him this relaxation, and bid him fix his mind perpetually on their representation of eternal life. The more I think of it the more I am convinced that our whole system of religion and morals is unsound.

INDEPENDENT.

HERR TEDESCO'S CONCERT.—The Hanover-square Rooms were well filled on Tuesday evening by the friends of this pianist, at his farewell concert. Herr Tedesco played a *quartett* by Mendelssohn (in conjunction with Herr Jansa, violin; Herr Borschitzky, tenor; and Herr Hausmann, violoncello), as well as a sonata, for piano solo, by Beethoven, in a musicianlike manner. He also gave several of his own compositions with facility and grace, and was frequently and deservedly applauded. Herr Tedesco introduced, during the evening, a promising young pupil, Madlle. Lina Bellchard, with whom he performed a duet for two pianofortes. Signor Regondi played one of his own compositions for the concertina with great success, and Mr Boleyne Reeves was announced for a fantasia on the harp, for which, however, we were unable to wait. The vocalists named in the programme were Miss Berry, Miss Allington, Madlle. Krall, who, among other pieces, sang a German *lied* with violin *obbligato* (Herr Jansa) charmingly; Madlle. Sedlatzek; and Herr Reichardt, who, in a German song, obtained an encore, and substituted Balfe's popular serenade, "Good night, beloved." The accompanyists at the pianoforte were Mr Aguilar and Herr Lehmeyer.

RÉUNION DES ARTS.—The fifth *soirée* took place on Wednesday evening when a first-rate programme was provided. The following were the chief pieces:—Grand Trio in D (Beethoven) by Mad. Mattmann and the brothers Ganz. Mad. Mattmann, from Paris, made her *début* before an English audience on this occasion. She enjoys a reputation in Paris as a classical performer, and possesses valuable attainments—namely expression, power, delivery of touch and correctness of execution. This was manifested in the trio as well as in the *andante* in D, from a sonata by Beethoven, an *allegro* by Mozart, and other solos. The brothers Leopold and Moritz Ganz, from Berlin, assisted in the trio, and in the quartet by Mozart, with ability. In their *duo concertante* they were encored, and substituted another, which was equally effective. Miss Clara Hemming, in "Addio fidel," Sig. Lorenzo, in "Sulla poppa," and Mr Seymour in "Campana, romance," were much applauded. The rooms were well filled. For the next *soirée* on June 11th Madame Clara Schumann, Herr Ernst, and Sig. Piatti are announced.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—On Monday night a series of operatic performances commenced under the direction of Mr Howard Glover, the well-known composer, supported by Mr Sims Reeves, Messrs. Delavanti, Miranda, Weiss, Binge, Leffler, Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Julia Bleaden, and Miss Poole. The opera chosen for the opening night was Mr Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. A more popular work could hardly have been selected, and the fact of Mr Balfe conducting (his first appearance in England for four years) rendered the event doubly interesting. On his appearance in the orchestra a regular "ovation" was accorded him. The applause was perfectly deafening.

The execution of *The Bohemian Girl* was certainly the best that has ever been witnessed in this theatre. Mr Sims Reeves of course, was received with enthusiasm, and the two ballads, "When other lips," and the "Fair land of Poland," were encored in a storm of plaudits. Mrs. Sims Reeves, in Arline (as "*sympatica*" as ever) was also loudly encored in the popular romance "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." Miss Poole, the Gipsy Queen, was compelled to repeat a new ballad, written by Mr Balfe especially for this occasion, "No more I'll join the dance and song," which she sang charmingly. Mr Weiss, who played Count Arnheim, was equally obliged to sing "The heart bowed down," twice through. So that every one had a share in the honours.

At the end of the opera Mr Balfe was called upon the stage to receive the renewed applause of the audience. Mr and Mrs Sims Reeves were also unanimously summoned; then Miss Poole was led on by Mr Delavanti who deserved praise for his spirited performance of Devilshoof.

On Wednesday evening *Fra Diavolo* was produced in a style of excellence to which the *habitués* of Sadler's Wells have not hitherto been accustomed. Its success was, therefore, great. Mr Sims Reeves's impersonation of the Brigand is too well known to need comment. On the present occasion he acted and sang his very best; he was immensely applauded after the elaborate *scena* "Proudly and wide my standard flies" (Act II). In the lovely romance, *Fair Agnes*, he was vociferously *encored*. Mrs. Sims Reeves was Zerlina. Her "looking-glass song" was delivered with captivating archness, and indeed her whole performance was graceful and natural. The part of Lorenzo was played by Mr Miranda (pupil of Mr Howard Glover's) in a dashing manner. Mr Miranda sang the whole of the music with great taste, and was *encored* in a ballad introduced in the second act ("She is mine"). Mr and Mrs. Weiss were clever and intelligent, as usual, in Lord and Lady Allcash.

On Thursday the *Sonnambula* was performed, with Mr Sims Reeves as Elvino, and Mrs Sims Reeves as Amina. The other characters were sustained by Miss Julia Bleaden, Mr Weiss, and Mr Binge. The *mise en scène* of each of the operas has been excellent. Mr G. Evans is the "scenic artist." In short, so good an *ensemble* has never before been seen by the Islingtonians at their pleasant little theatre. *The Bohemian Girl* is to be repeated to-night. Although the band and chorus are necessarily small, they are efficient—which was to be expected under the management of a practised man like Mr Howard Glover.

After the opera each evening the farce of *The Dead Shot* has been given. The part of Louisa Lovetrick by Miss Fanny Bland, a grand-daughter of the late celebrated Mrs. Glover. This was Miss Bland's first appearance before a London audience, and her *début* was decidedly successful. She is an acquisition to the metropolitan stage. Her acting is spirited, her personal appearance attractive, and she possesses the *vis comica*. The other parts in the farce are well acted. Miss Montague played Chatter and was the *beau ideal* of a *soubrette*.

CORRESPONDENTS.

PIANO.—*Miss* ARABELLA GODDARD *is no relation to* MISS SUSAN GODDARD.

FORTE.—MISS SUSAN GODDARD *is no relation to* MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON SATURDAY, MAY 24TH, 1856.

THE victory which the "Saints" have gained over the invigorating influence of the fresh air and the gentle charms of music reflects disgrace upon the country. All Europe may justly point at us as a nation of blockheads. The stoppage of the music in the parks is as discreditable to the Priest and the Minister who quailed before the canting hypocrites, as to the hypocrites who suggested it. If the people of England submit to this stupid violation of their liberties they merit whatever may follow.

Depend upon it our Puritans will not rest satisfied with imprisoning the humbler classes in dark rooms, on a day which was intended to be a day of rejoicing. They will never cease until they have rendered that day as gloomy and miserable to others as it is to themselves. The Sunday trains are an abomination in their eyes, and every innocent and healthful recreation on the Sabbath is a curse and a snare, for which there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Our sly correspondent, "A Sabbatarian," was scarcely ironical when he affected to pity the fate of those misguided wretches, blindly giving themselves up to the temptations of music, sunshine, green trees, and Beelzebub, in the parks and gardens of Kensington. Even though they may not believe it themselves, these howling iconoclasts would fain make the world believe, that music on Sundays is an offence against heaven! But the world does not, and will never again put faith in such dogmatic trash. The increase of letters, the application of steam to locomotion and labour, the miracle of the electric wire, are destined in the end, not merely to abolish war but to put bigotry to the rout. It is impossible now to revive the old sham. That is effete and lifeless, and there is no one to lament it.

The ranters are worse than the dog in the manger. They refuse God's blessings themselves, and will not allow others to enjoy them. Would it not be more modest and discreet to send out armies of field preachers, to shatter down the music in conventional jargon? Thus, at least, the people would enjoy an opportunity of testing the merits of either side. Mawworm might try to drown the harmony of Mr. Totton's band in the hoarse discord of his own denunciations—threaten excommunication on every side, and wind up with the peroration of the "spencer." This would be fair play. Honesty and humbug would then meet, face to face—and humbug be ultimately ducked in the Round Pond.

When the Sunday music in the parks is restored (as, sooner or later it must) it would be a wise precaution to station policemen at the various entrances with strict orders to stop all Scotchmen and puritans. It were a shame to peril the souls and endanger the salvation of such upright persons (for what would heaven be without Scotchmen?) and therefore humane, no less than circumspect, on the part of Sir Benjamin Hall to deny them admission to the parks while wicked and indecorous orgies are being perpetrated. The bad odour of non-sanctity would then cease to give offence to their very holy noses, through which they might continue to sing psalms and hymns at peace—*in secula seculorum*. No one complains of the noises *they* are in the daily habit of making; why should they be less charitable to their neighbours?

Surely the world is wide enough for all of us—for donkies as well as sages, and as many of each as may chance to come into it. Let us, then, cease this galling interference with each other's habits of life and ways of thinking. It can come to no possible good. Pressure is not argument; and the days are passed (we say it in thankfulness) when these same false prophets, who are endeavouring to stifle the working classes on the only day they can call their own, had the power (and rarely lacked the will) to burn and flay alive all who conscientiously refused to accept their idolatrous dogmas. Be assured, if religion is to be sustained in this way now that so many of us can read and write, it must eventually fall to pieces. Who, then, will bear the brunt of it—the "saints" or the "sinners?"

Had our Scotch friends taken a peep into the gardens on the Sunday following the cruel edict of Lord Palmerston (over which Mr Baines shrieked so exultingly) they would have beheld a shocking sight. They would have seen six sturdy butchers imperilling their future state. One was blowing dance tunes upon a halfpenny whistle like Piccolo; the other five were lustily standing up for Handel and the "classics." These butchers are, doubtless, irrevocably lost. Satan has already got hold of them by the big toe. Unhappy fellers of beeves! Even the rain, which came down in torrents, could not keep them away from the parks. They took shelter under the trees, listened to the peccant whistler, chatted and laughed, and (it being on a Sunday) were (unconsciously) damned to a butcher.

As there are reports prevalent about the future proceedings of Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt Lind which have no foundation in truth, it is as well that we should state for the instruction of our readers, what we know to be facts.

The present is absolutely the last *professional* visit of Mad. Goldschmidt to this country. Besides appearing at the two Philharmonic Societies, she will give three farewell concerts in Exeter Hall—the first, a miscellaneous performance, on Wednesday, the 11th of June, the second, an oratorio (*The Creation*) on Wednesday, June 25; the third, miscellaneous, on Monday, June 30th. At this last Jenny Lind will take her final leave of the English public. Our information is from the best authority and may be relied on.

The many and confident rumours about the "Swedish Nightingale's" return to the stage were *rumours* and nothing else. She will never sing on any stage again, nor had she any intention to resume the theatrical career after the six farewell performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1849. In America, it is well known, Madame Goldschmidt resisted every temptation to induce her to abandon the resolution she had formed. (*Elle est un entêtée—il est vrai*.) The public may rest assured that the same firmness and sincerity of purpose will induce her to adhere to the second resolution as to the first.

All, therefore, who care to know it, should bear in mind that on Monday, June 30th, at Exeter Hall, JENNY LIND will sing her *last song* in England.

MDLLE. ROSATI.—The congé of Mdlle. Rosati, the celebrated *danseuse*, is postponed until the beginning of July, before which time she cannot appear at Her Majesty's Theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *Il Barbiere* was repeated, with the same cast, and the same success for Alboni.

On Tuesday the *Sonnambula* was presented, with Alboni as Amina, her first appearance in that character before a London audience. As we have not much to say about the rest of the *dramatis personæ* we may as well dispose of them at once. Sig. Beneventano was just as stiff and ungainly in Rodolpho as in Dandini. Mdlle. Rosa ought to be a very competent Lisa, since she has a good mezzo soprano voice, considerable self possession, and an agreeable appearance. As a singer, however, she has everything to learn. This was shown not only in her *solo d'entrata*, but in the air in the last act, which Corbari used to sing so admirably, and which many Lisas omit, either from choice or compulsion. Sig. Calzolari's Elvino is much what it used to be three or four years since—careful, clever, fluent, and, in a dramatic sense, without charm.

The Amina of Alboni, taking into consideration a very antagonistic circumstance, is almost a miracle. That Alboni was never created for the part, nor the part for Alboni, is incontestable. All the more marvellous, then, is the art with which she has conquered difficulties apparently insurmountable and bended her nature to the exigencies of a task which at first sight would seem utterly uncongenial.

Of course the music has in several places to be modified to suit her voice; but the changes are effected in such a manner as to preserve its character and consistency, while here and there inevitably depriving it of a portion of its brilliancy. The loss of brilliancy is chiefly felt, however, in the first act, when the cavatina—"Come per me sereno"—although sung in the original key, and with exquisite refinement, displays a tendency to heaviness, if compared with the soprano exhibitions to which we have so long been accustomed. The same may be said of the two duets with Elvino, both of which are nevertheless given in a manner which leaves little or nothing to be desired on the score of expression. In the *finale* to the scene where Amina is discovered in Count Rodolph's bed room, the ringing tones of the *soprano* are missed. Alboni makes no compromise in the climax of this highly dramatic situation—since, rather than damage her voice by screaming, she omits them altogether, leaving the fiddles in the orchestra to respond to the despair of Elvino. And here criticism is arrested. All the rest is beyond reproach.

Except Jenny Lind, no representative of Amina since Malibran has sung the music of the last scene of the *Sonnambula* with such wonderful effect as Alboni. True, she transposes "Ah non giunge" a third lower;* but it is not the less for that a gush of exultation, a triumph of *bravura* singing. The *largo* that precedes it quite equals the memorable reading of the "Swedish Nightingale." Vocal sentiment could not possibly be carried further. Whoever could listen to Alboni in this beautiful *cantilena* unmoved must be cursed with an obdurate heart, and an ear unattuned to music. She is, indeed, divine. But the "Ah non giunge" surpasses even the other. In spite of the transposition—which, with ordinary singers, would confer a sombre tint on the whole—so consummate is the art bestowed on its embellishment, so wonderfully appropriate are the *ricercate* and *fioriture*, so singularly well calculated the gradations of tone and the rises and falls (if we may be permitted the phrase) of vocal intensity, exhibited in skilfully chosen passages and ornaments, that a more brilliant and dazzling version of the *finale* was probably never heard. The pure mechanism of the thing may be described in one word—*perfection*—a perfection that, it is only fair to insist, no other singer has ever attained. We were about to add that Alboni's "Ah non giunge" was a worthy pendant to her "Non più mesta;" but the truth is that, as an effort of finished art, combined with taste and fancy, it is far superior.

The success of this new essay (new to London, at least) of Alboni, was never for one instant doubtful. Such a performance, indeed, would have redeemed a thousand times as many deficiencies as were remarked in the general execution of the opera. The audience though a little perplexed, were pleased from the first. As the opera progressed they became warmer and warmer, until at the end their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The *rondo finale* was the culminating point. After this Alboni was brought with acclamations before the curtain; but that could not satisfy her admirers, and she was compelled to repeat it again, and a fresh and still more gratifying ovation rewarded her compliance.

Among the audience was observed Mdlle. Piccolomini, who, at the conclusion of the opera, threw two handsome bouquets to her accomplished *camarada*. It is doubtful whether Mdlle. Piccolomini, during her short and exciting career, has ever listened, in her native country, to such faultless vocalisation as Alboni's.

On Thursday the *Barbiere* was repeated for the third time, when Signor Salvani made his *début* as Conte Almaviva, the management being desirous of giving Signor Calzolari a day's rest, to render him more fit for the performance in the *Traviata* on Saturday. Of the new tenor we shall forbear to give a decided opinion until we have heard him again. That he has a good voice we may venture to assert, but serious opera, we are given to understand, is his *forte*.

After the opera the *ballet divertissement*, entitled *Manola*, was produced with decided success. The two scenes are well painted, and the dresses are beautiful. Mdlle. Rosa made her *entrée* as a youthful lover and looked handsomer than ever. A *pas de tambour de Basque* by her and Mad. A. Bellon was applauded to the echo. A *pas de Quatre*, by Mdlles. Katrine, Lisereux, Clara, and Pierron was equally successful.

To-night Verdi's *Traviata* will be produced in this country for the first time, and Mdlle. Piccolomini will make her first appearance.

FANNY CERITO.—This celebrated *danseuse* has arrived in London. She was to have made her *rentrée* at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday last, but was prevented by indisposition.

MR. J. MARTIN DUNSTAN, organist of St. Mary, St. George's East, has been appointed organist of St. Mary-at-Hill, City, vacant by the resignation of Mr. E. T. Chipp.

MADAME CARADORI has been singing at Barcelona, at the Théâtre de Lieco, with great success. During the performance of *Norma* she was recalled six times. On her second representation of the same character, the artists of the orchestra threw a crown of laurel at her feet. Madame Caradori has also played Lucrezia and Valentine in the *Huguenots*. The local papers are enthusiastic in her praise. She will return to England the first week in June.

THE BEST FIGARO.—(*From the Daily News*).—"Belletti, too, had a triumph in Figaro. On his entrance he had the warm reception given to an established favourite. He is probably the best Figaro now on the stage, and he sings the music as well as he acts the part."—How about Ronconi?—ED. *M. W.*

BAL MASQUES.—At its last meeting, the committee of Drury-lane Theatre came to the resolution of not permitting entertainments of the *bal masqué* class to take place again in the theatre.

JENNY LIND AND BARNUM.—Jenny Lind has written a private letter to a lady of Philadelphia, in which she deeply sympathises with Barnum in his financial troubles, ascribes to him the most noble qualities, and expresses her intention of placing a sum of money at his disposal.—*Baltimore Sun, April 29.*

REBUILDING COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—It is reported amongst the officials connected with the late Covent-garden Theatre, that the arrangements for the rebuilding of that edifice has been brought to a satisfactory issue. It appears that as soon as the Duke of Bedford obtains the possession of the ground, operations will commence. The amount of cash necessary has already been paid into one of the most eminent of the London bankers.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION.—Two grand concerts are to be held during the commemoration week, on Tuesday June 3rd, and Wednesday June 4th. The first will be miscellaneous—the second an oratorio, Haydn's *Creation*. The band and chorus, 200 strong, is to be conducted by Mr. Benedict. Mdlle. Jenny Goldschmidt Lind is the great star in the vocal department. The other singers engaged are Mad. Viardot, Messrs. Lockey and Weiss. The instrumental performers are Herr Otto Goldschmidt (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), and Sig. Piatti (violoncello).

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* Alboni sings it in G.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Lucrezia Borgia* was given for the third time this season. It was a splendid performance. Ronconi recovered from his indisposition, reassumed the part of Alphonse, in which, now that Tamburini has left the stage, he is unrivalled. Mario, with his voice in first-rate condition, acted and sung his very best. Grisi was more than herself. The audience were enchanted, and perhaps on the whole there has not been a more brilliant night during the present season. The trio of the second act (Grisi, Mario, and Ronconi) was magnificently sung and encored. Mad. Nantier Didiée was obliged to repeat (as usual) the *Brindisi*. At the conclusion all the performers were recalled before the curtain and loudly applauded.

On Tuesday *Il Conte Ory* was given for the second time this season.

On Thursday, after the interval of a year, we had *Rigoletto*, which it was impossible to give last season, in consequence of the absence of Ronconi. Rigoletto is Verdi's best opera; or at any rate the last act contains Verdi's best music. It is also very popular with the subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera; and certainly, as regards the cast of the principal personages, its performance at that establishment may be looked upon as unrivalled. Ronconi's acting as the Court-jester is one of the most consummate histrionic displays of our time. It exhibits a masterly portrayal of varied emotions, together with a genial and highly picturesque conception of the personage which, as our readers are aware, is Victor Hugo's Triboulet, the drama of *Le Roi s'amuse* being the foundation of the plot of *Rigoletto*. Mario, too, is an ideal Duke of Mantua (in which the Italian poet has metamorphosed the French Louis)—as gay, *insouciant* and seductive a libertine as was ever seen upon the stage—just the man, in short, to sing "La donna è mobile." Mad. Bosio executes the difficult music of Gilda to perfection, and her acting is more graceful and natural in this than perhaps in any other character. Nothing could possibly be better than the Magdalen of Mad. Nantier Didiée, or than Tagliafico's Sparafucile—the assassin her brother. Nor should Polonini be overlooked, since he delivers the sentence in which the Count de Monterone bestows a malediction upon the head of Rigoletto with excellent musical declamation.

All the good qualities of each of the principal artists were displayed to eminent advantage on Thursday night, and the result was a very striking and admirable performance. The audience was delighted, and the opera (which, like its predecessors this season, is got up with great care and efficiency) went off with the utmost *éclat*. The quartet in the last scene for Mesdames Bosio and Didiée, Signors Mario and Ronconi (where the Duke pays court to Magdalen in the interior of Sparafucile's dwelling, while Rigoletto outside plots his revenge and infuriates the jealousy of his daughter) was encored with unanimity. The band and chorus, under Mr Costa, were irreproachable. At the end of the opera the principal singers were brought before the footlights.

It would occupy a whole page to notice all the fine points, vocal and dramatic, in this performance. We shall, therefore, not attempt, nor is it at all necessary, since both the work and its execution—by the same artists who were cast for it this season—have already been more than once described at length.

To-night *Rigoletto* will be repeated.

GENEROUS CONDUCT OF THE OFFICERS STILL IN THE CRIMEA.—Colonel H. Wellesley has remitted to Mr Mitchell, of Bond-street, the sum of seventy pounds (£70), the produce of a dramatic entertainment given at the Camp before Sebastopol by the Officers of the 7th and 23rd Fusiliers and Rifle Brigade, to be distributed amongst the sufferers by the late fire at Covent Garden Theatre.

MR ALOYS KETTENUS'S CONCERT took place at the residence of the Marchioness of Downshire, in Belgrave Square, on Saturday, the 10th of May. The most prominent pieces were a violin solo by M. Kettenus; a *rondo à quatre mains* by Hummel, capitally played by MM. Benedict and Hallé; Italian songs by Signor Lorenzo, who should be heard oftener in our concert rooms; and German *lieder* by Mdlle. Krall. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was the accompanyist at the piano.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

THE concert which took place in Exeter Hall on Wednesday night was the most brilliant ever given even by Mr Benedict, whose annual entertainments are invariably the most brilliant of the season. The hall was literally crammed to suffocation, and the orchestra itself as substantially filled as by the "nearly 700 (including 12 double-basses)" of the Sacred—or the "more than 800" of the London Sacred—Harmonic Society. How was this to be accounted for? Simply by the fact that Jenny Lind, the nightingale of nightingales, was to sing, for the first time since her return from the provinces. Let us, however, give the programme:—

PART I.

Overture, "Jubilee"	C. M. V. Weber.
Recit. and Romance "Am blumigen Rain"	Coburg.
Concertante Duet for two pianofortes	Mendelssohn & Moscheles.
Duetto, "I Montanari," arranged by	Benedict.
Adagio and Finale, violoncello, Sig. Piatti	Molique.
Air, "Verdi prati"	Handel.
Concerto for two pianofortes	Bach.
Scena and Aria (*Il Turco in Italia*)	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture (*The Minnesinger*)	Benedict.
Introduction and Selection (*The Minnesinger*)	Benedict.
Aria, "Quant' io t'amai" (*Cola de Rienzi*)	Benedict.
Rondo "Papageno," with orchestra	Ernst.
Duet "La Mère Grand"	Meyerbeer.
Overture (*Flauto Magico*)	Mozart.

Conductor: Mr Benedict.

Weber's dashing overture was conducted by Mr Benedict, a worthy disciple of Weber. When in the *coda* the familiar melody of our own National Anthem burst upon the ear, the audience (including M. Jules de Glimes) rose to pay it deference. The piece from the opera of *Santa Chiara* (No. 2) of the musically illustrious and *preux guerrier* Duke of Saxe-Coburg is a poor and somewhat lengthy recitative and *andante* in C, the only original point of which is the termination on the dominant, by the flute, with a G in *alt*. It was well sung, however, by Herr Reichardt, who will doubtless be rewarded by a *cross*—or a *cordon*—or, at least, a clasp of the order of the *Aigle Rouge* (*à deux becs*) of Pumpernickel.

The Mendelssohn-Moscheles variations on the gipsy-march in Weber's *Preciosa*, was thus described by a Belgian connoisseur who assisted at the concert:—"*Ressemble à une improvisation, dont on ne connaît plus, et qui au lieu d'être une effusion est diffuse et longue à rien.*" We do not agree with the Belgian connoisseur who assisted at the concert. We always considered this piece (which was first played in England by the two composers at a concert given by the late Mr Mori—and 20 years later by Miss Arabella Goddard and Mdlle. Wilhelmina Clauss, at the New Philharmonic Concerts, in Exeter Hall,) a brilliant and effective rhapsody. Two young ladies—Miss Susan Goddard (no relation to Miss Arabella) and Miss B. Williams, both pupils (if we are not mistaken) of Mr Benedict—were the pianists on the occasion, and brought both energy and good-will to their task.

Mad. Goldschmidt Lind was welcomed with honours, but without any exaggerated demonstration. Her singing (with Sig. Belletti) in the "Montanari"—a duet founded upon Styrian melodies—was sublime. She was encored with enthusiasm—*ceci fait un peu rire*—but recommenced the duet from the beginning, and with other things gave out a marvellous D in *alt*. Among sopranos, it is too true—as a well known critic said—"*personne n'a cette voix qu'elle seule.*" In the *scena* from Rossini's *Turco in Italia* Mad. Goldschmidt introduced a somewhat over-elaborate *cadenza* at the end of the slow movement. But this was more than redeemed by a magnificent shake on A—and a magnificent E in *alt*. In short, the whole was magnificent, and all the *traits de bravoure* were sung, to speak conventionally, *à pleine voix*. "To make short tale," it was *glorious* vocalisation—"glorious" is the only word. In another style, perhaps, the delicious duet of Meyerbeer—entrusted to Mad. Goldschmidt and Mad. Viardot (Mad. Viardot being "Mère Grand") was the richest treat of all. We have listened to nothing more piquant and *spirituel*. Each lady was "at her best" (*Athenæum*), and the *ensemble* was perfection. Meyerbeer, had he been present, would have written another duet (say, "La Mère Petit") for the two accomplished artists that same night, before going to bed.

Madame Viardot gave the "air" from *Alcina*, and the "aria" (what is the difference between air and *aria*?) from Mr. Benedict's *Cola di Rienzi*, with equal good taste. The selections from Mr. Benedict's *Minnesinger* pleased us so much that we are anxious to become acquainted with the whole opera. Besides the overture—a brilliant and vigorous orchestral prelude in E minor and major—there were three choruses, a bass solo (Herr Rokitanski), and a tenor song (Herr Reichardt) with chorus, the whole full of life, animation, and colour. The execution of these pieces might have been (and, "on" the occasion, ought to have been) better. We must except Herr Reichardt, however, from this exception.

John Sebastian Bach's double concerto (with orchestra), performed in a masterly manner by Herr Goldschmidt and Mr Benedict, was a rare treat to the connoisseurs, though "*caviare*" to the crowd. Ernst's sparkling and captivating *Rondo Papageno*, played by the great fiddler himself, came within the comprehension both of the initiated and the uninitiated, and delighted everybody *quand même*. The two last movements from Molique's admirable concerto for the violoncello were executed to admiration by Signor Piatti, for whom the concerto was expressly composed by the gifted ex-chapel master of Stuttgardt.

The band and chorus were on a scale of great efficiency, and the whole concert was admirably directed by Mr Benedict.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY

The concert on Monday was, on the whole, very satisfactory. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Symphony in C (*Jupiter*)	Mozart.
Romance, "Reve"—Sig. [illegible]	Miss Gabriel.
Overture (*Oberon*)	Weber.

PART II.

Concerto for Pianoforte—Mr. S. W. Waley	S. W. Waley.
Madrigals, "Since first I saw your face"	Ford.
Madrigals, "See the chariot at hand"	Horsley.
Overture (*Ruy Blas*)	Mendelssohn.

The Madrigals will be sung by Mr Henry Leslie's Choir.
Conductor Mr Henry Leslie.

The symphony of Mozart is not one of the *chevaux de bataille* of the Amateur players. The fugued *finale* is a puzzler for them, and no mistake. *N'importe*. Courage, oh, *dilettanti!* Faint heart never won fair lady: short practice never mastered the Jupiter Symphony. Miss Gabriel's romance, a graceful composition, was accompanied by "the Lady" (*Athenæum*) herself, and encored. The overture to *Oberon* (its difficulty considered) went very well.

The pianoforte concerto of Mr. Waley (of which we spoke on a former occasion) was received with enthusiasm, and the composer recalled at the end of it. Mr Waley's performance was distinguished by greater steadiness than before, though his execution was scarcely as correct in certain places. The accompaniments were famously played by the members of the orchestra, who were all on their best behaviour on behalf of their brother amateur.

The madrigals were beautifully sung by the new choir, which Mr Leslie has known how to train so effectively. That melodious one of Ford's was encored. "See the chariot at hand," however, deserved the honour quite as much, since it was as well performed as anything the choir has hitherto attempted.

Mendelssohn's glorious overture deserved a better fate than that of serving as a voluntary to accompany the retreating steps of those ladies and gentlemen who were afraid of not being able to find their carriages in time to get home for a *souper à la fourchette*. Even the greatest connoisseurs are hungry and thirsty after a long performance of music, especially when they have enjoyed it. The room was very crowded.

CONCERTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The first of a series of grand musical performances, with the artists of the Royal Italian Opera, came off yesterday week, and was in the highest degree successful. The whole was under the superintendence of Mr. Gye, and Mr. Costa conducted. The band comprised the old Covent Garden force, with some twenty additions to the strings, numbering upwards of one hundred. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture, *Oberon*	Weber.
Air (with chorus) Herr Formes, *Die Zauberflöte*	Mozart.
Duet, Mad. Grisi and Sig. Tagliafico, *Don Pasquale*	Donizetti.
Madrigal, "Down in a Flow'ry Vale"	Festa.
Aria, "Della sua pace," Sig. Gardoni	Mozart.
Scena, *Der Freischütz*, Mad. Jenny Ney	Weber.
Solo (with chorus), "Inflammatus" Mad. Grisi	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture, *Masaniello*	Auber.
Cavatina, "Ernani involami," Mad. Bosio	Verdi.
Duet, *Linda*, Mad. Marai and Sig. Gardoni	Donizetti.
Brindisi, *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mad. Didiée	Donizetti.
Aria, *Il Trovatore*, Sig. Graziani	Verdi.
Duet, *Puritani*, Herr Formes and Sig. Graziani	Bellini.
Finale, *Il Conte Ory*—Act I.	Rossini.

Conductor—Mr. Costa.

A large portion of the nave, north of the great central transept, was converted into a theatre, with stage, proscenium, orchestra, &c. There were elevated seats behind the orchestra for the chorus—an admirable plan, by which the sound of the voices was projected into the area occupied by the audience without being disturbed. The *coup d'œil* was magnificent. Between three and four thousand subscribers were present, and these included nearly all the rank and fashion of London. That the sound might not be lost in reverberation—as inevitably it must have been—the whole stage and orchestra was covered overhead by a thick and impervious canvas awning, suspended by cords from the roof; and, on either side, from end to end, huge canvas screens, painted blue, were placed so as to shut out the courts from the nave and prevent the sound from travelling beyond. The arrangements were admirable and the effect surpassed anticipation.

Of the performance little requires to be said. The effect of the voices and the band took every one by surprise. The finest pianissimo could be heard distinctly from every part of the whole vast area. There were *four* encores—Festa's Madrigal; the "Brindisi" from *Lucrezia Borgia*, given with great animation by Madame Nantier Didiée; the serenade from *Don Pasquale*, exquisitely sung by Signor Mario; and the barytone air from *Trovatore*, rendered in his best manner by Signor Graziani. Loud and continued applause was also bestowed on Mdme. Grisi in the air with chorus from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; on Mdme. Jenny Ney, in the scena of Agatha, from *Der Freischütz*; on Herr Formes, in the grand air of Sarastro from the *Zauberflöte*—in which the splendid voice of the German basso resounded through the palace like a fine-toned organ; and to Mdme Bosio, in the air from *Ernani*, which she gave with brilliant and dazzling effect.

The quality of the band was amply tested in the overtures to *Oberon* and *Masaniello*, both of which were played magnificently. Not the least remarkable performance of the concert was the first finale to *Il Conte Ory*, which was given with infinite spirit and point by the principals and chorus.

The concert commenced at 3 and was over by half-past 5. It was, consequently, not too long, while enough was given to satisfy any *gourmand*—not to any *gourmet*. The first experiment of the Royal Italian Opera Concerts thus proved eminently successful, and was a guarantee for the issue.

The second concert, given yesterday, fully corroborated the impression made by the first. We can do no more at present than supply the programme, and state that, on the whole, the performance was quite as good as its predecessor, and attracted a larger audience. The programme was as follows:—

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PART I.

Overture, "Euryanthe"	Weber
Trio, "Pensa a guardia," Signori Gardoni and Tagliafico and Herr Formes	Meyerbeer
Aria, "Una furtiva lagrima," Sig. Gardoni	Donizetti.
Madrigal, "Now is the month of Maying"	Morley
Aria, "In diesen heiligen Hallen"	Mozart
Duo, "Tornami a dir" Mad. Grisi and Sig. Mario	Donizetti.
Aria, "Oh non temer" Mad. Jenny Ney	Mozart.
Finale "Mi manca la voce," Mesdames Bosio, Marai, and Didiée, Signori Gardoni, Belletti and Tagliafico, M. Zelger and chorus	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture, "Guillaume Tell"	Rossini
Aria, Bolero, Mad. Bosio	Donizetti.
Duo, "[illegible]"	Rossini
Aria, "Il mio tesoro"	Mozart.
Trio, "Le faccio un inchino," Mesdames Bosio, Marai and Didiée	Cimarosa.
Aria, "Vien Leonora," Sig. Graziani	Donizetti.
Finale, "Nume del ciel," by the chorus, *Masaniello*	Auber

Conductor—Mr. Costa.

We may merely add that the audience nearly doubled that of of Friday last, and that the directors intend opening the Palace to the general public, next Friday, at seven shillings and sixpence each.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

One of the best choral performances we have heard for a long time, took place in the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday evening. The choir, fifty in number, has been trained by Mr Henry Leslie, who has successfully proved that English voices, when put to good use, can rival those of their foreign contemporaries (no disparagement, of course, is intended to the admirable Cologne singers). The following was the choral programme:—

PART I.

God save the Queen.

Madrigal, "Flora gave me fairest flowers"	John Wilbye
Madrigal, "Now is the month of Maying"	Thomas Morley
Part-Song, "This world is all a fleeting show"	S. W. Waley
Anthem, "God is gone up with a merry noise"	Wm. Croft, M.D.

PART II.

Part-Song, "The Wreath"	Jules Benedict.
Part-Song, "Harvest Song"	W. C. Macfarren.
Part-Song, "Departure"	Mendelssohn.
Madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees"	John Wilbye.
Part-Song, "Oh! who will o'er the downs so free"	R. L. Powell.
Rule Britannia	Dr Arne.

Of the above pieces no less that *eight* were unanimously encored—that is every one of them except two (of the very best by the way—viz., the exquisite madrigals of Wilbye). The arrangements of the National Anthem, and "Rule Britannia," were by Mr Henry Leslie—who conducted.

The selection was varied by two ballads, of Mr Land and Lord Gerald Fitzgerald (sung by Miss Dolby), a good performance of Mr H. Leslie's very clever quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon (by Messrs. S. Waley, Alfred Pollock, Bossé, Mann and Snelling), Sterndale Bennett's charming sketches, *The Lake* and *The Fountain* (why not, also, *The Millstream?*) charmingly executed (by Angelina), and the late Professor T. Attwood Walmesley's *Duettino Concertante*, for oboe and pianoforte, to which every justice was rendered (by Messrs. Pollock and Waley).

We should mention that, on Benedict's "Wreath" being encored, the same composer's "Blessed be the home" (from the *Gipsy's Warning*) was given; and for Pearsall's "Oh! who will o'er the downs," we had Foster's "Down in a flowry vale." The room was very full. We shall return to the subject of Mr Leslie's choir—which, for more reasons than one, demands attention.

Mad. Oury's Matinée Musicale will take place at Devonshire House, on Monday, the 23rd June.

THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

The two hundred and second festival of the institution—established in 1655—took place on Wednesday afternoon in St. Paul's Cathedral. The anniversary was celebrated, as usual, by a full choral service, in which the choirs of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and St. George's, Windsor, assisted, under the direction of Mr Goss, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Rev. W. C. F. Weber, minor canon, intoned the prayers, and the Rev. W. J. Hall, minor canon, read the lessons. The sermon on behalf of the charity was preached by the Rev. J. A. Jeremie, D. D., who took for his text, Psalm 41, verse 1—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble." The musical part of the ceremony was well conducted, the members of the several choirs assembled, together with the boys—numbering in all more than one hundred—acquitting themselves with great credit. Dr Elvey gave the time with his *bâton* from the middle of the choir, and Mr George Cooper—sub-organist of St. Paul's—from the organ loft. The music of the suffrages, as usual, was by Tallis. The anthems after the first and second lessons were both by Attwood, late organist of St. Paul's, and that after the third collect was "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem," by Dr W. Hayes, which, while in a musical sense of small value, was appropriate to the time, since the words, selected from the 147th Psalm, bore reference to the blessings of peace. The anthems preceding and coming after the sermon were comparatively new to St. Paul's. Dr. G. J. Elvey of Windsor, being conductor, the compliment was paid him of awarding to his anthem "In that day" the place of honour—not certainly because it begins in one key and ends in another. The second place was conferred upon John Sebastian Bach, the latter half of whose well-known anthem in E flat, "Blessing, glory, wisdom, and thanks"—*Lob und Ehre und Weisheit*—was produced for the occasion. Of all the musical pieces this, being the best, was most entitled to be sung without curtailment; but as a sequel to a long sermon, a long anthem is always—and perhaps justly—considered as out of place. Altogether, nevertheless, the musical arrangements and the musical performances were commendable, and reflected no small credit on Mr Goss, who superintended the whole with his accustomed ability and zeal.

Mr. Adolph Gollmick's Concert.—The concert of this well known composer and pianist took place on Friday evening, the 16th inst., in the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street. It was announced as being given expressly for the purpose of introducing to the public some of Mr Gollmick's recent compositions. On this occasion he gave specimens of his talent in the higher class of music, viz., a quartett (in G minor) for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, and a trio (in C minor) for piano, violin, and violoncello. The first is a work of considerable merit. The "*motivi*" are very melodious, and worked out in a musician-like manner. The *scherzo*, in particular, was admired. The same praise may be bestowed upon the Trio. Both works reflect great credit upon their composer. Mr Gollmick has nothing now to do but study and persevere, and his position is secure. Another remarkable essay of Mr Gollmick was a *sestet* for six performers on three pianofortes, on themes from Donizetti's *Belisario*, which was admirably played by Messrs. Benedict, Salaman, Kiallmark, Bohmer, Rummel and Gollmick, and is likely to become popular not only from the scarceness of works of its class, but from its intrinsic merits. Some chamber compositions for the pianoforte, entitled *Pensée*, *Le Retour* and *Fairy Dell*, must also be mentioned as graceful *bagatelles*. Mr Gollmick's talent as a writer of *morceaux de salon*, however, is well known and appreciated. The *Fairy Dell*, in particular, was deservedly applauded. We had almost omitted to mention Herr Reichardt's clever singing of a pretty song by Mr Gollmick, "Remembrance, loveof thee," which pleased unanimously. The instrumental artists who assisted Mr Gollmick were M. Sainton, whose performance of his own violin *fantasia* in *Rigoletto* was perfect; M. Goffrie (viola), and M. Paque, who played some solos on the violoncello. The vocalists were Miss Stabbach, and Herr Rokitansky, who was *encored* in one of Schubert's songs. The concert altogether gave great satisfaction.

Mr. Frank Bodda's Concert.—At this concert there were no less than thirty-seven pieces executed by nearly forty artists. It commenced at half-past seven, and was over by half-past eleven, which showed ingenious management on the part of the *bénéficiaire*. Mr Frank Bodda provided a miscellaneous selection, and did not attempt to conciliate the connoisseurs, who were, no doubt, in a minority. The Anemonic Union executed several *morceaux*, among which a selection from the *Trovatore* was most admired. Miss Arabella Goddard performed the *fantasia* of Liszt on *Lucia* with unrivalled brilliancy and effect. Of the vocal pieces the most attractive was the *rondo finale* from *Sonnambula*, by Mad. Viardot Garcia; the *cavatina*, "Com' è bello," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, by Madame Clara Novello; Balfe's new serenade, "Good-night, beloved," by Herr Reichardt; Hölzel's ballad, "The Tear," by Herr Formes; and a Scotch song by Miss Messent. There was some admirable part-singing by Mesdames Clara Novello, Messent, Poole, Manning, Huddart, Viardot Garcia, Herr Reichardt, Mr Haigh, and Herr Formes. Mr Frank Bodda contented himself with one solo—Donizetti's *aria buffa*, "Quando l'uomo," which he sang with great spirit. The Hall was full, though not crowded.

A New Entertainment.—Mr George Buckland, already known in the metropolis and the provinces as a musical lecturer of considerable ability, will commence on Monday next, at the Regent Gallery, Regent-street, a series of entertainments of a varied and novel character. He announces, in his programme, songs and scenes from the *Tempest*, with illustrations by living artists, to be followed by a characteristic buffo song, burlesquing a country melo-drama. In the vocal department he will be assisted by Miss Clara Fraser. Considerable expense, we hear, has been incurred in the necessary preparations.

Berlin.—There have been two *débuts* lately at the Royal Operahouse; that of Mdlle. Valentine Bianchi, from the Paris Conservatory, as Amina, in *Sonnambula*, and that of Mdlle. Louise Michal, the Swedish aspirant, as the Queen of Navarre, in the *Huguenots*. Both were successful.—A grand military concert was given, recently, in Otto's Circus, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of military musicians as well as for invalided military musicians themselves. The band was selected from the bands of the infantry, cavalry, and *Jäger* regiments at present garrisoned here. The concert, under the direction of Herr Wieprecht, opened with Spontini's overture to *Olympia*. This was followed by Count von Redern's "Fackeltanz," Löschhorn's "Belle Amazone," Schubert's "Lob der Thränen," a "Funeral March," by Beethoven, the same composer's symphony in C minor, and the march from *Tannhäuser*. Their Royal Highnesses the Princes Karl, Albrecht, and Friedrich, were present.—Herr Liebig has brought his Winter Concerts, in Hennig's Wintergarten, to a close.—The Tonkünstler-Verein gave an organ and vocal concert, a fortnight since, in the Klosterkirche. Herr Küster's oratorio, *Das Wort des Herrn*, already performed once last autumn, is to be executed next week in the Petrikirche.—The Royal Domchor has been commanded to study the songs of the Russian liturgy in the Russian language, in order to sing them in the chapel of the Russian Embassy, during the expected visit of the Dowager Empress of Russia.

Erfurt.—The *Liedertafel* of the Erfurt Musical Union celebrated, on the 20th ult., the 25th anniversary of its foundation.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FENELLA VALSE.—By F. G. Tinney.—Third Edition. Performed at every public and private ball in London and the Provinces, and generally esteemed as the best Waltz of this popular composer. Third Edition. Price 3s.; band parts 5s.; septet 3s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.—Song by Longfellow. Composed by Balfe. Sung by Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, and Mad. Amedei. Price 2s. 6d. "Mr. Balfe has set it for a contralto voice with peculiar and charming quaintness. The contrast between the major and minor themes (both good) is very happy, while the recitative on the words, 'He gazed at the flowers,' and again, at the conclusion, 'Twas an Angel visited the green earth,' is well-considered and produces an excellent effect."—*Musical World*. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

NORDMANN'S TRAVIATA.—Libiamo, the celebrated Brindisi, from La Traviata, arranged as a very effective piece for the Pianoforte by Rudolf Nordmann. Price 3s. By the same author, Isabella, Romance, 2s. 6d.; La mia letizia, 3s. 6d.; and Genèvre, 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

JULES BRISSAC'S NEW FANTASIAS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.—"La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," "Lucia di Lammermoor." The most admired Airs from these Operas, arranged as Brilliant Fantasias, by Jules Brissac, are just published, price 3s. each. Duff and Hodgson, 65, Oxford-street.

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Then let us be happy while yet we may,
And laugh and sing all cares away!

"They say that this life is o'erfraught with woe—
That happiness fled from us long ago—
They know not the sweets on this earth we find,
When friendship and love are entwin'd.
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Then let us be happy while yet we may
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Wheresoe'er we may roam?
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Faded from thy memory
Ne'er again to be restored?
And the friends of early youth,
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Vows of mutual love and truth,
Are they unremember'd too?
The light that shone
For ever gone?

Ah! 'twas well thou could'st not know
All thy father's griefs and pain!
What his anguish, tears and woe—
How he never smiled again!
Fortune shower'd her gifts on thee—
Wealth and happiness were thine!
While in abject misery
Friendless he was left to pine!
But if sorrowful thou art,
For past errors wilt atone;
He will take thee to his heart,
And once more will bless his son,
By night and day
Will for thee pray

No. 3.
"SWEET IS SPRING TIME AFTER WINTER."
DUET—(*Parigi O cara*).

Sweet is spring time after winter
Sweet the dawning after night;
Dearer far long years when parted,
Thus to meet in fond delight.
Sigh no more then,
Tears and mourning,
Unreturning,
Make our joys more bright!

Let us wander by the streamlet,
Where in childhood oft we stray'd;
Let us gather wilding flowers,
By remembrance dearer made.
And while memory's
Lights enchanting us,
Hope shall tell us
Joys that never fade.

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Calm me to Rest	Verdi
Day is Done, The	Balfe.
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First Kiss, The	Balfe.
Hast thou then so soon forgot? (Traviata)	Verdi
Reefer, The	Rockstro.
Richard Cœur de Lion	Osborne.
'Twas here in this tranquil Valley (Linda)	Donizetti.
We'll laugh and sing (Traviata)	Verdi
The winds are hush'd	Campana.

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MDLLE PICCOLOMINI.
Published this Day

LA PICCOLOMINI VALSE, by Albert Wagner (composer of the Ophelia Valse), illustrated with an authentic PORTRAIT of Mdlle. Piccolomini, superbly drawn by Mr Brandard. A short sketch of the celebrated singer is also printed on the last page of the Valse. Price 4s.

Also, Published this Day,

A COMPLETE Edition of LA TRAVIATA for the Pianoforte Solo, arranged by Rudolf Nordmann, containing also a PORTRAIT of Mdlle. Piccolomini, on India paper, and a sketch of her career reprinted from the *Musical World*. In one volume, cloth, 5s.

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MADAME OURY'S FANTASIA ON LA TRAVIATA, a brilliant piece on Verdi's new opera, is just published, price 4s. Also Le Rossignol, Valse brillante, by Madame Oury, dedicated to Jenny Lind, price 3s. And La Siciliana, from Les Vepres Siciliennes, transcribed for piano by the same author, price 3s. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library 28, Holles-street.

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Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's-lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, May 24, 1856.

The Musical World.

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VOL. 34—No. 22 SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1856 PRICE 4d. / STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Albertini—Boccardi—Alboni.—On Monday next, June 2 (a Subscription Night, in lieu of Tuesday, August 12) will be produced (first time at this Theatre) Verdi's Opera IL TROVATORE. Leonora, Madame Albertini (her first appearance); Azucena, Madame Alboni; Manrico, Signor Boccardi (his first appearance); Ferrando, Signor [illegible]; and Il Conte di Luna, Signor Beneventano. Concluding with a Favourite Ballet. Madame [illegible], Mdlles. Katrine, Rosa, [illegible], Clara, M. Vandris, and M. Vandris. Mdlle. Piccolomini.—Grand Extra Night, On Thursday next, June 5 will be repeated Verdi's highly successful Opera LA TRAVIATA. Violetta, Mdlle. Piccolomini; Alfredo, Signor Calzolari; and Germont Giorgio, Signor Beneventano. To conclude with the new Ballet, in which Mdlle. Marie Taglioni will appear. Applications for boxes, stalls and tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Morning Concert, Monday June 16, 1856.—Mrs. ANDERSON'S CONCERT under the immediate patronage of her Majesty the Queen, will take place, as above, at Her Majesty's Theatre. By special arrangement with the Director she will be supported by the principal artistes, as well as the band and chorus of the establishment. Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made at the box-office, the principal music-sellers and librarians, and at Mrs. Anderson's 34, Nottingham place.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LYCEUM.—On Tuesday next, June 3, will be performed Verdi's favourite opera, RIGOLETTO. Principal characters by Madame Bosio, Mdlle. Didiée, Sig. Ronconi, Sig. Tagliafico, Sig. [illegible], Sig. Mei, Sig. Gregorio, Sig. Polonini and Sig. Mario. Conductor M. Costa.

SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT next THURSDAY.—First night of DON GIOVANNI.—Thursday next, June 5, will be given as a Subscription Night (in lieu of Saturday, August 16), on which occasion will be performed for the first time this season Mozart's celebrated Opera, DON GIOVANNI.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—First appearance of MADAME RISTORI, and the Italian Dramatic Company.—On Wednesday next, June 4, will be performed for the first time in England, a new Tragedy, entitled MEDEA. Translated into Italian by G. Montanelli, from the French of E. Legouvé. Medea, Madame Ristori; Creusa, Mdlle. Picchiottino; Beatrice di Creusa, Mdlle. [illegible]; [illegible], Mdlle. [illegible]; Lincone and Melanto (figli di Giasone e di Medea), Mdlle. A. Glech and Mdlle. E. Glech; Creonte, Sig. [illegible]; Orfeo, Sig. Boccomini; Giasone, Sig. Glech; and Capo-Popolo, Sig. [illegible]. Doors open at eight; the Tragedy will commence at half-past eight, and terminate about eleven. Boxes and Stalls may be secured on application to Mr. [illegible], at the Box-Office of the Theatre; and at the principal Music-sellers and Librarians.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND OPERA CONCERTS. The Fourth Grand Concert, by the artistes of the Royal Italian Opera, will take place on Friday next, June 6th. Tickets of admission for this concert may be purchased by persons not holders of Two Guinea Season Tickets, at 7s. 6d. each. Season tickets may be obtained at 79, Lombard Street; at the Brighton Railway Station, London Bridge; of the various Agents of the Company; and at the Crystal Palace, on or before the day of the concert. Reserved seats, in the new galleries, may be engaged at 2s. 6d. each.

By Order,
G. GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, May 31, 1856.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT LIND.—Farewell Concerts, Exeter Hall. Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces the last Concerts which will be given by Madame Goldschmidt in this country. Wednesday evening, June 11, Grand Miscellaneous Concert, with full band and chorus; Wednesday evening, June [illegible], Haydn's Oratorio, The Creation; and Monday evening, June 30, Grand Miscellaneous Concert, with full band and chorus, on which occasion Madame Goldschmidt will make her last and farewell appearance in this country. Reserved and Numbered Seats, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats (West Gallery and body of the Hall), 10s. 6d.; Area (under West Gallery), [illegible]. No more tickets will be issued than can be conveniently accommodated. Applications for tickets received by Mr. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Hanover Square Rooms.—The SECOND CONCERT of the Season will take place on Thursday evening next, June 5th.—Vocalists: Madlle. Jenny Baur and Madlle. [illegible].—Solo Performers: Miss Arabella Goddard, and M. Sainton. Conductor: Mr. Alfred Mellon.

HERR BERNHARD MOLIQUE'S MORNING CONCERT will take place on Monday, June 2nd, at 1 o'clock, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Vocalists—Miss Lascelles, Madlle. Jenny Baur, and Herr von der Osten. Instrumentalists—Mr. Hallé, Signor Piatti, Messrs. Hill, [illegible], Carrodus, Rea, and Herr Molique. Tickets, half-a-guinea; reserved seats 15s. each; to be had of Herr Molique, 3, Houghton Place, Ampthill Square, and at the principal Music-sellers.

MAD. BASSANO and HERR WILHELM KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, Monday June 9th, 1856. To commence at Two o'clock precisely. Mesdames Viardot Garcia, Sherrington [illegible], Thomas, Bassano, Messrs. Sims Reeves, F. Lablache, Reichardt, Sainton, Paque, Richard Blagrove. Pianoforte: Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Kuhe. Conductors: M. Benedict and Mr. Aguilar. Numbered Stalls, 15s. each; Tickets, 10s. 6d. each. To be had of Madame Bassano, 6, Berner's-street, Oxford-street; of Herr Kuhe, 17, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square; and of all the principal Music-sellers.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S SECOND MATINÉE of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at 27, Queen Anne-street, on Saturday, June 14, from 3 to 5 o'clock. Violin, Herr Ernst; Oboe, M. Barret; Clarionet, Mr. Williams; Bassoon, M. Baumann; Horn, Mr. C. Harper; Pianoforte, Mrs. John Macfarren. Vocalists, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Weiss. Conductor, Mr. Walter Macfarren. Tickets, [illegible], at [illegible] Library, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. Macfarren, [illegible], Regent's-park.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that his Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday Morning, June 19th. Vocalists—Madame Viardot Garcia, Mdlle. Emilie Krall, Mdlle. [illegible], and Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists—Herr Ernst, Mr. [illegible], Herr Hausmann, Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Aguilar. Conductor—Herr Kuhe. Among other pieces will be performed Mr. Aguilar's new Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Tickets 10s. 6d. and 7s., to be had of all the principal Music Publishers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ begs to announce that his Third and last of the present Series of Pianoforte Recitals will take place at his residence, 47, Bryanston-square, on Thursday, June the 5th, to commence at three o'clock. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street. A Second Series of Three Recitals will take place on Thursdays, June 19th, July 3rd, and 17th. Subscription Tickets one guinea each, to be had at Cramer and Beale's and at Mr. Hallé's residence.

HERR LEOPOLD and MORITZ GANZ, Solo Violinist and Violoncellist to the King of Prussia, and HERR WILHELM GANZ, respectfully announce that under the immediate patronage of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, they will give a Grand Morning Concert, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on SATURDAY, JUNE 14th, to commence at half-past two o'clock, on which occasion the following distinguished artists will appear:—Mesdames Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Jenny Baur, [illegible], and Rudersdorff; Herren Reichardt, [illegible], [illegible], and Edward Ganz. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; tickets, [illegible] 6d. To be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library; the principal music-publishers; and of Herren L. & M. Ganz, 28, Conduit-street, Regent-street; and of Herr Wilhelm Ganz, 86, Frith-street, Soho-square.

MR. PAUL JERRARD has the honour to announce that he will give a GRAND CONCERT at the [illegible] Hall, [illegible], Walworth, on Thursday evening, June 5th, when will be performed [illegible] Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and a miscellaneous selection of music. Vocalists, Miss Poole, Miss Julia Bleaden, Miss Fanny [illegible], Miss [illegible], Mr. [illegible], Mr. Charles Neville, Mr. [illegible], Mr. [illegible] and Mr. Henry Buckland. Conductor Mr. Paul Jerrard. To commence at eight o'clock. Tickets, 1s.; reserved seats, 2s.; and dress stalls, numbered, 3s. each. To be had of Mr. P. Jerrard, [illegible], Fleet-street; of Messrs. [illegible] and Son, 6, Ludgate-hill; and of Mr. [illegible], Library of the Institution, Manor-place, Walworth.

SIGNOR ERRICO BIANCHI respectfully announces that he will give an Evening Concert at the Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley-street, on Tuesday, June 17th. To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock precisely. Assisted by the following artists: Madame [illegible], Miss Teresa [illegible], Miss Louisa Morgan, Signor [illegible], Signor Ciabatta. Pianoforte—Signor and Miss [illegible]. Concertina—Signor Giulio Regondi. Violin—Mr. Blagrove. Violoncello—Mr. [illegible]. La Zither—Mdlle. [illegible]. Conductor—Herr [illegible]. Reserved seats, Half-a-Guinea; Unreserved seats, Seven Shillings. Tickets to be had of the principal Music-sellers, and at Signor Bianchi's residence, 21, Abingdon Villas, Kensington.

MR. and MRS. ALFRED GILBERT'S First Performance of Chamber Music (Fourth Annual Series) at Willis's Rooms on Monday evening, June 2nd. Vocalists—Miss Cole and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Instrumentalists—M. Paque, Messrs. Williams, Horton, Mann, Watson, Tomlins, J. F. Cole. Pianoforte—Mr. Alfred Gilbert, of whom tickets may be obtained at his residence, 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

MR. WILLING, Organist to the Foundling Hospital, begs to announce his Concert for Monday evening next, June 2nd, at the Music Hall, Store-street, on which occasion the services of the celebrated [illegible] Minstrel [illegible] have been secured. Vocalists, Misses Birch, Stabbach, and Poole; Mrs. Lockey; Messrs. Donald King, Benson, W. Coward, T. Williams, and Lawler. Violin, M. Sainton; violoncello, Mr. Lucas; flute, Mr. R. Sidney Pratten; pianoforte, Mr. Willing. Tickets, 5s.; numbered reserved stalls, 7s. To be had at Mr. Willing's residence, 43, Regent-square.

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Under the immediate patronage of
H.R. SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE WEIMAR.

HERR NABICH begs to announce that his grand Morning Concert will take place at the above Rooms on the [illegible]th June next, when he will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Mad. Rudersdorff, Mdlle. [illegible], Herr [illegible], Sig. [illegible], Herr Schachner, Herr Pollitzer, Mons. Vogel, Herr [illegible], Herr Ries, Hausmann, and Herr Nabich. Commence at half-past Two. Tickets, half a guinea, to be had at all music-sellers, and at [illegible], Newman-street.

MR. LAMBERT, Vocalist—Bass.—Communications relative to engagements to be addressed, [illegible], Union-terrace, York.

SIGNOR BRAGA, the Violoncellist, begs to inform his Friends, that having left London for an engagement in Vienna, all letters are to be addressed at 23, Maida Hill West.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON the Portuguese Pianist, will arrive in London the first week in June, having terminated a very successful tour in France and Germany.—Address, 10, Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park.

MR. H. W. WATSON, Organist of St. Clement Danes, Strand, and late pupil of Mr. Young, Organist of the Cathedral, Lincoln, begs to announce that he gives lessons on the Organ and Pianoforte, in Singing, Harmony, and thorough Bass. Terms may be ascertained on application to Mr. Watson, at No. 10, Percy-circus, Pentonville.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 50 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 31 Divertissements at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

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W. KUHE'S new piece, **PICCOLOMINI MAZURKA,** by Wilhelm Kuhe, played with great success at private soirees by the Composer, is published this day by Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street, London.

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NORDMANN'S TRAVIATA.—Libiamo, the celebrated Brindisi from La Traviata, arranged as a very effective piece for the Pianoforte by Rudolf Nordmann. Price 3s. By the same author, Isabella, Romance, 2s. 6d. [illegible], 2s. 6d., and [illegible], 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

MADAME RISTORI.—A new edition of Talexy's Ristori Valse will be published in a few days, illustrated with a very beautiful portrait of the celebrated tragedienne in one of her most famous parts. The price of this popular Valse will remain the same as before, 3s. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

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THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.—Song by Longfellow. Composed by Balfe. Sung by Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, and Mad. Amedei. Price 2s. 6d. "Mr. Balfe has set it for a contralto voice with peculiar and charming quaintness. The contrast between the major and minor of same (both good) is very happy; and so the recitative on the words, 'He gazed at the flowers,' and again at the close, 'Twas an Angel visited the green earth,' is well-considered and produces an excellent effect."—*Musical World.* Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

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THE PSALTER, or PSALMS of DAVID, with the Chants duly pointed for Chanting. By Robert Janes.

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MDLLE. PICCOLOMINI

Published this Day

LA PICCOLOMINI VALSE, by Albert Wagner (composer of the Ophelia Valse), illustrated with an authentic PORTRAIT of Mdlle. Piccolomini, superbly drawn by Mr. Brandard. A short sketch of the celebrated singer is also printed on the last page of the Valse. Price 4s.

Also, Published this Day

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A WORD OR TWO IN REFERENCE TO MUSIC.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING AT ALL ABOUT IT.

"A good ear for music, and a taste for music, are two very different things, which are often confounded; and so is comprehending and enjoying every object of sense and sentiment."

GREVILLE.

"Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained."

SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—If musical men would only condescend to regard music as something more than a science, I am inclined to think we should all be the better for it. "The Profession" of course know more about the art than all the rest of the world; that I would not question. But "The Profession" is, generally speaking, so lost in the contemplation of the art, its mysteries, its successes, and difficulties, its quibbles, its rules and contradictions, as to be forgetful of its uses, if not its charms, its aims if not its powers, its essential spirit if not its external attributes. The line of cultivation may be too long, or the string of the kite may be too much for the paper contrivance whose size should regulate the "paying out." Such is my impression, when I see musicians so profound as to be anything but what *I* term musical! The seed may be plentiful, but there is too much chaff.

I am, I know, exhibiting my ignorance, but only expressing what tens of thousands of intelligent folks say, when I declare that harmony—close harmony—is often so objectionably introduced as to inflict downright injury upon the musical world—I mean those who listen to music—while it by no means pleases or benefits those who pay to hear it. Byron alluded to "A living voice, a breathing harmony," when he meant nothing approaching to what I refer to. But I will not, simply because I cannot, discuss the merits of composition. I am merely throwing off certain impressions which I believe to be very common among the community at large, "unlicked cubs" and all!

Sir, I don't love music for itself (mere musicians do that), but for what it can accomplish. I have seen a mortal execute passages so as to elicit the applause of the skilled in such feats, and I have contributed my commendation; but music can do more than that for the multitude. Let the modulations fly on the pianoforte, the lute, the organ, and the charms of sound for—the like of me, and our name is legion! I want to be fed, not crammed! I am willing to have my palate improved, and to be taught how to distinguish excellencies from trash, and how to enjoy what I receive; but I don't desire force-meat balls, and I know what is meat to my liking; and instead of improving or elevating my taste, people destroy my appetite.

We, the herd, delight in music for what it can conjure up, convey, express. We go to operas, and as an air is about to be sung, we are all open-mouthed and greedy-eared. We lean forward in silent satisfaction—we, who pay, and who are grateful. Nor does it rest alone—these melodies—charm us. What comes plainly and pleasantly home to us is what we appreciate, what we want. We are not indifferent to an overture, and that is more than a pretty and pleasing jingle. I have seen that old hackneyed "Battle of Prague" pale the faces of working people. It tells its story most tolerably and agreeably. What we don't comprehend is the noise, the discord, and the profound mixture of sounds called execution and scientific. That to us is abominable.

Your professor is too often nothing else, and the rarely gifted rises above him—just as the poet soars higher than the mere scholar.

To listen to a composition because we comprehend its construction, is one thing; to do so because of the pleasure it imparts, is another. The difference is that between our respect for a first-rate cook, and our gratification over a favourite dish—be it plain or complex. Your musical man [illegible], when he is not a [illegible] (that absurd term) Harmonyist, is reproached as a melodist. But he cannot serve two masters. I am not so ignorant as to feel disposed to disparage those great and imposing pieces but for which "the profession" would have no professors. I go with my order of beings, to Exeter Hall; and nobody there is more attentive than I am—few more affected. But it is not the elbowing, and the fingering, and the drumming, and the shouting—not the shrieking of some instruments and the roaring of others—not anything that can be compared to the sound of a million (from a spinning jenny to a peg top), or in the way of sound (that is not sound), that ever puts me into ecstasies or "the likes o' me." No! What makes my heart knock against my ribs, and my blood forsake my lip, is quite irrespective of action and noise.

It is that power which reaches my senses when a military band "strikes up" upon parade; when an organ peals Divine service; when a chorus is within the compass of my comprehension; when a solitary oboe sends plaintive notes across a moonlit and silvery lake; and when a single voice to a familiar air awakens memories of the dead. Composers whom I need not mention know well what that was. In their happiest inspiration they were charming *themselves*, and defying the laws of music. I can see one at this moment who, in my youth was thought something of, and is not forgotten by the lovers of sweet music now—even Bellini; and I hear him say, as he rises from the piano over which he had been bending in dreamy ecstasy, "Ah my child, if you like melody—sheer melody—that is God's music—man makes the rest!" We certainly do not associate seraphic strains with concerted pieces or bass voices. However what I would represent, and this I cannot hope to do in one letter, is the fact that musical people care too much for their own genius, and too little for ours. They reject us—despise us, but we provide their bread and cheese, and are ready to add beef and pudding, provided they but consult our tastes—such as they are. They need not pander. Our sympathies are strong and very available; our weaknesses are not all vices; we can submit, too, to a great deal of mystification; are very patient, willing to learn, and (excuse the expression) a little tutoring is quite agreeable to us. But as one of Dickens's heroes says, "There are chords," and we have nerves as well as bowels; and, with your permission, I will again address you on the subject of music.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS NODDY.

THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF MOZART'S REQUIEM

BY I. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL.

Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

(*Translated expressly for the Musical World.*)

(*Continued from page 325.*)

FINALLY, the question why Mozart did not write the instrumentation from the "Dies iræ" to the "Hostias" inclusive, in the blank lines of the sketches, rather than make a new copy of the score, may be solved by a letter from his widow to the Abbé Stadler of the 31st May, 1827, which runs thus:—"It may be brought as a reproach to Mozart that he was not very orderly with his papers, and often spoiled what he had begun to compose; rather than spend time in making fair copies he preferred to write it all again. The consequence of this was that many things were twice written, the second of which was in no respect different from the one that had been written before; for whatever idea he had once worked out in his mind was firm as a rock and never altered." It might certainly be objected to this, but such might probably be the case with shorter pieces or single movements, but was very unlikely to have been done with a long series of vocal movements.

What may be cited from the writings of the Abbé Stadler against the possibility of the present score being in the handwriting of Mozart, loses its power through the consideration, that throughout these writings, and even in conversation with myself, his intimate friend, he has never mentioned that he had once spoken with Mozart, or even with Süssmayer on the subject of the *Requiem*.

The Abbé only knew, and only could know what had been told him in the house of Mozart, and could only write so much as was there communicated to him. He was not even apprised, as appears from several passages in his writings, what became of the first movements—"Requiem" and "Kyrie"—after he had copied them. "It will probably soon explain itself," he writes, "into whose hands the first leaves of the original score from No. 1 to No. 10, have fallen." And subsequently—"Two copies were immediately made, of Süssmayer's score; the MS. score of Süssmayer was sent to the person who had given the commission for the work, and probably, for his greater satisfaction, Mozart's original MS. of the "Requiem" and "Kyrie" may have been sent with them." In case it was intended thus to mislead the person who gave the commission for the work, that Mozart had really composed it, it seems incomprehensible that the two divisions of the sketches of the score, from leaf 11 till 45, were not sent also, in order to render this contrivance as complete as possible.

The well-known letter of Süssmayer to the Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, which has so often appeared in print, was still less calculated to make those waver in their opinion who declared the score to be Mozart's genuine handwriting, quite independent of the opinion of such connoisseurs as considered that he had composed the "Sanctus," "Benedictus" and "Agnus Dei" anew"—of which more hereafter—the credibility of this letter is destroyed by its first words, which contain a manifest untruth. He writes:—"In the "Requiem" as well as in the "Kyrie," "Dies iræ," "Domine Jesu," Mozart entirely completed the four vocal parts and the fundamental bass, as well as the figuring, but had only indicated the chief passages of the instrumentation."

I have already mentioned that the Abbé Stadler transcribed the first two movements, viz., "Requiem" and "Kyrie," shortly after Mozart's death, from his original copy. This transcript, as well as that of the "Dies iræ," has been in the possession of the Imperial Library for several years. Stadler says, in the *Addenda* to his *Defence, etc.*—"Should these original MSS. ever come to light, which is very possible, it will be proved that my transcript (of the "Requiem" and "Kyrie") corresponds with them, just as the "Dies iræ," at present in my possession, corresponds with the sketch of the score." These original MSS. have been found, and the most complete accord produced of the transcript of the two first movements with Mozart's MS., which forms the division from folio 1 till 10 of the score in question, has proved itself; but this transcript contained, as is now seen in the original MS. itself, a score completed in every detail, of the "Requiem" and "Kyrie;" consequently these were not *sketches* of scores similar to the following numbers and Süssmayer could not have had the slightest share in those two movements.

There remained, therefore, no doubt, or as good as none, as to the perfect authenticity of the newly acquired score; after many fruitless endeavours to obtain some more important MSS. of Süssmayer than the two already mentioned, the Freyher von Lanng kindly supplied two from his collection, namely, a trio for soprano and two basses, with orchestral accompaniments, consisting of fifteen leaves, and an aria for bass with orchestra of ten leaves, both pieces designed for the opera *La Serva Padrona*, and both of the year 1790. If the resemblance of these scores to Mozart's handwriting generally both as to the notes and the words, was almost incredible, it was still more perfect to that of the score of the *Requiem* commencing from the "Dies iræ." The capital letters P, Q, and T, which had been in vain sought for throughout the MSS of Mozart in that particular shape, were here the only ones that appeared, and the slight deviations in the score from Mozart's general manner, that had been before regarded as unimportant, as well as the twice interrupted numbering of the leaves, now assumed a greater significance.

The longer and the more carefully the comparison of these two MSS. with the score was continued, the more confusing it became; the more so as, on the other hand, the latter presented many characters more peculiar to the handwriting of Mozart than to that of Süssmayer.

(*To be continued.*)

TRANSLATIONS FROM SCHUMANN.*

(No. 5)

VARIOUS CRITICISMS ON THE COMPOSITIONS OF WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

OP. 9.

Continued from page 326.

"An English composer is no composer," said some one, previously to the *Gewandhaus Concert*, at which Mr. Bennett, a few weeks ago, executed the above work. When the concert was concluded, I turned, as if interrogatively, to this foe of England, and said—"An English composer—" "Aye, truly English," replied he, completing my sentence with a pun.† A few words will suffice for to-day. In the first number of this volume, Eusebius has so read and written out of my very soul as it were, that I need add but little to his sketch. In sober truth, if we consider that the above concerto was written as long as three years ago, that is to say when the composer was only in his nineteenth year, we cannot help being struck by so early a development of the artist's skill—by the calm arrangement and connection of the whole—by the euphony of the language and the purity of the thoughts. I should, at most, desire, perhaps, the omission of certain instances of diffuseness in the first movement, but that is a matter of more individual taste. On the whole we find nothing unessential, nothing which is not intimately related to the fundamental sentiment, and even where new elements are introduced, the original golden threads still glisten, through being continued in a manner of which only a master's hand is capable. What a piece of good fortune is it, in the midst of the eternal desert of the works of mere scholars, to stumble on an organic Whole full of life! and what a subject of delight, that the public of Leipsic, however little it was prepared for such a work, acknowledged it quickly and joyfully. The judgment of the public in this instance was subjected to a far different ordeal from that in the case of other composers. It had not to recognise any particular kind of skill, to distinguish any particular school, or to institute comparisons with other *virtuosi*. The first thing necessary was to take into account the modesty with which the artist rejected everything startling, and to see whether it rested upon a fine, rich soil; whether we saw before us one of those rare and fervent artistic natures which, if they once grant those without a glimpse into the life of the soul, appear to live on, indifferent to what is said, and to hold intercourse with themselves alone. After the first movement, a purely lyrical piece, full of that beautiful human sentiment only to be found in the best musical compositions, the public were naturally decided about the principal point, namely, that they had to do with an artist of a more than usually distinguished character. Yet this was not followed by the general applause, thundering from the floor to the roof, which *past virtuosi* call forth. The public demanded something more; they were visibly excited, and they wanted to let the Englishman see that he was in the land of music. Now began the *romance* in G minor, so simple that the notes in it could almost be counted. Had I not known from the original source, that, while engaged in the task of composition the poet had had the picture of a somnambulist in his mind, all the touching features of such a scene must instantly have struck my own as well as every feeling heart.

As if afraid to awaken the dreamer upon the lofty battlement, no one dared to breathe, and if the sympathy in many passages was almost like anxiety, it was softened down by the beauty of the composition into pure artistic enjoyment. And now came that wondrous chord when the sleeping girl appears out of all danger, as though reposing upon her couch, while the moonbeams play quietly around her. This happy touch decided the business; and, in the last movement, the public quietly abandoned itself to the joy we are accustomed to derive from a master, whether he leads us to peace or strife.

If, in the preceding lines, I have kept too much behind the protection of the opinion manifested by the public, or if, peradventure, any one should object that I had interpreted it too favourably, I am ready to defend on my own and sole responsibility all that I have said concerning the excellence of the concerto. It is but too necessary that the honours with which people so often unthinkingly load *virtuosi* who possess nothing but their fingers, should be secured to really musical artists, and that the public should learn to distinguish the one from the other. Would that there were many more artists working in the same spirit as Bennett—no one would then have any further occasion to be anxious about the future prospects of our art.

William Sterndale Bennett. *Six Études in the form of Caprices.*

The reader has already been long aware, and the *Zeitschrift* in no way denies, that, among younger composers, there is a small knot of select favourites, and that among these the above-named Englishman is not the least—in fact, that, in certain particulars, he leaves all the rest behind. In a word, he has the purest taste, and the most lively feeling for what is unsophisticated, that is to say real, of them all. At a very early period, his natural appreciation of art raised him above all the rubbish into which daring young spirits who would rapidly gain a prominent position, so often fall. He always produces the best he can, and, as he possesses fine natural gifts, always something fine. The *Études* are, by no means, great creations. But as he goes economically to work, as he begins quietly, neglecting nothing, and likewise never doing too much, to bring his strength to bear upon the point whence it may exert the greatest effect, everyone may take a lesson from him, for such are the signs of a mastery which have been subsequently fulfilled in the most satisfactory manner. The reader must know that the *Études* were composed by Mr. Bennett when he was only in his eighteenth year, since which time his knowledge and fancy have been greatly enriched. But even in the works under consideration, the ideas flow as freely and as easily to the end, that the mere object of studies appears to be subordinate, as an artist, who is the opposite of everything mechanically dead, intends that something more than useless dexterity shall be gained by the study of *Etudes*. The title consequently very accurately defines the contents: we have *caprices*, in a strict form, each presenting a different degree of difficulty; pleasing *genre* pictures, by imitating which the hand acquires lightness and grace. I know nothing to which I can better liken them than to the older *Etudes* of Berger, although the latter were written at a period of more advanced manly maturity. Certain truths strike one as being as clear as the sun, whatever melancholy individual instances we may, on the other hand, find; but that most of them agree with the sense of what I have said, I am, in this case, almost convinced. I may finally mention that the most striking of the *Etudes* is the last in G minor.

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* From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker*. Translated for the *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgeman.

† In order that the reader may see the "pun," it may, perhaps, be necessary to inform him that the German word *Englisch* signifies "angelic" as well as "English."—J. V. Bridgeman.

Bennett's overture, called the "Naiads," has already been once mentioned, when it was characterised as 'a charming picture richly and nobly executed;' such, indeed, it is, as fresh as if just bathed, and, despite the similarity of the subject with Mendelssohn's *Melusine*, full of those original traits to which we have frequently alluded, when speaking of this most musical of all Englishmen. It requires but little fancy, and every person with anything like a lively imagination will of his own accord picture to himself, as he hears the overture, beautifully entwined groups of playful, bathing Naiads on all sides, while the gentle flutes and oboes may be interpreted as suggesting the surrounding rose-bushes and billing doves: we can, at any rate, promise pleasant persons an impression similar to that which Goethe wished to produce in his *Fischer*, namely the feeling of summer, that would cool itself in the springs, so refreshingly and with such mirror-like clearness does the music lie stretched out before us. One reproach, however, formerly raised against it, was a certain monotony; this may, perhaps, be partly attributable to the numerous parallel passages, repetitions of single periods in the upper and lower octave, etc., and a very light kind of structure, which, however, although we should often in other composers be compelled to designate it as a common fault, is, in the present instance, to be considered less as the result of any failing of invention than an adherence to certain favourite thoughts and turns.

(*To be continued.*)

£100 REWARD

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following passage—from *The Athenæum* ("*ante*"—page 657):—

"In her (Alboni's) *sortita* and final *rondo** the pleasure which her executive brilliancy must otherwise have given us was impaired by the diversity of weight and quality of her notes—no two roulades being executed in the same register—no passage being taken without a mixture of thick and thin destructive of that flow and serenity which the music of Bellini's village opera demands."

Whoever (say Mr Punch) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially of the "thick and thin" destroying "flow and serenity,") shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement.

£200 REWARD

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following passage—a sequel to the other—from *The Athenæum* ("*ante*"—as before):—

"To be just, the same reproach applies, in some respect, to the performance of the Garcia sisters in the same part,—but with *them* the vocal artifices employed were (and are) harmonised by the dramatic skill and inspiration which disguise the patchiness of the materials by clearness of design and colour in the general conception."

Whoever (say Mr Punch) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially of the "clearness of design and colour in the general conception," which "disguise" "patchiness of materials") shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement.

CONCERTS—VARIOUS.

A more crowded audience we do not remember to have seen in Willis's Rooms than that on Tuesday night, when Miss Messent and Mr Brinley Richards gave their annual concert. The vocalists with Miss Messent were Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Miss Sophie Perlet, Herr Von der Osten, Messrs. Elliot Galer, Weiss and Frank Bodda; the instrumentalists, with Mr Richards, Herr Molique, and Signor Piatti. There were two "classical" pieces in the programme—Mozart's quartet, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, and the same composer's sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violoncello. Mr Richards was the pianist in both, playing with remarkable spirit, and loudly applauded. He also gave three small pieces of his own composition, of which one—"Pastorale in E major," dedicated to Chopin—was especially noticeable for its gracefulness. Miss Sophie Perlet made her first appearance in public. (The name we understand is assumed, the young lady being daughter of a captain in the navy.) She has a *contralto* voice of good quality, and her singing, for a novice, was to be commended. She was very nervous. Mad. Clara Novello introduced, for the first time in public, a new characteristic song, called "The Captive of Agincourt," written by Mr Macfarren, which obtained a loud encore. Another novelty was a duet by Mr Brinley Richards, "How beautiful is night," sung by Miss Messent and Mr Tillard, who made his first appearance. The duet is pleasing and well written, and the performance was creditable to both singers. Mr Tillard has a pleasing bass voice. Miss Messent sang, among other things, "Ernani Involami," and Benedict's melodious ballad, "Scenes of my youth." The first was brilliant, the last admirable. Messrs. Benedict, Mori, and Herr Wilhelm Ganz were the conductors.

Among the most effective and masterly displays in the instrumental department of this concert should be mentioned a violoncello solo by Sig. Piatti, and a *fantasia* on Austrian airs for the violin, composed and executed by Herr Molique.

A very fashionable audience assembled in the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday evening, at the concert of Miss Stabbach, who, to the attractions of her own name, combined that of Mad. Viardot Garcia, Herr Reichardt, Miss Arabella Goddard, &c. The performance commenced with a trio by Mayseder in A flat, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, executed to perfection by Miss Goddard, Herr Deichman, and M. Paque. This was followed by Weber's romance, "Unter blühender," chastely sung by Herr Reichardt. Miss Stabbach then gave the air "Anch' io dischiuso," from Verdi's *Nabucco*, which she sang with great fervour and energy, and was loudly applauded. We counsel the young and improving vocalist, however, to eschew Verdi's music for something more essentially vocal. Besides, in a concert-room the composer of *Ernani* is rather boisterous than beautiful. Mad. Viardot Garcia, in Cruvelli's famous *bolero* from the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, with all her cleverness, only engendered the same reflections. We infinitely preferred Miss Stabbach in two German *lieder* or ballads, one of which was charmingly sung, received with great applause, and unanimously encored. Mr Weiss gave Benedict's "Rage, thou angry storm," with true vigour.

In the second part, Miss Arabella Goddard was rapturously encored in a pianoforte arrangement of M. Godefroid's elegant *Danse des Sylphes*, which was originally composed for the harp. In return for this compliment bestowed on her graceful and highly-finished performance, Miss Goddard returned to the orchestra, and played Liszt's elaborate and brilliant *Lucia* with equal talent and effect. In Berger's "Nach Sevilla," Herr Reichardt received an encore, and substituted, in the place of the German lied, Balfe's (Longfellow's) "Good night," which melodious and graceful serenade is obtaining almost unexampled popularity. Herr Reichardt sang both songs capitally. Mad. Viardot Garcia introduced, herself at the piano, two of her characteristic Spanish songs, which she sang with infinite humour. Being encored in the last, she added a French *air bouffon*, and was equally happy and successful. Messrs. Frank Mori and Francesco Berger were the accompanists at the piano.

Besides what we have enumerated there was a violoncello solo by M. Paque, a violin solo by Herr Deichmann, a duet for concertina and harp by Signor Regondi and Herr Oberthur, etc.

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* *La Sonnambula.*

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN gave her first *matinée* on Saturday, at the New Beethoven-rooms, Queen Anne Street. There was a full attendance. Mrs. John Macfarren is an admirer of the great masters of the pianoforte and has studied them with zeal. To amateurs of the piano her concerts cannot fail to be attractive. On the present occasion "classical" music predominated as usual. There were Beethoven's trio in E flat (Op. 1, No. 1) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; Mendelssohn's *Tema con variazioni* in D, for pianoforte and violoncello; the same composer's *andante* in E flat, from the sixth book of the *Lieder ohne Worte*; and Weber's *Moto continuo* (the last movement of his sonata in C, Op. 24). In all of these Mrs. John Macfarren displayed further improvement on last year both in point of execution and expression. Her playing in Beethoven's trio was entitled to high praise, and, being assisted by M. Sainton and Signor Piatti, the performance was unexceptionable throughout. The other pieces performed by Mrs. John Macfarren, were Prudent's *Lucia*, and a duet for two pianofortes, composed by Mr. Walter Macfarren, who joined her in its performance. Both *fantasia* and duet were brilliantly executed, and pleased generally. M. Sainton played his own *Solo de Concert*, and created a great sensation. The vocalists were Miss Louisa Vinning, Mad. Weiss, and Mr. Miranda, who gave variety to the programme by various popular airs. Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music.

HERREN FRANZ and CARL DOPPLER and CARL HUBER's evening concert came off on Thursday the 22nd instant. The fine *ensemble* flute playing of the Brothers Doppler has already been noticed. Herr Carl Huber is a violinist from the National Theatre at Pesth. He played a solo of his own composition in which he displayed a certain talent both as composer and instrumentalist. Mdlle. Emilie Krall and Herr von Osten assisted with some vocal pieces; and a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Herr Pauer, was executed by the composer, Herr Huber and Herr Hausmann. The most noticeable thing in the concert was that everything was German—singers, instrumentalists, and composers.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET commenced his series of *matinées* on Tuesday the 22nd instant, at his residence, Russell Street, Fitzroy Square. The programme included Mendelssohn's grand trio in D minor (No. 1) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; Beethoven's sonata in C minor (Op. 111); Weber's Rondo in E flat; Chopin's Polonaise in C for pianoforte and violoncello; Döhler's "Tarentelle," and the *scena* from Liszt's *Lucia*; besides songs by Miss Stabbach. M. Billet was assisted in the trio by Herr Jansa and M. Paque; and in the Polonaise by M. Paque. The performances of the able and esteemed pianist afforded the highest gratification to a numerous and attentive audience. Miss Stabbach sang Mozart's "Non temer," and two songs by M. Francesco Berger, with excellent judgment.

MISS ANNIE DE LARA's Concert was given at Queen-square House, the residence of Lady Pollock, on Tuesday evening. The vocalists were, Mdlle. Emilie Krall, Misses Lascelles, Alleyne, Medora Collins, Annie de Lara, Signora Albicini, and Varendi. Instrumentalists.—Messrs. Aguilar, Viotti Collins, George Collins, Medora Collins, and George Lake. The *bénéficiaire* was encored in a new ballad, and besides taking part in two duets, a trio, and quartet, sang Mozart's "Dove sono." Mr. Aguilar was much applauded in Mendelssohn's andante and rondo capriccioso. Mr. George Lake equally so in a concertina solo, and Mdlle. Krall in several songs. The splendid drawing-rooms of Lady Pollock were filled with amateurs of fashion.

MR. W. H. HOLMES'S PIANOFORTE CONCERTS.—The second came off on Wednesday morning. Novelty was the order of the day. There were no less than six pieces played in public for the first time—namely, sonata in C minor for three pianos (Rubenstein) played by Miss Newton, Messrs. Noble and Holmes; concerto (Hauptmann), by Master Horton Claridge Allison, aged eight years and a half; duets for the pianoforte (Schumann) by Miss Arabella Anderson and Mr. W. H. Holmes; nocturne, "The Violet," for the pianoforte (Miss Georgiana Holmes) by Mr. W. H. Holmes; duet for two pianofortes, "Midnight Reverie" (W. H. Holmes), by Messrs. Noble and Holmes; and concertino for pianoforte (Benedict), by Miss Janet Lindsay. The executants in the above instances were all pupils of Mr. Holmes, who himself took a large and important share in the labours. In fact the concert in the main was a concert of Mr. Holmes's pupils. There were some vocal pieces to vary the instrumental portion of the entertainment. Among others, Madame Clara Novello sang the air from *Eli*, "I will extol thee," and a ballad by Lady Cotton Sheppard, and Miss Emily Spiller, of the Royal Academy, sang Mr. Holmes's "Elfin of the Lake." The concert on the whole was highly interesting and attracted a crowded audience. Madame Clara Schumann will perform at the third concert.

WANT of space compelled us to be somewhat short in our notice of the concert of SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI's concert. We cannot, however, let this opportunity pass without bestowing some words of praise on both these artists for their expressive singing in a duet from *La Gazza Ladra*, in a duet by Kücken, and in Macfarren's trio, "The Troubadour," in which they were efficiently assisted by Miss Dolby. Signor Ferrari, also, in a romanza from *Maria di Rohan*, proved himself an efficient interpreter of Donizetti's graceful music; and the applause received by both the *bénéficiaires* in the course of the evening was as hearty as it was well deserved.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI summoned his friends to the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, yesterday, and as usual there was a crowded assembly. We have so often given our opinion of Signor Regondi's performance on the concertina and guitar that it would be a work of supererogation to go into it on this occasion any further than by saying that he is now as great as he ever was on both instruments. More we cannot say. The same expression, the same finish, the same correctness of phrasing and the same wonderful execution. Signor Regondi was much applauded in a *morceau* of his own composition on the concertina, and a *fantasia* by Schulz, on the guitar, in which difficulties without number were accomplished with perfect ease. Signor Regondi had engaged some of the most eminent artists in London to assist him, among whom were Madame Viardot Garcia, who sang with charming simplicity an air of Lully's in *Thésée*, and a national popular air "Margoton," as well as some Spanish songs, which were encored. Madame Clara Novello sang with admirable finish Mozart's "Dove sono," and some duets with Madame Viardot. Another feature of the concert was the Orpheus Glee Union. The members of this vocal society sang, with perfect *ensemble*, a glee called "Maying" by Müller, and a part song, "Beware," by Hatton, in both of which they were encored. The other performers were Miss Lascelles, who was much applauded in an air by Stradella; Signor Tedesco, who played with great spirit the sonata in B flat, Op. 22, of Beethoven, and was much applauded; Miss Stabbach and Mdlle. Cleopatra Tornberg, who played a *fantasia* on the flute. Signor Li Calsi conducted.

MR. G. A. OSBORNE's concert took place on Friday evening in the Hanover-square Rooms, before a numerous and fashionable audience. A new feature in the programme was a very cleverly written quartet, MS.—for pianoforte, flute, clarinet, and bassoon—performed with great effect by the composer with Messrs. Pratten, Lazarus, and Baumann. A brilliant duet for two pianofortes on subjects from the *Etoile du Nord*, and a duet for pianoforte and violin on themes from Auber's *Marco Spada*—both the compositions of Mr. Osborne—were equally successful. The first was executed with great spirit by Messrs. Osborne and Benedict; in the second Mr. Osborne was joined by Mr. Blagrove. Mr. Osborne also played a *nocturne* of Chopin called *Il Lamento*, and a *Marche Caracteristique* of his own. Both the music and execution of the last gave evident pleasure to the audience, who again expressed their satisfaction, at the termination of the concert, with yet two other pianoforte solos—*Au revoir* and *[illegible]*—from the same fertile pen and the same pliant fingers. The programme was relieved by vocal pieces from various composers, sung by Mdlle. Emilie Krall, Miss L. Vinning, and Mr. Benson; a glee and four-part song, entrusted to Messrs. J. Foster, W. Cooper, Benson, and T. Thomas; and last (or rather first—since it opened the concert) not least, one of Beethoven's violin sonatas, performed by Messrs. Osborne and Blagrove. So that Mr. Osborne's numerous patrons had ample opportunity of admiring him, both as pianist and composer.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth concert (on Monday night) was in many respects first-rate. It was too long, but that fault seems inseparable from Philharmonic performances. It is not the less true that two symphonies, two concertos, and two overtures diversified by singing are more than enough for any musical appetite—especially when all the pieces, instrumental and vocal, are lengthy. The programme was as follows:—

Sinfonia in D minor	Spohr.
Scena ed Aria, "Ah! parlate"	Cimarosa.
Concerto in G, Pianoforte	Beethoven.
Scena et Air, "Invocation à la Haine"	Gluck.
Overture, *Midsummer Night's Dream*	Mendelssohn.
Sinfonia in C, No. 6, *Jupiter*	Mozart.
Concerto, Violoncello	Haydn.
Duetto, "Quis est Homo"	Rossini.
Overture (*Fidelio*)	Beethoven.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

Spohr's second symphony (which is too rarely heard) was written a great many years ago, expressly for the Philharmonic Society. It is in many respects the best work of that class which the master has composed. Even Mr. Chorley—in his elaborate attack upon the Cassel musician*—allows that it is "sweet without *sickliness*, and solid without stolidity." This, coming from so ingenious a pen, is a sentence to be cherished by all the disciples of Spohr. About the *Jupiter* of Mozart it is unnecessary to say anything—except that it annihilated almost everything that preceded and followed it. Both symphonies were executed with great vigour, though not with great delicacy. Mendelssohn's overture was scrambled through with unpardonable negligence, and the final chords were "mulled" by certain of the "wind"—who should have been mulcted for their mulling. This was a pity, since Professor Bennett gave us the right reading, at last, of the *rallentando* in the *coda*—Mendelssohn's own reading—with a gradual diminution in the *tempo* instead of a sudden change at the *cantabile*. We know not on what authority the new conductor omitted the usual pauses after each of the four chords for wind instruments, at the beginning and end of the overture. No doubt, however, he had good reasons for such an innovation. The *Fidelio* was rattled over—according to custom.

Herr Otto Goldschmidt played Beethoven's concerto famously, and was warmly applauded after each movement. Nothing could be better than his reading of the slow movement. His cadences, in the first *allegro* and *finale*, were brilliant and well contrived. Sig. Piatti's incomparable talent was ill displayed in the meagre and old-fashioned concerto of Haydn, which we strongly recommend him to restore to that ancient book stall where he is said (we are unaware with what truth) to have discovered it. As music it is *rococo*, and as a specimen of the master of no value whatever.

Mad. Clara Novello sang well; but the music in Cimarosa's *Sacrifizio d'Abramo* is gone out of date. It should be buried with Haydn's violoncello concerto. Mad. Viardot Garcia sang elaborately; but the scene from Gluck's *Armida*, away from the stage, is little better than dry declamation. The elegant (and exceedingly secular) duet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* afforded the two accomplished ladies an opportunity of shining in companionship—of which they availed themselves admirably.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

At the fifth sitting (on Tuesday afternoon) the following was the selection:—

Quartet, E minor, Op. 44	Mendelssohn.
Pianoforte Solos	Bach.
Quartet, in A, No. 5, Op. 18	Beethoven.
Septet, D minor	Hummel.

Herr Ernst again led the quartets, and never played more magnificently. The *scherzo* in the first—one of Mendelssohn's most prodigious inspirations—was repeated by unanimous desire; and the *andante*, which was *sung* with exquisite expression, deserved the compliment quite as well. Beethoven's quartet (simple and graceful) was finely contrasted with the more elaborate and imaginative inspiration of Mendelssohn. In both Herr Ernst was admirably seconded by Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hill, and Sig. Piatti—who has been justly called "the unrivalled."

M. Hallé was in fine play. The *prelude*, *sarabande*, *bourrée* and *gigue* of "old Bach"—executed in the genuine and unaffected manner of the Bachian (or Bacchose—or Bacchic) period—was a rare treat. Hummel's prolix and very brilliant, [illegible] and extremely dashing, affected and utterly diffuse, *septuor* in D minor was splendidly performed by the great Teutonic pianist, in association with M. Remusat (flute), M. Barret (oboe), Mr. C. Harper (horn), Mr. Hill (viola), Signor Piatti (violoncello), and Howell (double-bass). A more powerful combination of executants ("the executive," as Mr. Ella would say) could hardly have been devised—even by the Director of the Musical Union.

The room was full; the performers were *[illegible]*; the handkerchiefs all cambric and embroidered; the lace was all pointed—like the criticisms anticipatory of the "*Record*." In short, the present "sitting" was one of the most comfortable of the season.

MAD. CLARA SCHUMANN'S RECITAL.

Mad. Schumann afforded her friends and admirers an intellectual treat on Tuesday afternoon, in the Hanover-square Rooms, when, wholly unaided, she entertained them at the pianoforte for nearly two hours, with the following well varied selection:—

Sonata in C major, Op. 53	Beethoven.
Schlummerlied, Op. 124	Robert Schumann.
Jagdlied, Op. 82	
Traumeswirren, Phantasiestück, Op. 12	
Prelude and fugue (for the organ) in A minor	J. S. Bach.
Capriccio Scherzando in F sharp minor	Mendelssohn.
Nocturne in C minor	Chopin.
Polonaise in A flat major	

It is not small compliment to the admirable pianist to say that she played her husband's music more exquisitely than all the rest—since nothing could be so natural as that she should give her whole soul to it. The *Schlummerlied*—which she placed first instead of second—is the best of the three pieces, consisting of a graceful *cantilena*, with an accompaniment in legato arpeggios, *à la* Mendelssohn. This was played with touching sentiment and loudly re-demanded. The other two are more fantastic and from a purely musical point of view less charming.

We liked Mad. Schumann's reading of the introduction and *finale* in Beethoven's grand and brilliant sonata most. While her execution of the first *allegro* wanted breadth and (occasionally) clearness, her conception of all the rest was full of original fancy and her performance beyond reproach. The gigantic prelude and fugue of Bach are nothing without organ pedals. Feet as well as hands are indispensable to its effect. Nor can we justify the rapid pace at which the accomplished lady took both movements, since it renders a thoroughly correct execution impossible. The energy and force she displayed, however, was entitled to our warmest admiration. Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando* wanted a touch more light and free, and more evenly sustained rapidity. This is one of the most impossible pieces ever composed for the pianoforte. The *Nocturne* and *Polonaise* by Chopin are eminent among the strangely complicated rhapsodies of that composer. Enormously taxing to the player, the labour bestowed on them can never be repaid by the result, even when they are executed by an imaginative pianist like Mad. Schumann, or one of unbending mechanism like M. Hallé.

Except the prelude and fugue by Bach Mad. Schumann gave

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* *Music and Manners in Germany.*

Google

the whole programme without book. Her memory is as wonderful as her playing is interesting. Every piece was applauded. There was a fashionable attendance; and had the "recital" taken place any other day (the Musical Union and Dr. Ella "sitting" at the same hour, in another place) the audience would have been as numerous as it was elegant and exclusive. Mad. Schumann must give us another entertainment of a similar character. All the bishops, lords, and countesses were at the Union; and even that most musical of earls, the Earl of Westmoreland, merely gave a peep into the room and retreated.

M. Hallé's Recitals.—The pianoforte "Recitals" which M. Charles Hallé is giving at his residence are among the most interesting features of the musical season. Every one of our readers is aware of the masterly manner in which M. Hallé interprets the works of the great masters. It will be enough, therefore, by giving the programmes of the two recitals which have taken place already (May 8th and 22nd) to convince those who were not present what a rare treat they have lost. At the first M. Hallé played the following pieces:—

Sonata Pastorale in D, Op. 28, Beethoven; Prelude, Sarabande, Bourrée, and Gigue, in A minor, S. Bach; Adagio and Rondo Allegro from Sonata in C, Op. 24, Weber; Sonata in A flat, Op. 110, Beethoven; "Wanderstunden," No. 4 in F, No. 2 in D flat, Op. 80, and "Nuits Blanches," No. 8 in E, Op. 82, St. Heller; Ballade, in A flat, Op. 47, Chopin; Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn.

At the second the selection was as follows:—

Sonata in C, Op. 2, No. 3, Beethoven; Prelude, Sarabande, Gavotte, and Musette and Gigue in G minor, S. Bach; Theme with variations in A, Mozart; Grand Sonata in A, Op. 101, Beethoven; Second Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31, Chopin; "Dans les Bois," No. 3 in E, Op. 86; "Nuits Blanches," No. 17 in B flat, Op. 82, and "Promenades d'un Solitaire," No. 1 in F sharp, St. Heller; Presto Scherzando, in F sharp minor, Mendelssohn.

Among the most interesting things to connoisseurs were the two sonatas of Beethoven (Ops. 101 and 110) which are rarely played; and the searchers after novelty must have been enchanted with the compositions of M. Stephen Heller.

CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber.—*The question should be put to an Oracle. Our organ contributor is on the continent. When he returns "A Subscriber" shall receive an answer.*

Adalgisa.—*We are unable to say, but will make enquiries.*

Musicus.—*It means nothing—like many other expressions of the same writer.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, May 31st, 1856.

The anniversary gathering of charity children from the various free schools of the metropolis will take place on Thursday afternoon, as usual, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

This ceremony has been frequently described and its general features must be familiar to our readers. It is none the less imposing, however, for having been so often witnessed. The *coup d'œil*—whether from the centre immediately underneath the dome, or from the galleries at either side the organ loft, or from the farthest extremity of the nave near the great portal, or indeed, from any part of the sacred edifice where the dense masses of children in holyday attire rising gradually in long unbroken lines, one over another, with gaily banners high above the heads of the topmost ranks, denoting the respective institutions to which each serried group belongs, can be encompassed at a glance—is truly magnificent. The congregation, too, of nearly 15,000 persons, looking, when unmoved, as if wedged together in one vast living block, yet undulating like a sea when the order of prayer causes them either to rise or resume their seats, is scarcely less imposing in its way. It must call for no ordinary ingenuity on the part of the architect (Mr. Arthur S. Newman) who plans and superintends the erection of the scaffolding to accommodate between 4,000 and 5,000 children so comfortably, and in a manner calculated to display them in such picturesque and conspicuous advantage before the eyes of the spectator.

As usual, full cathedral service will be performed. Before prayers the 100th Psalm is to be sung by the children. This alone is worthy all the praises that have been lavished on it by the most eminent authorities—from Haydn down to Berlioz, who may be justly styled the musical antipodes to each other. The air itself is simple and impressive; it is thoroughly well known to the children, and they chant it with a precision, unanimity, and truth of intonation delightful to hear. Add to all this, the amazing effect of so many young and fresh voices, in solemn swelling unison, and the enthusiasm of one like M. Berlioz, who raves about the combinations derived from a multitude of throats and instruments, may readily be understood. The 100th Psalm is the greatest performance of the children. The 104th Psalm, which ordinarily follows the sermon, is also set to a fine tune, and suits them well, though it is hardly equal to the first. The 113th Psalm, which generally precedes the sermon, ought to be replaced by something else. The tune is not simple and measured enough, nor is it by any means well impressed upon the minds of the children, who sing it with more difficulty and far less effect than the others. A marked improvement, by the way, was shown last year in the responses of Tallis, and still more in Handel's *Coronation Anthem*, ("Zadok the Priest"), where the children used to be continually at odds with the gentlemen of the choir and the four trumpets, uncertain whether to obey the wary *bâton* of Mr Bates, perched up in his distant rostrum, or the indications of the organ with its booming and sonorous pedal pipes. The sentences, "God save the King!"—"Long live the King!"—"May the King live for ever!"—"Hallelujah!"—"Amen!"—wedded to the mighty harmonies of the musician who wrote *The Messiah*, were pronounced with an emphasis and distinct articulation highly honourable to the large army of small singers and songstresses. The "choir" (composed of emissaries from Westminster Abbey, the Temple, the Chapel Royal, Windsor, St. Andrew's, a select number from the Sacred Harmonic Society, and others, who had come, according to annual custom, to reinforce the singers immediately attached to the cathedral), emboldened by the steadiness of the children, sang better than ever. We believe the credit of this improvement was due, in a great measure, to Mr Bates, to whom was confided the task of superintending the preparatory rehearsals at the schools. It must be observed, however, that the time of the *Coronation Anthem* was taken a good deal quicker than ordinary, by which means decision of attack and correct intonation,—points of incalculable importance—were both attained in a degree that had never been reached before. The "Hallelujah" chorus, with which the service terminated, was dragged along at the ancient slow and heavy pace, and, in consequence, not half so steady, nor half so well in tune as the anthem—from which result it was to be hoped a useful lesson might be learnt. With reference to the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" it is unnecessary to say more than that something newer would have been as easy to provide as unanimously welcome. Why assemble picked members from renowned choirs for the purpose of doing nothing that has not been done a hundred times already! These gentlemen are artists, no less than "choir singers," and love and understand fine music. Let them only be invited to prepare something new—something worthy of so grand a ceremony—and they would do it without protest. If not, it would be as well for the future to engage a professional chorus. Surely "Boyce in A" is not the *last word* of cathedral music? The Rubicon once passed, and a new era may dawn. How many an English composer would be proud and happy to compose an anthem expressly for such an event, and how few, who can compose at all, would fail to produce a good one!

We understand that Mr Goss, the organist, (who, with the aid of Mr G Cooper, his constant associate at these anniversaries, directs the musical parts of the service,) has more than once suggested the performance of Mendelssohn's *chorale*, "Sleepers, awake!" (*St. Paul*) with a proportionate number of brass instruments for the interludes. The idea is a good one, and might be carried out with a little pains and a certain discretion in deciding what portions of it should be allotted to the children. At any rate, the united choirs might endeavour to distinguish themselves, if the children must be tied down to the old routine, since with the former there can be no possible difficulty.

The anniversary sermon, which always accompanies this celebration, is printed and published for circulation *after* the ceremony!—but, at the same time, it would be advisable to distribute an epitome of its contents among the congregation before service begins—since hardly more than one out of twenty can hear a word of it, and those who would gladly be edified are beyond the reach of edification. The effect of such discourses should be direct, if they are to have any beneficial influence on the cause in favour of which they are delivered. It has been proposed to omit the sermon, but the innovation is resisted, from conscientious motives, by the cathedral authorities, who would on no account sanction any interference with authorised forms. Into this question, however, laymen have no right to enter.

We regret to record that there has been much talk of abolishing the meetings of the charity schools, and that, in the opinion of many, the anniversary of 1855 was to be the very last. Such a catastrophe would be deplorable; and considering the unparalleled grandeur of the ceremony, the admirable influence it exercises, its tendency to elevate the moral sentiments of the children and to interest the whole population in their welfare, we have no hesitation in saying that, if the meetings are given up on any grounds, however specious, it will be a disgrace to the nation. About the reasons for this threatened consummation several reports were current. According to some, steps were about to be taken to institute daily service in that part of the nave of the cathedral which is roofed by the dome; and as the requisite constructions for this purpose would not be temporary but perpetual, they would necessarily interfere with the arrangements indispensable to the anniversary celebrations. If this innovation is ever accomplished, the "constructions" should be removable at pleasure. Had we not a railway in the Crimea, and an electric telegraph from Balaklava to the seat of Government at home!—and shall we, who achieved these wonders, be placed in any straits about a removable pulpit, a removable chair, and removable pews in a church? We cannot believe the difficulty lay there. There was another rumour, to which we are more disposed to give attention. The expenses of the meetings are in excess of the receipts, the donations are by no means liberal; the charities get little or nothing, and the stewards for the year (like the stewards at some of our provincial festivals) are liable to meet a deficit. There is the rub!—there the shoe pinches! "The war"—moreover the "double income-tax," and so forth, were, of course, quoted indiscriminately. Last anniversary the contributions, from nearly 15,000 visitors, amounted to a mere bagatelle. At the north, south, north west, and south west doors the sum of £393 and some odd shillings was taken.*

The inhabitants of London should hide their heads in shame. They could find nearly £1,500 for an amateur pantomime, upwards of £2 000 to see an Emperor and Empress at the Opera, and yet, among sevenfold the numbers that assembled on those particular occasions, the paltry amount of £390 was forthcoming for all the charity schools!—this, too, at a ceremony, for imposing grandeur, not to be equalled throughout Europe, and of which it was the 155th anniversary! If the first assumed difficulty was untenable, the last was preposterous.

Without examining other assumed reasons, however—without venturing a profane glance at the sanctuary of the Dean and Chapter—we must repeat, should these meetings be given up, it will be a humiliation to the metropolis, and a stigma upon its wealthier inhabitants, upon the aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of commerce. We would willingly believe such ominous reports unfounded, but they have been too rife to pass without comment.

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* We understand that, after a balance of receipts and expenditure, there was an actual loss of £2 upon the meeting.

MADAME ALBERTINI has arrived in London, and will shortly make her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre in *Il Trovatore*. Signor Baucarde has also arrived.

HERR FISCHER is in town. He sang for the first time at Mad. Puzzi's concert.

MR. GEORGE BUCKLAND'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The Regent Gallery was well filled on Monday to "assist" at the new entertainment given by that well-known lecturer, which consists of a series of "Living Pictures," illustrated by appropriate songs, sung by Miss Clari Fraser and Mr Buckland, several of which were encored. This was followed by the "Rehearsal of a Melodrama," which was a "good idea," and was very successful. He describes the plot "vocally," and the "assistants" illustrate the lecture in "dumb show." This entertainment, judging from its reception on Monday evening, is likely to become popular.

ITALY.—A new opera, entitled *Il Cantastorie*, the music by Sig. Tilli, the words by Sig Canovai, has been produced at the Theatre Leopoldo, at Florence. Although the singing was none of the best, and the orchestra and chorus were as bad as could be, the music seems to have pleased the public, and both the composer and author were recalled several times. The principal singers were most unmercifully hissed at frequent intervals, and they richly deserved it, not one of them knowing his part.—Mad. Albertini took her benefit at the Pagliano, previous to her departure for London, with her husband, Sig. Baucarde.—Sig. Verdi's *Giovanna di Guzman*, was played on the 14th for the last time. The theatre was illuminated *à giorno*. The crowd was immense, and the applause continuous. The opera seems to have pleased the public—not so the *Martire*, which was well sung by Mad. [illegible] and Sigs. Sarti and Ferri. It went very coldly, and is not likely to stand its ground.—*La Stella del Norde* is played every night at the Canobbiana, at Milan, and draws excellent houses. It is well put on the stage.

GENOA.—*Les Vêpres Siciliennes* was given here on the 23rd inst., for the first time, at the Theatre of the Carlo Felice. Madame Goldberg Strossi (sister of the London singing master) had great success in the part of Helene, and was encored in the "Siciliana." Signor Giuglini, the tenor, sang with great taste, and was much applauded in the duet of the fourth act.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, Mdlle. Marietta Piccolomini made her first appearance, and was also the means of introducing Signor Verdi's *Traviata*. The success of the new *prima donna*, we may at once say, was decided. The house was crowded to the ceiling; and the opinion was unanimous that an artist at once original and fascinating had "debuted" and triumphed.

It is not as a singer that we would at present wish to judge Mdlle. Piccolomini—but as an actress. In the vocal art she has evidently but small experience as yet; nor is her voice one of those rich and penetrating organs that at once lay hold of the sympathies of the crowd and win consideration for their possessors. What may hereafter be the progress of Mdlle. Piccolomini as a singer we cannot pretend to say. She is very young and evinces a genuine feeling for the expressive element of the vocal art, and that already is a great point in her favour. Mechanism may be conquered by zeal and perseverance; but expression is a gift from above.

As an actress, Mdlle. Piccolomini is genial, fresh, piquant and enchanting. She is brim full of enthusiasm; and when she errs (which is seldom), it is only from too eager a desire to do well. Of nervousness she exhibited none; but in the very first scene tripped cheerily up to the foot-lights and accepted the salutations of the vastest audience she had ever confronted,* with all the assurance of a stage-performer of twenty years' standing. To *her* the admonition—"Be not afraid"—was superfluous, since she displayed no signs of timidity. But was not this the confidence of genius, rather than the calm effrontery of an ordinary intelligence? We believe so sincerely—for if ever that mysterious and inexplicable endowment was imprinted in the face and entire presence of a histrionic artist, it assuredly throws a halo round the *mignonne* and delicate physiognomy of Mdlle. Piccolomini.

It is not our intention now to criticise either the opera of *Il Traviata* or the new singer. We prefer waiting the confirmation of our first impression. Meanwhile we have little fear of the result. As a generally just appreciation of the effect produced by Mdlle. Piccolomini on the audience, we shall, however, take leave to quote a fragment of the masterly notice of her first performance, which appeared in the columns of the *Times*. To this, with the exception of those passages which we have purposely *italicised*, we give our full and unequivocal consent:—

"The entrance of Mademoiselle Piccolomini at once made an impression in her favour. Her figure is small, graceful and distinguished, her countenance is pleasing and vivacious, and as she tripped upon the stage amid her guests there was a sprightliness in her manner that gained all sympathies and that found its vocal expression in the second verse of the Bacchanalian song with which Violetta follows the first verse sung by Alfred. The pretty recklessness with which this little ebullition of gaiety took place raised a loud burst of applause and the verse was unanimously encored. The final movement at the end of the scene in the first act, when Mademoiselle Piccolomini's *pure soprano voice was exerted in the production of the most florid ornamentation*, brought down the curtain amid general sounds of approval, but it was not as yet that her grand triumph was attained. It was in the second act, when the interview with the elder Germont is over and Violetta takes leave of Alfred with the concealed intent of never seeing him again, that her histrionic force was first displayed to its full extent. Such a tone of anguish—of abandonment to the sentiment of the moment, was thrown into the simple line—

Amami, Alfredo, quant' io t'amo! Addio!

that it thrilled through the whole body of the audience. The second great achievement was in the scene at Flora's residence, when she is insulted by Alfredo in the presence of the numerous party. *Except in the Camille of Mademoiselle Rachel* we scarcely remember to have seen such an instance of the bodily frame breaking up, as it were, through the aggression of mental anguish. Mademoiselle Piccolomini trembled from head to foot under the influence of the insulting language—the hands clutched convulsively and wandered about uncertain—it was evident that the mind was so absorbed in its own suffering as to have lost all control over the body. In that situation she did not utter a note, but nevertheless, she monopolised to herself all the attention of the public, who, contemplating that mute figure, forgot the musical air by which her movements were accompanied.

"When the second act was over the position of the artist was firmly established, and it may be observed especially in her favour that her triumph over the whole house was as gradual as it was sure. In the third act the details of death are set forth with a minuteness as far approaching that of *Mrs. C. Kean's exquisite representation of Queen Catherine's last moment as is possible within the compass of lyrical drama, where nuances of feeling cannot be so variously indicated as in spoken dialogues*. The faltering step with which Mademoiselle Piccolomini endeavoured to reach her chair when the malady was at its height was true to the highest degree. Every spectator followed her movements with a sort of nervousness, and audibly rejoiced when she was fairly seated in obviousness of the danger that she might fall exhausted in the midst of her efforts. The delirium of happiness with which, after the return of Alfred had again made life valuable, she charged her servant to fetch the medical man with the words—

Dighi che vivere ancor vogl' io,

was wonderful,—it was really the expression of the drowning wretch, who proverbially clutches at a straw, and beautifully led up to the more lyrical agony with which she immediately following [illegible] bewails her hapless lot in tones of impassioned grief. The minute details of the final agony of death, with all the gradual sinking and changeful play of the countenance, need not be described. It is sufficient to say that they left the audience in a state of enthusiastic admiration, which took the practical form of vociferous calls for the lady, solo after her appearance with the rest of the company.

"We must repeat the fact that the triumph was completely Mademoiselle Piccolomini's. *A great artist* played a part suited to her powers; that was the *artist* welcomed with so large a contribution of plaudits and bouquets."

Mdlle. Piccolomini is not yet "a great artist"—she is an artist of genius, however, and that admission, when her youth is taken into consideration, should satisfy her most enthusiastic partisans. If it does *not* we can only add that we are sorry Camille and RACHEL, Queen Catharine and Mrs. Charles Kean, had better have been left out of the analysis—for very opposite reasons, however, as the readers of the *Musical World* will understand.

Of Signor Verdi's music, and of the *Dame aux Camélias*, upon which the Italian "*poeta*" has constructed his *libretto*, we may speak on another occasion. To sum up the account of Mdlle. Piccolomini's success, it will suffice again to quote a fragment from the beginning of *The Times* article (the other was from the end):—

"On Saturday night one of those important experiments was made that are generally preceded by a vast amount of conjecture and—we may almost say—inquietude among the patrons of lyrical drama. We allude to the *début* of Mdlle. Piccolomini, the new *prima donna*, whose performance of the principal character in *La Traviata* had been declared one of the most perfect ever witnessed. The experiment to be made on Saturday, when the new artist came out in the part with which her fame is most identified, was, as other experiments, naturally hoped would be followed by satisfactory results. There was much, too, even in the name Piccolomini to excite curiosity, for even with Juliet's contempt for nomenclature in general, some names are so exceedingly big that one cannot hear them with indifference. Among these, Piccolomini is surely to be enumerated. When we add, that the young vocalist boasts that the ancient Italian family which comprises among its members the learned Pope Pius II. (better known as Æneas Sylvius) and Ottavio Piccolomini, who was concerned in the death of Wallenstein, owns her not only as a namesake but as a scion, we shall establish the fact that she merited a sympathetic reception at the hands of our aristocratic audience.

"Not to keep our readers in suspense with respect to the all-important event of Saturday, let us, before we descend to particulars, hasten to communicate that the success of Mdlle. Piccolomini has been most triumphant; that she was loudly called at the end of every act (twice after the last), and on each occasion with increased enthusiasm. This duty done, we will now endeavour to describe the field on which the victory was attained and the means employed by the artist."

Signor Calzolari, as Alfredo, has rarely appeared to so much advantage. He sang admirably, and really shone as an actor. He was alternately lively and pathetic, and at intervals even almost passionate. The character is an arduous one, and the music seldom grateful; in short it was a thankless task, and he more credit is due to Signor Calzolari for having accomplished it so well. He was doubtless influenced by his youthful partner, who threw a glow over all whom she approached. Signor Calzolari was frequently applauded, and appeared with Mademoiselle Piccolomini in the "recalls."

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* Mdlle. Piccolomini has only appeared at some of the smaller Italian theatres.

Signor Beneventano (Germont Senr) has a good voice, but hardly knows how to use it to advantage. His feeling is evident, and his intention good, but both are spoiled by exaggeration. The popular song, "Di provenza," produced no effect on this account.

The opera is carefully mounted, and no pains is spared on the *mise en scène*. We shall however return to the subject. *La Traviata* was repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday. Last night Alboni appeared, for the second time, in *La Sonnambula*, with Sig Salviani as Elvino. To-night *La Traviata*, for the fourth time. On Monday we are promised the *Trovatore* (*toujours* Trovant—*qui est fort peu perdrix; il a un goût moins bon*) with Mad. Albertini (*her first appearance*), Sig Baucardé—or Beaucarde, or Bocardé—*les trois se disent* ("ante" page 1847)—*his* first appearance these eight years; and Alboni, *her* first appearance in the character of the Gipsy, Azucena.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Rigoletto* was given for the second time. This performance was even better than the first.

On Tuesday Rossini's delicious *Comte Ory* was repeated. On the same evening that popular and seducing daughter of Terpsichore Mademoiselle Fanny Cerito, made her first appearance in the *ballet-divertissement* entitled *Eva*, which was revived with as nearly as possible the same accessories that distinguished its production at the larger theatre in Bow-street. The *mise en scène* was almost identical. There were the same costumes, the same changes and the same pretty landscape à la Poussin by Mr. Beverley which used to be so much admired. There was also Mr Payne as Mephistopheles. Whether the music had been saved from the flames, or whether Mr Alfred Mellon, conductor of the *ballet*, had rewritten it from memory (of which he is quite capable), we are unable to say; but there it was, note for note, just as we heard it when Cerito made her first joyous bound across the stage of the Royal Italian Opera. The charming and accomplished *danseuse*—says *The Times*—"was received with all the honours due to an old and well-deserving favourite of the public, and her first few steps proved that she was as agile and graceful as before. The scene in which Eva appears as a phantom interrupting the bridal festivities of her oblivious lover, was exquisitely beautiful. Every movement had its meaning, every gesture its fascination. The grand *pas d'ensemble* in the succeeding *tableau* was a triumph of Terpsichorean art on the part of Cerito, to whose free and rapid circulation the confined limits of the Lyceum stage apparently presented no obstacle." The *Adagio* was as stately and captivating as the variations were alternately elegant and sparkling. One of the latter, in which the admirable danseuse, in a step as bold and original as it is peculiarly her own, advanced from the back of the stage to the foot lights, was executed to perfection, and received with unanimous and prolonged applause. The return of Cerito gives a real importance to the *ballet* at this theatre, and will be materially serviceable in helping out those evenings on which short operas are performed and a *divertissement* is indispensable.

Mademoiselle Esper played the same part with which she was entrusted last year, and with the same talent and spirit. The lady who replaces Mademoiselle Battalini (as the bride), however, is not quite as competent as her predecessor. The dancing of the *coryphées* was good, and the general arrangement of the *pas d'ensemble* creditable to M. Desplaces—*maître de ballet*, who, as formerly, assumed the principal male character. But the presence of Cerito seemed to animate every one concerned with her on the stage, and the *ballet*, for the first time this season, was a source of true and genuine gratification.

On Wednesday (an extra night), *Lucrezia Borgia* (a superb performance), and the second appearance of Cerito.

LA TRAVIATA.

(*From The Times.*)

THE book of *La Traviata* is founded on *La Dame aux Camélias*—that celebrated drama which, when produced a few years since at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, at once created a fame for the younger M. Dumas, and incalculably increased the already established reputation of Madame Doche and M. Fechter. However, as the original piece, notwithstanding the immense sensation it made in Paris, has never been transferred to the English stage, or played in London by any French company at the St. James's Theatre, we shall assume that its story is unknown, and describe the progress of the action in *La Traviata* without further reference to the work of M. Dumas than the remark that, whereas the play is supposed to represent modern French life, the Italian libretto changes the period to the year 1700.

The first act takes place at Paris, in the house of Violetta, a reigning *belle*, more celebrated for beauty than for virtue, who, on the rising of the curtain, appears in her brilliant saloon, receiving guests of distinction. Alfred Germont, a young gentleman with whom she has become recently acquainted, is evidently regarded by her with more favour than the rest, and he soon makes himself conspicuous by singing a Bacchanalian song for the general amusement. Amid all this joviality, Violetta soon gives signs of a pulmonary complaint, which plays a very important part in the catastrophe, and Alfred, who is left alone with her by the retirement of the other guests into an adjoining saloon, expresses his serious uneasiness on her account. The devotion felt by the fond youth and the friendly warnings of the fallen beauty are embodied in a duet, at the end of which the guests, having observed the approach of morning, return to take their leave in chorus. No sooner have they departed than Violetta, abandoned to her own thoughts, executes a grand *scena*, in which she expresses her love for Alfred, reflects on her lost condition, and at last, by way of solace, resolves to plunge into the vortex of dissipation.

More than three months elapse before the commencement of the second act, the first scene of which is a villa near Paris, the residence of Alfred and Violetta, who, retired from the noisy world, are living together in a state of idyllic felicity, celebrated by Alfred in a song. Already, however, the storm begins to threaten. A word dropped by Violetta's maid reveals to Alfred the unpleasant fact that the lady is about to sell her horses, carriage, &c., to defray the expenses of housekeeping, and he hastens to Paris to prevent the sacrifice. During his absence Violetta receives a visit from a respectable old gentleman, who explains, without reserve, that he is Alfred's father, and moreover that he is by no means satisfied with his son's present mode of life. His manner is at first harsh, but the revelation that Violetta is about to sell all her property for the sake of his son softens his resentment, and he passes from a tone of severity to a strain of supplication, intermingled with friendly warning. Alfred's position will, he says, blight the hopes of his family, and Violetta herself, when the charms of youth have faded, will lead a life of misery. Under the influence of the old gentleman's persuasions, Violetta, though nearly maddened at the thought of a separation from Alfred, resolves to sacrifice her own feelings for the sake of his welfare. At the close of the interview, the greater part of which is embodied in a duet, Germont senior retires to the garden, and Violetta sits down to write a *billet* of evidently mysterious import, but on the sudden return of Alfred, she conceals it with a confused air. Little however does he suspect what has taken place, or who is in the garden, and though Violetta leaves the room abruptly, he still indulges in pleasant dreams for the future. From these he is awakened by the receipt of the letter which is given to him by the servant, and informs him that his beloved Violetta has abandoned him for ever. His despair is of the most frightful kind, and though his father, by an aria replete with paternal affection, endeavours to soothe him, the good old gentleman only seems to add fuel to flame.

We are then taken to a saloon in the house of Flora Bervoix, a lady whose social position is similar to that of Violetta. A brilliant party is given, and some ladies who make their appearance masked as gipsies, and some gentlemen attired as Spanish bull fighters, contribute to the merriment of the evening. Among the guests are Alfred, who is occupied in staking his money on a game of cards, and Violetta, who enters on the arm of her present protector, Baron Douphol. She is embarrassed by the unexpected sight of Alfred, and the embarrassment is increased by the obvious annoyance of the Baron, who insists that during the entire evening she shall not address a word to her former lover. A game, in which stakes are high—and in which Alfred and the Baron are antagonists, does not at all improve the aspect of affairs, and when the whole party return to the supper-room a tempest is evidently in the horizon. In a few moments it bursts forth. Violetta returns to the stage from the supper-room, followed by Alfred, whom she exhorts

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out to fight with the Baron, at the same time professing her love for the latter. The infuriated youth summons the whole company from the banquet, confesses to them how he has accepted the bounty of Violetta, and by way of repayment flings her portrait at her feet, amid the general indignation of all present, including his own father. This situation is the subject of the second act.

The third act takes place in Violetta's chamber, where the heroine is discovered in a dying condition. A letter from the elder Germont informs her that his son has fought and wounded the Baron, and will speedily return to her, accompanied by his father, but this solace has arrived too late, and an air, in which Violetta supplicates the pardon of Heaven for her past career, and which is contrasted by a Bacchanalian chorus of the people in the streets celebrating the procession of the "*bœuf gras*," is the expression of her despondency. The entrance of Alfred, with his father's sanction, throws a transient gleam over the unhappiness of Violetta, and in the first movement of a duet that ensues they begin to picture to themselves a blissful future. Already, however, the increased debility of Violetta shows that her stay in this world is not likely to be of long duration, and the final movement of the duet expresses the misery of the loving pair. Death, which gradually steals upon her while she is surrounded by her despairing lover, his father, a faithful servant, and the medical attendant, terminates the tale of sin and repentance.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The operas given during the week have been the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the *Sonnambula*, and the *Daughter of the Regiment*. Mr Sims Reeves, as Edgar, one of his finest impersonations, was enthusiastically applauded on Monday evening. The famous "Malediction" was delivered with immense energy and dramatic force, and the popular "Fra Poco" with exquisite sentiment and feeling. Mrs Sims Reeves was Lucy, and both acted and sang the part in a highly artistic manner.

On Tuesday the *Sonnambula* was repeated—on this occasion under the able direction of Mr Benedict. The principal airs were, as usual, encored, and Mr and Mrs Reeves were recalled after each act. Mr Benedict was loudly greeted when he made his appearance in the orchestra. In the *Daughter of the Regiment*, the principal part was performed by Miss Rebecca Isaacs, who is a great favourite with the Islingtonians. To-night the *Sonnambula* and the *Waterman* are announced, and three more representations will be given next week for the purpose of introducing Mr Reeves in Captain Macheath and other popular characters. Further attractions are also offered in the shape of vocal and instrumental concerts, assisted by eminent artists, among whom are Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Ernst, M Sainton, Herr Pischek, Herr Reichardt, &c. &c.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The *Messiah* was given by the Choral Society on Tuesday evening, the 28th ult., at the Corn Exchange. The vocalists were Mr J Hayward, Miss Witham, Mr Mason, Mr J Mainwaring. Mr Shargel was the leader of the band, and Mr H. Hayward the conductor.

PORTSMOUTH.—The concert of the Portsmouth Musical Association on Tuesday night, at the society's hall, was a creditable affair. The professional lady engaged, Miss Eliza Hughes, sang admirably, and was repeatedly applauded and encored. The Messrs. Fuller, Wyatt, and the other vocalists, as well as the instrumentalists, also performed their respective parts well.

WEIMAR.—Several compositions of young musicians have lately been produced. Among them were the overture to *Lanzelot vom See*, by Herr Emil Büchner, of Leipsic, and two orchestral compositions, an "Orchestral Fantasia" on Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, and an overture to Alfieri's *Eugenia de Asti*, by Herr Karl Fendrich of Freiburg.—Montag's Gesang-verein have given a concert of sacred music before the Grand Duke, the Grand Duchess, the Court, and a large circle of guests, in the ducal chapel. The pieces selected were, "Lamentationes" and "Responsorium," by Palestrina; an old German "Marienlied," by Prätorius; "Regina Cœli," by Caldara; "Adoramus," by Roll; "Alla Trinità," by a composer of the 14th century; a cantata, "Christ lag in Todesbanden," by J. S. Bach; the 22nd Psalm and "Mitten wir im Leben sind," by Mendelssohn; and two motets, "Wachtet auf ruft Euch die Stimme," and the 33rd Psalm, by Fasch and Benda. The various pieces were executed partly *à capella*, partly with organ and quartet accompaniment.

THE "MUSIC OF THE FUTURE" QUESTION.*

A SYSTEM can be called a "System of the Future" when it is presented to us as a contrast to, or at least something different from, the existing system; it is, then, in so far a "System of the Future," as the question, Which of the two systems, the old or the new one, is the better? cannot be answered at the present time. The fundamental difference, however, of such a system from that now existing, is the condition necessary for its being designated a new system, or a system in advance. The system of Kant, for instance, was, compared with that of Locke, a new system of philosophy, because it critically analysed the philosophy of Locke which it attacked as a point, and was then positively developed as a new system. The subsequent philosophical systems hold the same relative position to that of Kant. The same law obtains in the history of art. If we regard the system of harmony which we now possess, as contrasted with that of the Greeks, who were only acquainted with fifths and octaves as consonances, it is because our new system, by the adoption of both thirds as consonances, and the sharp and flat keys derived therefrom, as well as, finally, by the development of thorough bass and the chords resulting from it, was a new system, or a System of the Future. Wagner's music, with the exception of numerous liberties and deviations in its harmonic position, is written in the same system as all other music, since the foundation of the present musical system. Wagner's system of harmony is, therefore, not different from that we possess, nor is it a new. Indeed, I do not believe it possible to invent a new system of harmony, since harmony is no science *à priori*, but is founded upon actual facts of experience, and of the euphony or cacophony of the tones in combination with each other, the rules of their agreement depending upon natural laws, which we cannot change. Since, therefore, any new principle of harmonic succession in Wagner's course is out of the question, the expression "Music of the Future" refers to the spirit of the music, and the forms in which that spirit is exhibited. But to designate the spirit of Wagner's music as "Music of the Future" is tantamount to supposing that for the future all music will be composed in Wagner's spirit, or in other words that Wagner will be taken as a model. This, however, would produce a dead lock in art. Imitation is the opposite of genial creation. We have, then, to consider whether Wagner has not discovered new forms, by means of which the musical idea is susceptible of a more perfect expression than that possible in the forms hitherto recognised by us. Wagner rejects in opera the aria and ensemble forms. Striving solely to attain declamatory truth, his object is to assimilate musical to declamatory expression, and to make recitative the principal feature in opera. In my opinion, declamatory truth would be most surely attained if the artists were to declaim instead of singing; but if we once allow song, that is to say, the musical treatment of the subject of a drama, the total subordination of the music to the declamation is a contradiction, and, were such a system carried out, opera would become melo-drama. This idea of treating the subject of a drama in mere recitative is not new. Rameau and Lulli were advocates of this system. Voltaire, in his *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, and Rousseau, in his *Traité sur la Musique*, theoretically refuted it.

Even Gluck has gone beyond it; side by side with the recitative he has given full scope for the melody, and written arias for the lyrical portion of his operas. In his *Orpheus* the aria form is, in fact, predominant. Mozart has followed the same system, developing and extending Gluck's forms. After Mozart, all first class operatic composers have written in this system. If, therefore, Wagner wishes to introduce recitative *exclusively*, all he would do is to lead us back to the point of view of Lulli and Rameau, which we have past. It will be objected that, in lyrical passages, Wagner, like his predecessors, gives the preference to melody, and introduces the form of the *Lied*, in a general sense. By retaining in his operas recitative and the form of the aria, Wagner follows in the footsteps of other composers, and, therefore, his system is not fundamentally new. The fact of Wagner's writing the *coloratura* in his arias like the Italians, and of the orchestra merely executing independent figures during his recitative or musical declamatory phrases, are merely modifications, and not material differences of form. Wagner rejects, also, the form of the sonata, as we see by his overtures. It cannot, however, be asserted that he has created a new form of the overture or the symphony. His instrumental compositions are *free fantasias* for the orchestra. But the fantasia is a form which has always been recognised in music. Still, a composition of this kind is not a work, which, according to prevailing ideas, we can call a symphony. After this analysis, it appears to me that the advance made in Wagner's music, in reference to form, is a doubtful one. If, however, we proceed to the instrumentation, we find really new and astounding effects. Wagner works principally with masses. He frequently divides the violins into eight parts, and treats the valve instruments in a most masterly manner. But, while justly acknowledging his merit in this respect, we cannot, on the other hand, deny that this style of instrumentation is not to be taken as a standard. What should we think of a composer, who, if he had to set to music a subject of an idyllic character, similar to Paesiello's *Molinara*, or Weigl's *Schweizerfamilie*, were to commence his opera with an overture possessing an instrumental accompaniment of eight trumpets, and the violins divided into four parts? It is true that Wagner's music fully suits the text of his operas; but I think that it is a somewhat hazardous assertion to say that this style ought to be taken as a standard, or that his music should be designated "Music of the Future."

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* Translated from the *Norddeutsche Theater Zeitung*.

SHEFFIELD.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Theatre Royal has been opened with an operatic company for some weeks, but the attendance has been generally indifferent. The principals were Madlle. Nau, Miss Stanley, Messrs. St. Albyn, Guillmette, Aynslie, etc. Conductor, Herr Meyer Lutz, whose opera of *Faust and Marguerite* (originally played at the Surrey we believe) was produced but did not draw.

The Vocal Union has given its last concert for the season.

Mr Charles Mathews is announced for a few nights at the theatre, which is still under the management of Mr Charles Dillon.

BERLIN.—The last performance for the season of the Frauen-verein, for the benefit of the Gustav-Adolph Stiftung, consisted of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, under the direction of Herr Stern. The solos were sung by Madame Herrenburger Tuczeck, Madlle. Johanna Wagner, Herren Mantius and Krause.

DANTZIG.—The operatic season was brought to a close with Weber's *Oberon*.

KÖNIGSBERG.—The Academy of Music here lately gave a performance of Haydn's *Seasons*.

BRUNSWICK.—The theatre is closed, although it will, probably, be opened during the fair which takes place at the beginning of August. The regular season commences on the 1st of September.

PESTH.—A very serious accident was nearly occasioned here, a short time since, through the negligence of the "property man" at the theatre. It appears that he furnished Herr Draxler, for the drinking duet in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, with a bottle containing spirits of turpentine instead of wine. In the excitement of acting, Herr Draxler took a small draught, but, luckily, found out his mistake in time, and merely burnt his lips a little. The public remarked nothing wrong and the opera was not interrupted.

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Sonnambula	4.	Ah! perchè non posso	(D flat).	1	[illegible]
"	[illegible]	Ah! non giunge	(D)	1	[illegible]
"	[illegible]	Come per me sereno	(E fla.)	1	[illegible]
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"	63.	D' un pensiero—Duet	(C)	[illegible]	1
"	64.	A fosco cielo—Duet	(E flat)	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	65	Prendi l' anel—Duet	(A flat)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lucia di Lammermoor	[illegible]	Fra poco a me	(A)	1	[illegible]
"	9.	Regnava nel silenzio	(C)	1	[illegible]
Robert le Diable	10.	Quand je quittais	([illegible] flat)	1	[illegible]
"	11.	Robert, toi que j'aime	(F)	1	[illegible]
Puritani	12.	Qui la voce	(D)	1	[illegible]
"	13.	Son vergin vezzosa	(E flat)	1	[illegible]
"	14	A te, o cara	(E flat)	1	[illegible]
Betly	15.	In questo semplice	(G)	1	[illegible]
Ernani	16	Ernani, Ernani, involami	(C)	1	[illegible]
"	67.	Ah! morir potessi—Duet		1	[illegible]
"	56.	Come rugiada	(A)	1	[illegible]
"	57	Infelice e tu	(A flat).	1	[illegible]
"	68.	Lo vedremo (Vieni meco)	(G)	1	[illegible]
Lucrezia Borgia	17	Nella fatal	(E minor)	1	[illegible]
"	18.	Di pescatore	(D)	1	[illegible]
"	19	Il segreto	(C)	1	[illegible]
"	60.	Com' è bello	(G)	1	[illegible]
Nabucodonosor	21.	Va pensiero	(F)	1	[illegible]
Fille du Regiment	22.	Ciascun lo dice	(D)	1	[illegible]
"	23.	Apparvi alla luce	(E flat)	1	[illegible]
"	24.	Convien partir	(D)	1	[illegible]
Luisa Miller	25.	Quando le sere al placido	(B flat and F).	1	[illegible]
"	72.	La tremito—Duet	(E flat)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Favorita	26.	Scese dal ciel	(G and E)	1	[illegible]
"	27.	A tanto amor	(E)	1	[illegible]
"	28.	O mio Fernando	(C)	1	[illegible]
Norma	29.	Casta Diva	(G)	1	[illegible]
"	66	Deh con te—Duet	(D)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Beatrice di Tenda	30.	[illegible] vana Ayrnae	(E)	1	[illegible]
Elisire d'Amore	31.	Una furtiva lagrima	(B flat)	1	[illegible]
Prigione d'Edimburgo	32	Sulla poppa	(G)	1	[illegible]
"	33	Dormi, dormi	(F)	1	[illegible]
Don Pasquale	33.	Com' è gentil	(F)	1	[illegible]
"	34.	La morale	(E flat)	1	[illegible]
Anna Bolena	35.	Al dolce guidami	(E flat)	1	[illegible]
Linda di Chamouni	36.	O luce di quest' anima	(A)	1	[illegible]
"	71.	Da quel dì—Duet	(G)	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	36.	So tanto in ira	(F)	1	[illegible]
Il Trovatore	37	Stride la vampa	(D minor)	1	[illegible]
"	38.	Di quella pira	(C)	1	[illegible]
"	39	Ah sì, ben mio	(F flat)	1	[illegible]
"	40.	Deserto sulla terra	(C)	1	[illegible]
"	41	D' amor sull' ali rosee	(G)	1	[illegible]
"	42.	Tacea la notte placida	(F)	1	[illegible]
"	43	Il balen del suo sorriso	(A)	1	[illegible]
"	44.	Ah! che la morte ognora	(E flat)	1	[illegible]
"	70.	Si la Stanchezza—Duet	(F)	[illegible]	[illegible]
La Traviata	46.	Un dì felice	(F)	1	[illegible]
"	47.	Parigi, o cara—Duet	(F)	1	[illegible]
"	48.	Di Provenza il mar	(G)	1	[illegible]
"	49	Libiamo ne' lieti calici	(C)	1	[illegible]
"	50.	Se una pudica vergine	(C)	1	[illegible]
"	51	Un dì quando le veneri	(E minor)	1	[illegible]
"	52.	Pura siccome un angelo	(G)	1	[illegible]
"	62.	Dite alla giovine	(C)	1	[illegible]
"	74	Addio del passato	(C)	1	[illegible]
"	75	Ah! fors' è lui	(F)	1	[illegible]
"	76.	Di sprezzo degno	(F)	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	77	Noi siamo Zingarelle	(F)	[illegible]	[illegible]
L'Etoile	55.	Quando dal ciel	(E flat)	1	[illegible]
Giulietta e Romeo	60.	Ah! se tu dormi	(D flat)	1	[illegible]
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3.	Rigoletto	10	[illegible]
4	Ernani	20.	[illegible]
5	Norma	11	[illegible]
6	Lucia di Lammermoor	20.	[illegible]
7	Anna Bolena	[illegible]	[illegible]
8	L'Elisire d'Amore	[illegible]	[illegible]
9.	Don Pasquale	17	[illegible]
10	Favorita	20.	[illegible]
11.	Puritani	15	[illegible]
12.	Huguenots	[illegible]	[illegible]
13	Robert le Diable	20.	[illegible]
14	Crociati	[illegible]	[illegible]
15	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
16	Capuleti	[illegible]	[illegible]
17	Guillaume Tell	20.	[illegible]
18	Cenerentola	[illegible]	[illegible]
19.	Sonnambula	[illegible]	[illegible]
20.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
21.	Gazza Ladra	[illegible]	[illegible]
22.	Otello	[illegible]	[illegible]
23.	Tancredi	[illegible]	[illegible]
24.	Mosè in Egitto	[illegible]	[illegible]
25.	Flauto Magico	[illegible]	[illegible]
26.	Così fan tutti	[illegible]	[illegible]

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The Musical World.

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VOL 34.—No 30 SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856. PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The following are the arrangements for the last week of the Season:—Monday July 28th MADLLE WAGNER'S LAST APPEARANCE—TANCREDI. Tancredi, Mdlle. Wagner (her benefit and last appearance). Tuesday July 29, DON PASQUALE, Norina, Mdlle Piccolomini. Thursday, July 31, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO, Maria, Mdlle Piccolomini. Saturday August 2, LA TRAVIATA, Violetta, Mdlle. Piccolomini, with the Grand Ballet of LE CORSAIRE. Medora, Mdlle. Rosati. FAREWELL NIGHTS.—Tuesday August 5, Thursday August 7, and Saturday, August 9. On each night Mdlle. Piccolomini will appear in a different part. Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LYCEUM.—Close of the Opera Season, Monday next, July 28. Extra night. Last night of "Lucrezia Borgia," Grisi, Didiée, Ronconi, Mario, with the ballet of [illegible] Mdlle. Cerito. Tuesday, last night of Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Bosio, Ronconi, [illegible] Tagliafico, Mario, with the ballet of [illegible]—Mdlle. Cerito. Thursday Extra night. Last night of "Il Trovatore," Bosio, Didiée, Graziani, Mario. Saturday. Last night of the season, "La Favorita," Grisi, Graziani, Zelger, Mario.

MADAME RISTORI.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—Positively the last three performances. Monday next, July 28, one day performance (commencing at 2 o'clock) "Pia de Tolomei," and the petite comedy "I Gelosi Fortunati." Wednesday evening, July 30, "Rosmunda." Friday evening, August 1, "Francesca da Rimini," and "I Gelosi Fortunati," being the last time of Madame Ristori's performing this season.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The 133rd MEETING OF THE THREE CHOIRS, Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy of the Three Dioceses, is appointed to be held at Gloucester on the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th of September next. The following Artistes are engaged:—Mad. Clara Novello, Mrs. Clara [illegible] (daughter of Amott the organist, her first appearance), Madame Pauline Viardot, Madame Alboni, Mrs. Lockey, Mr Lockey, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Weiss, Mr Thomas; and M. Gassier. Conductor Mr Amott. J. H. Brown, Hon. Secretary to the Stewards.

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1856,
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ST GEORGE'S HALL,

Tuesday	August 26	Thursday	August 28
Wednesday	" 27	Friday	" 29.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS

Madame CLARA NOVELLO,
Miss [illegible] Madame WEISS,
Miss SUNDERLAND Miss MILNER,
Mademoiselle PICCOLOMINI
Madame ALBONI
Miss FANNY HUDDART
Madame VIARDOT GARCIA
Mr. SIMS REEVES
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DUET—(Parigi o cara).—From La Traviata.

Sweet is spring time after winter,
Sweet the dawning after night
[illegible] far long years when parted
Then to meet in fond delight.
Sigh no more then,
Tears and mourning,
Unreturning,
Make our joys more bright.

Let us wander by the streamlet,
Where in childhood oft we stray'd;
Let us gather wilding flowers,
By remembrance dearer made.
And while memory's
Light is shining on us,
Hope shall twine us
Joys that never fade.

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AIR—*Di Provenza*, from La Traviata.

Hast thou then so soon forgot
Native land and native home—
On the earth the dearest spot,
Wheresoever we may roam!
Have the fields, the sky, the sea,
Which thy infant heart adored,
Faded from thy memory
Ne'er again to be restored!
And the friends of early youth,
Peaceful days thy childhood knew
Vows of constant love and truth,
Are they unremember'd too!
The lights that shone
For ever gone!

Ah! 'twas well thou could'st not know
All thy father's grief and pain!
What his anguish, tears and woe—
How he never smiled again!
Fortune show'r'd her gifts on thee—
Wealth and happiness were thine
While in [illegible],
Friendship [illegible] gift to give!
But if [illegible] heart,
For past errors will atone,
He will [illegible] heart,
And once more will bless his son
By night and day
Will for thee pray

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BEETHOVEN.*

(Continued from p. 469.)

"WHOEVER has a vivid impression," says Göthe, "of what endless operations must be accomplished by nature and art before an educated man is produced—whoever himself takes pains, as much as he can, in the education of his fellow-citizens, feels inclined to despair on beholding how wantonly man often ruins himself and thus is exposed, with or without his own fault, to be ruined."

How many obstacles stand in the way of the artist before he can become one! What a combination of circumstances is requisite to enable even a Beethoven to become a Beethoven—a mind freely swaying matter as its means, and continually creating *afresh* the Great and the True which constitute the Beautiful! It is only step by step, as Heinze says of Raphael, that the *whole* is won; but it is the individual, living intellectual element that always distinguishes the great man. With mere *manner* and a system of manufacturing, indeed, when wretched minors (like most of the so-called composers now-a-days), only place in different positions (in other attitudes and combinations, would be said of our present music) the same rubbish which no reasonable man cares to look on, we can, it is true, imagine a large number of works (a Czerny with Op. 1856); but everything that is perfect, and derived from nature demands full, pure zeal, and necessitates exertion. Thus it was with Beethoven, and the distracted state of his household circumstances are merely the outward symptoms of his efforts, and of his conflicts with himself, with art, and with life. We must also here bear in mind the fact that Beethoven generally had several lodgings at the same time—a fact which so plainly evidences his restlessness and estrangement upon earth.

All that Criticism can do is to suppose that none of his lodgings appeared spacious enough to receive him and his ideas. Where indeed would his symphonies have been in their proper place? In the golden coffin in which the East buried Cyrus? What so-called "middle-class" lodgings, adapted to his scanty means in Vienna, must not have appeared suffocating to him, when his symphonies had once crossed the threshold? For the breast which created worlds—godlike Utopias—for the consuming intellectual flame of a Beethoven, even the palace on the Isola Bella—that sun-bathed Beethovenian Allegretto—every thing, in fact, that was *bounded* must have been too narrow!

"Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach
Und Marmorbilder stehn und seh'n mich an"

In the fairy gardens of the fairy island *his* spirit would not have long been contented in the repose of possession; he would still have sought the summits of the Alps, whose rosy reflection falls upon the glassy lake.

The Breitkopf and Härtel of Milan, Giovanni Ricordi, publisher of the works of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, possesses on the banks of the Lake of Como—that *mezzo termine* of Alpine nature and Italian landscape—the villa *Armonica*, which should, with greater justice, bear the name *Melodica*. In the autumn of 1853, in the midst of a garden, spreading the sweet fragrance of flowers over the lake, a casino was inaugurated by a nocturnal festival, in honour of which, under the twinkling stars, and upon the marble pavement of the Belvedere, which, from its lofty position, overlooks the lake, Taglioni danced a *pas de la Lune*.

Did a bear ever dance before the door of a German genius, when, in the dark lane of a German city, he was thinking for entire centuries?

Great things must be great through *themselves*, each in the will of infallible wisdom; and Mount Calvary, for the tourist or the painter an insignificant hill, towers far above all the wonders of physical nature. An *adagio* was for Beethoven the lake of Como danced by Taglioni. Did Pepita dance in Germany for Göthe? Where is happiness? There where *you* are *not*. Every artist has to call out these words after the "Wanderer." The artist's life is not enjoyment, but the struggle to achieve it in an ideal, self-created sphere.

Das nur hab' ich, was ich gemuthwillt,
Was mit Eros ich heiterer Freuden genoss!

whispers Italian lustfulness.

Das nur hab' ich, was ich im *Chor*
Hehrer, ernster Musen genossen,

says Beethoven to us, and the honour belongs to the German mind.

While Beethoven's pecuniary circumstances were dependent upon the caprice of his publishers, at a time when no one dreamed of a *right* in a work, in the *Juif Errant* and *Les Mystères de Paris*, because such a distorted idea of right would have struck everyone as an absurdity, and people did not as yet make a comedy of the highest interests of humanity, in the last act of which a *Napoleon*, ready booted and spurred, regularly seizes upon *everything* for himself and his beautiful wife, in order to avoid complicated divisions, Beethoven's adoption of his nephew, which he had prosecuted with as much stubbornness as disinterestedness, necessitated a larger expenditure without a proportionate increase having taken place in his means. Noble-minded men, however, adopt a line of conduct without seeing in every unfavourable eventuality a sufficient reason for declining to assist others. Beethoven had listened to the voice of his heart, and, in his good intentions, reckoned upon protection from *Above*, without allowing the calculation to be derided by his Viennese friends.

From the winter of 1818 to 1819, Beethoven was busied with the idea of a grand mass, with which, on his part, he wanted to celebrate the enthronement of the Arch-duke Rudolph as Archbishop of Olmütz, a ceremony which was fixed for the 9th March 1820. That which at first was intended as a mere occasional piece in honour of his imperial pupil and friend, grew up in the hands of the master to be a work in which future generations will, perhaps, recognise his greatest creation. Beethoven himself, in a letter to Louis XVIII. (see Op. 123) names the mass his most finished work (*son œuvre la plus accomplie*), and in the prospectus "his *greatest* and most *successful* work." *Et adhuc sub judice lis est!*

For three whole years had Beethoven given himself up exclusively to his ideas for this giant mass, and it was not until the summer of 1822 that he put the last touch in Baden, near Vienna, to his *opus desperatum*, which appeared two years too *late* for the Archduke's consecration, and two hundred years too *early* for the world, since the *Missa Solennis* in *D* is far from having passed into the blood of the greater portion of the Public like the symphonies, not in Germany alone, for Beethoven's public is not that of *one* country, but that of the civilised world generally. It is but few who can at present enjoy the fruit of Beethoven's tree of knowledge on a ground which stands nearer to Infinity than that of any other in art. The second mass, which holds about the same relative position to the first (see Op. 86) that the Ninth Symphony does to the Fourth—this significant letter of the last incarnation of the style and ideas of Beethoven's mind, has, through the subjective imbecility of musical directors, not only not yet become public property, but is still the object of the exclusive admiration or the wilful disdain of a few artists, not to be taken into account in comparison with the general musical public. In this mass we find the real key to the most important, namely the last metamorphosis of style in Beethoven's poetico-musical respiration, as, with the lyre on its arm, it raises itself towards heaven on the back of the Sphinx that hovers, listening, on his monument at Bonn.

An eye-witness tells us how, during the composition of the mass, Beethoven lived in a state of complete abstraction from the world, and how, even at the commencement of the work, his whole being was clothed in another outward form. (Schindler, p. 113.)

But while Beethoven devoted three years of his valuable time to create a work of such extended proportions for this style of church music, he had earned nothing by other compositions, and passed three "meagre" years among which we have already met the four bad days in the country when the inspired man's dinner was only a glass of water added to a roll.

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* Translated expressly for the *Musical World* by J. V. Bridgeman.

Thus it was that, in the winter of 1821-22, Beethoven could only write three pianoforte sonatas. Beset by ecstatic ideas of glorifying the style of Catholic church music by means of the symphonist, that, above all things, he necessarily felt within him, these sonatas could not possibly possess any very great importance in his eyes, and, if only for this reason, must yield to the sonata which appeared in 1819 (Op. 106), and to which they stand in the same relation that Pompeian frescoes do to the Coliseum. These mental criticisms explain the fact that of three sonatas of this great and last period, *two* conclude with variations, a more trifling form than usual, and one not easily to be found in Beethoven's sonatas; and that not *one* contains an *adagio* completely worked out; while all three, despite their value and importance, are treated in a fragmentary manner for Beethoven's muse; and that the sonata, Op. 111, the master's last, actually contains but two movements.

Thus in a period of *four* years (1818—1822) Beethoven was paid for only four sonatas (Op. 106, 109, 110, 111) receiving for each not above 80 ducats (according to publishers' notions a large sum of money) in this last and best-paid period of his life. To this trifling income we must add the much-lauded annuity which was melted down to about 600 thalers yearly, divided into monthly sums of 50 thalers, and just separated the artist from the beggar. But how stunted does every intellectual production become—how naked and comfortless, if it sinks to the condition of a mere means of prolonging life, a condition which must be the more oppressive to the artist, as he enjoys so little the benefits of life! Though in Beethoven's diary, on his arrival at Modling, "*miser et pauper sum*" spoke the truth, or would perhaps, clever people remark: "Why did Beethoven not remain during the summer in Vienna, if a residence in the country involved additional expense?" We might reply to these clever people: "Why does the fish live in the water, and the bird in the air?—*You*, of course, would have managed nature otherwise and better; or ought Beethoven to have spared and starved to the injury of his art and its inspirations, in order to enjoy for a long, *long* time, the happiness of sharing life with you?"

And thus it was destined to come to pass that the great and unappreciated man suffered actual want, in the years 1820, 1821, because he would not add new debts to those he had already incurred with publishers and other people inferior to himself, while from a motive especially honourable to him he was as little inclined to convert into money a few bank shares, the insignificant profit of former works, at a time when his plans of education for his nephew imposed on him duties which had become the tormenting spectres of his wretched days.

And yet in this self-sacrificing man, in this fatherly uncle, people have chosen to see a miser, because a few groschens, which we will count, were found after his decease; and all to excuse the usual neglect of a German genius by his own age, if that genius does not, like Göthe, become a minister, but, like Mozart, like Weber, like Schiller, and like all the rest, bequeathes to his family poverty and imperishable fame! Money had no value in Beethoven's eyes until the moment when, subordinating his own interest to a self-sacrificing idea, he had given himself a son in his neglected nephew.

The interest for gold and other material possessions, with which the instinct of human self-preservation is contented, outlives only with ordinary men the wreck of higher interests. For Beethoven, life, after all the struggle against what was common, had never been anything more than a means towards the glorification of his art, as the mission entrusted to him by Providence.

But this high vocation, completely recognised by Beethoven, did not take precedence of his interest for the young man who bore his name, of whom he boasted, and in whom he thought he had discovered unusual capabilities, because, perhaps, genius, however self-conscious it was in Beethoven, likes to seek itself in others, in order to see itself more plainly, and feast upon the sight, or because, perhaps, extremes frequently stand in near connection with it. In the letters to his nephew which have been preserved Beethoven signs himself his true, good father. And such, indeed, he was for the young man, who captivated him by a fascinating exterior.

"You can ask him a riddle in Greek," said Beethoven to an English lady on her travels—an excusable instance of an uncle's vanity. It is, in many ways, a dangerous weakness to estimate highly in young people a little memory and intelligence, as Beethoven imprudently did in the case of his nephew. The greater the interest which parents and relations take in the intellectual progress of young people, the more is it to the advantage of the latter themselves that this feeling should be hidden from them. Beethoven made this mistake with his adopted son, whose acquaintance with the person of Aphrodite was greater than his ability to decline her name, and who in the Greek verbs preferred the Viennese Aristos to the *aoristus primus* or *secundus*.

The author has remarked that the few comrades of his schoolboy days who devoted themselves with their whole soul to the study of the two great classical languages, always did so silently as it were, and always concealed their exertions from their companions, with a kind of bashfulness of heart, only, when occasion required it, allowing the holy fire free course, in the presence of their teacher, at the bastions of a chorus of Sophocles. But, in every instance, these persons, who distinguished themselves at an early age, were children of the middle classes, whose parents, unlike Beethoven with his nephew, did not make idols of them, but rather told them frankly that they would some day or other have to rely and rely on themselves and their own acquirements.

At the age of seventeen, Beethoven's nephew left his school to enter the Philosophical class at the University of Vienna, and, what was more, [illegible], those precincts inhabited by the [illegible], little thinking that those house-companions of his contained more philosophy than the lecture rooms and severe magnates of the University; that the one man, Beethoven, had done more in the domain of intellectual existence and creation than whole centuries of philosophers; that this thinker's edifice of ideas, that the *Cosmos* unfolded in his life by Beethoven, need not give way to any Kant or Fichte, to any Hegel or Schelling, but, rather, was destined to outlive their systems. A German *student-philosopher* is so satisfied with himself, that his philosophy will permit only the following arrangement of the universe: 1. We Students; 2. God; 3. Everything else.

A certain amount of freedom had to be granted to so weighty a member of human society; and, in fact, Beethoven was quite proud of having brought the young man so far and—*into his philosophy*. The consequence was that he only trusted him too much. This greater amount of liberty was soon abused by the foolish youth, who neglected his studies. Immoral practices, the result of this, soon reduced him to such a pitch that he was under the necessity of quitting the University. His uncle, deeply hurt, obtained admission for his favourite into the Polytechnic Institution of which his co-guardian was vice-director. The young man now resolved to fit himself for mercantile pursuits. But the Institute was not destined to be more fortunate with him than the University had been, although Beethoven, only in order to watch over him, and contrary to his custom, did not, in the summer of the year 1826, even go into the country. The young man thus failed in August, 1826, to pass, at the Institution, some examinations with which he was in arrears; acts of neglect of his scholastic duties such as have floated about, at some time or another, for all of us in the summer air. In order to escape a little trouble, the unhappy youth made an attempt on himself which nearly resulted in suicide. Justice stepped in, for in Austria, the presumption that an attempt to commit suicide involves a want of religion which the State has to remedy. The young offender was subjected to a severe imprisonment, and restored to his uncle, who was bowed down with grief, with a notice that he might only stop twenty-four hours longer in Vienna.

Beethoven's second brother, whom we shall learn to despise, offered his country house, in the neighbourhood of Vienna, as a temporary residence. Thither did Beethoven proceed with his nephew for a month. This was in November, 1826. Meanwhile, the *Hofrath* von Breuning, who still retained his personal friendship for Beethoven, from Bonn, was to endeavour to procure the admission of the exile from the city into some regiment or other. He succeeded, thanks to Lieutenant-Field-Marshal, Baron von Stutterheim, whose name, then known only in the lists of the Austrian War Ministry, has since lived in the pensive C minor quartet (see Op. 131) which the artist's gratitude dedicated to him. It was the eloquent expression of his bleeding heart, which, spite of all, trusted in God!

(*To be continued.*)

DR. CROTCH'S ELEMENTS OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION

(*By the ex-Musical Critic of the Sunday Times.*)

The exact position of an artist among his contemporaries is always a delicate and difficult matter to determine; and that proverbial jealousy of musicians which creates the difficulty is nowhere, perhaps, so largely developed as in England. We may easily see how this should be without imputing to English musicians any larger share of original sin than belongs to their neighbours. Modern England is on the road to becoming a great musical country. The elements that must, sooner or later, give the art-march a leader—genius, energy, ambition—are in but stir and ferment; but as yet, have produced nothing better than a number of second-class men—very able second-class, doubtless, but still only second-class men. As yet, no one has arisen strong enough to hold rank with the great names of the Continent in the eyes of his brethren—none, even, whom they will consent to elect first and chief among themselves. Our school of musical art is not yet old enough to own kings and princes. It is, as in most young states, a republic wherein, if there be not the practical fraternity there is, at least, a plenty of assumed equality. Still with them differences in their way there is one point, we believe, on which the present race of English musicians will unhesitatingly agree, namely, sincere affection and reverence for the name and character of the author of the work before us. Placed in circumstances more favourable to the development of his genius Dr. Crotch would have been precisely the man with whom to have commenced the series of England's great musicians. He had a vast fund of original and acquired ability. He was an extraordinary performer for his period, a profound theorist, and an admirable composer. Than few completer a musician, he had besides all the amazing variety of taste and accomplishment necessary to make up the true artist character. He was a good scholar and an eager and diffuse reader; his general literary acquirements were of no common order; and to much lore and knowledge of the whole circle of arts he added a capacity for mathematical and mechanical science, but rarely indeed found in such neighbourhood. As a child many musical wonders are related of him similar to those attributed to the great infantes of the Continent. If the promise thus given did not ripen into perfect maturity—if he did not become to England what the musicians of other countries have been to them—we must ascribe it rather to the lack of opportunity, to the timidity, prejudice, and the thousand cramping influences by which he was surrounded, than to any defect in his native organisation. England was not then, is not yet, a place to breed great musicians; where there is no school of art will be no scholars. Thus, as something it happens that William Crotch—a most rarely-gifted man, as we believe—endowed with capability for anything to which he might set his hand, as those who best knew him aver—is now remembered by the outside public but as the composer of an oratorio they seldom hear, called *Palestine*, and as the best theoretical instructor English musicians ever possessed.

Dr. Crotch's *Elements of Musical Composition* has long since too completely attained the position of a standard work to need much more than a notice of its present re-issue. In its original form it has always been recognised as one of the classics of musical literature. Every old musician knows it; and every young one has, at least, heard of it as a high court of appeal from whence to accept judgment on any disputed point. Considering that its range extends from the alphabet to the most involved forms of musical construction, it is really surprising that, in the compass of one not burthensome book, so much has been so well accomplished. Commencing with notes and their grouping into scales, it embraces thorough bass, harmony, counterpoint, every kind of strict and free composition, and instrumentation; and if all these subjects be not exhausted—if, while some are amply discussed, others are but slightly touched upon—there is none from the treatment of which the reader may not gather some valuable information.

There are parts of this, and all similar books, the absolute value of which must depend on the state of opinion and the progress of art at the time they are read. We have repeatedly expressed our conviction that there is a fundamental error in attempting to treat music as if it were an exact science, and its doctrines capable of rigid demonstration. Of this Dr. Crotch himself seems to have been aware—as, indeed, with such a mind as his, in which the intellectual, certainly, at least, balanced the imaginative, could scarcely have been otherwise—when he says, "The derivation of the scale of the major or minor key is a subject upon which many hypotheses have been framed, and which seems likely to continue a matter of dispute." He knew, because he has demonstrated it in this book, the exact ratio which every note of the scale should bear to its prime. Yet he also knew that to enforce these ratios in practice would be to render the chief of musical consonances, the octave, impossible; and, therefore, he wisely abstains from dragging in a parade of mathematics to the greater confusion of an irrational system, which, at the outset, manifests a measurable but inevitable falsity. The utmost that any treatise on harmony can safely attempt, is, to accumulate the experience and practice of the best composers, to select and classify the results, and to arrange the whole into a system that may be at least intelligible and consistent. To venture anything more imperial than this, is to abuse science, to retard art, and to bewilder the student. It is, then, in our opinion, a fault of this work that its chapters on harmony are not framed in that spirit of simple and systematic teaching which we recommend. Immediately on the appearance of discords we find ourselves enveloped in a mist of anomalies and assumptions which a broader and larger view of the subject would have found means to dispel. Not content with adhering to that ancient error, the chord of the added sixth, the author seems bent on increasing the stock of grammatical irregularities, by treating even the discords of the dominant seventh and ninth as mere additions of a similar kind; while in the diminished seventh, and the Italian, German, French, and Neapolitan sixths, we are introduced to a whole string of discords, treated as *altered* root-harmonies, and therefore consistently traceable to no origin whatever; whereas, a somewhat more liberal view of the scale would have shown these strange harmonies as natural inversions, arising, and to be dealt with, precisely in the same way as all others.

There are, however, scattered through the work many little evidences that the kind of fault we have mentioned is due rather to the educational prejudices by which Dr. Crotch was restricted, than to the want of that methodising spirit which, as generalizer, he so eminently possessed. His musical mind was, probably, in a transition state. While restrained in one direction by the traditions and doctrines of his time, he was often urged to the opposite by a clear perception of the gradual progress of art in delivering itself from the bondage of pedantry. Thus we find such a piece of liberal teaching as the following:—"The author has not directed his pupils to avoid what are called hidden fifths and octaves, as he finds no composers observe these rules since the period of writing plain counterpoint in only two parts"—strangely associated with that cautious fright of admitting anything beyond the ancient triads as essential harmonies, or need in the long list of "added" discords we have referred to above. Again the following passage:—"It is doubted whether the flat seventh to the key note, used with the fifth and third, is very common, instead of other in the [illegible] ought to be considered a change of key"—clearly indicates an approach to the now universally received doctrine that the notes of a scale may alter without necessarily altering of key; and yet, oddly enough, the liberty thus conceded to one note of the scale, the seventh, is but just previously denied to another, the fourth; for we find what Dr. Crotch terms the "double fourth or sharp" tabulated among such chromatic harmonies as he treats as root combinations.

Those sections of the work which deal with composition are of first-class value. The rules given are based on the purest taste and the best examples; and though ambition may tempt the student, as he feels to exceed his work well, assuredly not be less free from faults in observing them. The important subject of counterpoint is discussed with great clearness and much detail. We are acquainted with no book of a similar aim and of these limits in which, on the matters of fugue and canon, anything like the same amount of excellent teaching and example is to be found. The chapter on instrumentation has, of course, considerably less value and authority now than at the time when it was written; it, nevertheless, contains information still serviceable to the beginner.

The closing chapter is on tuning and temperament, and highly interesting it is. Dr. Crotch was a warm and most able advocate for *equal temperament* applied to the tuning of the organ, as well as of the pianoforte. He, however, fought the battle alone, with everything to oppose but that prejudice and an unrefined condition of ear could bring into array; and, therefore, naturally achieved but slight success. The question is not even yet set at rest. Notwithstanding the number of organs that, within the last few years, have been tuned on the Continental system in this country, to the great delight of all unprejudiced hearers, there are musicians still to be found here—and some, unfortunately, in influential positions—of so unamiably antiquarian and regressive a spirit as to profess a preference for the barbarous dissonances of the old-fashioned tuning.

It remains only to pay a deserved compliment to the judicious spirit of enterprise which has prompted Mr. Novello to re-issue Dr. Crotch's very valuable work. Its "getting up" is everything the student need desire; its printing, both of the text and its musical illustrations, is beautifully clear and accurate; and, lastly, its cost is cheap, almost, even to an absurdity of cheapness. In any future editions issued, it will be well to expunge the system that runs through all the book of calling notes by their Italian names. In the first place, it is not a modern English usage; and next, the Italian names being improperly applied—the author having transferred to his pages that very antiquated English custom of assigning the syllable ut to any key note, be it what it might. This custom still prevails in the chorus singing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire, but nowhere else in the world, and we see nothing to justify its continuance. In the instance before us, it creates an extreme amount of confusion to the eye which would be entirely avoided by the simple omission of the syllabic gamut. Where it is necessary to speak of notes let them be named according to modern English custom—where they are printed in extenso they might surely be allowed to vouch for themselves.

MOZART'S AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPTS.

(*Extract from a letter addressed to "La France Musicale"*).

The autograph manuscripts of Mozart are in possession of the brothers André, one of whom is an editor of music at Offenbach, another a manufacturer of pianos at Frankfort, and the third professor and composer at Berlin. The collection of manuscripts formerly at Offenbach is at present at Frankfort, in the possession of the manufacturer. A descriptive and thematic catalogue has been printed, and I have now before me a copy given me by the brothers André, with particulars of 280 manuscripts. This, however, does not contain all that Mozart wrote. Neither the score of the *Nozze di Figaro*,* nor that of the *Entführung aus dem Serail*, nor that of the *Requiem*, is included. The last is preserved in the Imperial library of Vienna. Nor do we find the symphony in E flat, the finest of the quartets, nor any of the quintets for two violins, two tenors and violoncello, except the one in C, in which the violoncello begins the motive. The six quartets, dedicated to Haydn, besides some others, were at the beginning of this century in possession of Mr. Stumpf, harp manufacturer, of London. After his death, they were sold by auction, and the quartets, inscribed to the Father of the Symphony, were knocked down for the moderate sum of £6 sterling.

Beneath is the list of the operas, the scores of which are comprised in M. André's collection. I give both the titles and the notes, which are in the hand-writing of Mozart's father.

No. 29 of the Catalogue. *Apollo and Hyacinthus*—a Comedy in Latin (with music) for the University of Salzbourg. On the title-page of the score, in Mozart's handwriting, is "*Di Wolfgango Mozart, prodotto 13 May 1767.*" He was then eleven years old.

No. 30.—*Bastien et Bastienne*—a German opera in one act. On the manuscript is the handwriting of Mozart's father—"*Di Wolfgango Mozart, 1768, nel suo 12° anno.*"

No. 31.—*La Finta Semplice*—an Italian opera in three acts. On the manuscript Mozart has written—"*Di Wolfgango Mozart, 1768.*"

No. 32.—*Mitridate*—an opera in three acts, composed for the Milan Theatre. The manuscript of this opera is incomplete, and just as it was found after the death of Mozart.

No. 33.—*Ascanio in Alba*—action théâtrale. On the first page of the manuscript Mozart has written, "*Del Signor Cavaliere Amadeo Wolfg. Mozart.*"

No. 34.—*Il Sogno di Scipione*—action théâtrale de Métastase. Written in March, 1772, at Salzbourg, for the nomination of the Archbishop Jérome.

No. 35.—*Lucio Silla*—an opera in three acts, composed at Milan for the Carnival of 1773. Mozart has written on the title—"*Lucio Silla, dramma per musica del Signor Cavaliere Amadeo Wolfgango Mozart, Academico di Bologna e di Verona, nel carnevale,* 1773 (*Milano*)."

No. 36.—*La Finta Giardiniera*—an opera in three acts. The first act is wanting. The father has written on the title page of the second act, "*La Finta Giardiniera, atto 2, del Signor Amadeo Wolfg. Mozart.*" It is noticed that under the Italian words of all the airs, Mozart has added a German translation.

No. 37.—*Il Re Pastore*—a dramatic cantata in two acts. On the title page, in Mozart's writing, "*Del Signor Cavaliere Amadeo Wolfgango Mozart a Salisburgo, 1775.*"

No. 38.—*Zaide*—a melodramatic opera in two acts.

No. 39.—*Idomeneo*—an opera in three acts.

No. 40.—*Airs de Ballets* pour *Idoménée*. These airs have remained unpublished to this day. M. André intends to publish them immediately, arranged as duets for the pianoforte.

No. 41.—*Lo Sposo Deluso ossia la Rivalità di tre Donne per un solo amante*—an opera in two acts, left unfinished by Mozart.

No. 42.—*L'Oca del Cairo*—a comic opera, of which only the first act remains. The opera has eight characters (four *soprani*, two tenors, and two basses) and was, as well as the one preceding, written by Mozart, at Salzbourg, in 1783.

No. 43.—*Der Schauspiel Director*—a comedy with music for the palace of Schönbrunn. Mozart has written on the title page—"*Di Wolfgang Amadeo Mozart!*"

No. 44.—*Don Giovanni*—an opera in two acts.

No. 45.—*Così fan tutte*—an opera in two acts.

No. 46.—*Zauberflöte*—an opera in two acts.

No. 47.—*La Clemenza di Tito*—an opera in two acts. Several pieces of the score were wanting, when M. André obtained the manuscripts of Mozart.

About the year 1800 the father of the Messrs. André, a music publisher and composer, bought this important collection of Mozart's widow. Since that period they remained intact in the family; but a short time ago M. Streicher, of Vienna, who had married a daughter of Antoine André, by whom he had children, asserted his right to a part of the manuscripts, and chose for his share the score of *Don Giovanni* and some other works of less importance. M. Pauer, a relation of the Streichers, about a year since, brought the score of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* to London, and successively offered it to the Queen of England and the British Museum, but without success. An eminent artiste (Mad. Viardot Garcia) showed a better appreciation of its value, and purchased it for £200.

The catalogue of autograph manuscripts possessed by M. André contains 25 masses, oratorios, motets, litanies, etc. Nearly all these compositions are dated. The oldest is dated 1770. Mozart was then fourteen years of age. Several are dated 1780. One, and that is the latest, 1783, viz. the Mass of which Mozart afterwards took several pieces for his cantata of *Davidde Penitente*. I did not find the well-known *Ave Verum*, but we can see by a thematic catalogue in Mozart's handwriting, which includes all his compositions from the year 1784 to his death, that this was one of his latest productions. Independent of the operas of which I have given the names, the catalogue comprises about forty scenas, arias, duets, trios, quartets, and choruses—the greater part of which were intended by Mozart to be interpolated in his own operas, or in those of other composers. For example, the quartet and the trio, composed at Vienna, in 1785, for the *Villanella Rapita*, an opera in which the famous Céleste Coltellini sang—the *prima donna* for whom Paisiello wrote the part of Nina. Several of these *morceaux* bear the names of the singers for whom they were composed in the handwriting of Mozart. Among them are Fortini, Palmini, the tenors, Raff and Adamberger, Signora Storace, the *basso*, Fischer, and on two others (Nos. 74 and 76 of the catalogue) Signora Weber, Mozart's wife's sister. The first of these is dated Manheim, the 24th February, 1778; the second, Munich, the 8th January, 1779. Another *aria* (No. 68 of the catalogue) contains the following, in Mozart's writing—"*Il Curioso Indiscreto, atto primo, per la Signora Lange, Vienna, li 20 di Giugno 1783.*" Thus we find Mademoiselle Weber, sister of Constance Weber, the wife of

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* The score is at Dresden, and belongs to M. Schung, professor of music.

Mozart, became Madame Lange—under which name she gained great celebrity as a singer. No. 87 in the catalogue is another soprano *aria*, written at Vienna, in 1788, for the same Signora Lange.

Numbers 102 to 130 of the catalogue of Mozart's autograph manuscripts, consist of twenty-eight symphonies and one overture. The greatest number were written in the early youth of the composer. No. 102 is dated London, without naming the year, but it is known that Mozart was about eight when, after first visiting Paris with his father and sister, he repaired to the capital of England. No. 103 is dated La Haye, in the month of December 1765. I have already stated that the symphony in E flat was not in the catalogue, but the symphonies in G minor and in C with the fugue (*Jupiter*) are both there, as well as the symphony in D, which Mozart wrote at Paris in 1778 for the *Concerts Spirituels*. I shall not go into details about all the pieces in this interesting catalogue, but confine myself to those upon which the great musician has himself commented.

The first is 206, a concerto for the piano in G. The manuscript tells us that Mozart completed this at Vienna on the 12th April, 1784, and that it was composed for the Signora Barbara Ployer, no doubt an artist, or at least, an amateur of distinction. No. 296 is a sonata in C, for piano and violin, which is well known. This, Mozart informs us, was composed at Manheim, and finished March 11th, 1778, for Mademoiselle Thérèse Pierron. No. 285 is an *andante* in C, for flute, with an accompaniment for two violins, alto, bass, two hautbois, and two horns, a copy of which I procured from Germany some years ago for M. Dorus, who introduced it at the Société des Concerts of the Conservatoire. I recollect that at the time a few wiseacres in the orchestra denied that this *morceau* was composed by the author of *Don Juan*, or that it was written for the flute at all.

No. 256 is a concert for the horn, with orchestral accompaniments. The *virtuoso* who first attempted to play this composition must have been anything but a good player, since he seems to have excited the anger of Mozart, who has written a number of significant remarks on the manuscript. For example, at the beginning of the solo "*A lei signor asino*," "*Animo*," "*Presto, su via*," "*da bravo*," "*Coraggio*," and at the end "*Grazia al Ciel! basta.*"

No. 251 is another concerto for the horn. On the manuscript is written "Wolfgang Amadé Mozart has taken compassion on Leitgeb, ass, ox (*sic*), and madman, at Vienna, 27th May, 1783.

No. 299 is a concerto for harp and flute, with an accompaniment for two violins, two altos, two hautbois, and two horns, composed by Mozart during his sojourn in Paris (1778), for the Duc de Guines and his daughter.

The valuable collection of MM. André is shut up in a press divided into two compartments, and the manuscripts are in two special portfolios. I examined with religious attention that of the opera of *Idomeneo*. It is on paper in the Italian fashion, of a rather large size, and consists of three volumes, stitched in boards, covered with variegated red paper. The whole work is in a fine hand, and there are but few notes erased or interlineated. The whole had been to all appearances thoroughly elaborated in Mozart's head, and afterwards put down on paper without the slightest hesitation. It is well known that anciently, on the Italian stage, the simple recitative was accompanied by a harpsichord, a violoncello, and a double bass, the performers upon which read off from the score. It was to render the accompaniment the more easy that Mozart has throughout the whole opera written the bass part in larger notes.

Among the manuscripts which, at my request, M. André was good enough to shew me, I will again refer to that of the famous symphony in G minor. It is on Italian paper, and the writing presents the signs of great rapidity of execution. The bars which run up and down the page are made without the slightest regard to the perpendicular. Mozart does not seem to have taken the trouble to mend his pen, for the notes are much less elegant in form than in other manuscripts, and the strokes of the tails are somewhat thick. One might suppose that this *chef d'œuvre* had been extemporised. The learned professor Schnyder von Wartensee, whose reception of me was most amiable, was kind enough to communicate two important observations to me on the manuscript of this admirable symphony, and I was able to convince myself of their exactitude by examining, with my own eyes, the autograph of Mozart.

Here is a long affair about a catalogue, you will perhaps observe, and with reason; but you will agree that one has not always a Mozart to do with, and all that relates to so great a man is fraught with interest. One loves to follow him in the smallest details of his artistic life, and even in the details of his private life, which may sometimes assist in comprehending so rare an organisation.

TO MARIETTA PICCOLOMINI,

Sweet little bird! so tame and yet so wild,
I love to meet thee in the dewy eve,
When we sing out the magic verse to move,
And a-tilt thy head half-turned, thine eye so mild,
Noting my every motion. When a child,
Oft have I striven to take thee. For I thought
Thou didst not seem afraid. But age has brought
Me wisdom, and I smile as others smiled.
I hear thee calling to thy wandering mate,
In wooing tones that tell of past delight;
Now listening for an answer thou dost wait,
With ear intent—for hope and love excite;
And hark! from out yon glen, in swell of life
Comes the response that cheers thy heart, "Bob White."

John H. Fenner.

(The above is set to music.—Ammoo.)

OLD AGE OF ACTORS.—Killigrew died at the age of 88; John Lewis, 83; Bowman, 88; Quin, 73; Garrick, 63; Mrs. Clive, 75; Beard, 74; Rich, 70; Betterton, 75; Quick, 83; King, 76; Charles Dibdin, 74; Murphy, 78; Barrymore, 71; Wycherley, 75; Southern, 86; Moody, 85; Mrs. Bracegirdle, 85; Macklin, 107; Cibber, 86; Cumberland, 79; Hull, 8; Yates, 88; Munden, 74; Mrs. Abington, 84; "Gentleman" Smith, 80; John Johnstone, 82; Pope, 73; Mrs. Hartley, 73; John Bannister, 76; Mrs. Bannister, 92; Fawcett, 72; Powell, 82; George Colman "the younger," 74; Gallia, 70; Mrs. John Kemble, 88; Mrs. Sparks, 83; O'Keeffe, 86; Wroughton, 74; Mrs. Glover, 70; Betterton, 83; Elkanah Settle, 75; Handel, 76; Haydn, 78; Madame Mara, 84; Mrs. Siddons, 76; Mrs. Mattocks, 81; Charles Abbot, 83; Mrs. Pitt, 72; Kemble, 82; Blissett, 83; Bruston, 82; Wewitzer, 76; Mrs. Davenport, 84; Miss Pope, 75; Thomas Dibdin, 70; Packer, 8; Byrne, 90; Saunders (the noted "showman" said to have fostered Edmund Kean and Andrew Ducrow), 90; H. Johnston, 70; Joanna Baillie, 88; Patrick Barrett, 88; Denton, 83; Mrs. Harlen, 87; Charles Kemble, 79; Richard Jones, 73; Mrs. Elwin, 82; and Mrs. Ann Kelly, 103.

BARNUM.—"Fairfield's fertile fields disturb the retrospect, and with a whirl, we look at Iranistan. Alas for Barnum! How doth the glory of this world pass away! Just one year ago I visited this place, and actually envied the great showman his acute judgment of human weaknesses. I am now richer than he, and can afford him all I have to spare—my pity. Inconsistent and unscrupulous as he has often appeared to me, I would never forget that he was the only man in a nation of twenty millions who dared to risk his all that that nation might hear the "Nightingale" sing. Doubtless in his better moments, Barnum cannot but live over again that splendid musical pageant. But patent annihilators, crystal palaces and wooden clocks have done their work. The great showman is certainly, for the present, wound up. A few days ago, I met him, and looking at his careworn visage, I could not but call to mind how, on the very first night of Jenny's singing at Castle Garden, he obeyed the summons of the audience, announced the splendid gift of the entire proceeds of her first concert to the chief charities of the city, and concluded by stating that in view of such angelic benevolence, Barnum was well contented to be nowhere! But take notice, croakers! Barnum's eye has not yet lost all its meaning, and his step is still light and free."—(*From a letter to the "New York Musical World."*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. N., (*Liverpool*).—*The Book of Rosamunda has not been returned according to promise.*

MUSICUS.—*David the celebrated tenor, for whom Meyerbeer wrote the* Crociato in Egitto *and Rossini the tenor part in several of his earlier operas, is still alive in St. Petersburgh, and giving instructions in singing at the rate of one rouble a lesson.*

A. M.—*Exquisite in every respect, but* perhaps *wanting in romance.*

MARRIED

On the 1st of August, at Brighton-street, Edinburgh, Herr Traugott Naumann, to Christina Palace, second daughter of Charles Nelson, Esq.

ERRATUM.—The letter, "Opinions of Continental Organs," in last week's *Musical World*, was signed "Chas. M. Keskell." It should have been Chas. McKorkell—the name of an eminent country professor.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2ND, 1856.

We are disposed to think that the "Monday Evening Concerts for the People" have been set a-going with very unsafe machinery. One of the conditions most urgently insisted on by the committee of management is that "the movement should not be considered as one of an eleemosynary nature"—but "entirely *self-sustaining*." At a first glance this looks promising, but submitted to closer scrutiny its promise evaporates. All, however, must of course depend on the exact meaning which the "committee" may attach to the words "eleemosynary" and "self-sustaining."

We have lately heard, with some surprise, that the singers at the "Monday Evening Concerts" confer their services *gratuitously*. Now this is a principle against which we invariably protest, no matter upon what plea it may be urged. The disclaimer of the "eleemosynary" and the assertion of the "self-sustaining," alone its are, under the circumstances, illogical. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and no matter how humble his abilities, it is unjust in others to solicit and impolitic in him to exert them *for nothing*. Here we have begging in the most literal signification of the term. The "Monday Evening" committee are magnanimous, not at their own cost but at the cost of others. *They* get the credit for being generous, while a few obscure vocalists, whose evenings, spent elsewhere professionally, might realise something towards helping "the pot to boil," are the *bonâ fide* donors. There is no valid apology for such a system. But this is not all. We have learned, on undeniable authority, that even if the room is quite full, and the singers to a man and woman make a present of their services, the concerts cannot be remunerative. Upon what ground, then, do the committee build their expectation that the scheme shall be "entirely self-sustaining?" There is, surely, a contradiction somewhere.

The example of the cheap concerts at Liverpool has been cited (that of the Manchester performances in Free Trade Hall might have been added) in favor of the London "movement"—but we think unreasonably. Mr. Best's organ-playing is the attraction at St. George's Hall, and Mr. Best receives a handsome salary. The managing directors of that splendid monument do not levy contributions upon poor singers and players, and on the strength of it lay claim to admiration as benefactors of the working classes. They draw upon their own legitimate resources, and the result has been triumphant. The mere notion of establishing an institution permanently upon the proffered assistance of artists whose bread depends upon the exercise of their professional vocation is preposterous; and yet the committee of the "Monday Evening Concerts for the People" seem to anticipate nothing else. They do not attempt, indeed, to conceal the fact. It therefore becomes our duty to advise them that such a plan is untenable, and that the hopes founded upon it are delusive. It cannot—it ought not to succeed.

Let not our readers conclude from these remarks, that we are not warm advocates of all that tends to ameliorate the condition and brighten the leisure hours of the hard worked ill-paid artisan. On the contrary, every project in that direction which is based upon just principles is sure to obtain all the support it lies in our power to bestow. Moreover we have frequently maintained that there is nothing like music for such an end—since music is not only the most innocent of recreations but the art more widely appreciated and loved than any other. The music administered to the working-classes, however, should be at the same time simple and *pure*, otherwise it brings with it less benefit than harm. We do not recommend "high-art" music, but we insist upon what is *good of its kind*. That policy must be very short-sighted which cannot follow us in so plain an argument. There is no apparent reason why the people should not be refreshed and edified by healthy music rather than stimulated in a false direction by what is vicious and bad. It is just as easy to effect one as the other.

That cheap concerts for the people might be instituted, and made to pay, without taxing the benevolence of professional singers and players, we are convinced, but they must be organised on a wholly different plan. In the first place the Philharmonic Hall is not nearly large enough for the purpose, nor is Newman-street exactly the right situation. In the next, the entertainments are really not attractive enough, even for the low price of admission charged at the doors. At Canterbury Hall much better may be heard for 3d., while all the performers there are liberally remunerated. Why should there not be a Canterbury Hall *without the drink*? True, much of the profit is derived at that establishment from the sale of beer and spirituous liquors, but, on the other hand, at the people's concerts, such performances as those of Mr. Ross and others, which cost the most money, would not merely be unnecessary but unadvisable. At any rate we are much in the wrong if any reflecting persons would feel disposed to argue for perpetuating the "Monday Evening Concerts" on their present plan, which is simply "robbing Peter to pay Paul"—taxing one poor and needy class of individuals for the amusement and gratification of another. All the eloquence of Mr. Mayhew cannot uphold an anomaly so evident. If the desired aim is to be accomplished it must be by other means, and that other means may be applied with success there appears very little cause to doubt.

A PROSPECTUS of the British Musical Association (limited) has just been laid before us. It commences by stating that the British people is greatly in advance of all other nations in taste and appreciation of the highest class of music, and continues to prove this indisputable fact in the most approved and stereotyped fashion. After completing his task, the writer evidently fell asleep from exhaustion, but on waking up discovered that he had neglected the very important point of showing why the British Association should exist, notwithstanding and in spite of the happy condition we are in. Hereupon he proceeds to knock down his first proposition. "We have no National Opera"—"we have no Academy worthy of the nation"—"we are without composers," &c.—"England requires a large association, whose duty shall be to aid the cause of music in every practicable way." Then follows a vague but ambitious scheme. The most definite parts are that the capital shall be £500,000, in a number of limited liability shares. There shall be directors, auditors, bankers, and solicitors, but their names are not yet announced. To show how far the association is advanced, however, we may state that the secretary is already appointed, and his salary probably fixed by himself. Our principal objection to the British Association is its title. We would suggest it being called the British Musical Association (limited) for providing M—— with an annual salary (unlimited).

Another new music hall is projected. It is to be situate between Regent Street and Piccadilly, and with the title of the St. James's Music Hall. The large building in the Strand (in which we have for many years enjoyed the performances of the *Messiah* and *Elijah*) is suddenly discovered to be inconvenient, uncomfortable, badly ventilated, and ill adapted for sound. The remedy is speedily found, and the old Hall is to be superseded by the "St. James's"—thanks to the kind assistance of the Limited Liability Act. St. James's Hall is to be 130 feet by 60 feet, and 60 feet in height. Two minor halls are to be annexed, one 60 feet by 48 feet, and the other 48 feet by 20 feet, each being 25 feet in height. The parents of this new project are the same enterprising gentlemen whose will has called into existence the Surrey Music Hall and the Westminster Club. In all these schemes, the comforts of the inner man have been anxiously considered, and one of the principal features in the prospectus of the new hall is the announcement that a large *restaurant* will be provided under the superintendence of a distinguished French cook. Every undertaking must prove successful which relies upon the combined assistance of the musical and culinary arts.

LONGFELLOW AND BALFE.

Our readers will peruse with pleasure a letter addressed by Longfellow to our countryman, Balfe, whose musical settings of certain beautiful lyrics by the celebrated American poet have already attained such wide popularity in England:—

My dear Sir,—I feel very much flattered by your friendly note, and the precious volume of music which came with it; and I should not be so tardy in my thanks, had I not been laid up on my sofa with a lame knee for the last month. Finally I have crept from Cambridge to this sea-side place, and am well enough to sit at a table and write.

One of my first letters is to acknowledge your beautiful gift, and to say how successful the musical translation of my poems seems to me. You have sung them better than I did; for, after all, music reproduces the mood of mind in which a poem is written better than words can.

For all these various and beautiful melodies, these interpretations of my thoughts, I very sincerely thank you; and beg to assure you that I truly appreciate this token of your regard for what I have written, and all the friendly expressions of your letter. Believe me, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

Henry W. Longfellow.

Nahant, near Boston, July 13, 1856.

A more graceful tribute was never paid by poet to musician—by one man of genius to another.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.

Dwight's *Boston Journal of Music* says:—

"William Vincent Wallace, the composer, is reported to have become entirely blind through intense application, and to have been obliged to abandon his profession, and place himself under the hands of the best optical surgeons in London. He was engaged on two new operas, to be produced during the coming opera season."

We are happy to inform our contemporary that there is no truth in the above.

Madame Alboni has given 2,000 francs (£80) to the fund for the sufferers by the inundations in France.

Madame Marie Cabel, whose *congé* has expired, reappears at the Opéra-Comique, on the 1st of August, in *Manon L'Escaut*, the original work composed by Auber, for her *début* at this establishment.

Madame Viardot has left London *en route* for Baden-Baden, and returns to England shortly for a *tour* in the provinces.

Leopold de Meyer has given a concert at Bucharest.

Mme. Bosio, Sigs. Calzolari, Lablache, Tagliafico, and Polonini, and Madlle. Cerito, are all engaged for the performances during the approaching *fêtes* at Moscow to celebrate the coronation of Alexander the Second.

Mr. Balfe has returned from Boulogne sur mer, much benefitted by the sea breeze.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Three farewell nights have been advertised at reduced prices—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday next. Mdlle. Piccolomini appears each night in a favourite character—and the *Corsaire* continues its career of success.

Cremorne Gardens.—Mr. Simpson's benefit on Thursday was a bumper. The weather was magnificent, and the *al fresco* entertainments were greatly enjoyed. The vocal music, consisting of glees and madrigals, went off with great applause. In the evening, dancing was in the ascendant; many of the popular *morceaux* of the day were played by an efficient band. Among those most admired was the "Imperial Princess Galop," composed by Miss Ellen Glascock, which was played several times by special desire. The fireworks and illuminations were beautiful.

Adolfo Fumagalli.—Concerts have been given with great success, both at Turin and Bologna, for the benefit of the late pianist Fumagalli's wife and family.

Sanchioli.—This dramatic singer who may be remembered as having inaugurated the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1847—the first year of the opposition at Covent Garden—as Leonora in *La Favorita* (when Gardoni also made his *début* as Fernando), has been lately achieving great success at Florence and Leghorn, in the character of Fides. A Florence paper writes:—

"Il genio di Meyerbeer ha compreso quello di Scribe, e vi ha corrisposto con la musica; la Signora Sanchioli ha compreso l'uno e l'altro, e dà vita e la creazione del poeta e del compositore. Ecco ciò che spiega l'effetto immenso e la commozione che produce questo Finale. Esso è l'Opera di tre grandi menti; un genio solo ed isolato non potrebbe bastare a tanto."

The Leghorn paper, *L'Arte*, is in convulsions. Mdlle. Sanchioli must have very much improved.

Woolhouse's Standard Musical Portfolio.—This portfolio is one of the most convenient we have seen for keeping music or paper intended for binding at a future period. It is constructed with a firm back, and has elastic bands, which are passed through the music. To persons having loose music to take care of we can strongly recommend it.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday Mademoiselle Piccolomini appeared for the first time as Norina in *Don Pasquale*; the other parts being sustained by Signor Calzolari (Ernesto), Signor Belletti (Doctor Malatesta), and Signor Rossi (Don Pasquale).

Whatever may be Mademoiselle Piccolomini's merits as a vocalist, her most ardent admirers cannot claim facility of execution as one of them, and yet the parts in the last two operas in which she has appeared demand high executive powers. This was what occurred to the critical section of the audience on Saturday night. The public, on the other hand, who did not remember Grisi as Norina, were enchanted with Madlle. Piccolomini's boldness, sauciness, prettiness, and a thousand nameless gifts which are peculiar to her. The only thing that surprised us was, that she did not infuse so much of the "devil" into her acting as we were led to suppose. The scene where Norina first turns round on Don Pasquale, after the contract, and knocks about the chairs and tables, was unaccountably quiet. More, too, might have been made of the scene where Norina pretends to be going to the theatre. Had Madlle. Piccolomini seen Grisi in those scenes, no doubt, shrewd and intelligent as she is, without making her a copy, she would have turned her to account. The first scene with Doctor Malatesta—in which the physician discloses the plot against Don Pasquale to Norina—displayed the true comic instinct. The very spirit of fun and mischief was apparent. The same praise may be bestowed on the interview with Don Pasquale in which the bashfulness was admirably feigned and the bye-play excellent. Here Madlle. Piccolomini felt perfectly at home, and her performance was both natural and charming. The audience applauded her throughout.

The intelligent dramatic critic of *The Times*, a great enthusiast for Madlle. Piccolomini, thus graphically describes the general effects of her performance in *Don Pasquale*:—

'The revival of *Don Pasquale* on Saturday night afforded Mdlle. Piccolomini an excellent opportunity for displaying her talents in a new line. Norina is a character essentially belonging to genteel comedy, and hence it differs in kind both from Violetta, whose merriment lasts for so brief a time, and is succeeded by unmitigated woe, and from Maria, who with all her hilarity, has a great deal of sentiment in her composition, which does not fail to display itself on occasion. She is one of those characters, peculiar to the stage, who are ready to commit any stratagem for the sake of love, without being prompted by any violence of passion. In fact we may say that love is rather the ostensible than the true motive of their actions, unless we qualify it as the love of mischief. This mental peculiarity, so enjoyable in comedy, so formidable in private life, is exactly embodied by Mdlle. Piccolomini when she represents Norina:—

[illegible]
Son d'indole [illegible],
Scherzare mi piace,
Mi piace brillar.

"Such is the lady's confession of her own idiosyncrasy, and with hearty gusto does she warble it forth. When Dr. Malatesta acquaints her with the scheme by which she is to torment the unfortunate Don, and the part she is to play in it, the mischievous zeal with which she "jumps" at the proposal is admirably characteristic. She has at last found an occasion worthy of her powers, and she rejoices to show how well she can put on a new face if a little mischief can be furthered by the expedient. The very literal critic, bearing in mind that Norina is a young widow, may perhaps object that there is more of youth than of widowhood in Madlle. Piccolomini's impersonation; but why disturb our enjoyment just because the list of *dramatis personæ* encumbers us with this information, and Don Pasquale once lets fall the word 'Vedovella?' No doubt the author of the book contemplated one of the 'jeunes veuves' who are so potent in modern French comedies; but Madlle. Piccolomini, by exhibiting a girlish love of trickery rather than a studied astuteness, gives a new charm to the part. A mischievous schemer is not such a pleasant personage, but no one can be angry with a juvenile incarnation of playfulness, and we feel that Don Pasquale must forgive her heartily when the game has been played to its conclusion."

Sig. Rossi, the Don Pasquale, walked sideways—a difficult feat for an old man, even an old beau; he treated the part seriously throughout, and aimed at realising a broad picture of decrepitude. In short, he looked at the paralysed side of the character. Signor Belletti, as Doctor Malatesta, as usual, sang the music admirably, and, to quote the *Times*, "represented the Doctor with the gravity proper to the profession." The music of Ernesto could hardly have been more gracefully sung than by Signor Calzolari, who was encored in the serenade, "Com' è gentil." An encore was also awarded to the quartet, "Sembra un uomo fulminato," in the *finale* to the second act, sung by Mdlle. Piccolomini, Signors Calzolari, Belletti, and Rossi.

Mdlle. Piccolomini was recalled at the end of each act, and twice at the fall of the curtain—to say nothing of the bouquets, which were countless.

Le Corsaire followed.

On Monday—an extra night—Mdlle. Johanna Wagner made her last appearance in *Tancredi*. Whether it is only the last appearance for this season remains to be seen. Rumours are afloat that the great German *tragédienne* is shortly to be led to the hymeneal altar and intends retiring into private life. Of Mdlle. Wagner, however, we shall have something to say in our *Resumé* of the season. At present it is enough to record that the second performance of *Tancredi* confirmed our first impressions.

Le Corsaire followed.

On Tuesday the second performance of *Don Pasquale*, with *Le Corsaire*.

On Thursday *La Figlia del Reggimento*, with *Le Corsaire*.

To-night the regular season terminates with *La Traviata* and *Le Corsaire*. There will be, however, three performances next week, with Madlle. Piccolomini and *Le Corsaire* as attractions.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Il Trovatore* was given.

On Monday—an extra night—*Lucrezia Borgia*, for the last time this season, with the ballet *Eva*.

On Tuesday the *Barbiere*, for the last time this season, with *Eva*. The performance of the *Barbiere* was most admirable throughout, and excited the audience—and the orchestra, too, by the way—to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Mario, Ronconi, and Madame Bosio were, in their several ways, inimitable.

On Thursday—an extra night—*Il Trovatore* for the last time.

The season closes to-night with *La Favorita*, supported by Madame Grisi, Signors Mario and Graziani, and Herr Zelger.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The oppressive weather and the decline of the season evidently displayed their effects at the eleventh concert yesterday week, in showing a falling off in the number of visitors. There was, nevertheless, a large concourse, and nearly everybody hurried to the concert room to retire from the heat and secure a resting-place, which made the attendance seem greater than it was. The directors appear to have acted with judgment no less in the number of concerts given than in the time chosen for their completion. Had they been carried into the middle of August, they would have been comparatively unattended, which proves that these high-class amusements are but for the nobility and the opulent. The programme—although it had one or two drawbacks, not the least of which was Grisi's non-appearance—was excellent. Let the reader judge for himself:—

PART I.

Overture (*Oberon*)	Weber.
Air—"In diesen heiligen Hallen," Herr Formes	Mozart.
Duet—"Il capriccio," Mad. Didiée and Sig. Ronconi	Rossini.
Aria—"Di pescator [illegible]," Sig. Gardoni	Meyerbeer.
Madrigal—"Come, shepherds, follow me"	J. Bennet.
Aria—"Il balen," Sig. Graziani	Verdi.
Swiss Echo Song, Mdlle. Devries	Carl Eckert.
Finale—"Guillaume"	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture (*Gazza Ladra*)	Rossini.
Aria—"[illegible]," Mad. Bosio	Alary.
Duet—"Da quel dì," Mdlle. Marai and Sig. Gardoni	Donizetti.

Romanza—"Deh non voler," Mad. Didiée ...	Donizetti.
Trio—"Proteggo il giusto cielo," Mdlle. Moral and Devries, and Sig. Gardoni ...	Mozart.
Aria—"La donna è mobile," Sig. Mario ...	Verdi.
Finale—"Sommo Cielo" ...	Verdi.

The overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, with which the second part commenced, was again the crowning point of the performance; and again, as at a previous concert, created a *furore*. The encore could not be refused.

The next great effect was produced by Mario in "La donna è Mobile," which quite turned the bonnets of the ladies, and moved the heavier sex to enthusiasm. Of course Mario had to repeat it—that is, the second verse.

Encores were also awarded to the sprightly duet, "Ai capricci" from the *Italiana in Algeri*, perfectly sung—and acted too—by Madame Didiée and Signor Ronconi; to Benault's madrigal—splendidly sung by the chorus; to Mdlle. Rosa Devries in the Swiss echo-song—more than it deserved by the way; to Madame Bosio in Alary's valse—a most charming and exhilarating performance; to Madame Didiée in the romanza from *Anna Bolena*, most chastely and exquisitely sung; and to the trio of masks from *Don Giovanni* than which nothing could hardly be better.

Both *finales* were powerfully sung, but Verdi's, as being most easy, went best.

CONCERTS—VARIOUS.

Signor Bazzini's Concert was given in Willis's Rooms on Friday morning, the 18th ult. He was assisted by Mad. Viardot, Herr Reichardt, Signor Ciabatta, and Signor Yradier, as vocalists; and as instrumentalists, by M. Charles Hallé and Herr Deffel (pianoforte), Signor Piatti (violoncello), Signor Bottesini (double bass), and Mr. John Thomas (harp). Signor Bazzini played in a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Mayseder, and in a duet with Signor Bottesini (encored). He also introduced a fantasia of his own composition, and joined Madame Viardot in "Le Cadence du Diable," which was encored. Herr Reichardt was encored in "Le Papillon," by Blumenthal, and the same compliment was awarded to Mad. Viardot and Signor Yradier in a Spanish duet. The accompanists on the pianoforte were MM. Benedict and Campana, and Signor Li Calsi.

Herr Robert Goldbeck gave the third and last of his pianoforte recitals on Friday morning, the 25th ult. He played compositions by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and some of his own. Herr Oberthür gave solos on the harp. The other artists were Madame Mathilde Shaw, M. Kottaun, and Herr Zirom. Herr Lehmeyer accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

Mdlle. Cecilia Maret's concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday evening, the 21st ult. The vocalists were Mdlle. Adele Maret, Miss Clara Holmes, Mdlle. Cecilia Maret, and Herr Reichardt; and the instrumentalists, Mr. R. Wells (flute), Mr. J. D. Marcato (cornet-à-piston), and Dr. James Pech (pianoforte). Miss Maret sang "O mio Fernando" (*La Favorita*), "Porgi amor" (*Figaro*), an English ballad, and two duets with Herr Reichardt—"Si la stanchezza" (*Il Trovatore*) and "Mille Piacer" (*La Favorita*), and was applauded after each. Herr Reichardt sang Balfe's (Longfellow's) "Good night, beloved," with his usual success; while Mr. R. Wells, in a flute solo, and Dr. James Pech in one for the pianoforte were both successful. Dr. Pech also accompanied the vocal music. The orchestra played two overtures and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

M. Alexandre Billet's Matinées.—Two admirable "Musical Mornings" were given lately at his private residence, Russell-street, Fitzroy-square, by M. Alexandre Billet. The programme of the first—need we say a first-rate programme—was as follows:—

Grand trio, D minor, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, MM. Billet, Jansa, and Paque—Mendelssohn; Aria, "Non temer," Miss Stabbach—Mozart; Sonata, C minor, Op. 111, pianoforte, M. Billet—Beethoven; Rondo, E flat, pianoforte, M. Billet—Weber; Songs, "Midnight," "Barcarole," Miss Stabbach—F. Berger; Polonaise in C, pianoforte and violoncello, MM. Billet and Paque—Chopin; Finale from *Lucia*, pianoforte, M. Billet—Liszt; Tarantella, pianoforte, M. Billet—Döhler.

That of the second was equally good in every respect, and was better varied, as will be acknowledged at a glance:—

Grand Trio, B flat, Op. 97, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, MM. Sainton, Paque, and Billet, Beethoven.—"Perche non ho," (*Lucia*), Mdme. Endersohn, Donizetti.—Notturno in E, A. Billet, and Polacca, Weber, pianoforte, M. Billet.—Song, "Le voyage aérien," M. Jules Lefort, Nadaud.—Mazurka, and Valse, C sharp minor, pianoforte, M. Billet, Chopin.—Grand Duet, A flat, for two performers on the pianoforte, Miss Freeth (pupil of M. Billet) and M. Billet, Hummel.—"Tis gone" new ballad, Mdme. Endersohn, Balfe.—Solo, violin, M. Sainton, Sainton.—Song, "Toi toi, mon cœur," M. Jules Lefort, P. Henrion.—Selection of Studies, pianoforte, M. Billet.

M. Billet's name stands high among classical pianoforte players. That he was more than usually confident in his powers on the present occasion was fully shown at the first concert, when he essayed—for the first time in public we believe—Beethoven's posthumous sonata, op. 111, which only M. Charles Hallé in London has had the courage to attack before a mixed audience. M. Billet's experiment was entirely successful, and will tempt him perhaps ere long to try his hand at the B flat, op. 106. Comprising as they do such capital and well-varied selections, these performances of classical pianoforte music are exceedingly interesting, and worth the best attention of the amateur and connoisseur. The vocal music was well sung by the two ladies—both favourites of the public—and by the much vocal Frenchman, for whose organ Ronconi might give a duke's heritage. M. Maurice Levy accompanied the voices on the piano.

THE SURREY GARDENS.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World*).

Sir,—There has been so much money laid out,—and so well laid out—upon the Surrey Gardens, that I want them to succeed. To achieve this success several things are yet necessary. If I were merely to mention them to the directors, no notice would be taken of them. I know most of them, and most of them know me. I understand the public tolerably well—they don't at all; but oral advice is never followed. Put it, however, in the form of solid type and then it commands attention. It not only sets those thinking to whom it is more especially addressed, but they in turn set others thinking too.

I complain then, first of all, of the great want of amusement, and this is the grand fault of most public entertainments in England. The energies of the managers are all directed to get the public to come to their *entreprise*, rather than to entertain them when they are there. "We have got your shillings," they say, "we don't care now how much you are bored!" This is poor policy. You may say who can amuse a vast crowd as well as Jullien? Well, I do not think any one can—in his particular *spécialité*, be it understood. But the attractions of an *al fresco* place of amusement should be all of that class that you can see nowhere else—peculiar to open air capabilities. Thus—a *cirque* with first-rate horsemanship after the model of the hippodrome at the Barrière de l'Etoile; every possible kind of *montagnes russes*, swings, roundabouts, open air orchestras, dancing platforms, games of skill or address, such as the *jeu de bague*, the *billard Chinois*, the *toupie Hollandaise*, and the whole train of light amusing self-supporting games, which the humblest *guinguette* in Paris provides for its patrons, and which the directors would do well to study at the really entertaining Cremorne. All these things should meet the visitor at every turn. The gardens open long before the concert begins; and let me ask what are the visitors to do whilst nothing is going on. The directors will reply, "They can walk about and see the grounds." Perfectly true, but I never saw any grounds that could not be seen in a short quarter of an hour; and when you keep on walking about, and see the same unrelieved things over again they become bores.

Secondly, I have always stoutly maintained, that *the price of admission charged at the doors ought to frank the visitor to every possible attraction and accommodation within.* One insolent exclusiveness—the terror of the Swell to be jostled by the Snob—exacts a certain amount of "reserved seats" everywhere. But for those who do not care—or cannot afford—to pay for this luxury, precisely the same opportunities for seeing and hearing should be provided. When Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Camberwell take their little boy and girl to the Surrey Gardens for a treat, the four shillings should prove a *passe-partout*. They should not be called upon to pay something extra for this or that gallery, or to buy a programme, or to open their purse again to see a grotto. The shilling, I repeat, should command everything.

And now to general matters. The music-hall I have held, since the speculation was first started, to be a grand and costly mistake. In fine weather people don't want to go inside any building; in wet weather they won't go at all. Be sure of that. I remember M. Jullien's monster concerts in the open air at these gardens, eight or ten years ago, on the open plot at the south-eastern corner of the grounds, and how very pleasant the crowd looked sitting about in the blue unclouded weather on the grass. There was nothing like a music-hall then, and if there had been, I am sure nobody would have gone into it. The open air was the grand auxiliary attraction. The critics—who always, I will say, wish to be blind when they see capital and intelligence has been expended—talk much of its capabilities for sound; in fact, make this the point. They are right, for it is a fine and admirably arranged building. But the masses don't care much for the study of acoustics; and when the music and the music alone is made the one grand pervading feature of the gardens, the shareholders must look out that the entertainment of the British public does not gradually merge into the speculation of the London music-shop. I shall rejoice to see the music-hall occasionally used for other purposes—grand banquets, summer-night balls, public festivals of any or every description. The dividends will profit by this.

For the introduction of the five-shilling champagne the directors deserve every credit—it has been a good firm blow at tavern extortion. I don't care much about the arrangements with Moreau and Company, at Epernay, because we all know that any respectable London wine-merchant can furnish us, retail, with good wholesome champagne at seventy-two shillings a dozen, which, wholesale, should be fifty-four, without any express "arrangement" with the growers of Tennyson's "foaming grape of Eastern France." But it was a sensible thing to do, and will eventually prove a great success.

Mr. Dawson's picture is ineffective. I do not find fault with its execution, which is a marvel of colour and aerial perspective; but it gives about the same notion of Constantinople as it does of any other eastern water-side city. The point of view was wrongly taken. It should have been from the entrance of the Golden Horn, with Seraglio Point on the left, and Pera on the right. On the lake this could have been arranged admirably. I do not know whether Mr. Dawson has visited Constantinople. If he has, he will know what I mean. If he has not, I do not see, looking over the list of directors, who there was at all who could in any way have assisted him with a suggestion of an effect. They are sharp fellows at elections—publish excellent maps—arrange concert tours cleverly, and farm professionals with equal tact—do all sorts of things, and each in his line, in first-rate style; but they know as much about *catering* (I return to my commencement) for a shilling out-of-door public, as I do of Chinese politics. Elsewhere they would never have made a charge for admission to that grotto—which, pretty in its way, is not to be mentioned along with the Adelsberg caverns of the Colosseum; elsewhere they would have so arranged the lighting of the grounds that they would have looked less like a vast illuminated cemetery of transparent tombstones set up by the shareholders in memory of dead expectations. So many of my most esteemed and intimate friends are connected with this speculation that I shall watch its progress with great interest, and shall, from time to time, record my opinions in your columns. It is useless to tell the directors what to do. As I said, I know most of them, but no one appears to have any individual power so far as I can make out. And therefore, when I see a bad or a dull thing continued, I shall tell you, and leave them to fight it out amongst themselves.

Your humble servant,
A Showman.

Blackpool.—Dr. Mark has been giving some concerts, with his young pupils, at the North Euston Hotel, with success. Solos by Masters Sturge and Beard, on their respective instruments—the cornet and the violin, were greatly applauded.

Haymarket.—The new one-act piece, *Mr. Hughes at Home*, exhibits Miss Blanche Fane and Mr. Buckstone in the characters of a lady and her lover, the object of the latter being to force his fair one to a *tête-à-tête*, by preventing her from going out to her evening's amusements. For this purpose, among other devices, he contrives to exchange her opera ticket for an old one, and to find an excuse for sending away her carriage which comes to take her to a ball. The gentleman having succeeded in detaining her, concludes by an offer of his hand, which is accepted. The piece, which is three quarters of an hour long, and is supported entirely by these two characters, does not in the least hang fire. The fair Blanche, who flutters like a bird of paradise in her ball dress, and acts with increased grace and elegance, has succeeded in giving the piece a fair amount of popularity.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul had the distinguished honour of giving their musical entertainment, *Patchwork*, before their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of France and a brilliant circle of the aristocracy of the Eastern Departments, at the theatre of Plombières, on Tuesday, the 22nd of July. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were assisted by the *artistes* of the Palais Royal Theatre, who performed two vaudevilles, *Le Gendre de M. [illegible]*, in which M. Grassot, the eminent buffo actor, appeared, and *Trois Bourgeois de Compiègne*. Between these pieces Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul gave selections from their *Patchwork*, which were received with great applause by all present.

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"Although but to-day offered to the public, this little work is, I feel, more than eight years old. At the commencement of the year 1848, the congregation of St. Luke's Church, desirous of some better performance of the musical portion of the service than is commonly found in the parish churches of London, instructed me to take the necessary steps towards the formation of a choir. A very early question for my decision was as to the amount and kind of music to be sung under this state of things. It seemed to me that, although the service might be, to a great extent, what is termed choral, it should not, on that account, cease to be congregational. We might, for instance, advantageously adopt much of the cathedral usages—such as singing the responsive parts of the service, and chanting the Canticles and Psalms of the day—in which the congregation would speedily learn to take part, and we might even have an Anthem in the place allotted to it in the Prayer Book; but we must, notwithstanding, retain the *Metrical Psalmody*, if we would not both destroy a characteristic feature of the Parochial Service, and deny to the people a kind of music which, according to my experience, and in spite of some modern notions on the subject, they certainly sing, when favourably circumstanced, with more zeal and effect than any other. Having decided on the maintenance of Metrical Psalmody, my present [illegible] was to select an arrangement of tunes for the use of my choir. I may have been fanciful or hypercritical, but I must confess that, after making an extensive acquaintance with books of the sort, I found none entirely to suit my purpose. Most, doubtless, had merits to recommend them for their peculiar objects; but it was not in accordance with the views I have always held on the matter to adopt either the pretty glee-like harmonisation of some, or the Gothic severity of 'note against note'—both tiresome to the singer and not necessarily of devotional character—found in others. I therefore, as many have done before, determined to arrange a Tune-Book for myself, and hoped—as, doubtless, did my predecessors—to advance Parochial Psalmody one step, at least, in the right direction.

"The same reasons which induced me to undertake the work—added to the kind solicitations of many friends, amateur and professional—have now led to its publication. The style of the vocal arrangement answered my expectations. The choir sang their parts with spirit and satisfaction, while the congregation speedily ceased to find any difficulty in bearing their share in the general harmony; and, I trust and believe, that similar results will follow wherever it is adopted.

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"Several of the tunes are harmonised in two different ways. Their use, at the organist's discretion, will be found of service in the progress of a long psalm, not only as affording relief to the ear, but as a means of following, in some degree, such variety of sentiments as may exist in the words. A few of the melodies appear in a third shape—namely, sung in unison and octaves by the choir, and supported by an independent organ-part; and from this mode of treatment, judiciously applied, the choral will be found to yield some of the finest effects of which it is capable. It would have been impossible to have given this triple form to every tune (even if all were properly susceptible of it) without unduly swelling the bulk of the volume. The examples given are, therefore, rather offered as practical hints to organists who may be disposed to carry out the suggestion. With the same view I have inserted, at the end of the book, an example of four methods of 'giving out' a psalm-tune—the object in all being to keep the melody palpable, the [illegible] under a more [illegible] form of accompaniment.

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"English Psalmody has, undoubtedly, many faults; but I hold it to be the far wiser course to endeavour to correct these by narrowing the selection of tunes and imparting a more vigorous tone to their harmonisation, than to attempt to supplant it by a style of music utterly barbarous in itself, antagonistic to the grammatical structure of our language, and so wholly opposed to the feeling of the people that it can never come into general use, except on the incredible supposition of a second universal ascendancy of the church which invented it.

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PREFACE.

"Although but to-day issued to the public, this little work is, in fact, more than eight years old. At the commencement of the year 1848, the congregation of St. Luke's Church, desirous of some better performance of the musical portion of the service than is ordinarily found in the parish churches in London, instructed me to take the necessary steps towards the formation of a choir. A very early question for my decision was as to the amount and kind of music to be sung under this state of things. It seemed to me that, although the service might be, to a great extent, what is termed 'choral,' it should not, on that account, cease to be congregational. We might, for instance, advantageously adopt some of the cathedral usages—such as singing the responses and parts of the service, and chanting the Canticles and Psalms of the day—in which the congregation would speedily learn to take part, and we might even have an Anthem in the place allotted to it in the Prayer Book; but we must, notwithstanding, retain the *Metrical Psalmody*, if we would not both destroy a characteristic feature of the Parochial Service, and deny to the people a kind of music which, according to my experience, and in spite of some adverse notions on the subject, they certainly sing, when favourably circumstanced, with more zeal and effect than any other. Having resolved on the continuance of Metrical Psalmody, my great difficulty was in selecting an arrangement of it suitable to the [illegible] of my choir. I may have been fanciful or hypercritical, but I must confess that after making an extensive acquaintance with books of the sort, I found none entirely to suit my purpose. Most, doubtless, had merits to recommend them for their peculiar objects; but it was not in accordance with the views I have always held on the matter to adopt either the pretty glee-like harmonisation of some, or the Gothic severity of 'note against note'—both unsuited to the singer and not necessarily of devotional character—found in others. I therefore, as many have done before, determined to arrange a Tune-Book for myself, and hoped—as, doubtless, did my predecessors—to advance Parochial Psalmody one step, at least, in the right direction.

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"Several of the tunes are harmonised in two different ways. Their use, at the organist's discretion, will be found of service in the progress of a long psalm, not only as affording relief to the ear, but as a means of following, to some degree, each variety of sentiment expressed in the words. A few of the melodies appear in a third shape—namely, sung in unison and octave by the choir, and supported by an independent organ-part; and from this mode of treatment, judiciously applied, the choral will be found to yield some of the finest effect of which it is capable. It would have been impossible to have given this triple form to every tune (even if all were properly susceptible of it) without unduly swelling the bulk of the volume. The examples given are, therefore, rather offered as practical hints to organists who may feel disposed to carry out the suggestion. With the same view I have inserted, at the end of the book, an example of four methods of giving out a psalm-tune—the object of all being to keep the melody palpably distinct under whatever form of accompaniment.

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VOL. 34—No. 34 SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856. PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

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BRADFORD TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

1856,
Will be held in
ST. GEORGE'S HALL,

Tuesday	August 26.	Thursday	August 28.
Wednesday	" 27	Friday	" 29.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS
MADAME CLARA NOVELLO,
Miss SHERRINGTON Madame WEISS, Miss MILNER,
Mademoiselle PICCOLOMINI,
Madame ALBONI,
Miss FANNY HUDDART,
Madame VIARDOT GARCIA,
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Organist Mr. J. L. Brownsmith,

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Tuesday Morning, August 26th,
MENDELSSOHN'S ORATORIO, "ELIJAH."

Wednesday Morning, August 27th,
COSTA'S ORATORIO, "ELI"
(First time of performance in Yorkshire).

Thursday Morning, August 28th,
HANDEL'S ORATORIO, "THE MESSIAH."

Friday Morning, August 29th,
SELECTION DAY

Grand Miscellaneous Concerts, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday Evenings, consisting of the Cantatas, "ROBIN HOOD," by J. L. Hatton and "MAY DAY," by G. A. MACFARREN, composed expressly for this Festival; also, Grand Symphonies, Overtures, Selections from Operas, Madrigals, Part Songs, etc. etc.

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SAMUEL SMITH, Chairman.

MR. SIMS REEVES, MADAME ENDERSSOHN, MR. WEISS, MADAME WEISS, MR. ALLAN IRVING and MR. M. W. BALFE, leave London early in November on a provincial tour. Parties wishing to engage the above artistes from the 22nd to the 29th of November are requested to apply to Mr. Joy, 11, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square.

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MISS FANNY HUDDART,
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MR. GEORGE CASE
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The Messrs. Broadwood, notwithstanding their heavy loss, have already signified their intention of contributing liberally.

On behalf of the Committee of Workmen,
JAMES HIPKINS, Chairman.
G. TRAIL, Secretary.

Communications addressed to Mr. J. C. Webster, at Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons', 33, Great Pulteney-street, Golden-square, who has kindly undertaken the office of Treasurer, will be immediately attended to.

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July 17th, 1856.

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Rover, The	Rockstro.
Richard Cœur de Lion	Osborne.
'Twas here in this tranquil Valley (Linda)	Donizetti.
We'll laugh and sing (Traviata)	Verdi.
The winds are hushed	Campana.

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Adapted by Desmond Ryan.

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Libiamo ne' lieti calici	(G)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sì una pura e vergine	(F)	1	[illegible]
Un dì quando le veneri	(E minor)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pura siccome un angelo	(G)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dite alla giovine	(G)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Addio del passato	(A)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ah! fors' è lui	(F)	1	[illegible]
Il [illegible]	(F)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Noi siamo Zingarelle	(F)	[illegible]	[illegible]

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De' miei bollenti	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pura siccome—Scena e Duetto	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]—Aria	[illegible]	[illegible]
Di Provenza—Scena ed Aria	[illegible]	[illegible]
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THE LATE MADAME VESTRIS.

(*Continued from p. 516.*)

In the autumn of the same year, Madame Vestris went to Paris with her husband; but it does not appear that during her sojourn there she applied herself to study, or took any pains to improve her singing.

Her engagement at the King's Theatre was renewed for the following season, where she accordingly appeared early in January—the opera generally commenced at that time in December—and besides the *Ratto di Proserpina* she played in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* and *Cosi Fan Tutti*. The vocal deficiencies of Madame Vestris, now that enthusiasm had cooled down into sober judgment, were more obvious, and her histrionic talent being but moderate at that period, the public began to perceive that she was somewhat out of her element at the Italian Opera. She remained, however, until the close of the season. The applause of friends when she first appeared was, nevertheless, unlikely to be set aside by a lady so spoiled and petted, as of no account, and, in spite the advice of those who conscientiously opposed her prosecuting her career as a singer until she had studied the principles of her art, she accepted an engagement at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, and on the 7th of December, 1816, appeared as Proserpina, her favourite character in Winter's opera, with Mrs. Dickons as Ceres. Madame Vestris did not meet with the same encouragement in Paris as when first coming out as she found in London. Her *début* created little sensation. She was listened to throughout with coolness, and even her youth and good looks were lost on the critical—or would be critical—and aristocratic audiences of the *Bouffes*. The performance was repeated a few times, but there was no mistaking the general feeling, and the management withdrew the opera and broke with the *artiste*.

Nothing dejected, however, and full of confidence in her own talents, Madame Vestris, though driven from the Eden of the Italian Opera, found refuge in some of the minor theatres where her figure and face were more likely to make amends for lack of other qualities, and where she stood a better chance of getting an insight into her profession by beginning with small parts, than by attacking at once the more exacting characters of the opera. Moreover, Madame Vestris's short comings as an actress was less observable and indeed of less consequence on a small stage and in vaudevilles than in Italian theatres and in grand musical dramas. Her change from the large to the small theatres was good in another way. It opened her eyes for the first time to her own defects, and induced her to turn her attention to the study of music and the delineation of character. That she must have made great progress in a short space of time is abundantly evidenced in the fact, that before two years had elapsed her reputation, not merely as a comedian but a tragedian, stood so high with the Parisian public, she was engaged at the Théâtre Français, and, among other first-rate parts, performed Camille, in *Les Horaces* to Talma's Horace.

In the winter of 1819 Madame Vestris quitted Paris, and returned to London. Her growing reputation had preceded her, and Robert William Elliston, the manager of Drury Lane theatre, at once offered her a lucrative engagement, which was accepted. She made her first appearance on the English stage in January, 1820, as Lilla in the *Siege of Belgrade*, and was completely successful. Her voice had greatly improved in quality and power, her progress as a singer was manifest, while her acting showed some vivacity and a naïveté peculiarly her own. Her voice was a pure *contralto* rich in quality, but somewhat restricted in compass, though of sufficient extent to sing most English ballads. *The Siege of Belgrade* ran for several nights with increasing success.

Madame Vestris next performed Adela in the *Haunted Tower*, and in her delineation of the heroine, it was said, forcibly reminded her hearers of Madame Storace, the original of the part. Her third part was Artaxerxes in Dr. Arne's opera of that name, in which her singing of "In infancy our hopes and fears," was admired for its simplicity and plaintiveness.

In her fourth essay she was not so successful, but not through any fault of her own. About Easter was produced a miserable musical *melange*, or pantomime, called, *Harlequin versus Shakspere*, in which she sustained the character of Dolly Swim. Never was a more wretched affair concocted for the stage; but the manager did everything to make it succeed, and, among other collateral attractions, Mr. Tom Cooke played five different instruments all together. In one song, nevertheless, Madame Vestris created a *furore*; and few who heard her sing Reeve's ballad, "I'm sure I shall never forget him," can forget her manner of delivering the lines—

> "Oh, dear, I don't know what it was that came o'er me,
> Perhaps it was—something like love."

In May, *The Lady and the Devil*—a drama with interspersed songs—was produced, followed by *David Rizzio*, an opera, in both of which Madame Vestris sustained the principal parts. In the following month was revived, expressly for our heroine, *Giovanni in London* with music added. This piece had achieved some years before a great success at the Olympic Theatre, partly owing to the acting of Mrs. Gould (*née* Miss Burrell), a lady so masculine in appearance and manner as to have earned the cognomen of Joe Gould. In its present musical dress it was even more acceptable to the public, and its success was more triumphant than before. *Giovanni in London*, in short, became the rage, and Madame Vestris was for the time being the idol of the public.

"The character of *Don Giovanni*," writes an admirer of the actress, "in this musical burletta, seems to have been reserved to bring into play the real histrionic powers and fatal fascination of Madame Vestris, in which, with her sky-blue suit on, she burst forth and set the town in a ferment. Her performance called forth reiterated bursts of applause, and caused Fame to sound her trumpet with unusual force, so that the treasury of Old Drury experienced the most beneficial effects.

> "In breeches, then, so well she play'd the rake,
> The pretty fellow and the rake complete;
> Each sex was then with different passions mov'd,
> The men grew envious and the women lov'd."

In the same year Madame Vestris played Captain Macheath, in the *Beggars Opera*, both at Drury Lane and the Haymarket, and drew large audiences. She also appeared in the same character at Covent Garden, on the occasion of Mr. W. Abbott's benefit. Although admired by the public, good judges were less pleased with Captain Macheath than with Don Giovanni and contended that the music lost by being assigned to a contralto. Nevertheless, for two seasons, the principal attractions of Drury Lane were *Giovanni in London*, the *Beggars' Opera* and *Artaxerxes*. The last, we can readily believe, was a legitimate success, since the cast besides Madame Vestris comprised the talents of Braham, Charles Horn, Miss Wilson, and Miss Povey. If we were to give credit, indeed, to the bills of the day, no success ever surpassed that of *Artaxerxes* at Drury Lane. That Robert William Elliston was not exceeded in the art of puffing by any manager, even of the present age, may be gathered from the following announcement, which appeared on the forehead of the Drury Lane bills of February the 19th, 1821—printed, as usual, in red:—

> "The united efforts of Miss Wilson, Mr. Braham, Mr. Horn, Miss Povey, and Madame Vestris, are nightly received with enthusiastic approbation. The opera of *Artaxerxes* continues its triumphant career! It is an absolute fact that there are more than *three thousand* places taken from Mr. Rodwell, the book-keeper, *for six future performances*!!"

The success of Madame Vestris in male costume was almost fatal for a while to the reign of the histrionic petticoat. For a long time nothing else would entice an audience to the theatre. As the appearance of the lady in pantaloons, however, was no longer a novelty, the Drury Lane manager, who always consulted the public taste literally, looked out for an opportunity to double the attraction. Miss M. C. Cubitt had, on one or two occasions, been substituted in Don Giovanni for Madame Vestris, when that lady was taken ill, or was absent. Miss Cubitt breeches had her admirers as well as Madame Vestris. To bring the two ladies together in masculine attire, Elliston reckoned would be a grand coup. He looked in his library for a piece. What could be better than Colley Cibber's comedy, *She would and She would not; or, The Kind Impostor?* Madame Vestris as Hypolito, and Miss Cubitt as Flora, both in male dress—the effect would literally be "inexpressible." But then music must be added for both ladies—so much the better; what were Messrs. C. E. Horn and T. Cook paid for? The comedy was too long—cut it down to three acts; Colley Cibber *could not* object. On the 10th of May, accordingly, the piece was produced under the altered title of *The Kind Impostor*, but did not create the sensation anticipated. Another male part was tried for Madame Vestris—Cherubino in *Dirce; or, The Fatal Urn*, an opera in three acts, which, like its predecessor, was a partial failure; and the management, in despair of hitting upon a new breeches piece, fell back upon *Giovanni in London*, and *The Beggars' Opera*.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSICAL CRITICISM

(*From the Canadian Musical Review.*)

In our editorial capacity it becomes our duty to pass judgment on the performances of others, be they artists or amateurs, and invariably will our remarks be found not only to have been generally contrary to those expressed by our daily contemporaries, but contrary probably to the opinions of some of our readers. People in this latitude have become so accustomed to read such flattering encomiums on musical performances that they might almost imagine that remarks or criticisms disparaging to the persons interested were suggested by ill feeling or prejudice; and certainly it is apparently contrary to all past practice for concert givers to expect anything at all approaching a fair or just criticism of their performances. What they expect is to read that their performances were in the highest degree successful, and the applause (no matter whether bestowed by an intelligent and appreciating audience or no) was truly well merited. How true to nature this is! Who, embarking all his hopes of worldly success on the favourable opinion and judgment of the popular voice, can be insensible to the encomiums expressed in his behalf; and who is not equally jealous of such remarks as would appear to crush all his rising hopes and exultant feelings? How different, then, must be the position of that critic, who desires to discriminate without prejudice or partiality between genuine and fictitious talent, and yet to advance, as in duty and conscience he is bound, the favourite Art which he has (or ought to have) made his constant study. To do this rightly is, emphatically, no easy task. The human heart is not naturally so humble as to submit to the judgment of others without murmuring; but still, as we acknowledge the duty of good citizenship is to yield to laws for the preservation of order and the public weal, so must those who seek or depend on popular favour submit to public criticism of their performances. Nor is this altogether a personal question. *The object of criticism is not to advance persons but art.* On this principle we endeavour to base all our judgments; but we fear in these our days, and on this continent in particular, this just view of the subject is completely lost sight of, and we find the anonymous criticisms which appear in many of our contemporaries to be extremely unfortunate for the true progress of the musical art, especially as it is not difficult to trace to its source the cause of this misfortune,—the ignorance of those who undertake to criticise *everything*, and the prevalence of that lamentable system of puffing, instances of which are too common and recent to be noticed here. A true minded man must scorn most indignantly these little mean contrivances for gaining a name; and we are convinced artists, who are [illegible] will not [illegible] they will be much more likely to prize an opinion founded on just appreciation and truth.

We have been led to make these observations, because we desire all our remarks hitherto, as well as those we may have occasion to make in future, to prove useful both to those criticised, and to our readers generally. We do not, however, claim infallibility for our judgments; but as they are given in all sincerity of purpose, we do think that the failings we point out should be cheerfully accepted, with a view of overcoming them by practice and farther good instruction; and our readers by remarking where failings have been detected, will be more likely to know when and how to bestow their commendations more truly than they have done of late. In fact this ought really to be the proper aim and end of criticism, to point out defects with a view of removing, or at least diminishing their force; else what advantage arises therefrom? Unmerited, or if even merited, unduly bestowed praise tends considerably to the depression of all high art; and there are few, even with the most brilliant talents, in whom we may not detect a retrogression, more or less apparent, where we have observed the many injudicious compliments heaped upon them. The reason is obvious: why need they farther trouble themselves when their talents are already so highly appreciated? The truth is the most talented artists that have ever appeared, notwithstanding their justly earned reputation, are not always exempt from just and impartial criticism, but these being judiciously expressed have frequently proved beneficial indeed. It is but the most ignorant, and those least entitled to notice of any sort whatever, on whom such suggestions fail in effect or produce improper impressions. Everyday experience proves unquestionably that the greater progress we make in scientific studies the more we see and feel what we *still have to learn*, and then it is we understand how truly "a *little* knowledge is a dangerous thing." Did our self-confident aspirants for public applause only wisely consider their position, and remember that whatever the various polls and journals may say of them (for we say, with all due respect, how many of them are capable of speaking critically of musical matters?), it would be utterly absurd to believe for one moment they had actually realised the perfection they would have us believe they had arrived at. To entertain such exaggerated opinions would simply prove an ignorance of the whole nature of musical art. To believe all these journals from time to time put forth, how many Jenny Linds, Albonis, Thalbergs, *ad infinitum*, might we not find reason to boast of possessing? But all these attempts to play on the public credulity are transparent enough; they may deceive us for a time, but their unsubstantial character is soon perceived.

Whilst exercising a judicious and impartial tone of encouragement to deserving *merit*, but still not losing sight of the defects they may exhibit, it is surely the province of the critic to discourage, by every means in his power, the presumption and over-confidence of many who dare to palm themselves on the public as first rate artists; who, in the case of vocal aspirants, [illegible] voice of fair quality, or as is likely as not, [illegible] quality at all, but a great deal of ignorance and a "little" knowledge, would fain delude us poor ignorant beings into the belief that they alone hold the palm for the possession of all the natural and acquired talent that goes to produce the artist. They also, let artists too often succeed in these deceptions, but the duty of an uncompromising and conscientious critic to [illegible] a place, and we trust as information and intelligence in musical matters become more and more disseminated, to witness a vast improvement in the criticisms of our contemporaries. There is too much sensitiveness to interest—too little regard for that which constitutes the soul of true art and correct judgment.

DARMSTADT.—On the 31st August and 1st September the Middle Rhine Musical Festival will take place at Darmstadt. The towns that join in the celebration are Darmstadt, Mayence, Wiesbaden, Mannheim, Giessen, &c. The orchestra will comprise the Grand Ducal band of Darmstadt, the band of the Court theatre at Mannheim, and several distinguished talents from Mayence, Wiesbaden, Carlsruhe and Frankfort. The programme is as follows:—First day—Handel's *Messiah*. Second day—Overture to *Zauberflöte*; Finale to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; Concerto on the violin with harp obligato, by Vieuxtemps; "Bachus-Chor" from the *Hermannsschlacht* of Mangold; Chorus from Haydn's *Creation*; Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*. The solos are not decided on. Frau Dr Ludinger and Herr J. Stockhausen have been engaged, and the direction will be for the first day under Herr Mangold, for the second under Herr L. Schindelmeisser.

ROSSINI.—The *Theatre-Journal* of Munich, dated July 31, gives the following anecdote:—Among the guests at Wildbad, there is one who, more than any other, attracts the attention of the bathers. It is a man advanced in years, somewhat unsteady in gait, with a singularly open countenance, an expressive eye; and who is inscribed on the books of the hotel as "Rossini, composer of music." He is very amiable with all who converse with him. A young man, a great admirer of the celebrated *Maestro*, on being presented to him, said he could not leave Wildbad without seeing him. "Very well, then," exclaimed Rossini, "look at me! You see an old *rococo*."—["Save us from our friends." These paragraph-mongers will be the death of Rossini. Of all the *bons mots* hitherto attributed to him, this Bavarian attempt is the heaviest.—ED.]

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LA TRAVIATA IN THE PULPIT.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

(*From the Leader.*)

"Save me from my friends" is the common expression; but every lawyer who has practised in a court says still more emphatically, "Save you from yourself." The man who pleads his own case has a fool for a client. It is perhaps inherent in the position that one should part with some portion of his good sense, and hence we explain how it is that Mr. Lumley, a shrewd man who has generally known how to hold his own, should have signed a letter to the *Times* giving us about twice the length and about half the sense that would have sufficed for his defence in the *Traviata* question. The play, he argues, is strictly moral. He draws out the *Dame aux Camélias* and answers only for the libretto. As it stands he says "the melancholy catastrophe illustrates the Nemesis that attends on vice." "Strike out of the character of *Violetta* the evil which has blighted it, and the last scene would have offended against the dramatic canon, that suffering should only be accepted for the purpose of teaching a moral lesson." "The exhibition of the retribution which attends on sin may have as beneficial an influence as the highest example of virtue." "In conclusion," Mr. Lumley believes that "in presenting the libretto of the *Traviata* without modification, he was administering to a good and right and moral cause." In short, we must regard the Opera not only as auxiliary to the pulpit, but a substitute for it.

This, indeed, is an important view, and there is a certain degree of verisimilitude in the pretension. In presenting to the public a piece which has the admirable didactic purpose, Mr. Lumley is acting with "the great and good." It is, indeed, a new aspect of the impresario's position in life. Generally speaking, we do not associate the Opera House and the costumes with any particularly didactic purpose. We may ask Mr. Lumley, perhaps, (for he signs with so facile a pen), what is the moral purpose of *Le Corsaire*? for we perceive that one of those who are anxious to act with "the great and good" must not only sing against sin, but dance didactically. The man who has witnessed a *pas seul* in the *Corsaire* no doubt returns home a sadder and a wiser man, more inclined to forswear the gauds and suppers, the pomps and pleasures of this life than before that instructive exhibition of the morality of motion.

It may be so. Some verisimilitude is given to the pretension on the part of the opera by the conduct of the church. If we look, indeed, to that other theatre, which has hitherto been so much graver, we do find a difficulty in believing that the "great and good" are still present on its boards. We pass by scenes so tragic as the impending deprivation of George Anthony Denison, for the sin of believing something in the Holy Scriptures which is not stipulated in the Thirty-nine Articles; but we may refer to the scene in the church of Wi[illegible], where the incumbent, the Reverend Mr. Wilton, suddenly turned from the reading of the Second Lesson to comment on the immoral conduct of a parishioner who was present, and who answered, profanely accusing Mr. Wilton of falsehood. A highly dramatic scene was performed impromptu before the astonished audience. We may also turn to a still more astonishing drama in the church of Hartlepool, where the patron tried to exclude the incumbent, and failing, rendered divine service impossible by keeping up the performance of a diabolical service, a jolly labourer delivering a mock sermon from the pulpit. Formerly we expected to see the moral read on the stage by the exhibition of passions and of catastrophes, the preaching being reserved for the church. Now the preaching is carried on at Her Majesty's, and other fanes of that new Church of England; while the passions and catastrophes are enacted in the licensed chapels and churches.

It is a good joke which turns on the advocacy of the parties who are interested; and the audience who have witnessed the performance of the impugned opera have supplied the commentary on the theoretical reclamations of the *Times*. The more the *Times* said "Don't go," the more people went. The more it pronounced the performance of the *Traviata* to be unfitted for the presence of ladies, the more ladies were present; for it is a fact that at the additional performances of the opera the number of women has positively increased in the audience. The more the *Times* said that Piccolomini derogated from her position by consenting to perform Violetta, the more the audience loaded her with bouquets for her graciousness in doing so. In short, the audience felt that the journalist was wrong—that the reclamation was simply nonsense. At the best it was the honest anxiety of an old maid who had forgotten what she was talking about, or never understood it; while a yet worse construction could be put upon it—that it was the fumbling endeavour to find some subject on which the *Times* could pay its tribute to cant at the expense of all the audiences in all the most civilized capitals of Europe.

In spite of Mr. Lumley's saying so, after his fashion, the moral directly taught by *La Traviata* is sound. The business of the scene is to hold the mirror up to nature, as it is seen, injured or vindicated, in society. Again, we ask—must the mirror present only the beautiful aspects? Every tragedy that has won the admiration of successive ages has displayed the struggle between virtue and vice? How exhibit the triumph of virtue if virtue is to contend with nothing? "If you had married a woman with auburn hair, light complexion, and a good fortune," said Henry Harrison to William Dove, "you would have been all right." The model hero or heroine of the stage must be presented with blameless disposition, graceful circumstances, no temptations, and spotless probity. There must be the saint without the oppressor—Lucrezia without the Tarquin—Donna Elvira without the Don Giovanni—Desdemona without the Iago—Dido without Æneas,—no, not Dido, she is improper to be admitted to decent society. Molière, of course, is still worse; and as for Ariosto, he is only what his noble patron called him—a collector of "ribaldries." Armida must be expunged from Tasso. Milton must be published without the devil; and then we shall understand how it is virtue attains to triumph.

By being without temptations—*that* is the modern notion of robust training for morality.

Unhappily, authors who have to compose works of art, artists who have to perform them, audiences who hope to profit by them, know that the laws of life are somewhat different; and to them their narrow view the tragedy of *Traviata* is strictly moral. Let us observe. There is no hold over the moral sense so powerful as the natural affections. The young girl strays from the customs of healthy moral life: she has been so unhappily brought up, that she is unconscious of a natural affection. At last one is awakened in her heart, and it recalls in her the desire to return to herself to a moral way of life. She is told that in doing so she risks the probability that the youth whom she loves may himself become estranged from ordinary moral life; and in order to spare him that risk, she severs the connexion, and suffers herself to drift back into her old and detested way. But she is rescued by a fatal illness, the effect of grief, which destroys her. This is said to be presented in such form as to render vice "alluring." The statement is a positive falsehood. The vice is rendered wholly detestable and abhorrent. The interest of the audience is excited purely for the healthy and moral leanings of the girl. The spectators are interested in her on that account wholly and solely. The sacrifice which she makes to morality is felt by the audience to be not too great for its object, and yet they sympathise in the sacrifice. In all these respects the disposition, the sympathy, the interest of the audience are identified with morality as it is usually understood, and are positively repelled from vice.

If the vice is of a kind which is less sublime, terrible, or open than that presented in other works of art, it is because the state of society in which the story arises is trivial and mean. If virtue is presented amid the temptations which surround Violetta, it is because those temptations are the demons which haunt the soul in the present day. If the attention of the audience is called to the *lorette* and the *roué* of a great European capital, it is because *roués* and *lorettes* cannot be shut out of the sight. If there is anything detestable, we repeat, it is in the state of society; if there is anything more detestable, it is that cant which attempts to prevent a remedial process, by saying that we must all turn our fastidious eyes on the disease.

Adelphi Theatre.—A popular American piece, *Ireland as it is*, was produced here on Monday, for Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. The piece, although a passable one of its kind, belongs to a class of domestic dramas that have long become threadbare on this side of the Atlantic; nor is there anything new or striking in the management of the materials. The only things that would give the piece a chance of popularity are the characters of an heroic and ragged Irish peasant and his *female* friend (Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams). The gentleman's humour is of the quiet kind, and his fair half took the audience by surprise by casting off her Yankee nature and dialect, and assuming the Hibernian with an ease and a tact which, with a little more European experience and observation, promises to equal her previous efforts. An Irish jig danced by the pair was encored in an uproar of applause and merriment. The piece will, at least, answer the purpose of enabling our transatlantic visitors to conclude their engagement (which terminates at the end of the week) with *éclat*.

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THE MODERN ENGLISH DRAMA

(From The Times of Saturday, August 9.)

"Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws," is an old enough saying, and one correct in principle, for it is better to take possession of the minds of the millions than of the few. If this be true of mere ballads, of the compositions which only excite but a passing emotion in the mind, what shall we say to the results produced by dramatic literature? The agency is a fearful one, when there exist men of sufficient genius to direct it for evil or for good. What Aristophanes effected at Athens in the old Socratic days is matter of history. The dramatist fairly beat the philosopher out of the field and out of life—drove him, we may say, to his hemlock by way of loving cup. Thus was when Beaumarchais effected in prerevolutionary France something more than the encyclopædists, for all their ponderous tomes. Schiller drove the youth of Germany to the forests and caves of their fatherland, to [illegible], so strong were the suggestions of his *Robbers*. We fear Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, or the servile playwright who "adapted" *Jack Sheppard* to the stage, is not quite free from participation in various burglaries and minor felonies. Now to come nearer to the point upon which we propose to touch, is the modern school of Satanic writers in Paris guiltless of the immorality which unfortunately prevails in that city? We entreat all our excellent friends and allies not to think of us as hypocrites and impostors because we advert to such a subject. London has its hideous vices as well as Paris. It is unfortunately but necessary to walk our streets at night in order to see what must give abundant subject for thought and regret to the spectator. We acknowledge all this, and simply desire that bad may not be made worse by the addition of Parisian [illegible] to London abominations. Our English dramatists to an enormous extent, and our English writers in a lesser degree, have been for some years past far too much in the habit of copying the most corrupt portion of the bad and licentious literature of our neighbours. Our object is but to protest against the introduction into this country at second hand of that of which no man of good taste must have read the unqualified condemnation of every right-minded Frenchman. Is there nothing in human life but harlotry and incest, adultery and seduction, which is worthy of the [illegible] of the imagination? Surely this beautiful world, with its starry canopy and its glorious sun—with its rich carpet of vegetation clipped by the great wrestling sea, is not one vast brothel. Surely so many millions of human beings as exist at any given moment on its surface, with all their heavenward aspirations—with all their deep domestic affections—with their unselfish hopes and apprehensions of the future, are not ever conjugating the verb "to seduce" in one or other of its moods. Love is not always guilty, nor do man and woman always unite their fates together with an eye to adultery and assassination. Every husband is not always standing behind a curtain to catch his wife in the fact; nor is every wife ready to sacrifice her duty and her self-respect at the shrine of the first pale-faced [illegible] [illegible] who would [illegible] her [illegible]. Life in England, at least, is not one [illegible] series of intrigue, jealousy, adultery, and duels. The Satanic drama of Paris no more conveys an idea of English life in 1856 than it does of life in Peru when Manco Capac was a little boy.

"Now the fact is that English dramatists of the present day—we except the three writers who are rich and racy of the soil and ply their craft in an unexceptionable manner—are nothing better than accomplished copyists of French filth. The other day we had occasion to remark upon the abominable opera which has been represented throughout the season which ends to-day at Her Majesty's Theatre. We would now give a turn to the managers of theatres in which regular dramatic representations are presented, to the authors whom they employ, and to the audience who are not ashamed to afford their patronage to such exhibitions. We select this time rather than an earlier period for such a purpose partly because the present lull in public business permits us to turn for a moment to such subjects, partly because the pieces have had their filthy run, and we cannot now interfere with the profits of managers and actors. It is far indeed from our wish to use the power of this journal to the injury of any private enterprise; but henceforward, and after fair warning, we shall be less chary than we have hitherto been in denouncing these unseemly exhibitions to the judgment of the public. A weekly contemporary, the *Spectator*, recently awarded its well-deserved censure to the opera of *La Traviata* and the drama which not long since was produced at the Olympic under the name of *Retribution*. The plot is, in few words, this:—A had seduced B's wife, who dies; B makes up his mind to seduce A's wife in return. B tells A's wife, in order to carry out his little plot, that A has seduced and is seducing C's wife, which is, in point of fact, the case. Now B has a younger brother, whom, in mathematical form, we shall style B—, who is quite a boy. But B— desires to seduce A's wife on his own account, which complicates the problem. There occurs a boudoir scene. A's wife being minded to avenge herself on A, who, as it will be remembered, had seduced C's wife, is waiting for B with that intent. A is neatly concealed. In place of B there enters B—, who warns Mrs. A that B's sole idea is the satisfaction of vengeance against her husband, not love for herself. In the midst of his expansions A enters fiercely and challenges B—. A and B— then depart, leaving Mrs. A to her reflections. This is the time for B, who comes in by the window, and who might do anything he pleased with Mrs. A, so terror-stricken is she; but, like a noble creature as he is, he jumps out of the window again, leaving the lady to ring for her maid. In the fourth and final act we are transported to B's apartment. Mrs. A, regardless of her little difficulties of the preceding evening, comes to see B at his lodgings; but, hearing the voice of A outside, she conceals herself in a closet. The object of A's visit is to ask hospitality for B—, whom he has wounded in a duel. Of course, it comes to light that the two B's are brothers. It suddenly flashes on A that, if this be so, Mrs. B, whom he had originally seduced, was the wife of the gentleman before him. A and B fight in the room. A falls—run through the body—Mrs. A comes out of the closet and throws herself on the corpse. B is quite happy that he has at length obtained *Retribution*, but his joy is slightly checked by the intelligence that poor little B— is just dead in his dressing-room.

We ask pardon of our readers for laying such abominable trash as that before them, but the fact is that the above is a very fair average specimen of a French drama, founded upon a French novel. Our paltry hod-carriers in the drama business have not even the merit of originality, but are content to take this filth at second hand. Surely something better than this might be accomplished on the supposition that men of ordinary ability would turn their attention to the subject, as they might to the making of shoes. Sir Edward Lytton and Mr. Sheridan Knowles, in our own day, have contrived to obtain a reasonable amount of success without converting themselves into nightmen for the Parisian cesspools. One has heard at an earlier period of such plays as *She Stoops to Conquer*, the *Rivals*, the *School for Scandal*, and a few others which were not at least celebrated as these are. Are our English dramatic writers so entirely destitute of invention that they cannot concoct a plot and imagine a series of characters without plagiarism of the most contemptible kind? We trust that English audiences will for the future set their faces against these contemptible and filthy exhibitions. They are a disgrace to our country and our times. "All the world's a stage," is the old hackneyed quotation; we cannot, in the case of our theatres, reverse the saying and add, "The stage is all the world;" let us not, at any rate, make it the world's filthiest part.

Cologne.—On Sunday, the 10th inst., the "Männergesang-Verein" took a vocal excursion on the Rhine. In a steamer, decorated with wreaths and flags, the merry party of ladies and gentlemen reached Königswinter at about half-past eight in the morning, and thence proceeded on foot across Ober Dollendorf to Heisterbach, where the singing produced a sublime effect among the beech-avenues. They returned to Königswinter by the romantic and picturesque footpath round the summit of the Petersberg. At the Hotel de l'Europe a social meal, laid out with one hundred and twenty three covers was partaken and highly seasoned with song and comic recitations. At a later hour, a portion of the assembly proceeded on foot to Godesberg, while [illegible] reached the same destination by taking a boat to Plittersdorf. At Godesberg their notes floated most sonorously through the fine evening air to the great delight of the numerous guests assembled in the gardens in front of the Hotel Blinzler. Franz Weber, with his musical soul, his inexhaustible humour, and his indefatigable zeal as a director, was, as on the longer excursions, the animating spirit of the club. The joyous party returned by the latest train to Cologne.

Moscow.—The first opera to be performed here during the festivals that accompany the coronation of Alexander II. is Verdi's *Traviata*. We wonder whether the Czar will take his august spouse to witness the performance. There are great temptations, and not the least springs from the fact that Mad. Bosio is to personate the unhappy but attractive Violetta.

CENTENARY OF THE DAY OF HANDEL'S DEATH.

A Committee, formed at Halle, has put forth the following announcement:—

"On the 13th April, 1759, George Frederick Händel, one of the greatest men of the German nation, and one of the most eminent men of his art, departed this life. The approaching centenary of his death calls upon all Germans to discharge the debt of gratitude yet due to their countryman. To our great satisfaction, we learn that preparations have been made to honour the memory of Händel by a complete edition of his works. At the same time it is desirable that this mark of respect should be followed by another. Halle, the city where Händel was born and received the first all-important impressions of youth, desires that a monument to him should be raised within her walls; and to carry out this object a committee has been formed. The original design was to found here an institution especially devoted to the cultivation of Händel's music. We are forced, however, to concede that a plan of this sort would favour local interests to the detriment of the main object, and hence propose that the *memory of Händel should be honoured by the erection of his statue in the place of his birth*. The project will doubtless receive the support of all who are indebted to Händel for intellectual excitement and elevation—that is, of the majority of the educated persons in every nation. With musicians the accomplishment of the plan will be a point of honour. If our success is proportionate to the greatness of the master, we shall, perhaps, be enabled to carry out the original notion as well as the present one; but the proximity of the Centenary Festival compels us to request that all friends to our musical project may use all possible speed in enabling us to carry it out, by public performances, subscriptions, and other suitable means. We shall not fail to report publicly on the progress of the work and the expenditure of the money contributed (to be addressed to Herr Geheimderath Wucherer, Halle). We request that this announcement may be circulated as widely as possible, and trust that the editors of the German papers will support us by inserting the same, and also by receiving subscriptions.

"*Halle, June 1856.*"

THE MOZART FESTIVAL AT SALZBURG.

To the present date (July 30), the committee of the Mozart festival has not published a detailed programme. However, since the period for celebrating the festival is approaching, since a lively interest respecting it is plainly apparent, and since, moreover, there is a general desire to learn all particulars, I shall take upon myself the responsibility of giving the following outline of the proceedings from the results of enquiries made on the subject:—

Saturday, 6th Sept.—When the visitors, passing through the gates which will be adorned with appropriate inscriptions, garlands, &c., enter the venerable Juvavia,* so renowned in the history of the world and of art, the city will show them its joyous countenance by a torchlight procession, which, directing its movements towards the statue of Mozart, will terminate with a cantata composed by Lachner, to words by Professor Beck, and a magical illumination of the mountains.

Sunday, 7th.—About 9 o'clock, a.m., Mozart's grand mass in C, in which distinguished "stars" will assist. In the evening the first festival-concert in the hall (decorated for the occasion), of the "Studiengebaude." The music will be exclusively that of Mozart, and will comprise the symphony (Jupiter) in C major; an aria from *Tito*, with basson obligato; quartet from *Idomeneo* (two soprano, alto and tenor); piano-concerto in D minor; concerto for violin and tenor; the Count's aria from *Figaro*; trio from *Lo Sposo*; scene from *Idomeneo*; overture to *Zauberflöte*. In this programme scarcely an alteration can be made.

Monday, 8th.—In the Cathedral, Mozart's grand mass in F major, as on the preceding day. At 3 o'clock, a.m., the great festival procession, consisting of all the *Liedertafeln*, with their banners and emblems, will march to the decorated tribune on the Mönchsberg, where the "Abendlied," "Bundeslied," Mozart's "O Isis," Lachner's "Kriegers Gebet," Storch's "Grün," the chorus from Mendelssohn's "Œdipus," the "Frau Musica" of Rochlitz, the hunting chorus from Robert Schumann's "Pilgerfahrt," and amid the firing of salutes, "Prince Eugene" will be sung by the various societies in union, besides sundry intervening pieces by the different societies separately.

Tuesday, 9th, the second festival concert will take place, when the music will comprise: Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; an aria from Händel's *Acis and Galatea*; Spohr's "Concerto in forma di scena cantante;" march from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*; Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy-Blas*; the second act from Glück's *Orfeo*; aria (tenor) from Weber's *Euryanthe*; "Wanderer's Harmonie"—a vocal quartet by Haydn; duet from Spontini's *Vestal* (!); Händel's "Hallelujah." The festival concerts will be under the direction of Herr Lachner; the performances of the "Liedertafeln" under Herr Storch; and the masses in the church under Herr Taux. The assistant artists for solos will comprise—Frau Behrend-Brandt, Frau Mangstl-Stetzenegger, Frau Dietz, Herr Grill (!), Herr Härtinger, Herr Young, and Herr Kindermann. Several professors from Munich, and artists from far and near will also take part in the orchestra. Among the first violins will be many violinists and orchestra directors of repute, including men from the northern German states—even Schleswig-Holstein. During the festival the relics of Mozart—the harpsichord, spinet, letters, portraits, etc., now in the possession of the "Mozarteum," will be exhibited in the room where the great composer was born.—(*From the Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.*)

DUTCH "UNION FOR THE PROMOTION OF MUSIC."

This Institution has just published its annual report, from which we elicit that the expenditure for the past year amounts to 7,087g.; the reserve fund is 40,000g.; the fund for aged artists and orphans is 1,400g.; the fund for publication and the library 2,900g. The "Album" for this year (No. 18) contains a toccata for the piano by W. S. Bennett; a motet in D major, *for four voices* by C. F. Langenhagen, to Dutch words, by J. P. Heije. The musical institutions which the union has called into existence and which are closely connected with it, are as follows:—Amsterdam has a vocal union of 300 members (director, J. B. van Bree), a vocal school of 180 pupils, a normal school of 12 pupils. Arnheim has a musical union of 79 members (director, C. H. Marx). Enghuizen has a vocal school (director, J. H. Meijroos) of 33 pupils, an instrumental school of 6 pupils, a vocal union of 48, and a "Liedertafel" of 33 members. [illegible] has a vocal school of 37 scholars (director, J. C. Wolff), and an union for church music. Goes has a vocal school of 53 pupils (director, J. F. Ahrensmann), and a vocal union of 43 members. Gorinchem has a vocal union of 80 members (director, J. N. Lübeck). Haarlem, a vocal union of 34 members (director, W. E. Weldner), a vocal school of 72 pupils. Heusden has a vocal union (director, J. Broers), a vocal school of 24 scholars, a popular vocal school of 59 scholars, an instrumental school of 9 scholars. Rotterdam has a musical union of 175 members (director, J. H. Verhulst), a musical school of 243 pupils. Utrecht has a vocal union of 80 members (director, K. A. Craywanger), a vocal school of 50 pupils, a normal school of 40 pupils. Zirikzee a vocal union of 42 members (director, E. Eisener), a vocal school of 30 scholars, a male vocal union of 33 members.

LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN.—On Wednesday last, at a meeting of the Town Hall Committee, it was agreed that the sum of £5,000 should be asked for at the next council meeting, for building the Town Hall Organ.

WIGAN.—On Wednesday evening Dr. Mark, with his pupils, gave another concert at the Public Hall, under the patronage of Mr. Acton, M.P., which was attended by a numerous audience. Though Dr. Mark's pupils cannot have attained the proficiency of experienced performers, their performances were distinguished by a precision and accuracy highly creditable. Of Dr. Mark's method of teaching, as briefly expounded by him in his lecture, nothing need be said beyond referring to the fact that the skill of his pupils is the best proof of its efficiency.—*Wigan Examiner.*

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* The ancient name of Salzburg.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FANATICO.—*The opera of Lucia di Lammermoor was originally composed by Donizetti for Duprez, when the French tenor was in Italy.*

VERITAS.—*Mr. Henry Smart's address is an advertisement.*

GEORGE B. ALLEN—H. PHILLIPS.—*The two communications sent with the above signatures, come under the head of advertisements.*

POSTSCRIPT.—*The Bradford Festival next week, the inauguration of the New Music Hall in Birmingham, the following week, and the Gloucester Musical Meeting the week after. The gentleman enquired after will be away from London during that period.*

DEATH.

On Wednesday evening at his residence in Welbeck-street, Baron Celli, almost suddenly, in his 72nd year.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON SATURDAY AUGUST 23RD, 1856.

WE cannot remember a more general demonstration of sympathy than that which has accompanied the destruction of Messrs. Broadwood's premises at Westminster. Everybody without exception appears sorry for it, just as if everybody felt something like a personal interest in the welfare of those great and enterprising factors. Under these circumstances we are glad to be able to assure our readers that the loss sustained by the Messrs. Broadwood, although very serious, will not impede in the slightest degree the business of the establishment. Of course it must take some time to build up again; but meanwhile there is such an enormous quantity of finished stock in the various warehouses belonging to the firm, that supply will be as ready to demand as if no fire had happened at all. Luckily, too, Messrs. Broadwood did not keep all their seasoned wood in one locality, and they have in hand even a larger collection of this valuable material than that which was consumed by the flames.

Thus it may be perceived that, terrible as was the calamity, it can only be the means, thanks to the extraordinary resources of the house, of temporarily arresting the process of manufacture in the workshops of Horseferry-road. The western range of shops which was preserved uninjured is so full of instruments, finished and in progress, whole or in separate parts, and so crammed with stacks of wood of all descriptions, that for the present it can only be used as a depôt—there being positively no room for the men. For a time, then, the chief sufferers must be the workmen—who have lost their tools, and who, if they could obtain employment elsewhere than at Messrs. Broadwood's in the interval, would still be unable to avail themselves of their good fortune for want of those indispensable implements, which are never supplied by masters, but are as it were the entire stock in trade of the artisans. Their case, then, is worthy of all commiseration, and we are glad to find that sympathy has been very generally excited in their favour. We hinted in our last at a public subscription; and since then a subscription has been definitively set on foot, under the auspices of the men themselves, who have formed into a committee, with two of the oldest and most intelligent of their body (Messrs. Hipkins and Trall) as chairman and secretary. Further particulars may be learned from our advertising columns, where our readers will see with pleasure, though hardly with surprise, that the Messrs. Broadwood, notwithstanding their own heavy loss, have intimated their intention to head the subscription by a liberal contribution. But this is only of a piece with the munificence for which the house of Broadwood has been notorious in the three generations which have successively conducted its affairs and risen with its greatness and prosperity.

For ourselves we can only repeat what we have already stated—viz., our willingness to afford any assistance that may be demanded of us, and which it lies in our power to bestow. Probably a better medium than this Journal for direct communication between the musical profession and the parties most immediately interested, does not exist. Our publishers, as we have said, are willing to undertake any duty or responsibility that may be considered useful to the cause; and we may here announce that subscriptions for the workmen who have lost their tools, through the disastrous conflagration in the Horseferry Road, will be gladly received and acknowledged by the Messrs. BOOSEY, at the office of the *Musical World*. There never was a case which more strongly appealed to the good feeling and generosity of members of the harmonious brotherhood.

WE have inserted in another page an article from *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*, written in a gentlemanly tone, although somewhat dogmatic in spirit. The writer is, we think, mistaken in two ways—mistaken in his admiration of the late Robert Schumann (as a composer), and mistaken in his interpretation of certain views which have from time to time been advanced in these columns, and which have as often been attacked in those of our transatlantic contemporary.

Among other things we are rated with inconsistency for simultaneously objecting to the music of Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, and Franz, the styles of these composers bearing (according to Dwight) no resemblance whatever to each other. Now our contemporary must excuse us when we tell him that he has assumed something on his own account, and then combated the assumption. We never said there was any relationship among the styles of his favourite composers. First, we do not admit them to possess what the term *style* is supposed to represent. A want of *style* indeed is among their various deficiencies. Secondly, we object to their music generally and individually because, according to our belief in what constitutes good in art, their music is essentially *bad*. Surely we may denounce several bad things together without being open to the charge of not knowing the difference between one and another. *Lohengrin* is a bad thing, *Paradise and the Peri* is a bad thing, and the sonata of Brahms is a (very) bad thing; but at the same time they have nothing in common but the badness for which they are condemned. Mr. Dwight finds that Wagner and Schumann have nothing in common but their "*Beethoven-like* unwillingness to be mere copyists." May the Muses pardon our contemporary the sacrilegious application of the mightiest name in music! We cannot.

There is one consoling point in all this vain preaching up of what is vicious in art—or rather of what has really no claim to be denominated *art*—among our cousins, the Yankees. Those critics who are most enthusiastic about Wagner and Schumann are always either sneering at or endeavouring to throw cold water upon the greatest musical genius of his day—the legitimate successor of Beethoven (although no more like Beethoven than Schumann is like

Wagner—resembling Beethoven alone in that high instinct which made both disdain to pass off charlatanism for art). We of course allude to Mendelssohn. It is the same in Germany as in America. In Germany critics who are shallow enough, or mad enough, to be proselytes of Wagner are furious against Mendelssohn because Mendelssohn while he lived was a beacon to warn us from the rocks and quicksands that are always at hand for the unwary. The observation of certain "intelligent Germans" of Mr. Dwight's acquaintance that, "given half the ideas found in *Paradise and the Peri*, Mendelssohn, by his consummate treatment, would have produced a wonder of the world," is merely intended to convey by innuendo that Mendelssohn had no *ideas*, or at least not so many as Schumann, which is neither more nor less than preposterous nonsense. If Mr. Dwight and his friends are unable to detect the difference between the two men, to know how one was a true and the other a false apostle, the one a great, the other a small musician, we are sorry for Mr. Dwight and his friends. And yet what have we a right to expect from critics who fancy they can see a resemblance between Robert Franz and John Sebastian Bach?

ROSSINI has left Wildbad for a place called Kissengen.

MADAME BOSIO left Paris last week for Moscow, accompanied by the two tenors, Signor Bettini, Signor Bartolini, Signor Tagliafico, and Signor Polonini.

RIO JANEIRO.—Sig. Tamberlik has made his *début* with extraordinary success in *Otello*. Mdlle. La Grua was Desdemona, and Sig. Susini Elmiro. Sig. Tamberlik has also appeared, with Mad. Jullienne Dejean in the *Martiri* (which will be remembered with the same two singers at the late Covent Garden Theatre). His success was more than confirmed, and the great *tenore di forza* has become quite the rage.

BARON CELLI.—The death of this well-known and highly respected professor of the vocal art, elsewhere recorded, took place under the most melancholy circumstances. Baron Celli had given a singing lesson in the morning, and felt in such good spirits, that his wife declared she had not thought him so well for years. After tea, he went out of the sitting room, and his wife going to seek him shortly afterwards, found him lying dead in the next apartment.

LAND IN WEST KENT.—The Charity Commissioners have approved of the sale of the Maidstone Estate, near Rochester Road, fronting the New Road, by the Trustees to the Conservative Land Society, which will offer the land in plots, for building, being the twenty-sixth estate purchased for distribution amongst the members. The Maidstone Estate is within a quarter of a mile of the Town Hall, and the recent opening of the direct railway has increased the value of building land in the town.

THE FIRE AT MESSRS. BROADWOOD'S.—In consequence of the very general sympathy expressed for the workmen whose tools were destroyed by the recent conflagration in Horseferry-road, and the generous offers of assistance that have come in from all quarters, a committee has been formed among the workmen themselves, to receive subscriptions through the medium of one of the London banks. Only a few were insured and they for not more than £10 each—about a seventh part of the value of their loss. The case is a hard one, since the poor fellows are not merely deprived of their working implements, but should these be replaced must necessarily want employment until the factory of the Messrs. Broadwood is rebuilt, since in the one range of buildings remaining there is not room enough for the valuable materials that have been saved from the flames, much less for mechanics and carpenters. Well wishers to the Messrs. Broadwood will be glad to learn that the fire which has laid the greater part of their workshops in ruins will not interfere with the business of the firm, even for a day, owing to the immense quantity of stock on hand.—*Times*.

NEW ORGAN FOR THE BIRMINGHAM MUSIC HALL.

MR. HENRY SMART and Mr. Best have both exhibited the qualities of Messrs. Gray and Davison's new grand organ now erecting in the Music Hall, Broad Street, Birmingham. Mr. Smart played the following selection on Friday evening last, at the manufactory in the New Road, before a very numerous audience, and in his usual masterly manner:—

Extempore.	
Air, "In native worth"	Haydn.
Prelude and Fugue in G Major	J. S. Bach.
Overture (*Der Freischütz*)	Weber.
Extempore	
Overture (*Jessonda*)	Spohr.
Andante con moto, from Symphony in A Major	Mendelssohn.
Double Chorus "The Lord shall reign"	Handel.
God save the Queen	

Mr. Best displayed his splendid executive talents and the noble resources of the new instrument on Saturday morning and evening. The following were the pieces he selected—those marked with a star belonging to the morning performance:—

Organ Concerto (No. 5)	Handel.
Adagio and Fuga (Posthumous Work)	J. N. Hummel.
Pastorale	W. T. Best.
*Offertoire (Op. 35)	Lefebure Wely.
Prelude and Fuga (E Major)	J. S. Bach.
*Romanza (second)	Fesca.
*Adagio	W. T. Best.
*Overture, *Stratonice*	Méhul.
*Chorus, "May no rash intruder" (the Nightingale Chorus—*Solomon*)	Handel.
Adagio (Third Symphony)	Mendelssohn.
March (*Prophète*)	Meyerbeer.

Meanwhile our special organ contributor is preparing a description of Messrs. Gray and Davison's new work which will, no doubt, be read with interest.

DANCING METHODISTS.

"Merrily danced the Quaker's wife
And merrily danced the Quaker."

THERE appears to be a discussion among the Wesleyan Methodists as to the propriety of "dancing." We learn from the *Manchester Examiner* that at the last Conference the Rev. Isaac Keeling brought forward a resolution of the London district meeting respecting the growing custom of dancing and other worldly amusements closely allied to it. Mr. Keeling proposed that the rule prohibiting dancing should be made more stringent. Dr. Bunting said it was high time for the Methodist Conference to give a certain sound on this matter. In London there were dancing parties in the houses of some of their members. He remembered how twenty years ago, in Manchester, they had to exercise discipline on dancing Methodists, and they lost some of them in consequence, but such members who patronised dancing were better lost than found. The Rev. G. Pugh said he lamented to say that the evil was a growing one. Card-playing, too, was practised as well as dancing in some Methodist families. The Rev. R. M'Owen said they needed no discussion—they were all of one mind—the practice of dancing was not in harmony with religion. The Rev. J. Scott said that, as the evil was chiefly among the younger members of Methodist families, he hoped they would, with great affection as well as firmness, enforce the rule, so as not to lose their hold on young people. The Conference finally resolved to improve the wording of the rule in question.

[This is another step in this bigoted, Sabbatarian, anti-musical, anti whatever tends to lightness of spirit, movement].

TOTAL forgetfulness of self will alone develop that which is most desirable in ourselves, either as Artist or Man; and by that humility and forgetfulness will many a feeble man leave a deeper mark on his time than the egotist of mightier power.—*Crayon*.

AN AUTO REVIEW

"*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

"Dear Sir,—Will you have the kindness to insert the enclosed as an advertisement in the *Musical World*. I present you with a copy. May I beg to draw your attention to the piece in the column—something to the following, as it stands:—

"This is a fantasia on airs of Beethoven's, beautifully and artistically arranged, the subject well developed, the melody varied in the bass tones of the instrument, and is in all respects worthy of warm commendation.

"If you will reply per post the cost of the advertisement I will remit the amount in P.O. stamps or otherwise, as you think proper. Yours truly,

"*Barnsley, Yorkshire, August 16, 1856.*" J. N. Asquith.

[We have much pleasure in complying with our correspondent's request, and have preferred inserting his review "*as it stands.*" The advertisement will be found in another part of our impression.—Ed. *M. W.*]

LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Our Philharmonic Society have come to their senses again, and we have Mesdames Alboni, Viardot Garcia and Piccolomini advertised for concerts which had become before so destitute of talent that the following was written by a wag and handed about. I think it is worthy a place in your journal.

Your obedient servant, F. Sharp.

"IMPROMPTU.

"'When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
The Muses wrote, Apollo sung;
But now she's old, the sensitive strumpet,
We've Pierre a puppet, his penny trumpet;
While Mynheer [illegible]
Squeaks on the fiddle;
And Father Isaac knocks chromatics,
As if piano groaned with rheumatics,
Thinking even Handel
Might hold a candle,
With satisfaction,
To view his action.'"

[Is the above to be accepted as a fair specimen of Liverpudlian lyric epigram?—Ed.]

BRADFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

[We have been requested to give insertion to the following]:—

To the Editor of the Leeds Mercury.

St. George's Hall, Bradford, Aug. 20th 1856.

Gentlemen,—In your paper of Tuesday last, there appeared a very good and, on the whole, well written article upon the approaching Bradford Musical Festival. It contained the following paragraph:—

"Mrs. Sunderland, we regret to say, has been compelled to withdraw her name from the list of principal vocalists, owing to Mr. Costa's non-compliance with her wish to take part in the *Messiah*. Those who remember the great sensation caused by Mrs. Sunderland's singing of a solo from the *Messiah*, at the festival of 1853, will, we think, agree with us in opinion, that Mr. Costa has not exhibited good judgment in refusing to entertain the wishes of our Yorkshire soprano, whose performance of any part assigned to her we would venture to assert, could not be excelled by that of any living oratorio singer."

This requires explanation not only on Mr. Costa's account, but equally so on Mrs. Sunderland's. For while it is quite true that in curtailing the programme of the *Messiah*, by going direct from "The Trumpet shall sound" to the last chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," Mr. Costa left out several pieces, among them the song "If God be for us," which Mrs. S. sang at the Festival, 1853, and was willing to sing again, yet this had no intentional reference to Mrs. S. whatever, but it was done for the convenience of the audience, and in accordance with a practice now almost universally prevalent; for as Mr. Costa truly said, "the interest of the oratorio is entirely exhausted with the trumpet song, the audience are tired after closely listening (as they always do to the *Messiah*) for upwards of three hours, and the sooner we get to the last chorus the better." (!!!)

But in the place of the song thus taken from Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Costa very considerately offered her a much better position in the Friday evening programme for any favourite song she might choose, thus giving her an opportunity of singing one of her greatest songs to far more advantage than the one at the end of the *Messiah*. I certainly expected she would have taken "From mighty kings," a glorious song, which no one since the days of Mrs. Salmon sings in such thorough Handelian style as Mrs. Sunderland; but to my great regret and great surprise, and to the surprise and astonishment of all the musical people I have heard speak of it, Mrs. Sunderland positively declined to sing at the festival unless she had the song "If God be for us;" taking up and holding fast the idea that in shortening the *Messiah* as before described, an intended slight was put upon her. I tried every persuasion and explanation in my power, both by letter and by intervention of friends, to show her that she had taken a wrong position, and was doing herself great injustice; but all to no purpose; she "refused to be comforted," and so the matter rests.

I cannot help thinking that, in thus acting, Mrs. Sunderland has made a great mistake, for she has thrown away a fine opportunity of showing her great abilities, and of delighting her many friends, among whom no one feels greater regret than

Your humble servant,
Saml. Smith.

[From Thursday's *Leeds Mercury.*]

VIVIER AT PLOMBIÈRES.

(Translated from La Presse of the 14th inst.)

The concert given by Vivier in the salons of Plombières was very brilliant. The patronage of the Emperor, the reputation of the illustrious artist, attracted the *élite* of the bathers. The reception of Vivier by His Majesty was as flattering as it was distinguished. He conversed with him, and expressed in strong terms his gratification at meeting him. The saloon was resplendent with lights, flowers and toilettes, as at the Italiens. Thrice did the magic horn resound in the astonished ears of the auditory. But if the little valley of Plombières is rich in picturesque situations, in verdant hills, it offers but few resources in a musical point of view. Fortunately the telegraph of His Majesty was placed at the disposal of Vivier. He was thus enabled to secure the assistance of Mdlle. Millet of Nancy, who sang with much taste "La Plainte" from *Jeannot et Colin*, and some chansonettes. M. Humblot, a young professor summoned from Epinal by the same means, displayed remarkable talent as an accompanyist.

The Emperor had requested Vivier to sing some of his own compositions. An artist, however, is always afraid to compromise the reputation he has acquired, by revealing to the public unawares a new talent. The possession of different capabilities in a high degree is so rare, that people are slow to acknowledge it in one individual. His Majesty conceded to these reasons with much good humour, when Vivier added, "But, at your Majesty's, it is different. There I am entirely at your service, and shall be too happy to oblige you."

On Monday, the 4th of August, a charming *fête* was given at the Imperial residence. The occasion was unique, and constituted a frame to set off the artist to the best advantage. Vivier had *carte blanche*. But this was soon well filled. Moreover it was illustrated with exquisite devices improvised in one day by the pencil of our most eminent provincial painter, M. Français, who at the time happened to be in his native place. Vivier presented this attractive programme to the Emperor. The gifted artist multiplied himself. The horn, the violin, the piano, each in turn served to interpret some of his creations; these, serious and poetical—those, amusing by their sprightliness, their acute observation, their philosophic pith.

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The whole performance was listened to with an attentiveness which bore testimony to the lively interest attached to such artistic manifestations. The Emperor in particular exhibited marked signs of gratification. At the end of each morceau, he approached Vivier to compliment and thank him in the most amiable manner.

M. Hambelt, summoned from Epinal, accompanied the horn solos, and presided at the piano. This fête was the first at which Vivier exhibited himself without reserve and in the true light of his artistic genius. How singular! Vivier has been everywhere; he has visited St. Petersburgh, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, the Hague, London, &c. &c., and yet it was in the bosom of a little valley in the Vosges, that, for the first time, he may be said to have completely revealed himself. The occasion was unique and beyond price.

LISZT.

PESTH, 10th August.—If I return once more to the subject of Liszt's Consecration Mass, it is for the sake of informing you that the affair has taken a satisfactory turn, inasmuch as it is definitively settled that Liszt's Mass will be performed on the day when the church of Gran is consecrated under the personal direction of the Emperor. The paltry intrigues to which Liszt's work was nearly sacrificed having elicited an universal unanimous cry of indignation in all artistic and patriotic circles, and in the *right-minded** portion of the press, whether domestic or foreign, this last turn in affairs could not fail to give excited minds a feeling of the deepest satisfaction. As a matter of fact, I can tell you that Liszt will be here in a few days, when the rehearsals will immediately begin. Sixty instrumentalists, (ten first and second violins, eight tenors, six violoncelli and contra-bassi), and as many singers will be employed in the execution of the work; the solo singers are not named as yet. Let me add, that I am positively assured that the Consecration Mass is to be repeated at the concert, which Liszt has promised to get up at the Museumsaal, for the benefit of our Conservatorium, in addition to one of his "Symphonische Dichtungen," in order that the larger public of Pesth who will be unable to hear the mass at Gran may have an opportunity of enjoying the work.—(*Correspondent of Wiener Blätter für Musik.*

On the 6th inst. Liszt will call at Vienna, on his way from Prague, and after remaining there a day will proceed to Pesth to make arrangements with the Kapellmeister Erkel for the study of his grand mass, composed for the consecration of the cathedral at Gran. When the solemnities are over, Liszt will spend some days in Vienna, where a serenade in his honour is prepared by John Strauss. On this occasion the march from Wagner's *Lohengrin* will be performed for the first time.—(*Neue Berliner Mus. Zeit.*)

THE GREAT ORGAN AT FREYBOURG

[The following rhapsody is from a private letter addressed to *Dwight's Journal of Music.*—ED.]

"But the famous organ, built by Moser, was the great attraction, and is considered one of the finest, if not the finest in Europe. Certain it is, I felt that I had never heard anything that could be called an organ before, fine as some of ours are. We made a large party of strangers from our hotel, and paying a fee of one franc each at the appointed hour, eight o'clock, P.M., we entered the church, taking seats as far from the organ as possible. The music selected is always that which will best exhibit the wonderful powers of the instrument; but it was so perfectly played that it had not the effect of anything like *clap-trap*.

"First we had the national song of Austria, a charming air, followed by variations upon it of the organist's own composition, infinite in changes. The last piece was also of his own composition, representing a storm, and commences in the distance and draws gradually near a current among the mountains. Sighings and gusts of wind are heard and low smothered roarings—flashes of lightning—rumbling thunder driving rain and fierce howlings, as of a terrific hurricane. Through all this, occasionally was heard the prayer of a single monk or nun, in the sweetest, most plaintive of melodies, represented by so close an imitation of the human voice that we could hardly believe there was not a company of singers up in the dimly-lighted organ-loft. And then all the voices would seem to join in grand chorus to finish the evening vespers. All the while, above the roar of the fierce tempest and the songs of the monks, tolled a bell, signalizing to the weather-beaten traveller that a refuge was near.

"I had heard great playing, I had thought, at home, and splendid organs; but this surpassed all my ideas of what an organ might be. You know, in America, when anything is undertaken to show what a player can do with his hands and feet, our organs do not seem to join in the display; they make a great noise, but the sounds jump, particularly in the playing of accompaniments. There was nothing of the sort here. We were entranced, as we sat listening in the old cathedral, till the twilight had died away entirely, and there was nothing to be seen save the glimmering light far up in the organ loft, which cast but faint shadows through the gloomy aisles. But the music of that glorious organ—shall I ever hear anything like it again on earth?"

[The Freybourg storm-player had seemingly a good "fist" for an auditor].

PARIS, August 18th.—(*From a Correspondent*)—You will naturally be anxious to have some account of the new *ballet* just produced at the Grand-Opéra, from an authentic source. It is called *Les Elfes*, it is in three acts—the scenario by M. Saint-Georges, the dances by M. Mazilier, the music by the well-known M. le Comte Gabrielli. *Les Elfes* is prettily constructed and has a pretty story, but is too complicated for a *ballet*. The animation of a stone statue with which a mortal has fallen in love, is not a new idea, but the treatment is novel and clearly expressed in pantomime would not fail to strike. As usual, neither cost nor expense has been spared in the getting up of the ballet, which is quite worthy of the Grand-Opéra. Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris—whom your readers cannot have forgotten as one of the most accomplished and prettiest of *danseuses* at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the season 1852 and '3—achieved a decided and well-merited success, and was accepted at once and without a dissentient voice as a first-rate dancer.* I have yet to acquire the art of discriminating between two dancers of ability; that is, I cannot of my accord perceive the subtle distinctions between the steps and pirouettes of different artists. I know that I was vastly pleased with Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris, that I was convinced she must have very strong toes—a great recommendation—that she bounded like a [illegible] and that she possesses a very winning way. However, the liking and opinion of one of the uninitiated like myself must go for nothing. The public were delighted, and the Emperor and Empress, both of whom attended the first representation of the ballet, were among the warmest applauders.

The character of Sylvia, the Queen of the Elfs, is well adapted to display the talents of a good *danseuse* to the best advantage, and Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris displayed her talents to the very best. MM. Petipa and Segarelli played the two rivals, and Mdlle. Marquet was the other lady, who was also much approved of. The Queen of the Elfs, by the way, is a vengeful and highly tragical personage, and may be denominated the Medea of supernatural life. The young ladies, who twined round Sylvia like so many blues round a dahlia, were becomingly represented, and should not be forgotten. They all looked very handsome at a distance. Of the music I am in a better condition, or better qualified, to judge. The author, M. le Comte Gabrielli, you know, of course, has already written music for a ballet produced in Paris, and for more than sixty ballets in Italy. The music of *Les Elfes* is fluent, but trifling, and has little character. Some of the tunes will be recognised as old friends undisguised, and others will be detected in spite of airy paletots and feathered hats. Nevertheless,

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* A modest approximation to the untranslatable word "gesinnungstüchtig."

* The Parisians will be claiming to have *invented* Ferraris, as they did Albani, Cerito, Rosati, &c.—ED.

M. le Comte Gabrielli came in for his share of the success, if so be the critiques are to be credited.

A new *bouffonnerie musicale* in one act, called *Deux Vieilles Gardes*, words by MM. de Villeneuve and Lemonnier, music by M. Delibes, has been produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The piece is bad, but the music is pretty. M. Delibes is a pupil of the late Adolph Adam, and his present composition augurs well for his future.

At the Grand-Opéra, the revival of *Guillaume Tell*, with all the music, is announced for Friday. The *Prophète*, with Mad. Borghi Mamo as Fides, will follow soon after, and later in the season it is expected that Mad. Medori will appear in *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.

A NOTE FROM MR. CRAWFORD THE SCULPTOR.

NEWPORT, R.I., JULY 24, 1856.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

May I ask the favour of your giving publicity to the following explanation in reference to a misunderstanding which I supposed some months since had been sufficiently cleared up by your remarks in an article upon the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven.

I arrived a few days since from Rome, and hasten to express my surprise at there having been any question regarding the right of proprietorship exercised by Mr. C. C. Perkins in presenting the bronze statue of Beethoven to the Music Hall of your city. I find that attempts have been made to claim for me a portion of whatever thanks the public owe to Mr. Perkins for the liberality of his donation, by suggesting that he merely paid the expense required for the model of the statue and its execution in bronze, while I gave my time and thought to the creation of it, as an acknowledgment of the obligations I may be under for the appreciation your townsmen have conferred upon me.

I desire that it may be distinctly understood, in justice to Mr. Perkins, that such a representation is without any foundation whatever.

I shall only observe in reply to it, that when Mr. Perkins expressed to me his intention of ordering the bronze statue in question, I immediately requested that he would allow me to dedicate my time in the production of the model, as an indication of my esteem, and of my regard for the friendship with which he has honoured me during many years. I need scarcely say that my friend insisted upon declining as strenuously as I insisted upon his accepting such a souvenir, and that finally he was induced to accede to my wishes. I have only to add that I shall always consider the statue to be in every sense the *property* of Mr. Perkins, and that I have no more right to question his disposition of it than I should have to claim any portion of the praise due to him for a donation without example, I believe, in the city of Boston. Hoping that this subject, which I regret to find is still a vexed one, may be set at rest for ever by the explanation I have given,—I remain very respectfully yours,

THOS. CRAWFORD.

TORONTO.—Miss Louisa Pyne, Messrs. Harrison, Stretton, and Horncastle gave a concert at the St. Lawrence Hall, on Friday evening, July 18th. We believe there can have been but one feeling experienced by the audience on that occasion—that of unmingled satisfaction. Never, in our opinion, since Jenny Lind entranced the people of Toronto by her performance in the same hall, has a sweeter or more perfect voice been heard there than Miss Pyne's. The *troupe* will visit us again on the 5th inst.

Mad. De la Grange and Herr Gottschalk gave a concert in the same hall on the 4th July. Her Excellency Lady Head was present, and there was a very good audience. Some of our readers may think us hard to please, but we certainly could not experience the least enthusiasm at Mad. De la Grange's performance. It appeared to be her only aim to show off her execution, to the exclusion of all thought for the music. Gottschalk displayed many fine qualities as a pianist, but having heard Thalberg and others in Europe, we could not conscientiously pronounce him, as some contemporaries have, the *first* pianist living. A second concert was given on the 8th.

Madlle. Parodi, assisted by Mr. and Mdme. Strakosch, gave a concert in the St. Lawrence Hall on the 1st July. We had not before an opportunity of hearing Madlle. Parodi and her compeers, and were therefore agreeably surprised to find her *really* above the common run of singers, who have lately made their appearance amongst us. We cannot, however, commit ourselves so far as to say she is the embodiment of perfection. Mr. Strakosch played *well*, and justly earned the applause he received. But we were disappointed to think that one of his abilities should pander to such low taste as that which could find amusement and pleasure in such humdrum as "The banjo."—*Canadian Musical Review.*

MONTREAL.—La Grange and Gottschalk gave concerts here at the Mechanic's Hall, on the 16th and 17th, and at the Theatre Royal on the 22nd and 23rd July. The concert in aid of the Nightingale Fund took place on the 10th July, and not the 30th June as was at first announced. It appears to have been entirely successful. The "French Mountaineer Minstrels" have given concerts, and also sung in the catholic churches in this city. They are, it would appear, under some obligation or vow to exile themselves from their native land for twenty-five years, during which time they are to travel throughout the world, singing in all the churches of their creed (!)—*Ibid.*

AZUCENA.

Most happy father of two darling sons
Was the good Count Luna.
Near to the cradle of the second born
A faithful nurse did sleep.
When at the breaking of a fatal morn
She did awake and see
An inauspicious and ghastly woman.

* * * * * *

She said she was going to foretell
The fortune of the child.
Falsehood! With slow fever
The infant since had been
Languid and nigh unto death—
He shiver'd that whole night.

* * * * * *

The day after he arose with piercing lamentation.
The effect of incantation.
The hideous sorceress was then arrested
And doom'd to perish in tormenting fire.
But she had left a worthy daughter.

* * * * * *

One day the child in vain was sought,
And at the place where she was burnt
Of a young child scattered around
The bones were found.

* * * * * *

A servant of our master died with fear
That he had struck the brow of the old witch.
Some have seen her on the housetops,
Sometimes she takes the form of a great owl,
Sometimes those of a crow.
Hid in the form of a most unlucky bird
One night appeared the witch in his room
Staring at him with fiery, hideous eyes,
Filling the place with screams,
Just when the hour of midnight did strike—
For ever damn'd be the fatal witch!

(From Manfredo Maggioni's translation of *Il Trovatore*.)

SONG OF THE TROVATORE.

Upon the earth forlorn
By fate and struggles worn
A heart is still in store
For the sad troubadour.
And if he can be sure
Of her affections pure
Can fortune bestow more
To the *glad* troubadour?

Do. Do.

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MUSICAL PARTY WARFARE.

(*From Dwight's "Journal of Music"—Boston.*)

On another page we copy some curious articles about the recent performance of Robert Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, in London. Those from the *Musical World*, like the articles in the same journal last year about Richard Wagner, manifest a disposition to find nothing good in any music emanating from certain recent German composers, whom it is pleased to sweep together into one category, called sarcastically the "Music of the Future." Mr. Chorley of the *Athenæum* is equally bitter and systematically opposed to whatsoever hails from that quarter. So is the musical critic of the *Times*, and so are most of the musical oracles of England; while at the same time they claim Mendelssohn to themselves, set him up as the model and *ne plus ultra* of a musician, and abuse the Germans for not publishing every MS. work or sketch he left behind him, good, bad, or indifferent.

Of the particular merits or demerits of *Paradise and the Peri*, the three hours long cantata, we cannot speak, since we are not familiar with the work. We only know that in Germany, where there are as good judges of music as there are in England, the work has been over and over brought out with acceptance, and spoken of with admiration in the best critical journals. As to the utter lack of *melody* complained of, the "*three hours of organized sound without a single tune*," those of our readers who were so fortunate as to be present at a certain private concert held in Chickering's Rooms last winter, and to hear the "Chorus of Houris" from the work in question, will be slow to chime in with the complaint so far as *that* piece is concerned; and remembering that, experience will be apt to take the English report with some grains of allowance. Moreover we have heard more than one intelligent German say that in musical *ideas* Schumann is rich to overflowing; that his chief short-coming has been in the art of using them to the best advantage; that, given half the *ideas* found in *Paradise and the Peri*, Mendelssohn, by his consummate treatment, would have produced a wonder of the world.

But this we do know. We have come in contact with Robert Schumann's creative genius at enough points to know that he is not to be set aside as nought by any dictum of an English or an old school prejudice. We have heard and have enjoyed and been inspired by—and so have not a few of our readers—a symphony of his, a piano quintet of his, a great variety of his compositions for the piano alone, which, if they were in some respects strange, have yet left a deep impression and a desire, which grows by every hearing, to listen to them again. He has composed songs, surely, which are among the most beautiful and full of melody and feeling that we know of, which "appeal," (to use the *Musical World's* expression,) to both ear and heart. Therefore the wholesale condemnation of the London critics makes us suspect there may be something of these qualities in *Paradise and the Peri*. To take a somewhat analogous case in literature, such abuse is probably worth just about as much as some of the slashing criticisms upon Robert Browning.

But the most striking folly and injustice of this partisan warfare is the absurd way in which it confounds together composers who are most essentially unlike. New School and Old School become mere catch-words, mutual bugbears, and whatever is not wholly of the one is set down as wholly of the other; whoso is not for us is against us, and so the thorough-going partisan sees only one dead level in all his adversaries, and has but one name for the host of them: "Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, Franz, and Co.!" There is a combination for you! "Music of the Future!" It is mere calling names. It is like the blind and absurd way of calling people "Transcendentalists" in this country when they show any individuality of thought. For Schumann is no more like Wagner than Mendelssohn is like Wagner. Their adventurousness, their Beethoven-like unwillingness to be mere copyists, is about all they have in common. Of the young Brahms we know but little; but we presume it is enough for the London critic's purpose, that Schumann happened to admire him and anticipate great things of him. As to Robert Franz, he surely is not in any way of kindred tendency with Wagner. His songs are entirely *sui generis*, as much remarkable for their even *classical* perfection of form and harmony as for their peculiar genius. And when he has written for many voices, as hymns, a kyrie, &c., there is no master with whom he seems so kindred as with the most classic of the classics—old Sebastian Bach!

THE LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.*

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(*Translated from the German for Dwight's Journal.*)

As a star of the first magnitude in the musical firmament shines the name of a man, who opened an entirely new path in the domain of music, and who by the magic of his melodies mightily stirred the hearts of his hearers and drew tears from their eyes. This hero, whom nature had gifted with a rich and inexhaustible imagination, was Ludwig van Beethoven.

He sprang from a musical family. His grandfather, Ludwig van Beethoven, who died Dec. 24, 1773, as kapellmeister and bass singer in the service of the Elector of Cologne, Max Frederick, had often in his earlier days appeared acceptably upon a national theatre established by his liege. He had particularly distinguished himself in the musical play *L'amore artigiano*, and in the then very favourite opera, "The Deserter," by Monsigny. His son, John van Beethoven, also devoted himself to music. He held afterwards a position in the chapel of the Elector residing at Bonn. On the 12th of Nov. 1767, he married Maria Magdalena Keverich, the daughter of a head cook of the Elector of Treves, and widow of the electoral Chamberlain Johann Laym. She was born on the 20th of December, 1746, at Ehrenbreitstein near Coblenz, and died at Bonn on the 17th of July, 1787. Her husband died December 18, 1792.

The second son by this marriage was the great master of tones, Ludwig van Beethoven. He was born at Bonn, on the 17th of December, 1770. His elder brother, Ludwig Maria, had died soon after his birth (April 2, 1769). After him two younger brothers saw the light: Caspar Anton Carl on the 8th of April, 1774, and Nicolaus Johann on the 2nd of October, 1776. The former supported himself as a pianoforte teacher, the latter learned the art of an apothecary at Bonn. Both afterwards followed their brother Ludwig to Vienna, where he spent the greatest part of his life.

Reliable accounts indicate as the spot where Beethoven first saw the light, the "Grass house," situated in the Bonn-gasse, No. 515, the fourth house on the right from the Jews' lane, afterwards owned by Dr. Schildt. Subsequently his parents hired a habitation of the baker, Fischer, in the Rhein-gasse, No. 931, and this house has often been erroneously taken for Beethoven's birth-place.

The scandal here and there circulated about Beethoven's descent from the King of Prussia, Frederick William II., scarcely needs a refutation, since neither was that monarch in Bonn before Beethoven's birth, nor had the mother ever left that city during her married life. How Beethoven expressed himself concerning it, appears from a letter which he addressed in the latter part of his life, December 7, 1826, to an aged friend. "You write me," said Beethoven, "that I have somewhere been referred to as a natural son of the late King of Prussia. I heard of the story a long time ago. But I have made it a principle never to write anything about myself, and never to answer anything that is written about me. I gladly leave it to you therefore to make known to the world the honesty of my parents, and particularly of my mother."

What motive can there be, what inspiration, to real artists to band themselves together as a true orchestra, if they are to play only the music that will tickle the vulgar, if the real treasures of the art of music are to be so much let alone as if they had never been created, and there were no art?

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* As the indisposition of Mr. Bridgeman has temporarily suspended the translation of *Beethoven—An Art Study*, we avail ourselves of neighbour Dwight to keep the image of THE MAN before our readers.—Ed.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.—Last week of the Season.—Jullien's Concerts Every Evening.—Immense success of the Zouave Quadrille, in which are introduced the Zouave Clarions of the 1st and 2nd Regiments of the Imperial Guard.—Madame Rudersdorff every evening.—Vocal and Instrumental Soloists—Colossal Pictures of Constantinople and the Alps—Turkish Kiosk and Illuminated Terrace—Enormous Vinias and Fairy Caverns—Brilliant Pyrotechnic Display and Magnesian Tableau.

Admission, 1s. Reserved Seats in Music Hall and Firework Balcony (including admission to the Gardens), 2s. 6d., may be secured at the Gardens, and at Jullien and Co's., 214, Regent-street.

THE BELLS OF ST. PETERSBURG.—Air by Beethoven. Arranged for the Pianoforte, and respectfully dedicated to Lady Augusta Wentworth by J. W. Asquith, Organist, St. Mary's, Barnsley. Wessel and Co. 2s. 6d. or post free, from the Author.

TRUE LOVE (Treue Liebe)—No. 1 of the Six German Volkslieder. Transcribed for Pianoforte by Adolph Gollmick. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

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GLOCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Reporter.*)

GLOCESTER, *Sept.* 13.

The third and last miscellaneous concert, on Thursday evening, filled the Shire Hall in every part. The programme, though good in the main, could hardly have been the principal attraction. It was as follows:—

PART I.

Symphony (*Jupiter*), Mozart. Aria, "Deh vieni," Mozart. Song, "The Captive of Agincourt," Macfarren. Quartetto, "A te o Cara," Bellini. Finale, "Ah! non giunge," Bellini. Scena, "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight," Weber. Duet, "Sei Mia," Marras. Duet, "Serbami ognor," Rossini. Song, "Rage, thou angry storm," Benedict. Cavatina, "Di piacer," Rossini. March (*Athalie*), Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Overture (*Fidelio*), Beethoven. Cavatina, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Meyerbeer. Spanish songs. Duet, "Mira la bianca," Rossini. Scena, "Softly sighs," Weber. Song, "My guardian Angels," Rouser. Quartetto, "Ecco quel fiero istante," Costa. Air Varié, "Carino metti un poco," Hummel. Old Romance (*Chorus*), Mendelssohn.

The performances, on the whole, were admirable. Mr. Sims Reeves was never heard to greater advantage than in the grand scena from *Oberon*, in which his pathos and power were worthy of Braham in his best day. The audience were unanimous in their applause, and the impression left by the singer was not likely to be soon forgotten. In the quartet from the *Puritani* also Mr. Sims Reeves sang exquisitely and with a refinement and finish impossible to be surpassed. Madame Clara Novello was quite at home in Mr. Macfarren's "Captive of Agincourt," in which she was uproariously applauded; and in the grand duet "Serbami ognor" from *Semiramide*, with Mad. Viardot. The "incomparable" Alboni could not have made a better choice for her solos than the exquisite cavatina from the *Gazza Ladra*, and Hummel's difficult air varié, both of which were encored with acclamations, but the last only repeated. She had entirely got rid of the severe cold which affected her at Bradford, and sang marvellously. Madame Viardot Garcia excited no small admiration by the manner in which she executed her Spanish songs, accompanying herself on the piano, and showing herself an artist in more senses than one. The applause continuing, she sang three instead of two. In the second part, Mrs. Clare Hepworth obtained an encore in "Robert, toi que j'aime," which she sang effectively if not brilliantly. Fortunately the encores were few and far between, or from the length of the programme there is no knowing to what period of the night the concert would have extended. The symphony and overture were extremely well played by the band. As it was, it was more than half past eleven when the National Anthem was concluded. I have seldom seen an audience more attentive and patient. Scarcely a person moved from his place until all was over.

The streets were crowded early yesterday morning with people of all ranks and grades, and with vehicles of all descriptions, and the old town throughout the day presented a very animated spectacle. College Green and all the avenues leading to the Cathedral were beset with spectators anxious to catch a glimpse of the equipages and gay dresses that went by them; and those who were fortunate enough to get close to the Cathedral heard some of the choruses of the *Messiah* as distinctly as if they were seated in the nave. The Cathedral was completely filled, and never, I have heard, presented a more brilliant array of rank and fashion. The *coup-d'œil* from the choir and orchestra must have been magnificent.

As has been remarked on more than one occasion, when speaking of the Festivals of the Three Choirs, the *Messiah* was the most complete performance of the week. The chorus, from long training, are better acquainted with it than any other oratorio, and sing the music with great confidence. This is one secret of their success, the least hesitation or lack of presence of mind often interfering with the finest execution. The choruses, "For unto us a child is born," the "Hallelujah," and "Worthy is the Lamb," being really first-rate. Of course all the principal vocalists had some part of the music in the *Messiah* allotted to them. Madames Clara Novello and Clare Hepworth shared the soprano music between them; Messrs. Weiss and Thomas divided the bass; Mrs. Lockey monopolised the contralto; and Mr. Sims Reeves was the absolute tenor. Mrs. Clare Hepworth sang "How beautiful are the feet," and "Rejoice greatly." In the first she achieved a decided success. The latter was by no means so good, and at present is quite beyond the lady's powers. Madame Clara Novello sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Come unto him," and the second verse of "He shall feed his flock," in her sweetest and most admirable manner. Mrs. Lockey could hardly have been surpassed for genuine pathos and true simplicity of expression in "He was despised and rejected of men," and Mr. Weiss displayed great vigour and energy in "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" Mr. Sims Reeves sings no music—certainly no sacred music—better than that of the *Messiah*, especially the passion-music. All the airs and recitatives assigned to the tenor were in grand manner. The overwhelming menace, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," was given with prodigious force and meaning, and produced an unmistakeable effect. On the whole, the execution of Handel's immortal work, according to all accounts, was the most complete given in Glocester for many years, and was highly creditable to the principals, band, and chorus. The amount collected at the doors on behalf of the charity amounted to £319 5s. 8d. The number of persons present amounted to 3,000.

I learn that the total collections for the charity during the four days of the meeting are estimated to amount to a little short of £1,000, being an increase upon any former meeting at Glocester.

The proceedings connected with the musical festival were brought to a close on Friday night by a grand full dress ball at the Shire Hall, where there was a much larger assemblage of company than had been anticipated by the stewards, all the tickets which had been prepared having been exhausted and an additional supply printed on the instant. There appeared to be about 400 persons present. The band (Adams's) played with its usual effect. The supper was abundant, of good quality, and tastefully arranged;—and however difficult it might have been for the stewards to cater for the taste of the company who attended during the Festival in other respects satisfactory, as regarded the supper their exertions with respect to this provision appeared to be crowned with success.

BRADFORD.—On Tuesday last a concert took place at St. George's Hall, Bradford. Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool, performed on the organ, and the concert was varied with vocal selections by the Bradford Choral Union. The audience, numbering upwards of 1,500, was evidently delighted with Mr. Best's fine performances, and equally well satisfied with the execution of the vocal pieces. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Organ Concerto, No. 2, Handel. Romanza, from Symphony "La Reine de France," Haydn. Choral March, Becker, by the Bradford Choral Union. Fugue (F major), W. T. Best. Air with variations, Rode. Part Song, "Where's the gem of restless care," L. de Call, by the Bradford Choral Union. Wedding March, Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Overture (*Preciosa*), Weber. Part Song, "Go speed thy flight, sweet evening breeze," Otto, by the Bradford Choral Union. Andante, from Symphony in C minor, Beethoven. Prelude and Fugue (E major), J. S. Bach. War Song, "The banners wave, the drums are beating," Kücken, by the Bradford Choral Union. Chorus, "May no rash intruder," Handel. The Nightingale Chorus—Solomon. Grand Offertoire (No. 3, op. 85), Lefébure Wély.

Mr. Best has been engaged to give a series of four similar concerts between this and the first January next.

BRIGHTON.—The Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society, assisted by Miss Birch, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Leffler, Mr. W. Gutteridge, and Mr. J. Spearing, jun., under the conductorship of Mr. T. W. White, gave a performance of Haydn's oratorio, the *Creation*, at the Town hall on Tuesday night, in aid of the funds for the widows and orphans of the fishermen lost in the recent gale. The room was nearly filled.

NORFOLK AND NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL

Among other matters to which the committee for conducting the next Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival have recently directed themselves, the collection of a body of statistics and facts relating to the "institution" is not the least interesting. It appears that the festival was originated by the governors of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital at a meeting held Oct. 18, 1823 for the exclusive benefit of the charity, in aid of which an oratorio had formerly been performed annually in the cathedral. The experiment was a bold one, but it was crowned with very great success. Honoured with the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex who always exhibited a kindly interest in Norfolk affairs, and attended by the *élite* of the county and city the festival produced a surplus of £2,399 10s. 10d., and established a *prestige* which it retains to some extent to the present day. The names of the vocalists who sang at the meeting are comparatively unknown to the present generation. They were Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Carew, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Mr Vaughan, Mr Carew, Signor de Begnis, Mr Terrail and Mr Bellamy. The band included 44 metropolitan, 45 provincial and 15 gratuitous performers, and the conductor was Sir George Smart. The works performed included a selection of sacred music, Mozart's *Mass*, the *Coronation Anthem*, the *Messiah*, and a selection from Handel and Haydn. After every one had been paid liberally the accounts stood thus:—Receipts, £6,833 13s.; disbursements £4,434 2s. 2d.; balance £2,399 10s. 10d. The concerts were attended by 8,506 persons, and the ball which closed the meeting by 1,183 more. This was the golden age of the festival, but its promoters do not appear to have been very sanguine, for donations appear in the accounts to the amount of £669 15s.

Emboldened by this success the worthy governors of the hospital passed a resolution at a general board held on the 23rd of October, 1824 to the effect that it appeared expedient that another festival should take place in 1827. In the following year His Majesty the King presented the hospital with a copy of Arnold's edition of Handel's works, and the valuable gift still remains in the possession of the festival committee. Sir George Smart was again retained as conductor, and Mr Edward Taylor, the present professor of music at Gresham College, acted as his assistant. The general arrangements were on a more extended scale, and the works performed were the *Coronation Anthem*, a selection of sacred music, Haydn's *Mass*, a selection from *Joseph*, the *Messiah*, *Jephtha*, a selection from Hummel's *Mass*, the *Creation*, *Israel in Egypt* &c. Madame Pasta was the great attraction, and the other vocalists were Miss Stephens, Madame Caradori Allan, Mr Braham, Signor Zuchelli, Miss Bacon, Mr Vaughan, Mr E. Taylor, Miss Farrow, and Mr Terrail. The band was augmented in strength, and included 40 metropolitan, 46 provincial, and 33 gratuitous performers. The concerts were even more numerously attended than before—9,169 persons being present at them, but the attendance at the ball was smaller. From various causes the aggregate receipts fell off to £6,498 [illegible] 4d., while the expenditure rose to £4,825 15s. 3d. The disposable surplus, therefore, was £726 14s 3d less than in 1824.

Still the meeting was a great success, and the governors of the hospital, rejoicing in the substantial addition it had made to the funds at their disposal, passed a very complimentary and lengthy resolution to the effect that the festival should in future take place triennially. In 1830 the third meeting was accordingly held, Sir G. Smart and Mr E. Taylor again acting as conductors. The vocalists included Madame Malibran, Mr Braham, Madame Stockhausen, Signor de Begnis, Mrs W. Knyvett, Mr Vaughan, Mr E. Taylor, Mr Terrail, and Master Phillips. The band was of pretty nearly the same calibre. The performances comprised the *Messiah* and selections from sacred music. The attendance was much less, only 6,425 persons being present, but rather more ball tickets were disposed of. The total receipts were £5,1[illegible] 8s., and the disbursements amounted to £4,635 1[illegible]s. 7d.

The 1833 meeting was a very similar one. Madame Malibran was again the star, and Signor Donzelli, Madame de Meric, Mr Phillips, Mr Horncastle, Mr E. Taylor, Miss Bruce, Miss M. Cawse, Mr Hobbs, and Master Howe sustained leading parts. Among the works performed were the *Dettingen Te Deum*, the *Last Judgment*, the *Creation*, the *Deluge*, and a selection from *Israel in Egypt*. Sir George Smart and Mr E. Taylor acted as conductors. The attendance at the concerts fell off to 5,304 persons, but 1,147 were present at the ball. The gross receipts were £4,676 5s. 1d., and the disbursements were £4,428 1s. 5d. A small profit, therefore, still remained although it had grown small by degrees and beautifully less on each occasion.

In 1836 this profit vanished altogether. Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bruce, Miss Rainforth, Mrs A. Shaw, Signora Assandri, Miss Tipping, Signor Ivanhoff, Mr Hobbs, Mr Hawkins, Mr H. Phillips, Mr E. Taylor, and Signor Lablache were the principal vocalists, the band was increased in efficiency, and the whole was placed under the management of Sir George Smart. The works performed were the *Redemption*, the *Creation*, the *Seventh Day*, the *Christian's Prayer*, *Israel in Egypt*, and a selection of sacred music. The attendance at the concerts was 6,271, and at the ball 1,151. The gross receipts rose to £5,247 11s. 5d., but the disbursements were immensely increased, and amounted to £5,478 17s. 3d. There was, therefore, a loss of £231 5s. 10d.

The governors of the hospital became alarmed at this adverse result, and in January 1838, a general board resolved that for the future no part of the funds of the institution should be used for any purpose connected with a musical festival. The county and city families determined, however, that an effort should be made to continue the festivals, and a committee was formed, who purchased the music and musical instruments belonging to the hospital, and secured themselves against loss by raising a guarantee fund. Dr Louis Spohr and Mr E. Taylor were engaged as conductors and the principal vocalists were Madame Persiani, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Signora Placci, Signor Tamburini, Mr Hobbs, Mr Phillips, Mr Balfe, Mr Francis, and Mr Young. But little change was made in the band. The works performed were *Israel in Egypt*, *Calvary*, the *Messiah*, and selections of sacred music. The total audiences of the concerts rose to 7,858 persons, and at the ball 1,062 were present. The gross receipts rose to £5,039 0s. 5d., and a judicious economy being exercised by the management, the disbursements were reduced to £4,818 0s. 5d., leaving a surplus of £621.

The same system was pursued at the next meeting, in 1842. Mr E. Taylor conducted, and the principal vocalists were—Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Rainforth, Miss Hawes, Miss Bassano, Signora Pacini, Mr Hobbs, Mr Phillips, Mr Balfe, Mr Bradbury, Mr Young, Mr Walton, and Signor Rubini. The oratorios performed were the *Creation*, the *Fall of Babylon*, and *Samson*, with the usual selections of sacred music. The festival was attended with a success which the committee "ascribed in a great measure to the performance of Spohr's new oratorio, the *Fall of Babylon*;" and, "being desirous of expressing in marked terms their feeling of gratitude to the illustrious author for his generous confidence in intrusting the production of his work to the band and chorus of the festival, they decided upon presenting to Dr Spohr the sum of 100 guineas, accompanied with their best wishes for his health and prosperity." After this rather grandiloquent flourish, the committee record that the receipts fell off to £5,403 18s. 10d., while the expenditure rose to £4,853 18s. 10d., reducing the surplus to £550.

In 1845 an attempt was made to elevate the character of the evening concerts, and to render them more attractive by substituting the performance of connected portions or entire works of celebrated composers in the place of the usual miscellaneous programme; the pieces selected being *Alexander's Feast*, the first act of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and the conclusion of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The oratorios were the *Seasons*, *Calvary*, and the *Messiah*, with a selection of sacred music. The attendance was very good, and the receipts were £5,432 9s. 6d. while the expenditure fell to £4,49[illegible] 9s. 6d., leaving a surplus of £93[illegible]. Mr Benedict was conductor; the principal vocalists, Madame Caradori Allan, Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, Signor F. Lablache, Miss Poole, Miss Dolby, Mr Hobbs, Mr Hawkins, Mr Machin, Mr Bradbury, and Herr Staudigl.

The 1848 meeting took place under troublous and depressing circumstances, though the late Duke of Cambridge attended some of the performances. Overtures had been made to Mendelssohn to compose an oratorio expressly for the occasion, and he promised either to do this or at least to conduct the performance of his *Elijah*. The unexpected death of Mendelssohn, however, deprived the festival of the attraction, and a negotiation to secure the services of Madame Otto Goldschmidt (then Jenny Lind) also failed. The works performed were the *Christian's Prayer*, the *Creation*, *Elijah*, *Davidde Penitente*, and *Israel in Egypt*. Mr. Benedict conducted, and the vocalists were Madame Viardot Garcia, Mademoiselle Alboni, Madame Castellan, Misses A. and M. Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Lockey, Mr. H. Whitworth, and Signor Lablache. The receipts fell to £5,266 4s. 2d., and a surplus of £500 remained.

In consequence of the Great Exhibition falling in 1851, the committee postponed the next meeting to 1852, when two new oratorios were introduced—Dr. Bexfield's *Israel Restored*, and Mr. Pierson's *Jerusalem*. The other oratorio performed was the *Messiah*. Mr. Benedict conducted, and the principal vocalists were Madame Viardot Garcia, Madame Florentini, Miss Pyne, Miss Dolby, Miss Alleyne, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Signor Gardoni, Signor Belletti, Mr. Weiss, Herr Formes, and Mrs. Kemble. The receipts fell off to £5,017 10s. 2d., the attendance at the ball being very limited. The surplus was £370.

The eleventh meeting was restored to its rightful place in the autumn of 1854. It was thought prudent to rely upon the standard works of the greatest masters, but Beethoven's service in C and Meyerbeer's 91st Psalm were heard for the first time. At one of the evening concerts Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with Mozart's additional accompaniments, was performed entire. The other works performed were the *Stabat Mater*, the *Creation*, *Elijah*, and the *Messiah*. Mr. Benedict once more waved the conductor's *bâton*, and the leading vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Bosio, Madame Castellan, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Gardoni, Herr Reichardt, Signor Lablache, and Signor Belletti. The receipts showed a terrible falling off, amounting only to £4,239 5s. 2d. The disbursements, though much reduced, amounted to £4,342 14s. 7d., leaving a deficiency of £103 9s. 5d., which was made up immediately by several noblemen and gentlemen. Notwithstanding this discouraging result, which was not made public till the 9th of November 1855, a thinly-attended meeting of guarantees determined that another festival should be held in September, 1857. Considerable difference of opinion prevails as to the propriety of this decision.

Looking back on the past history of the festival, it is pleasant to recall the benefits which it has rendered to the local charities. The total profits from 1824 to 1852 amounted to £8,060 2s. 9d., of which £5,518 1s. 0d. was absorbed by the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, and £2,542 1s. was distributed among other charities. The fortunes of the festival seem, however, to be beset with difficulties. Times and tastes have changed greatly since 1824, the introduction of railway communication having familiarised the population with metropolitan performances, and given them inclinations for other amusements. That they will continue to support the institution established by those who preceded them seems highly desirable, but at the same time extremely doubtful.

SHEFFIELD.—A series of operas have been performed at the theatre. The artists were Misses Lucy Escott, Dyer, Fanny Huddart, Messrs. Augustus Braham, Durand, and Ainsley.

RYDE.—Dr. Mark has been giving concerts in the Athenæum Hall. His band of juvenile performers have attracted large audiences.

FRANZ LISZT AND HIS GRAND MASS IN GRAN.—The musical solemnity on the occasion of the consecration of the cathedral took place with 150 performers, under the direction of the composer. The solos were executed by Mesdames Ernst-Kaiser, Ellinger, Messrs. Ellinger, Tehal, Falnu, and Köszegy. The "Te Deum," *Graduale*, *Offertorium* were composed by Kapellmeister Seyler. The execution of Liszt's Mass was satisfactory in every way. The city of Prague has invited the learned Doctor to conduct his new work, on the 28th, in the St. Wenzell Church, and the invitation has been accepted.

LINDPAINTNER.

(*From the "Revue et Gazette Musicale"*)

PIERRE JOSEPH LINDPAINTNER, Kapellmeister at the Court of Wurtemberg, died on the 1st of August last at Nonnenhorn, on the Lake of Constance, in his sixty-fifth year. He was born at Coblenz on the 8th of December, 1791. His father, who had a fine tenor voice, was an *attaché* at the court of the last Archbishop of Cologne, until the secularisation of the electorate took place, when the chapel of the prince was put down. The elder Lindpaintner followed the Prince to Augsburg; his son, then but five years old, remained at school till his fifteenth year. Music which he loved passionately was at that time, however, but a secondary consideration. After having attained a certain degree of efficiency on the violin he studied under Winter at Munich, where he composed his first opera *Démophon*, and several works for the church. Lindpaintner felt too great an inclination for the musical art to follow any other profession. The elector was an enthusiastic amateur, and assisted the young artist in his career by paying the expenses of a journey to Italy. After the Elector's death Lindpaintner accepted the post of director of music at the theatre of "Isarthor," which he retained till he was appointed kapellmeister to the court of Wurtemberg in 1819, an appointment he retained till his death, an interval of thirty-seven years. A clever theorist and a popular composer, Lindpaintner rendered great service to instrumental music; few knew better than he how to discipline an orchestra. He wrote more than 170 works, of which the greater part have been published. Among his operas, *Le Vampire*, *La Génoise*, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, *Le Lichtenstein*, *La Reine des Etoiles*, *Salomon*, &c., have been played at nearly every theatre in Germany with success.

Unfortunately the *libretti* of these operas have no dramatic value, and the music has suffered in consequence. Lindpaintner, in addition, has written masses, *Te Deums*, cantatas, oratorios, which have all met with success. He has also written melodramas, among which, as the most successful, must be named the setting of Schiller's "Song of the Bell." One of the works that has gained him great praise is his instrumentation of Händel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabeus*. Numerous popular *lieder* he has written also are not likely to be forgotten.

Lindpaintner was decorated with several "orders of merit." The King of Wurtemberg treated him with marked kindness. If he has not produced anything absolutely new, he was, to say the least, one of the most conscientious followers of the direction left to the art by Haydn and Mozart, although, at times, there may be found in his works a leaning to the "romantic" school of Weber.

A few weeks since Lindpaintner assisted at the "Federal Festival" at Saint-Gall, as one of the judges, and his health appeared excellent. He was not, however, destined to return to Stuttgard. A short time after this event, he was attacked by the malady which terminated his days. The numerous friends of the deceased *maestro* have expressed a wish that his mortal remains should be brought to the capital of Wurtemberg. In the meanwhile the funeral rites were performed at Wasserbourg, on the Lake of Constance. The city of Stuttgard sent a deputation to be present at the ceremony, which was also attended by the *Liederkranz* of Landaw and of Tettnang, and by numerous friends of the composer resident in Wurtemberg, Austria, Bavaria, Switzerland, and Saint-Gall.

Over the tomb, which was ornamented with flowers, funeral choruses were sung and the curé of the village of Lelmme pronounced the funeral oration. The royal steamer "Wurtemburg," which passed during the ceremony, lowered her flag and saluted with her cannon.

A CAPITAL FARCE.—A hit has been made at the Paris Variétés with an extravaganza of the most farcical kind called "Les Enfans Terribles," embodying many of those witty whimsicalities committed to paper under that description by Gavarni, and which are laughed at as much on the stage as in the lithographs of the *Charivari*.

by Google

THEODOR PIXIS.

The mournful intelligence of the death of this highly gifted musician, who was loved by his friends, and esteemed and respected by everyone, came upon us in so sudden and unexpected a manner that even now we can scarcely believe the horrible truth and accustom ourselves to the thought that he is snatched away for ever. And yet he is really gone. In vain did youth and soul struggle with the all powerful foe of all that has life in this world who had grasped his prey but too surely. He snatched him from the bloom of his age, of his ambition and of his reputation, and overthrew the edifice in which art had found a home. Dumb are those harmonious chords on whose resounding pinions their noble minded possessor so often raised himself and us above the earth which now covers him!

Theodor Pixis was born on the 15th April 1831, at Prague. His father, F. W. Pixis, who had married Wilhelmine Senft, of the same city, was a musician and teacher at the conservatory there. Theodor displayed, at a very early age, a most uncommon aptitude for music, but his father did not begin to instruct him regularly in the art until he had completed his seventh year. The course of instruction developed in Theodor a great partiality and an equally great talent for music; but simultaneously with this he gave most unmistakeable proofs of love and partiality for another art, namely for that of drawing, in which he made such progress, especially in architectural designs, that not only did his father not keep him from this new artistic passion and occupation, but incited him to greater diligence in it, because he thought that there was more likelihood of the boy's becoming a good architect than a celebrated musician.

But the task of conducting his education and preparing him for his future career, did not long remain in his father's hands. Before Theodor had attained his twelfth year his father died.

This melancholy event induced the deceased man's only brother, the celebrated composer and pianoforte virtuoso, J. P. Pixis, to undertake a journey to Prague for the purpose of consoling the deeply afflicted family and talking over the boy's future. But Theodor's uncle and mother came to no definite resolution on the subject, because to the repeated questions of the former as to his choice of an outlet for his future activity the boy would give no answer. In fact, he appeared disagreeably moved by the question so put to him, and gave no sign of a decided preference for any profession.

Much to his regret Theodor's uncle was compelled to quit Prague without having achieved the principal object of his journey. Among the objects left by the deceased was a valuable violin, which, many years previously, he had received as a present from his brother. Herr J. P. Pixis promised his sister-in-law that he would dispose of the precious instrument for the benefit of the family in Italy or Paris; meanwhile he left them a bank-note of a thousand florins, and took the violin with him.

This made the boy open his mouth. He broke the silence he had hitherto maintained with regard to his dearest inclinations, and, like a youth whose mistress is snatched away from him, confessed to his mother his profound love of music and his determination to devote himself to that art. Theodor's uncle had scarcely left Prague eight weeks before he received a letter from his sister-in-law, describing Theodor's state, which was really very bad, and his longing for his father's violin. Mad. Pixis earnestly entreated her brother-in-law not to dispose of the instrument, as her son had openly stated that he could satisfy his inclination only by the study of music, by which he hoped to make his fortune.

This, naturally, decided the matter, and shortly afterwards (1843) Theodor became a pupil of the Prague Conservatory, which at the expiration of three years, zealously employed in study (especially under the guidance of Professor Wildner), he left with the most brilliant testimonials.

His uncle immediately sent for him to Baden and took him thence to Paris. His playing created such a sensation even at that period that the celebrated Habeneck, then director of the Conservatory Concerts, invited him to play publicly at one of them. Theodor did so with the most satisfactory results.

In the following year, he had the good fortune to enjoy at Cannstadt, where Vieuxtemps stopped three months, the invaluable tuition of that great master who prophesied for him a most brilliant future. It is from this period that we must date the partiality evinced by the deceased for Vieuxtemps' compositions, which, especially the grand concertos, he played most admirably.

He now visited the Rhine towns, Karlsruhe, Mannheim, Darmstadt, &c., and his playing was everywhere most successful. He was, also, so fortunate, during this tour, as to obtain a recommendation to the Duchess of Orleans, in Paris, from that lady's mother.

Possessed of this letter, he visited, for a second time, the capital of Louis Philippe, with increased hopes. He was presented to the Duchess of Orleans, was most graciously received, and, through the instrumentality of his noble patroness, was to play before the King in a week. This inspiriting promise was made on the 16th February, 1848—and, six days subsequently, all the young artist's hopes, together with those of so many others, lay buried beneath the ruins of the throne.

The days of the Republic were not calculated to render Paris a home for art. Pixis returned to his uncle at Baden, and, during the next few years made several tours, in which, among other places, he played at Frankfort, Cologne, Hanover, and Berlin, and everywhere met with a brilliant reception.

In the autumn of 1850 he received the honourable invitation to settle at Cologne as violin teacher in the Rhenish School of Music, as well as member of the orchestra; after Franz Hartmann's death he succeeded to his post of *Concertmeister*.

From Cologne during the autumn and Christmas holidays, he made tours abroad, as the most brilliant of which we must mention that through Holland, in 1853, and his appearance in Paris, in the year 1855. In Amsterdam, he excited a great sensation in the concerts of Felix Meritis, especially by his rendering of the concerto in E by Vieuxtemps, and of that in D by Beethoven. In Paris he played some seven or eight times at the concerts given by the Männergesang Verein, in September and October last. Immediately on his first appearance in the concert of the 25th Sept., "his admirable performance" as the public papers expressed it, "of a *fantasia* by Vieuxtemps, and of another of his own composition, obtained for him the most rapturous applause and a recall, by its beautifully full tone, remarkable purity and perfect technical skill with which, especially in the last-named piece, he overcame enormous difficulties with the greatest ease." After every performance at subsequent concerts he was repeatedly recalled. It is to be regretted that his worthy uncle could not be a witness of this brilliant recognition of his nephew in Paris, the great school, and, more especially, the home of perfect violin-playing. This recognition of the young violinist was the more honourable, because the concerts of the Männergesang Verein in Herz's Saloons always attracted, in addition to a highly educated public, the *Élite* of Parisian artists. And in sober truth, Theodor Pixis richly merited the distinction accorded him of *bravos spontanés* in a city where success, in so many cases, is merely got up artificially. His playing had, especially in the last few years, attained a rare degree of perfection, and exhibited a mastery over the instrument in the widest acceptation of the word. Whoever performs the grand and broad compositions of Beethoven and Vieuxtemps as he performed them, stands at the same time on the summit of true musical art and perfect technical skill. A correct conception of the whole work; a full and singing tone; purity and astonishing certainty; a conscious nobleness in the execution of serious melody; tenderness and neatness in the rendering of what was graceful and pleasing, as well as of every kind of ornament; an excellent management of the bow; whole scales of *staccato*, in which no one note was a hair's breadth too near or too far from the other—all this, kept together and swayed by a truly classical repose which, even in passionate passages, never overstepped the proper limits, and even conferred upon the outward bearing of the artist a noble and harmonious impression. Such were the prominent qualities of the artist whom we have lost, and who, in his six and twentieth year had raised himself so high, and, according to all human calculations, had still before him a long and great career of artistic activity. In the excellences already enumerated were joined an extraordinary power of playing at sight, and a most wonderful musical memory, which [illegible] in the [illegible] that he not only played smaller pieces from recollection, but the greatest concertos, even those of Beethoven. With all this there was not the slightest affectation, of which, as of any charlatanism, no matter of what kind, not the smallest trace was to be found; playing from recollection had become with him a second nature; he felt himself more free, and could only really give himself up to the reproduction of the works of great masters when he had neither music-stand nor notes before him.

As a teacher, too, his merits were great, as was proved, in a satisfactory and at the same time melancholy manner, by the examination, which took place a few days since, of the first violin class in the Rhenish School of Music.

Of his compositions, two volumes of songs, and several solos for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, have been printed and very favourably received. Other compositions, such as *fantasias* and variations, in brilliant concert style, for violin and orchestra, have been left by him in manuscript; among these we may specify the *Fantasia* on Italian Melodies, the "Variations on Swedish Songs," and a *fantasia* after *Le Poëte Mourant* of Lamartine.

His end was heartrending; after being confined to his bed for five days, he died on the 1st of August, at half past ten o'clock in the evening, far from his relations, and although truly tended, without feeling the least pressure of a friendly hand, [illegible] no one could anticipate the sudden change for the worse. An apoplectic stroke ended his earthly career. On the 30th August, a solemn funeral service collected his numerous friends, pupils, admirers, and artistic contemporaries in the cathedral.—*From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

Manchester.—Madlle. Piccolomini has finished her engagement at the Theatre Royal. Her last performance was as Norina in *Don Pasquale*. The young artist has been very successful, and has gained many ardent admirers in Manchester. A concert given at the Town-hall last week was not very successful. The singers were Madame Amedei, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, and Mr. Winn. The band was conducted by Mr. Hallé, and Mr. D. W. Banks presided at the pianoforte.

Leeds.—The brass band contest at Belle Vue Gardens, took place last week. The prizes to be contended for by the bands were as follows:—First, £25, and a B flat euphonion presented by Mr. Joseph Higham, Victoria Bridge, valued at seventeen guineas; second, £12 10s.; third, £5; fourth, £3; fifth, £1 10s.; total [illegible]. There were seven bands entered for competition—the Railway Foundry brass band, Leeds, 18 players, leader Mr. J. W. Tidswell; the Shelly brass band (near Huddersfield), 16 players, leader, Mr. George Earnshaw; Accrington brass band, 18 players, leader Mr. Radcliffe Barnes; Smith's brass band, Leeds, 17 players, leader Mr. Richard Smith; Black Dyke Mills (near Halifax), brass band, 16 players, leader Mr. F. Galloway; Batley (near Dewsbury), brass band, 18 players, leader Mr. John Tarrar; Foxhill Bank brass band, 17 players, leader Mr. Christopher Rigby. It was arranged that each band should play two pieces. The judges were Mr. C. Godfrey, bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards; Mr. J. R. Tutton, of the Royal Horse Guards Blue; and Mr. Mony, of the 7th Dragoon Guards. There was a screen placed around the orchestra, so that the judges could not see which band was playing at any particular time. The prizes were thus awarded:—First, Railway Foundry, Leeds; second, Smith's band, Leeds; third, Accrington band; fourth, Foxhill Bank band; fifth, Batley band. The several bands then assembled upon the large orchestra, and played "Partant pour la Syrie" and the "National Anthem." The Railway Foundry band then took up its position upon the principal orchestra, when Mr. Higham presented to the leader the euphonion. They concluded the contest with playing "See the conquering hero comes," followed by several popular airs, and received the cheers of the immense audience.

Dramatic Intelligence.—The winter dramatic season has commenced with greater earnestness—we were going to write "promise"—than we remember for some years past. Serious performances are now the vogue, and a foreigner, in search of news regarding the English theatres, and taking his opinion from the notices in the papers, would be inclined to believe that no nation in the world could compete with us for the numbers and excellence of our tragic actors. There are at the moment no less than six theatres open, ostensibly for the purpose of giving serious entertainments. The Princess's Theatre heads the list, with Mr. Charles Kean as principal tragedian. Then come Drury Lane with Mr. Barry Sullivan, the Lyceum with Mr. Charles Dillon, Sadlers Wells with Mr. Phelps, the Marylebone with Mr. James Anderson, and the Surrey with Mr. Creswick.—All the gentlemen, with their audiences, being stars of the first magnitude. On the present occasion we shall not encumber our columns with strictures as to their respective talents, but content ourselves with briefly noticing the doings of the different theatres on their winter inauguration.—The production of *Pizarro* at the Princess's, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean and Mr. Ryder in the principal characters, for reasons which require no emphatic insinuation, has not proved so triumphantly successful as the Shakspearian revivals.—At Drury Lane, Mrs. Emma Waller, from the Australian and Californian theatres, has turned out a real nugget of gold to the management, having unmistakeable talent, although being by no means the dramatic phenomenon some of her admirers would make us believe. Mrs. Waller is an actress of great experience and suffers no point, traditional, or such as may have been suggested to her, to escape her. She is good-looking, and is both easy and graceful in deportment. She possesses infinite composure and has a thorough command over her resources. In short, she has everything but genius to realise the idea of a great artist. She has appeared during the week in the *Lady of Lyons* and the *Hunchback*, Mr. Barry Sullivan of course being the Claude Melnotte and Master Walter. Mrs. Waller achieved in both performances a genuine success. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley appeared on Monday night in Mr. Oxenford's inimitable farce, *Twice Killed*, and were received with uproarious applause.—Mr. Charles Dillon, having taken upon his own shoulders the management of the Lyceum, opened on Monday night with *Belphegor*, he himself playing the mountebank. It was followed by a burlesque on the *Winter's Tale*, written by Mr. W. Brough, and is chiefly noticeable for the first introduction, since her marriage, of Miss Woolgar, now Mrs. Alfred Mellon, whose entrance as Florizel was hailed with hearty and unanimous applause, which evidently affected her, and prevented her [illegible] from proceeding with her part. The fair artist looked more charming than ever, and acted the young prince to perfection. At the end of the piece Mrs. Alfred Mellon was unanimously recalled, and on appearing at the footlights, was greeted even more enthusiastically than before, some admirers more ardent than the rest throwing her a Grecian coronal. The entertainments closed with the *Wedding Day*, in which Miss Fitzpatrick, from the Sadler's Wells, appeared.—At the Marylebone Mr. James Anderson and Miss Elsworthy have performed together during the week in *King Lear*, *Richard the Third*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and *Katharine and Petruchio*.—Mr. Phelps has inaugurated this winter campaign with *Macbeth*, and still clings to the belief that the Islingtonians are veritable lovers of the great poet. Certainly, he who makes Shakspere pay now-a-days—considering the dearth of theatrical talent and the change of taste—must be a phenomenon of a manager.—The Olympic, being a summer theatre, has closed its portals for a season, and Mr. Robson has fled to Dublin.

Great National Standard Theatre.—Mr. John Douglas, the spirited proprietor of this neat little theatre in Shoreditch, having engaged Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves at a most liberal salary, as may be surmised, to appear in a series of operas, the first performance took place on Monday last, when *Guy Mannering* was given. An immense crowd assembled and hundreds were turned away from the doors. It is easy to guess how Mr. Sims Reeves was received, and what effect he produced on an audience, many of whom, in all probability never heard any singing like his. It was good policy of the manager to restrict his performances to the national *répertoire*, and not introduce the Italian opera into his theatre although it is in that school Mr Sims Reeves' forte undoubtedly lies.

DIED

On Sunday Aug 31 at his residence in Albany street, after an illness of some weeks, Mr Charles Coventry well known for many years as director of the house of Coventry and Hollier (late Preston's), Dean-street, Soho.

On Saturday Aug 30 at Boulogne-sur-mer, the respected magistrate and celebrated comic writer, Gilbert Abbott A Beckett.

On the 16th September Mr John Bernard Sale, formerly musical instructor to Her Majesty in his 78th year

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber, Dublin.—*The communication is an advertisement, moreover, how can we form an opinion of an organ from a mere recital of its stops?*

E. G., Welbeck-street.—*The lady need be under no apprehension.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY September 20th 1856.

The brilliant success of the Gloucester Festival this year has set at rest for a time all fears connected with the triennial meetings of the choirs. The rabid denunciations of the Rev. Mr Close from the pulpit at Cheltenham (of which pretty emporium of baths and pump houses that unctuous preacher is Incumbent), appear to fail in weight as they increase in bitterness. The exertions of the untiring Hon. Secretary—Mr James Henry Brown, who lives under the shadow of the Cathedral ("the nearer the church the further from God"—Mr Close will retort)—seem to possess more influence than the strenuous eloquence of his antagonist. Festival after festival, since 1844—when Mr Close first turned his attention to the desecration of the sacred edifice at Gloucester by the presence of "opera men and women"—has progressed exactly in an inverse ratio to the point aimed at by the anathematiser, and the meeting just expired against which the clerical sophist warned his flock with extra earnestness and hyper-virulence,* has not only been more prosperous from a general point of view than any of its predecessors, but was attended by a larger number of Cheltenham people. So that the adverse oratory of the pulpit merely served as an advertisement for which the stewards of the Gloucester Festival had to pay nothing. Thus much for our slippery incumbent, who in his illogical aspersions of a worthy set of people earning their bread just as honestly as himself, and far more charitably, should have remembered a certain "opera woman" called Jenny Lind, towards whom the late Bishop of Norwich and other dignitaries of the Church of England were much affected, and whose name is devoutly blessed by members of almost all the religious sects into which followers of the Gospel in this country are divided and subdivided. Handel and Mendelssohn can take care of themselves. Their sacred oratorios resemble "theatrical operas"† considerably less than the illogical sermons of Mr Close resemble foreign burlesques, where the texts of scripture are ingeniously perverted to the glorification of a bad cause.

But, turning to other matters connected with the recent music meeting at Gloucester—a fact has been represented to us which will excite in the minds of our readers no less astonishment than it has excited in our own. What we allude to will be best understood by a perusal of the following extract from a letter written by one of the most influential of the stewards:—

"These meetings were instituted and have been carried on for the promotion of a most useful and praiseworthy charity, the relief of the widows and orphans of clergymen who have died in distress. Total destitution must fall with grievous pressure upon a class of persons of good education, many of whom have previously enjoyed the comforts of life, and whose social position renders the difficulty of contending with poverty all the greater, since dig they cannot, and to beg they are ashamed.

"With such strong claims in favour of this 'blessed charity,' and all who are entitled to its benefits in the county and city of Gloucester, I cannot but express astonishment at the want of support afforded by the peers of the county, of whom the only ones present during the recent meeting were Lord de Mauley (at two morning performances), and Lord Ellenborough (at one). Nor did I hear of any donation to the charity beyond what the above noble lords may have given at the doors of the Cathedral. Lord Ellenborough, however, appears to have exhibited a strange instance of liberality in sending a haunch of venison *to the stewards*; the haunch, nevertheless, was wholly superfluous, there being now no ordinary dinners (as was once the case), during the meeting.‡

"Now in what way are we to account for the absence of the Peers on this occasion—both in person and in purse? *True nobility consists in doing good*, and charity is richer than the richest jewel in a monarch's crown. Without any *contamination to their order* the Peers of the counties might have assisted their plebeian neighbours in the good work, and without danger of these lower people coming 'twixt the wind and their nobility.

"I must also notice that only two members of the legislature connected with Gloucestershire attended the festival—Sir W. Codrington, M.P. for the county, and Mr *Price*, for the city. Where was Mr Holford, who, out of his 'mine of wealth,' proverbially liberal to general objects, has in this particular defied the maxim that 'charity begins at home,' and given *nothing*. Admiral Berkeley too, the other M.P. for the city, might surely have afforded *something* from the superfluence of his official salary. Had we been on the eve of a general election, the result *would have* been different."

The above, if true—and considering whence it comes we have little doubt of its entire faithfulness—by no means tells to the advantage of the Gloucester aristocracy. Are the peers in league with Cheltenham? Were they, too, instrumental in hurrying away the new bishop, after his not very remarkable discourse on the Tuesday? From the Bishop good cheer in the shape of eating and drinking, with open house to all *respectable* visitors, is very naturally expected at these provincial gatherings, where the ancient hospitalities of our forefathers are in a measure triennially revived. The arch-host and feaster is, as a matter of dignity and precedence, the Bishop of the Diocese. But on the present occasion that grave functionary preached a sermon and fled—as though he had a sudden account to give to the Rev Mr Close.

N'importe, there is the haunch of venison! Besides the festival was a hit: the charity gate nearly £1 [illegible], the stewards will have a surplus, and Secretary Brown has already secured a handsome list of guarantees for 1859. And thus in spite of the peers. The merchants and the squirearchy have all the credit.

Extremes meet. But what afterwards? Do they neutralise each other or do they wage war as long and obstinately as the Greeks and Trojans, till one or other obtains the upper hand? Let ontosophists decide. We have got hold, however, of a point in case—the Piccolomini point—and we believe a few words will not be thrown away in considering it.

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* See *The Times* of Saturday September 13.

† See *The Times*.

‡ At these ordinaries as many as thirty peers occasionally sat down to table.

Our readers are aware that after the first apparition of Mdlle. Piccolomini on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, we did not go mad about her. Nor have we gone mad since. We have thought all along of Mdlle. Piccolomini much in the same manner as from the first, with the reservation that she decidedly improves on closer acquaintance, and more and more convinces us that those who would set her down as a cipher are just as outrageously in error as those who would make her a Malibran at once. So loud was the early chorus of eulogy, so rhapsodical the words of the singers, that we felt struggling within a feeling of defiance, which it required no little resolution to keep under. But ever and anon, as there arose the strong inclination to break this new idol into pieces, a conviction that there was a *something* to account for the fanaticism it had conjured up, would come to balance the antagonistic impulse.

To read the flowery apostrophes of the *Morning Post* with anything like patience required a fortitude only granted to heroes; but when in the same column we found Signor Bonetti praised as the only conductor who had ever comprehended Verdi, we knew it could not be the *musical* critic of that fashionable sheet who spoke, as we laid the whole to the account of some moony and spoony shareholder exercising his right as a proprietor to proclaim himself a noodle in print. The graver pleading of *The Times* exercised a very different influence, not only because the criticisms were far more masterly, and clothed (which the others were not) in good plain English, but because they were evidently sincere (which the others were not), and proceeded from a mind capable of analysing and describing its impressions (which the others did not) so as to make them clear and intelligible (which the others were not) to the reader. We could understand, explain, and in a very great degree sympathise with the observations of *The Times*; but the *galimatias* of the *Morning Post* were too evidently as it were "the likeness of the appearance" of puffing. "Thus," indeed, "was its appearance."

What puzzled us was that *The Times* critic, in his warm admiration of Madlle. Piccolomini, should almost always have refrained from examining into her merits as a singer, confining himself to unmeasured praises of her acting, to arraign the justice of which would be to set truth at defiance. Nevertheless, *The Times* was ill advised in this reservation, since while invaluable service might have been rendered to Madlle. Piccolomini by admonishing her of her faults, and by telling her how much she had to acquire before she could lay claim to the appellation of a genuine vocalist, homage might have been fairly paid to the qualities she really possessed, and which if turned to good purpose, through the medium of study and perseverance, were calculated to lay broadly open before her the path towards excellence. We are firmly of opinion that the "Lady" was deserving of straight-forward counsel, for she has that within her which transports a multitude," and for which we can find no other name than *genius*. The artist who is gifted with genius and yet fails to attain artistic perfection (as far as that is humanly attainable) is unhappy. But Madlle. Piccolomini, or we are grievously mistaken, is not destined for that misfortune. Nature stamped her for an artist, let not nature be belied by indifference or conceit.

But *audi alteram partem*. We have been deeply moved to these remarks by a savage attack upon Mdlle. Piccolomini which appeared in the *Athenæum* of Saturday Sept. 6, *apropos* of the Bradford Festival—or rather "*de botte*," since the poor little Countess is unfairly dragged in by the ears. As we are by no means timid about the invariably assumed infallibility of the writer who seldom delivers his own opinions without throwing dirt at his fellows of "the line," we shall quote his remarks upon Mdlle. Piccolomini at the Bradford Festival *in extenso*:—

> "That I range on to speak of the last at the Bradford Festival—the sufferance—nay, the success with a portion of the audience—of Mdlle. Piccolomini at the concerts. Against these it is impossible to protest in language too strong. The lady herself is not to blame if, possessing as she does neither voice nor vocal skill, and finding the winks, shrugs, grimaces and posturings of the stage marketable in the concert-room, she presents them confidently there among specimens of art. She did her little all—she sang with her eyes and shook with her figure—to admiration. The young gentlemen among her audience were uproarious; and at the end of her duet from *Don Pasquale* a general *furore* was worked up, utterly discouraging to witness. But what had the committee to do with sanctioning at a musical festival performances of no more executive value than Mrs. Florence's 'Bobbing around' would have been if enacted there with the true Yankee leap and curtsey? They were themselves aware of the worthlessness of 'the star'—since a small fly leaf, printed and distributed with their sanction (in more ways than one a curious document) had prepared the public of Bradford and the county gentry round about for a young lady who could not sing, and who was not to be expected so to do. As possessors of such knowledge, the endurance and the recommendation of such an engagement (had the terms thereof been as fabulously cheap as they were said to have been exorbitantly costly) amounted to a mockery of all real art and real artists, and a falsification of every purpose which these noble and interesting provincial festivals are planned to promote. By those who recommend what is real and good, without 'fear and favour,' such mistakes cannot be too plainly called by their right name. The day of their success, we know, is limited; but the temporary harm done is great, and every moment abridged from such a day, be that long or short, is good service done to a good cause."

This sounds very fine, but it can only be taken for gospel by those, and we are not of the number, who regard the *Athenæum* as the great authority on musical matters. It is dishonest throughout, and that is the worst thing we can say of it. Even the joke about singing with her eyes and shaking with some other part of her person is borrowed, and damaged in the borrowing by the change of a word which the writer's modesty would not allow him to insert in the *Athenæum*.* The allusion to the "small fly-leaf" is disingenuous, since the writer well knew that this "fly leaf" was nothing more than the reprint of an article from a musical contemporary (whose name we have forgotten) circulated in Bradford during the Festival with an evident object in view, and the general tone of which was one of disparagement to all the foreign singers engaged, without even excepting Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia—herself, by the way, great artist as she is, not an ill adept at "the winks, shrugs, grimaces, and posturings of the stage," of which she, as well as Madlle. Piccolomini, knows the "market" value in a concert room.

But the dishonesty of the *Athenæum* chiefly lies in the attempt to make that pass for a sham which was a genuine burst of enthusiasm. We care not what may be the charm of which Mdlle. Piccolomini has the secret, but that she completely took by storm—at a late period of the evening, too—an audience of 4,000 people, to the majority of whom she was a stranger is as true as that the permission accorded by the committee of the Bradford Festival to circulate in the concert-room a "small fly leaf" which criticised in adverse terms several of the artists they had engaged to take important parts in the oratorios, was unaccountable.

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* This was shown at the Bradford Festival in a duet from *Don Pasquale*. There was no "*claque*" at Bradford.

* The *bon mot* in question was attributed to the director of the Festival—Mr. Samuel Smith.

We look upon the articles that have appeared in the *Morning Post* and the *Athenæum* about the talents of Mdlle. Piccolomini as of equal value. Their tone, in opposite directions, is so excessive, that no credit is likely to attach to either of them. Happily Mdlle. Piccolomini is young—so young that she may hope to outlive at one and the same time the fulsome adulation of one party and the wanton bitterness of the other. A writer who sneers at the power which holds a vast audience spell-bound as if it were nothing, deserves no more consideration than one who places a mere child upon a pedestal to which even genius, without experience and artistic culture, cannot entitle her.

GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT.

(From "Punch.")

We have to deplore the loss of Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, whose genius has for more than fifteen years been present in these pages—present from the first sheet, July 17th, 1841, until August 30th, 1856. On that day passed from among us a genial, manly spirit; singularly gifted with the subtlest powers of wit and humour; faculties ever exercised by their possessor to the healthiest and most innocent purpose.

As a Magistrate, Gilbert à Beckett, by his wise, calm, humane administration of the law, gave a daily rebuke to a too ready belief, that the faithful exercise of the highest and gravest social duties is incompatible with the sportiveness of literary genius. On the bench, his firmness, moderation and gentleness won him public respect, as they endeared him to all within their influence. "His place knows him not," but his memory is tenderly cherished.

Mdlle. Piccolomini, we understand, will appear in two performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, after her return from the provinces, and previous to her departure for Paris.

Rossini is at Baden. The celebrated composer is expected shortly to return to Paris.

Roger has returned from his provincial tour, which was entirely devoted to concerts for the benefit of the sufferers by the recent inundations. More than 200,000 francs (£8,000) was realized. A holiday thus nobly spent requires no comment.—*Le Ménestrel.*

Daniel Henri Liszt, son of the pianist, has carried off the first Latin prize at the recent *concours-général* of the schools in Paris.

Mdlle. Johanna Wagner is married to Herr Jachtmann, tax-gatherer of Königsberg.

M. Meissonnier, the well known composer, guitarist, and music-publisher, died at St. Germain on the 30th of last month, aged sixty-two.

Balfe, with his wife and daughter, has left Boulogne and arrived in Paris. Miss Balfe we hear will proceed to Italy for the winter months to complete her musical education.

Vieuxtemps, the violinist, has terminated his tour among the German baths, and is now engaged on some new compositions, at his estate near Frankfort.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

As Drury Lane Theatre is not to be had, and no other theatre except one is capacious enough for entertainments on so vast a scale, M. Jullien and Mr. Gye have annulled their contract for the present year with reference to the usual series of winter concerts. The London public, however, is not to be robbed of its favourite amusement, since M. Jullien has entered into an engagement with Mr. Lumley, to give the concerts and masked ball at Her Majesty's Theatre. They will be on the same magnificent scale to which the most popular of *entrepreneurs* has accustomed his patrons, commencing November 2nd, and terminating (with the ball) December 15th. We shall be able very shortly to inform our readers more fully about the general arrangements for the season.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.

The management of this establishment, in conjunction with M. Jullien, under whose direction all the musical arrangements are conducted, appear determined to maintain the *prestige* of the new and splendid Music Hall, which is an important feature in the entertainments offered to the *habitués* of the Royal Surrey Gardens. Lately the temptations have been more than usually strong. The concert programmes, as is well known, are always diversified by songs, to contrast with the instrumental performances, and recently the post of *prima donna* was supported, at four concerts, by Madame Alboni, one of the greatest singers in the world, and as a mistress of Italian art, more especially in the Rossinian school, the greatest. The name of this peerless singer—always an attraction, no matter what the arena—proved an extraordinary one on these occasions. The largest audiences, without exception, ever assembled within the gardens, were brought together. The Music Hall was literally crammed to suffocation, and hundreds of persons remained outside who could not find even standing room in the building. No better proof could be adduced that where a good thing is to be heard the public will come and hear it, and the result of these four nights should encourage the directors to keep up the musical reputation which the Royal Surrey Gardens acquired from the outset, and to which they owe the place that distinguishes them honourably from other institutions of the kind.

Mad. Alboni was invariably received with enthusiastic cheering. She sang two of her best pieces at each concert, and in her very best manner, enchanting her hearers beyond measure, and receiving uproarious *encores*, which doubled the amount of her labours. In short, her success was what might have been anticipated, and her brief engagement has conferred additional *éclat* upon the inaugurative season of the Royal Surrey Gardens. It is a peculiarity in this accomplished vocalist, that, while not one of her contemporaries has excelled her in the refinements of art, few have possessed the secret to an equal extent of enlisting the sympathies of the multitude. The last appearances of Alboni were made the occasion of a kind of fête in the shape of a morning and evening concert on the same day, beginning at 3 P.M., and terminating at 10 P.M. Besides Alboni, Mad. Gassier, Mad. Fiorentini, Herr Formes, Sig. Bottesini, and other eminent artists took part in the performances.

On Wednesday a performance quite distinct from those usually given in a concert-room was provided, viz., Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Shakspere's play recited. This was a somewhat bold experiment on the part of M. Jullien, but was fully warranted by the result. The whole of Mendelssohn's glowing music was performed with the exception of one or two melodramatic scenes, the curtailment of which was unavoidable. To the music the fullest justice was done by the band, under M. Jullien's direction. Not so, however, by the chorus, under Mr. Land's superintendence, since many of them did not attempt to sing at all, and not half the effect was produced. They were better, however, at the second performance.

Miss Vandenhoff read the play with that marked emphasis and correct pronunciation which distinguished her performance in *Antigone*, when Mendelssohn's music to the tragedy of Sophocles was executed at Covent-Garden in 1845. Nevertheless, the Surrey Hall is not exactly favourable to "readings," however acoustically adapted. The music was admirably conducted by M. Jullien. The fine points in the performance were the overture, the *scherzo* and fairy march, the *intermezzo*, descriptive of Hermia's search after her lover, the *notturno*, and wedding march. The last was enthusiastically encored. The principal voice parts in the duet with chorus, "Ye spotted snakes," were remarkably well sung by Misses Stabbach and Poole. The Hall was crowded in every part, and a more decorous assembly, or a more attentive, was never found at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, even on Philharmonic nights.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—This old and well-known place of public amusement, in which many generations have spent many pleasant hours, was opened on Monday week for a few evenings previous to its final close, which will take place at the end of the month, as the copyhold of the Royal property has been purchased by a gentleman who is understood to be in no way connected with the amusements for which this place has been for more than two hundred years celebrated. The entertainments of Monday evening were fully equal to anything that was ever provided for the public. The ascent of Mr Green's Great Nassau Balloon, at a quarter before seven o'clock, was the commencement of the sights of the evening. The ascent was magnificent. The usual entertainments, consisting of horsemanship in the Rotunda, in which the performance of the equestrians was of the first class of excellence, were followed by a brilliant display of fireworks. Several thousand persons were assembled, and the festivities of the evening were protracted till a late hour.—*Times*.

CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—The first of a series of cheap musical entertainments for the working-classes is announced to be given at St. Martin's Hall on Monday evening next. Except that Mr Sims Reeves has promised to sing, the particulars have not yet been issued. The concerts are to take place every Monday evening.

MR. W. G. CUSINS, the young and promising pianist, composer, organist, and violinist, is on a professional visit at Berlin.

PARIS.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—As the summer wanes and autumn sets in, the musical season here begins to exhibit some indication of life. For a long time nothing has occurred at any of the lyric theatres worth calling your attention to. The *reprise* of *Guillaume Tell* at the Grand Opéra has been the latest novelty, but the reproduction of Rossini's greatest work has not proved as successful as was anticipated from the immense pains and time expended on it. The fault is principally owing to the cast, which does not comprise one great name. M. Gueymard, as Arnold, has entirely failed to recall one reminiscence of Nourrit or Duprez, and sings the music very indifferently. Moreover the Parisians will never forgive him for not being able to sing the *ut de poitrine* in the "Suivez moi," which he most wisely did not even attempt. Besides, *all* the music of the original score is not restored, as was promised, so that the real musical public are disappointed and offended. The scenery, however, is splendid, and the ballets most admirable, which, with a band and chorus almost beyond reproach, goes far to conciliate the audiences. Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*, with new recitatives and ballet music, is about to be put into rehearsal. I have no doubt that it will prove even more successful at the "Grand" than the "Comique" Opera. The *Cheval de Bronze* I always considered one of the composer's most delightful works. At the Italiens, the most lively preparations are being made for the re-opening next month. M. Calzado has already enlisted a numerous and powerful company, including the following artists:—Mesdames Alboni, Piccolomini, Frezzolini, Fercolini, Gambardi, Dell' Anese, Martini, Valli; Signors Mario, Carrion, Lucchesi, Graziani, Nerini, Angelini, Mathieu, Ballestra, Bellou, Soloz, Outur, Rossi, Zucchini, Soldi, and Corsi. Several of these names are unknown to me, but I cannot refrain from pointing to that of Signor Corsi, who has long been considered one of the most eminent barytones in Italy, and I am certain will be much liked in certain parts. He is something in Ronconi's serious line. Mario and Piccolomini will not arrive until November, M. Calzado having extended their leave for one month. Signor Bottesini is reinstated as conductor. It is affirmed that Signor Verdi has made a large demand for permission to play the *Traviata* and other of his operas at the Italiens. M. Calzado has thought proper to refuse, and intends bringing out the *Traviata* on his own responsibility, leaving it to the composer to prove his claim by law. I will send you an account of the *reprise* of the *Prophète* and the *début* of Madame Borghi Mamo as Fides next week. This double event comes off to-night (Thursday).

IDEM.—The Grand-Opéra is about to give the *Prophète*, and, at a later period, *Ernani*. We are also promised the *Cheval de Bronze*, and *La Rose de Florence* (*Query*). Meyerbeer is about leaving Paris and Rossini is returning from Prussia. Mr Lumley has been in Paris providing for the demands of Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Thalberg is also here, preparing for another visit to the United States. Mdlle Rachel's health is gradually improving, but a change of climate is deemed absolutely necessary for her complete restoration, and her return to the theatre cannot, it is stated, be counted upon until the autumn of 1857. Mad. Albertini and her husband, Sig. Baucardé, are here. The Italian Opera will open on the 2nd of October with *Il Trovatore*, for Frezzolini, Alboni, Mario, and Nerini, the new barytone.

COLOGNE.—The Choral Festival, the receipts of which are to be devoted to the progress of the cathedral, took place on the 7th and 8th of September.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The fourth anniversary and sixteenth quarterly general meeting of the Conservative Land Society took place on Wednesday the 17th instant at Exeter Hall. Colonel Brownlow Knox, M.P. (in the unavoidable absence of Viscount Ranelagh) presided, supported by Viscount Ingestre, the Hon. Robert Bourke, the Rev. Dr Worthington, N. W. Winstanley, Esq., B. H. Adams, Esq., Robert Steven, Esq., &c. The hon. and gallant chairman submitted the usual quarterly report from the executive committee. The financial returns for the current quarter ending the 29th instant were only made up to the 13th instant; they nevertheless showed a total of cash receipts of 254,732*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* The receipts for the quarter were 13,500*l.* 3*s.*, being an increase of 1,920 on the corresponding quarter of 1855. The total number of shares is 12,452, of which 2,100 completed were on the order of rights, 2,443 drawn, and 1,245 by seniority. Deducting 3,305 exercised on estates, there remain 2,563 entitled shares. The last number to be placed that day by seniority was 4,044. The total of land sold since the formation of the Society amounted to 181,763*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.*, of which the large sum of 14,224*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* was for the current quarter. The committee announced, that the claims of allottees on the Society's estates would, this year, as usual, be supported by the Society in the registration courts free of all charge. The committee referred to correspondence which they had had, holding out the prospect of additional railway accommodation to Maldon, and the early completion of the Worcester and Hereford line to Malvern, as tending to the increased value of their estates in those localities; and it was mentioned that the whole of the Maldon estate had been sold. Ever anxious to promote building operations, the committee have turned their attention to the estates on which no houses have hitherto been erected, although eligibly situated, and as an experiment have resolved to call for tenders for the construction of villas and houses on the Weybridge and Enfield estates. The committee propose, on the completion of these buildings, to offer them, in the first instance, to the holders of rights of choice in rotation. Many applications being made by persons who are not members of the Society for houses, the Committee have been induced to take this course, which, if successful, will be extended to other estates. The allotment of the Kentish Town estate will take place as speedily as possible, and the committee have secured an excellent par-chase at Maidstone. In conclusion the committee announce the sale of St. Margaret's mansion to the Royal Naval Female School and it is now in the occupation of that excellent institution. After the election of auditors, and the usual complimentary votes, a drawing took place for fifty rights of choice, with the addition of twenty five by seniority

LETTERS ON MUSIC IN GERMANY

(*From the Musical Critic of the Morning Post.*)

No. III.

I told you yesterday how the good people of Cologne celebrated the first day of their grand "Sänger-fest" with unflagging zeal during sixteen hours, and have now to record the exhibition of similar powers of endurance on their part throughout the second day On this occasion, however, there was less parading and fuss, but more music. The grand concert in the Königs-halle was indeed the chief attraction. The programme included amongst other things, Weber's jubilee overture, selections from Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and *Tannhauser*, with the overture to the latter, the *Carnival of Venice*, with variations for a full orchestra, by one Hamm, Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the "Wedding March," from the same, with the chorus of priests from Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*. Some of the "prize singing" at the first concert, of which I have already spoken, was perfect in every respect. In England we have doubtless excellent choristers. Our sopranos are generally better than those of Germany whilst the Teutonic basses, for the most part, surpass ours In physical means, then, the two nations are (musically speaking) about on an equality, but it is by careful training, patient preparation, and more intelligent direction that the Germans frequently realise a result which we rarely attain. The same thing may be said with respect to their orchestral performances. Even where the individual talent is smaller the *ensemble* owing to the above causes, is generally more satisfactory English executants will not take sufficient trouble, they appear to have a natural antipathy to rehearsals, and their directors, especially the chorus-master, are not always quite as enlightened and painstaking as they ought be. The eternal "Oh, it's all right!" and "It will go at night!" of the English orchestral players, are but too familiar to those unhappy composers who have ever staked their reputation upon some new and important work composed for our dear public which criticises, after all more severely than any other It is also an unusual thing to see choristers walk out at a last rehearsal, and even on that marvellous "night" of performance, when everything is sure to "go," with music in their hands which they never saw before. There is no question that the English orchestral players are wonderful readers and extraordinarily quick at catching the spirit of a new composition—Spohr, Mendelssohn Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and other unquestionable authorities, have borne honourable testimony to this fact but they abuse their powers, and the consequence is, that they rarely play with that perfect *ensemble* and delicate observance of the *nuances* of expression which we find in many continental bands, even those of small pretensions.

The local choral societies engaged in this amicable strife were those of the Concordia, Harmonie, and Handwerker-gesang-verein, whilst those of no less than 20 neighbouring towns some of which are scarcely more than villages, each sent in their contingent. Of course no invidious distinctions should be made, no condemnatory criticisms published, with respect to the performances of amateurs and artistes, all of whom came forward to do their best in a good cause but it may be stated nevertheless, that although the separate executancy of some of the choirs was not always irreproachable the general effect was highly honourable to all concerned Certain pieces, indeed in which the combined forces of the 400 were employed, were rendered with a precision, justness of intonation, and *chiaro-oscuro* which left nothing to wish for

The ball in the evening, at the Vaudeville Theatre, was one of those frank jolly *gemüthlich* affairs, which one meets with only in Germany

The concert of the following day served to display the powers of the band, numbering sixty performers, to considerable advantage. It certainly was not the best of the best such as we may hear for instance in London or the great cities of the continent, but there was no lack nevertheless, of that spirit of *ensemble* observance of the accents, points of expression, and lights and shade, without which the efforts of the most dexterous players remain imperfect. We had more than enough of the "artists of the future," Richard Wagner whose confused, noisy, frantic, and almost impossible overture to *Tannhauser* taxed the powers of the band to the utmost, and must have absorbed for its rehearsal a very large portion of time and attention which might have been much more profitably employed. The present ascendancy of this clever sophist over the musical mind of Germany, formerly so remarkable for the purity, soundness, and *schlicht* of its taste is really extraordinary It is quite delightful after all this impotent raving—this "sound and fury signifying nothing"—to turn to the simply grand and beautiful chorus of Mozart, the exquisitely poetical *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture and the clear, magnificently bright, and nobly joyous "Wedding March," by Mendelssohn, to all of which great justice was done by the band The choristers, again, on this occasion distinguished themselves most honourably The judges of the "prize-singing" were the cathedral capellmeister Leibl Professor Breitenstein the royal music-director Topler Rheinthaler (favourably known to the London public through an oratorio of his composition performed last season at St. Martin's Hall), Schallmeyer W. Herz and ten others selected from the various choral societies. The prizes consisted solely of gold and silver medals and goblets, bearing appropriate inscriptions.

I am unable at present to tell you to what extent the building fund has been benefited by this admirable festival but, judging from the very large attendance on each day I am inclined to believe that a considerable sum must have been realised. It were unfair to close this [illegible] without stating that the principal artists of the Cologne Opera, and the excellent band of the 33rd regiment of the line also gave their assistance on the occasion and contributed largely to the general attractions of the meeting On the day following the festival the first general assemblage of the "Christian Art-Union of Germany" took place in Cologne The meeting was inaugurated by the performance of High Mass in the cathedral, when Palestrina's celebrated "Missa Solemnis" was given with perfectly sublime effect. Of this, however and other things, I shall have more to tell you in my next despatch.

P.S.—I reopen the parcel to inform you that His Majesty the King of Prussia has just sent the Red Order of the Eagle, fourth class, to M. Panseron, of Paris, whom Berlioz has immortalised as the physician for *Les Melodies Secrètes*. This news will greatly astonish the musical world of London and Paris, I assure you

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VERDI.—Within the space of ten years, Verdi has realised one of those enormous fortunes which successful capitalists seldom possess. The sales of his scores have so much increased, that his last ones were purchased at sixty thousand francs a piece, by Ricordi of Milan. Besides this, he enjoys an author's rights, which are by no means inconsiderable. In Italy the following is the *modus operandi* —When a composer finishes an opera, he sells the score to an *impresario*, who hires it out to the different theatre directors at a stated sum for the season. Verdi reserves to himself one-half of the proceeds The *Trovatore* alone yields him five thousand francs every season and there are in Italy four musical seasons and eighty theatres. Of course, all the theatres are not able to pay such high prices for original operas; if such were the case, the musical profession would be the most lucrative in the world. The *Trovatore* has been known to give Verdi, in one year more than one hundred and eighty thousand francs! It cannot be wondered at then that Verdi, who so easily obtains such large amounts from the theatres of Italy should object to producing any of his works at the opera of Paris, where the rights of a musical composer are placed on a footing of equality with those of the *libretto* maker and where laurels are exclusively showered upon singers What would you suppose are the pecuniary profits which Meyerbeer has derived during twenty-five years and four hundred representations, from his opera of *Robert le Diable*, the opera which has unquestionably had the longest run in Paris. Forty six thousand francs! Compare the proceeds of *Robert le Diable*, during twenty five years, with the single year of the *Trovatore*. While the composer is shabbily rewarded, the opera succeeds in realising three millions of francs out of Meyerbeer's master-piece and tenors and prima donnas acquire princely fortunes.—*Extract of letter from Paris.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. RIMBAULT ON THE PIANOFORTE.—Publishing by Subscription, in one vol. 4to, containing about 400 pages, with numerous engravings and diagrams, THE PIANOFORTE, ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND CONSTRUCTION; with some account of the Clavichord, Virginals, Spinet, Harpsichord, etc., and interesting specimens of Ancient Music, many of which were never before printed; by Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D. Price to Subscribers, One Guinea; to non-subscribers, One Guinea and a Half.

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Annie of Tharaw	[illegible]	[illegible]
This is the place, stand still, my steed	[illegible]	[illegible]
The day is done	[illegible]	[illegible]
Trust her not. (Duet for two equal voices)	[illegible]	[illegible]
The First Kiss	[illegible]	[illegible]

VERDI.—LES VEPRES SICILIENNES.

O'er the calm and sparkling waters	[illegible]	[illegible]
Farewell for ever	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dear friends of youth	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oh! day of sorrow!	[illegible]	[illegible]
Calm me to rest	[illegible]	[illegible]
The breeze is faint	[illegible]	[illegible]

VERDI.—LA TRAVIATA.

We'll laugh and sing all cares away	[illegible]	[illegible]
Must this then so soon forget	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sweet is springtime after winter (Duet)	[illegible]	[illegible]

VERDI.—IL TROVATORE.

Night dews are weeping	[illegible]	[illegible]
Peace to thy spirit (duet)	[illegible]	[illegible]

VERDI.—RIGOLETTO.

Fair shines the moon	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kind as the breeze	[illegible]	[illegible]
Brighter than the stars (quartett)	[illegible]	[illegible]

CAMPANA.

The winds are hushed to rest	[illegible]	[illegible]

GOLLMICK.

Remembrance, Love, of thee	[illegible]	[illegible]

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THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT DARMSTADT,

ON THE 31ST AUGUST AND THE 1ST SEPTEMBER.

(*From the Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung.*)

ALTHOUGH my limited leisure, while travelling, does not permit me to write a very full account, especially when, on account of the fabulous influx of persons in Darmstadt and Frankfort, I lost in the former place more than three hours, before it came to my turn to get a seat, and, in the latter, was obliged, after a hundred fruitless inquiries at all sorts of lodgings, not excepting the principal guard-house, to pass the night in the street—all of which is literally true—I will yet at least partly fulfil my promise, if only by a few rhapsodical remarks.

When I begin by informing you that, on the two festival days, Darmstadt was thronged by from forty to fifty thousand persons, mostly visitors, I do not at all exaggerate, but rather somewhat understate the actual number, which was thus extraordinarily favourable for the baptism of this youngest child of the Rhenish Festivals, and the *Mittelrheinischer Musik-Verband* of the *Gesang-Vereine* of Darmstadt, Mainz, Mannheim, and Wiesbaden, may congratulate itself on the event, and accept it as a good omen for the future.

If you now ask me whether it was worth while to throw all the directors of our various means of transport into such a state of alarm, that many of them no longer knew which way to turn, and would have been in danger of harnessing the horses behind the coaches, had not the place of those animals long been supplied by machines, which can shove as well as drag, I must answer "Most certainly." Taken as a whole, the first *Mittelrheinisches Musikfest* was a very splendid one, and justified its name, since it was marked by quite as much (and, perhaps, more) *fest* (festival) as music. There was no want of judicious arrangements for everything and everybody, of friendly and hearty welcome of all persons concerned, without distinction, whether they gave their services as amateurs, or for a stipulated sum, of obliging care for their accommodation, or of measures for their protection against any fleecing propensities on the part of hosts and their colleagues. All these things, we must confess with a due regard for truth, were better managed than they have been in the *Niederrheinische* Musical Festivals for years. To this we must add the vivacity and sympathetic liveliness of the inhabitants of the district of the Middle Rhine. They have something about them of the South German character, and are, perhaps, not so solid, but, on that very account, not so formal, tight-laced, stiff-collared, and glacé-gloved as we North Germans, and, therefore, they pay a more natural homage to jollity and pleasure, and do not, on every occasion, first beg the gracious permission of etiquette to amuse themselves.

Thus the festive processions and social meetings—which, in the case of the festivals of the Lower Rhine, very often exist only in the programme, and are so rarely to be found in reality—that, as is well known, we frequently come to the solemnly announced place of rendezvous without finding a solitary individual, to say nothing of a member of the committee—were, here in Darmstadt, the most brilliant points of the festival. The *Wood-festival*, which took place on the morning of Tuesday the 2nd September on the Ludwigshöhe, was not only exciting and elevating, from the charms of this beautiful spot, and the magnificent view over the valley of the Rhine, but was distinguished by the highly liberal hospitality of all the persons acting in the name of the Festival Committee. Really brilliant and imposing, also, were the grand processions, which, on the afternoon of the same day, moved through the principal streets of the town to the grand circus, on the Drilling-ground, where the Grand Duke and his court awaited them. The rehearsal and concert tickets admitted the persons connected with the festival in the circus.

These processions were eleven in number, and represented :—

1. The three provinces of Hesse, and all their national costumes.
2. The old *Katten* and *Cherusker*, after the *Hermannsschlacht*, with the Roman spoils.
3. The old German heroes, from the sagas of the *Nibelungen*.
4. The Middle Ages, the Confederated Rhenish Cities, the Hessian Knightly Confederation, and the Tournament held at Darmstadt in the year 1403.
5. The old guilds (among the printers, Gutenberg, Faust, and Schöffer).
6. The Frankenstein *Eselslehen*, at Bessungen and Darmstadt.

Immediately after this came—

7. The foundation of the Giessen University (1607), and of the Darmstadt Gymnasium.
8. A stag-hunt, on foot and horseback, in the reign of Louis VIII.
9. The Pirmasenser guard.
10. Arts and sciences, industry, trade and agriculture.
11. The eleven guilds, arranged in the order of the workmen.

Everything connected with these processions—the idea and execution—the men and horses—the costumes and equipments—the order and bearing—was admirable. There is no doubt that the munificent assistance afforded by the artistic Grand-Duke, who, according to the report, placed the entire rich wardrobe of the Grand Ducal theatre, consisting of some four hundred dresses, at the disposal of the committee, had a very large share in this.

His Royal Highness had also given the use of the Arsenal for the musical performances, and this brings me to the music, which I will by no means place in the back ground. I must preface my remarks, however, by saying that we must not be so strict in our requirements from its representatives, who take part in such a Verein for the first time, or from their leaders, as we are justified in being when we have to do with performers who have enjoyed the practice and experience of a long series of years.

The crowd of singers and instrumentalists was very great. As it may interest you to know the vocal strength of the district, exclusive of that of Frankfort-on-the-Main, I forward you the following summary of the *vocal part* from the printed book :—

			Sopr.	Alt.	Tenor.	Bass.	Total.
1.	Darmstadt	a. Musikverein	50	50	50	52	210
		b. Mozartverein	—	—	29	26	55
		c. Harmonie Sängerkranz	—	—	23	16	39
		d. Counter-tenors from the Grand Ducal Gymnasium	—	37	—	—	37
2.	Mainz	Liedertafel and Damengesang-Verein	36	38	49	30	153
3.	Mannheim	Musik Verein	15	18	17	14	63
4.	Wiesbaden	Cäcilien-Verein and Männer-gesang Verein	30	16	30	30	100
5.	Giessen	Akademischer Gesang Verein	25	11	15	30	80
6.	Offenbach	Gesang-Verein	17	11	15	16	59
	Alzei		2	—	1	—	3
			187	180	189	250	785

To these add 64 violins, 21 violas, 20 violoncellos, 12 bass-violins, making with the rest altogether 155 in the orchestra, and you have a musical body of 950 members or, with all drawbacks, at least more than 800 worthy of all respect. But the quality also, was good in every instance; the voices were sound and fresh, and the skill of the instrumentalists excellent. Most of the choruses in the *Messiah*, produced under the direction of Herr C. A. Mangold, Grand Ducal Musical Director, on the first day of the Festival went very well, while some (the "Hallelujah" for instance) admirably. Others were deficient in spirit, and were not distinguished by that classical and always calm power over the subject with regard to certainty of form and treatment. This was, also, evident in Mendelssohn's *Loreley*. On the second day the chorus, which was, on the whole, magnificent, had unfortunately far too little to do, and indeed, the second part of the programme on the second day was not quite calculated for the importance and dignity of a Musical Festival.

It is a matter for consideration whether the arrangement by which the principal performances were not fixed for the evening, but for half-past three in the afternoon, is one to be imitated. A great deal is to be said in its favour still, during the warm season, the temperature is against it.

The solos were intrusted to Madame Leisinger of Stuttgart (soprano, a beautiful woman with a beautiful and agreeable voice; her style of singing was especially suited to the part of Lorelei, in which she greatly distinguished herself), to Mdlle. Duhl, of Frankfort (who possesses a soft, pleasing voice), to Herr Grill, of the Darmstadt Grand Ducal Theatre (an especially fine tenor, with a nobleness of style which is, now-a-days, really a rarity), and to Herr Stephen (Bass) of the Mannheim Theatre, whose services are the more deserving of recognition, as he took the part without the slightest preparation, in consequence of Herr Stockhausen, for whom it was intended, being attacked with hoarseness at rehearsal and obliged to give up the part. However admirable Stockhausen may be as a *Lieder* singer, experience has proved that it was a mistake on the part of the committee to engage him for the airs in the *Messiah*, for which he has not power. He will, as a rule, be found deficient in this point whenever he has to sing in the arenas required by the colossal performances of musical festivals. Every time that he forces his small voice, in order to satisfy the exigencies of the case, the same thing that happens here will be sure to recur. But on the second day also, when he was set down in the programme for a French air and one or two German songs, he did not appear—a fact which was certainly to be regretted, and produced a very unfavourable effect upon a large portion of the audience.

The second concert was directed by Herr L. Schindelmeisser, *Hof Capellmeister*. The programme of the first part was good: Beethoven's *Eroica*, and Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*. The execution of the symphony did not, it is true, attain that degree of precision and expression, nor that inspiriting force and energy which it requires, and the festival orchestras of the Lower Rhine are superior in all these particulars. As I could not attend the rehearsals, I cannot positively say whether many a defect in the performance, which, however, was on the whole an imposing one, was the fault of the orchestra or the conductor. I must, however, protest against the quickened time of the fugue movement in the funeral march, as if the horsemen were then advancing in a trot. It is precisely here that breadth and weight, in time, tone, and expression are appropriate and absolutely necessary. It is true that the time of the entire movement must not drag too much.

In the second part, which contained something of everything (with regard to which we must, in justice, remember that this second part was meant to fill the place, as it were, of the so-called Artists' Concerts, on the third day of the festivals of the Lower Rhine), Vieuxtemps' performance was, naturally, the most brilliant and most worthy of mention. The performance of an otherwise very excellent pianist and thorough musician, Herr Pauer, must, in comparison, be placed in the background. Herr Pauer played a rondo, by Weber, and a "Cascade" of his own composition—certainly not an appropriate selection for a musical festival. Solos for the pianoforte, without orchestral accompaniments, are in no way adapted for such an occasion, any more than mere songs (sung by Mad. Leisinger and Mad. Duhl), although Schubert's "Erlkönig" is a magnificent composition. In this the first-named lady, who, in other respects, is an excellent artist, did not satisfy us as well as in *Lorelei*, in which she was really admirable.

There was no scarcity among the audience of artists and conductors from other parts of Germany, although there was not so large a gathering of them as at Düsseldorf in the spring. From Berlin there was Emil Naumann; from Weimar, J. Joachim Raff, whose opera either was, or is to be given at Wiesbaden; from Strasburg Liebe, etc. Your part of the country sent Herr Turanyi from Aix la Chapelle, Tausch from Düsseldorf, Weinbrenner from Elberfeld, etc. Hiller was present only on the second day, and then but for a short time.

Auch io.

LITERARY TREASURE.—A literary treasure has turned up—no less than a second copy of the first edition of "Hamlet"—the quarto of 1603!

BEETHOVEN.*

(Continued from page 606.)

UNRIVALLED and incomparable does Beethoven stand before us in *Fidelio*, from the moment that he is alone with Leonora, measuring *her* greatness by *his* own, and breaking out into the recitative and adagio, known by the name of the aria with the three *obbligato* horns. This aria, with its bold *allegro* ("O Du, für den ich Alles trug") was and is the unrivalled model of all grand operatic arias. Both for form and effect it served Weber as a standard in Agathe's aria, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer." The gradations of the *allegro* ("Ich folg' dem innern Triebe"), the three horns—bursting out, as at the end of a magician, into flowers and blossoms—the magically transformed bassoon—all these have been imitated a thousand times but never equalled. This miracle of an aria is followed by the finale with the chorus of prisoners, which, on a complex figure of the bassoon, rises, as damp as the air of a cellar, out of the orchestra, as the prisoners themselves rise from out their cells. The effect of this half loud hymn to Freedom would be increased if instead of the prisoners being made to enter, as they are accustomed to do, from the wings upon the stage, at the first shudder of the deep B in the bass the doors of the tower were opened, and the public were to see the prisoners come up through apertures, as though from the last steps leading to the dungeons, just as the figure in the bassoon tears itself away, in step-like, unequal intervals, from the lowest depths of the orchestra.

All the rest belongs to the subterranean world of the dungeons, out of which Beethoven issues as the highest expression of the romantically-monstrous element in opera. Florestan's dungeon is that of Beethoven and of us all, a symbol of the obstacles in life, of human suffering, and of human ordeals. This is what materially distinguishes the *Fate-music* in *Fidelio* as music connected with life from the *Ghost-music* represented in *Don Juan* by the Commander. Two-and-thirty bars of a horrible subterranean story, each in F minor, lead up to Florestan's grand tenor aria ("In des Lebens Frühlingstagen ist das Glück von mir geflohn"), which is an opera of itself, and has never been equalled. The grave-duet, the trio and quartet, where the trumpet-blast, announcing deliverance, stays the murderer's arm, the nameless duet of the persons rescued ("O namenlose Freude"), and lastly, the finale, a hymn to Freedom, place Beethoven on a level with Mozart in opera, and place him far beyond Mozart, in his employment of the orchestra, in the more careful co-operation of his ideas, and in the creation of a *Fate-music*, to sum up all in a word, fruitful in its results for thinking and feeling man.

Thus did Beethoven, by one single work, leave his trace in opera, as Rome left hers in conquered provinces, where Roman monuments still challenge Time to destroy them.

Let us here take leave of *Fidelio*, which was not written in notes, but in tears of suffering and delight, because this extraordinary event in the annals of the stage could only be the subject of a monograph, that would include a latent history of opera generally, which has attained its greatest height in *Fidelio*.

It is important to the understanding of Beethoven's artistic martyrdom for us to know that, all his life, he sat in the lap of the highest aristocracy, a seat which for the intruder, for the *homo novus*, is not generally the softest, and is characterised by its only supporting its favourite as long as he is amusing, and most certainly dropping him as soon as he becomes annoying; under all circumstances, it only patronises him with moderation, and when this can be done without too much trouble. That the protected genius, when a Beethoven, survives his patrons, and, by the [illegible] out of imperishable works, calls into *continually new life* their names, forgotten even in the churchyards, is a fact which is overlooked, and history, which restores the balance between patronage and fame, comes too late, because it is history. Beethoven, whose works acknowledge the acquired property of life—possession, only in its most general application, and rather correct the institutions of life—Beethoven had lived for many years in a *special* sphere, in a state which expresses a *speciality*, before he entered on the train of ideas of his later years, his third great metamorphosis of style. Aristocratic birth and the spring of aristocratic manners were then in Austria a component chemical part of the city which scarcely any one could avoid. To argue from his disposition, Beethoven would otherwise, have been the first to shake off every kind of patronage. That Beethoven was the noblest of all his noble friends, his contemporaries and he himself could overlook, but no one, at the present day, doubts it. A man is only noble by being the representative of an idea which rises above the level of every-day life. Then, especially at that period, large landed property and the ideas inseparable from it—as even manners become traditional—found their most perfect representation in the nobility.

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* Translated expressly for the *Musical World* by J. V. Bridgeman.

That the ideas advocated by Beethoven were equally valid; that, by their connection with the universal-human element, they affirm a life equal to the latter, and have already survived the before-mentioned *concrete* ideas, as the Universal always absorbs the Special—to prove this connection of life with art is the principal aim of this book.

It cannot be said of art that, in the manner in which thought is expressed literally, it produces new views of life, or, like social and political revolutions, by the testing of acquired ideas, furthers the universal human element. The activity of art is not to be regarded as so positive and material. Beethoven's art is life, and works upon the latter, because noble itself, it sets noble ideas in motion. Now all that can be *thought* and *felt* expresses no less function and life. This is what Shakspere the great thinker upon the stage as Beethoven was in instrumental music, chooses to express thus: All is true. If I dream of one who is dead, he *lives* for me: thus it is with Beethoven.

What, through him, is lighted in our heart, and grows up into a nourishing flame, *that* is the core of his art, its consonance with life.

Let us, for a moment, examine Beethoven's position in his adoption by the nobility of Vienna. The Great buy too dearly the monopoly of being called great not to indemnify themselves, when circumstances permit them to do so, on the Small. An eye-witness has related to the author how he knew Beethoven at the period of the first performance of his Pastoral Symphony in the year 1808 (see Op. 68). This Russian nobleman was present, at the theatre which was almost empty at the first performance, and he expressed, alone, at the conclusion, his approbation so long and perseveringly that the great man in the orchestra turned round and greeted him in a friendly manner. At that period (1808), Beethoven was frequently to be seen in the house of one of that *lionnes* of the day the beautiful Countess Fuchs, with whom (like all around her) he was, secretly, a little or a great deal, in love. In their evening parties, too, that "most unmusical" fluid, was handed round, the thinly-cut bread-and-butter passed from hand to hand, the horrible and agonising plates, spoons, and sugar-tongs rattled about, and we may say of Vienna, "the worse the tea the greater the pleasure;" and then the hostess, employed in person at the Hypocrene of warm water, would turn to Beethoven and say "Now, my dear *Beethoven, play us something or other!*" This, however, rendered the tea more *perfect* and more *æsthetical*. Beethoven always took his seat obediently at the piano, and threw himself, *for* his own satisfaction, into *fantasias*, which were lost upon the company, and for *them* were only the accompaniment to be taken with the enjoyments of the tea table and of their own especial personal merits. The eye-witness of this fashion of the high nobility of Vienna at that period to take a little Beethoven with their tea, regularly followed him to the instrument, in order to hear him speak of his art. Russell says, in his *Tour in Germany*, "Directly Beethoven is seated at the piano he appears to be totally unconscious that any one but himself exists." The Russian Count, too, felt this. Beethoven, accustomed to be the great hermit in Vienna, forgave the people—their tea, and thought, probably, only of the beautiful eyes of his unmusical hostess.

(To be continued).

GLOCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Press.")

THERE is one reason why the annual festivals of the three choirs of Glocester, Worcester, and Hereford—the 132nd meeting of which has been given this week in the ancient and interesting city of Glocester—are likely to maintain a permanent popularity, and that is the strong feeling entertained by a large body of conscientious churchmen that oratorios ought only to be performed within consecrated walls. It cannot be disguised that there are many devoted amateurs of music who consider that the sacred subjects treated by its greatest masters, in a school of composition which is of the most elevated order, should be heard, not in profane edifices, in which political and social questions are discussed, but in our churches and cathedrals. Any one who has carefully watched the effect of an oratorio under a secular roof, and has also seen the profound reverence exhibited at the same work under the massive grandeur of the arched and ponderous roof, will never miss the opportunity of being present at a gathering of the Three Choirs. There are indescribable sensations experienced by the auditory who sit, as it were, amidst the dead as well as living. The architectural beauties of Glocester Cathedral, exquisitely fine and grand as they are, become more refined, more elevating, more moving and soul-stirring, as the masses of glorious sounds penetrate through every portion of the magnificent building. And as the colossal nave, some of the mornings in the past week, even with a raised gallery at one extremity, was not sufficiently large to contain the influx of visitors, it was not a little curious to see those festival seekers, who were thus excluded, taking refuge in the embellished gothic choir, rather than miss the opportunity of hearing the sacred performances. It is many years since the attendances have been so large, a result which may partly be ascribed to the unusual number of stewards on this occasion—thirty-six in all—those spirited gentlemen, be it gratefully remembered, who take upon themselves the financial responsibilities of the festival, having no higher rewards generally than the privilege of contributing their quota towards any deficiency, the honour of wearing rosettes at their button-holes for the week, and the pleasure of handing the fair artistes in and out of the orchestra. Perhaps the dignity may also assist the stewards in the pick of partners for the two balls, held on Tuesday and Friday. It was confidently affirmed in Glocester, however, that this time "surplus" is to be the exceptional word in the winding up act of the committee; and if this novel, and almost unprecedented, event be realised, the noble funds in aid of the widows and orphans of clergymen of the three dioceses, in which the benefices also, are so small for the hard-working parochial pastors, will be increased, independently of the collections made daily at the cathedral doors, hitherto the chief resource of the charity. The new Bishop of Glocester and Bristol, in his Tuesday's sermon, ably advocated the claims of his labouring brothers, taking for his text 1 Samuel ii. 7:—"The Lord maketh poor and rich; He bringeth low and lifteth up." The Bishop laid chief stress on the great increase of district churches, and of the addition thereby to the list of necessitous clergymen, whose stipends left them living but a bare existence, and, dying with them, threw on the world their widows and orphans. The sermon was brief, and the point practical if not eloquent.

The execution of the works at these festivals has not kept pace altogether with musical advancement in other places. It is true that the *Messiah* and *Elijah* were better performed than on previous occasions, but on the whole, with the materials of principals, chorus, and band, engaged for the four morning performances in the Cathedral and the three evening concerts in the Shire-hall, greater precision, more delicacy, and a finer *ensemble* ought to have been secured. Where the deficiency lies is patent to everybody. So long as the conductor's *bâton* at these festivals remains in the hands of the inexperienced local organist, so long must there be mishaps, mistakes, and contretemps. It is not reasonable to expect that, once in three years, a provincial professor, however respectable his talents may be, can bring together a mixed body of choralists and instrumentalists, and a cosmopolitan phalanx of leading singers, and with one rehearsal insure a steady and finished interpretation of most intricate oratorios, and of selections from the music of operatic masters and concert composers of every school. It is given out that the festivals must stand or fall, in conjunction with the local organists, as the deans and chapters will not consent to have any other conductors. With all due submission, these authorities might just as well call on them to play the trombone, the double drum, or the ophicleide, as to expect that they can be efficient conductors. It is pretended that the patrons of the meetings are quite satisfied with the general style of execution, and that no improvement would be appreciated. Be it so. But critics have also their duties to perform: they hold a trust, self-imposed as it may be, for the protection of the public, and for the promotion of art-progress; and they are bound to point out Bradford, Norwich and Birmingham to say nothing of the metropolis, as examples to the managers of the Three Choir gatherings. One glaring mistake pervaded the rendering of the sacred music this week at Gloucester. Owing to some vulgar and musty notion as to the "tradition" in the execution of the Handelian oratorios, it is gravely promulgated that the tempi of the pieces, to be truly devotional, must be taken slowly, as if religious feeling can be reduced to the measure of the metronome. The consequence of this "tradition" was the general tendency of Mr. Amott to drag the time from first to last. But if "tradition" has been handed down accurately *quoad* the Handelian scores, what becomes of the theory as regards Mendelssohn? We have *his* times from his own hands, and it is a little too much for the conductors of the Three Choirs to change the beat on the devotional "dodge." Is not the slowness to be attributed to other causes? Does it arise from indecision, timidity, inexperience, or incompetency, or from all or either of them? How is it that when the orchestra, with Sainton and Blagrove as leaders, and conductors too, thought proper to run away from the "traditional" beat, the overtures and symphonies went as briskly as in the *Zauberflöte*, *Anacreon*, and *Der Freischütz* and in Haydn's sparkling No. 8 Symphony? But when the *bâton* of the conductor and the bow of the *chef-d'attaque* came into collision, as in the accompaniments to many of the vocal pieces, what a "confusion worse confounded" ensued! As instances let Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and Beethoven's "Crown ye the altars," from the *Ruins of Athens*, be cited. What a "gâchis" were the accompaniments to "Casta Diva," sung by Viardot, and "Il segreto," sung by Alboni. What must foreign amateurs have thought of these exhibitions at a great English musical festival—a time-honoured institution fast approaching to an existence of a century and a half?

LETTERS ON MUSIC IN GERMANY

(From the Musical Critic of the "Morning Post")

No. IV.

Truly grand and beautiful is the approach to Salzburg from Munich, after passing the Wasserburg. Here rise ever higher and higher in glittering snow-crowned majesty the gigantic mountains which surround the city, and a *coup-d'œil* is presently produced which for extent and imposing magnificence could scarcely be paralleled. The general aspect of Salzburg itself, with its very white and flat-roofed houses, reminds one, at the first glance, of an Italian town—Verona, for instance, or Venice; but the resemblance decreases as we get nearer and see things more in detail. Enthroned upon a high and massive rock stands the ancient castle and fortress, with its lofty walls and towers. Directly opposite to this, on another eminence, is the Capuchin Monastery. The wildly rushing River Salzach, which flows with extraordinary rapidity through Salzburg, divides the town into unequal halves. Left of the river stands the ancient and the largest portion of the Archbishop's palace, the old fortress, the cathedral, and the finest streets. To the right we see the smaller and less noble part of Salzburg, although it includes the handsome Mirabella Palace, with its splendid gardens. When one is fortunate enough to get a fine clear day here (which does not often happen owing to the frequent rain), a beautiful and sublime view meets one at every turn. On the south and west are monstrous rocks and colossal mountains with partly verdant sides and niveous heads; on the north and east are lesser heights, covered with flower-wreathed houses and handsome buildings of various kinds. Unhappily, however, the climate is so changeable that, even in summer, the inhabitants find it necessary to carry umbrellas and prudent to have an overcoat at hand. Even the peasants and carmen are always provided with umbrellas (and good large ones too), and it is recorded that an Emperor of Germany, wishing to make a suitable present to a new Archbishop of Salzburg on his installation, sent him a very magnificent—umbrella. It appears, likewise, that Napoleon I. made a joke with respect to Salzburg and the rain, which cannot be repeated—at least, to English "ears polite." The population of Salzburg, including the garrison, scarcely amounts to 20,000; but still there is considerable bustle in the streets, especially at this moment, when the town is crammed full of visitors. The great bridge, which is 370 feet long and 40 broad, seems to be the busiest place—the fashionable promenade, in fact.

Austrian military arrangements are very striking. At the principal guard-house, for instance, a long deal-board is placed for the sentinel to walk upon—the stones are so sharp and hard—and the captain of the guard reclines upon a sofa—chairs are so uncomfortable!

The streets are generally narrow, and occasionally almost overarching by the houses, which, for the most part, are five stories high. Many of these are built against solid rock, which, in some cases, seems to form an integral part of the architecture. The Archbishop's "Residenz-Schloss," which stands in the ample market-place, was the first important building I met with in walking through the streets of Salzburg, but other things of much greater interest soon appeared. The cathedral church is a very remarkable edifice. It was built by Comeno in the seventeenth century, of freestone and white marble, in the style of the Vatican. It possesses no less than five organs, one of which is very large and powerful. Not far from this is the St. Peter's Church, where a once celebrated composer, Michael (not Joseph of *The Creation*) Michael Haydn, has a monument erected to his memory. Here too, we find the grave of Mozart's sister and the gloomy, awe-inspiring "rock-chapel" of Maximus, near the pretty "University Church," just opposite the hotel "Zu den drei Alliirten." On the Löchel Platz stands a very modest little house, No. 225, where up two pair of stairs, one century ago, the immortal Mozart first saw the light. The house is narrow and long (five stories high), with only five small windows. Just now, of course, it wears an "*air de fête*" befitting the occasion. The inscription, "Mozart's Geburtshaus," and the emblematical lyre, which for years past, have called attention to the building, have been regilt and renovated; and Herr Saullich, who kept a shop on the ground floor, with the sign "Zu Mozart," for the sale of good "Milly-kerzen" (bougies) has been obliged to place his "candles under a bushel" for a time. One of Salzburg's greatest and most appropriate ornaments is Schwanthaler's statue of Mozart, which stands in the centre of the Mozart-Platz. It is considered by those well acquainted with the sculptor's works to be one of his happiest efforts. The statue is of bronze, and about twelve feet high. A mantle is thrown loosely across the figure, the head is raised, the eyes are turned towards heaven, whilst the right hand holds a pencil ready to note down the inspirations which the master seems to be imploring.

I have already sent you particulars of the preparations for the *fête*. Perhaps the following verses, written by his Majesty the King of Bavaria to celebrate the event, may interest some of your musical and monarchical readers. They convey, at least, a graceful tribute from a king to an artist:—

"Zwei-Menschen Alter sind verflossen
Seitdem dein letzter Ton erklang,
Dein Geist dem hier er schon erschlossen
Für immer sich zum Himmel schwang.

Und wie auf des Olympus Höhen
Der Götter Jugend ewig blüht,
Wird blühend was Du schufst bestehen;
Wie Sonne welche ewig glüht.

Es sind die Leiden längst verschwunden
Die auf der Erde dich gedrückt;
Die Wonne doch wird stets empfunden
Von welcher wir durch dich entzückt.

Vermählet ist in deinen Tönen,
Die Melodie mit Harmonie;
Es lebt das Ideal des Schönen,
Im Zauber deiner Phantasie."

König Ludwig.

As the hour for commencing the ceremony approaches the public excitement increases. Every Eilwagen and Malle-Poste brings in fresh batches of anxious visitors from all parts of the continent. Crowds of Germans, in long travelling coats, armed with countless pipes, buried up with sticks and umbrellas, leading buxom wives and fair-haired, blue-eyed daughters; strangely attired Englishmen, staring wildly about, as if they had suddenly dropped from the clouds, French, Italians, and, in short, specimens of nearly every civilised nation are here, looking eagerly for some friendly Gast-Hof where they may at least find shelter for the night. Strange to say, it does not rain! The majestic Untersberg and Gaisberg are thickly covered with snow—a sure sign (say the meteorologists of this place) of fine sunny weather. The Salzburgers are certainly doing everything in their power to accommodate the dense mass of strangers. The Händel's Casino has been redecorated and placed at the disposal of the public. Last night there was a very jovial meeting there of more than 900 artists who have come to assist at the festival. The Vienna "Männer Gesang-Verein" sang some part-songs with admirable precision and expression, and the utmost conviviality reigned throughout the evening. The city gates, through which the assembling "Liedertafeln," &c., are to pass, are all gaily decorated with the national flags of Austria, Bavaria, the Tyrol and Salzburg. Here indeed are grand preparations! Could poor Mozart have dreamed of such an ovation when he was scribbling dance-music for publishers, to keep the wolf from the door? When will society learn to reward living genius! I shall take the earliest opportunity of furnishing you with "further particulars."

YORK.—The forty-second Yorkshire Amateur Musical Meeting took place on the mornings of Tuesday and Wednesday the 16th and 17th in the Great Assembly Rooms in this city. Miss Milner sang "Qui la voce," and "Softly sighs," and in the "Somme male" by Pacini, accompanied by Mr Cooper on the violin, was encored. Miss Newbound, a pupil of Mr Sparks of Leeds, sang Mozart's "L'Addio." With a little practice, this young lady may become an acquisition to the concert-room. Miss Newbound also sang "Are you angry mother?" and "When sorrow sleepeth"—in the last receiving an encore. Mr H. Anderson has a good tenor voice. He was encored in Verdi's "Gondolier." The new ballad, by Balfe, "Annie of Tharaw," was well sung by Mr Lambert, and greatly applauded. Mr Allen played one of De Beriot's violin solos, and the trio, (Corelli), on the violin, violoncello, and contra-basso, by Mr C. N. Allen, Mr Rouglet, and the Rev Dr Rawdon, was capital. The Rev J Blow presided at the pianoforte.

BRADFORD.—Saturday last was the third anniversary of the inaugural festivities of Saltaire and Mr Salt's fifty third birthday. The workpeople in his employ to the number of 3,000 operatives, availed themselves of the occasion to present to him a splendid marble bust and appropriate pedestal of the same material, provided by their united subscriptions, as a testimony of the regard and esteem in which they hold him. Mr Salt, with his characteristic hospitality and liberality, entertained them with a *fête champêtre* in his picturesque park at Crow Nest, near Halifax, and to a *conversazione* in the evening, at St. George's Hall. The vocalists comprised Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Mr H. Phillips, Mr J. Wood, and Mr Rhodes, who appeared under the designation of the new "English Glee and Madrigal Union," and Miss Julia Bleaden. The instrumentalists were the Sardinian minstrel, Picco, and the full band of the London Orchestral Union. Mr Alfred Mellon was the conductor. Mrs. Sunderland met with a most enthusiastic reception, this being her first appearance in Bradford since the festival *fracas*; she had to comply with a general redemand for each of her favourite songs. Miss Freeman and Miss Bleaden received similar honours, while Picco was tremendously applauded at the close of his marvellous variations on the pastoral tibia. The programme comprised a popular selection of vocal and instrumental music; but the performance not being a public one, it does not require comment. The national anthem concluded the concert.

NORWICH.—A full choral service is to be performed at the Norwich cathedral on the 30th inst., for the benefit of the Choir Benevolent Fund, by the combined force of 100 voices from the choirs of Norwich, London, Cambridge, Ely, and Peterborough. Applications have already been made to the secretary for upwards of 1000 tickets of admission.

DEWSBURY.—On Sunday last the annual collections for the choir were made in St. John's Church, at the close of the services (morning and afternoon). The services were choral, the choir for the occasion being greatly increased by several vocalists of the neighbourhood, including Mrs. Sunderland and others. Mr Isaac Lee presided at the organ. The collections amounted to upwards of £23.

TODMORDEN.—The Harmonic Society gave their first concert for the season in the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Monday, the 15th inst. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Messrs. Delavanti, J and J Sutcliffe, Knightly Crossley, the Masters Pitts and Fielden. Mr Greenwood presided at the pianoforte.

PARIS.—Balfe is at present in Paris. His Italian opera, *Falstaff*, is to be produced at the Italiens during the ensuing season. The management of the Bouffes Parisiennes having proposed a prize for the best operetta suited to that theatre, not fewer than seventy-eight composers have sent in works to serve as proof of their capacity to contend. The jury of examination having met, M. Auber in the chair, a sub-committee was named to examine the various morceaux sent in. The sub-committee, after five days' examination, divided the candidates into three categories: the first comprising compositions of remarkable merit; the second, inferior works; and the third, those which were below an average. In the first were 23 works, in the second, 15; and in the third 40. A further examination subsequently took place by the jury of examination for the purpose of selecting the six candidates to whom is to be entrusted the manuscript on which the music of the operetta is to be written, and the following are the names, alphabetically arranged, of the persons definitively selected:—MM. Bizet, second grand prize of Rome; Demersseman, Erlanger, Lecocq, Limagne, and Maniquet. The manuscript will be given to these candidates from the present time to the 1st October.—*Morning Post.*

STRASBOURG.—M. Wuille, the celebrated clarionetist, and M. Steenebrugge, the horn-player, who have been staying here during the bathing season, lately gave a farewell concert, which was attended by all the connoisseurs and amateurs in Strasburg. Among others, Rossini happened to be present, and complimented both artists on their performances in no measured terms. M. Wuille was comparatively unknown until M. Jullien discovered him, brought him to light, and gave him an European reputation.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—It is anticipated that the total proceeds of the festival, applicable to its charitable purpose, will exceed £1000—the largest amount ever yet collected.

A THEATRICAL INCENDIARY.—The Theatre Royal, Liverpool, of which Mr W. R. Copeland is the lessee, had a very narrow escape from destruction, at the hands of an incendiary, on yesterday eight-week. The name of the person is William Hall, and he has been committed to take his trial at the next assizes. He had been employed as a carpenter and joiner at the theatre, but had received notice of dismissal. It appears that about twenty minutes to nine o'clock, during the performance of the first piece, *Like and Unlike*, in which Madame Celeste and Mr Webster took the leading characters, the prompter discovered that there was some deficiency in the lighting of the house. His son, who has the care of that important department, immediately went to ascertain the cause of the deficiency. Finding the meter right, he, with others, went below the stage, where they saw the prisoner standing on a heap of rubbish. He was in a state of intoxication, and upon seeing the men with the lights, he said, "Here it is." At that time he had hold of the pipe leading from the main to the theatre; but he almost immediately fell from the heap of rubbish on which he was standing, and a large piece of lead gas-pipe fell from his hands as he rolled over. It was then discovered that a portion of the pipe had been cut off, that this was the portion which was in the prisoner's hands, and that the saw with which the pipe had been cut was standing by the wall. The lights went out; but the damage being soon made right, the performance went on as usual. The flickering of the lights was observed by the audience; but they did not know the danger in which they were placed, and, therefore, they made no attempt to escape. An officer from the gas-works stated that if the cutting of the pipe had not been immediately discovered, the stage would have caught fire, and the whole of the premises would doubtless have been consumed.—Mr. Mansfield, after commenting upon the diabolical character of the deed which might have caused the deaths of several hundred persons, committed the prisoner for trial.—*Bristol Advertiser.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G. *has calculated the chances of possibilities aright.*

A Subscriber from Dublin.—*No.* 1.—*Never—never. No.* 2.—*A great deal more.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, September 27th, 1856.

The attempt made on Monday evening last at St. Martin's Hall to organise a series of cheap musical entertainments for the working classes, proved in a great measure a failure. The principle upon which it was founded was erroneous. Never was a band of philanthropists more nearly discomfited, never were good intentions more entirely frustrated, and all for want of a little common sense. The case is briefly this:—Mr Henry Mayhew—moral attorney general of the people—took it into his head some time ago that a certain section of the metropolitan community—to wit, the working people—stood largely in need of being brought under the influence of music as a humanising art, and that a series of cheap concerts would be the best way to effect his purpose. With this intent he obtained the approval of several grave authorities—among others that of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, an undoubted musical Aristarchus (who also wrote a letter), and procured the active co-operation of Mr Leigh Hunt, who consented to officiate as chairman. Mr Mayhew further considered that music *per se* would only half achieve his object, and that it was necessary to advocate its influence in words; so he persuaded Mr Leigh Hunt to write a lecture, and engaged Mr Stocqueler to read it. The result might have been anticipated without any extraordinary degree of foresight. The people accepted the music but almost unanimously demurred to the lecture.

Mr Henry Mayhew was mistaken in supposing that there existed any absolute want of cheap concerts for the people. Such entertainments have been long abundant, and many of them not in any degree inferior to the inauguration concert which took place the other night in St. Martin's Hall. But, granting the necessity, the tariff of prices—3d., 6d., and 1s.—should perforce be made to regulate the character of the performance. How otherwise can the promoters be expected to pay the artists, and come forth themselves unharmed! It was laudable to endeavour to entice the London "roughs" to the threepenny area, and to mollify their hearts with sermons and sweet sounds; but unfortunately very few of the "roughs" were attracted, while those who filled the concert-hall preferred singing to homilies, even when illustrated by citations from Shakspere. The "genteel" among the audience who may be presumed to have occupied the more expensive seats, joined their humbler brethren in energetic disapprobation of the reading part of the entertainment.

It is evident that the managers of the Monday Evening Concerts knew very little about music and its influences, or they would never have contemplated the necessity of lectures explanatory and apologetic. The experience of M. Jullien's concerts might have taught them better. There good music left to itself finds its way ready to the sympathies of the masses, without the intervention of didactics. A lecture is very well in its place, but out of its place in a musical entertainment. Had the projectors of the "People's Concerts" invited their patrons to dinner, and pronounced a long exordium between every two courses, they would not have been guilty of a greater solecism than that of an analytical discourse in the middle of a concert. The people however were unanimous in this instance, and the absurdity is not likely to be repeated. Dr Johnson, objecting to the foot-notes in various editions of Shakspeare says—the attention is abstracted from the text, and "the mind becomes refrigerated by interruption." So in a concert if the music is interrupted by extraneous matters, it loses half its charm. No audience could have been more delighted with the first part of an entertainment than the audience at the concert on Monday evening. Every *morceau* was loudly applauded, and many of the pieces were encored; when lo and behold! a gentleman stood up to read, and threw a "damper" over all!

But from another point of view the "People's Concerts," organised as at present, cannot possibly succeed. It is said they are *intended to be* "self-supporting." We do not understand the term as applied in the present instance. By what means the directors propose to make both ends meet it is impossible to guess, since supposing the hall to be invariably crowded, the receipts at the established prices of admission would not be enough to remunerate singers of the humblest class, much less "stars," through whose aid good attendances are, it appears, anticipated. Mr Sims Reeves, Herr Formes, and other celebrities have consented to give their services gratuitously for *one concert*. But what is the use of that in a case where it is proposed to found a permanent institution? On the other hand, the system of making a show of benevolence by levying black mail on professional artists is inherently vicious, and no healthy results can accrue from its practice. Mr. Sims Reeves, or any other singer of eminence, may oblige the directors *for one night*, as an act of charity; but what is to become of the nights on which no such attractions can be "announced?"

It appears nevertheless, that the "Concerts for the People" have obtained the patronage of sundry influential gentlemen, whose names are imposingly displayed on the forehead of the printed programmes. They are as follows:—

Francis J. Augarde, Esq.; Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P.; John Barnett, Esq.; Lieut.-Gen. Sir De Lacy Evans, G.C.B., M.P., D.C.L.; The Right Hon. the Earl Fortescue, K.P., P.C., F.R.S.; Peter Graham, Esq.; Leigh Hunt, Esq.; Herbert Ingram, Esq., M.P., F.S.A.; Douglas Jerrold, Esq.; Charles Mackay, Esq.; Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.; Frank Matthews, Esq.; Henry Mayhew, Esq.; J. A. Nicholay, Esq.; Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P.; John B. Pepper, Esq., F.C.S.; the Right Hon. Viscount Raynham; Sims Reeves, Esq.; the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P.; Wm. Tite, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.S.A.; Samuel Warren, Esq., M.P., D.C.L., &c.

In what manner the undertaking is to profit by the above, we have yet to ascertain. Mr Sims Reeves will sing at one concert, and thus far patronise to some end. Mr Charles Mackay, too, may probably contribute the words of a ballad, Mr John Barnett supply the music, and Mr Douglas Jerrold criticise it favourably in *Lloyd's*. But how Peter Graham, Esq., the Right Hon. the Earl of Fortescue, &c. are to promote the object in view unless by the aid of their well-lined purses, we are at a loss to know. Very few of the patrons were present on the opening night. Perhaps they thought their names were sufficient, without the light of their countenances. One in the list of patrons seems to be more prized than any other—viz., Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, author of the ingenious romance of *Eugene Aram*, &c., whose reply to the application of the Committee has been lithographed and circulated indiscriminately. We will add to the number of its readers our own—

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DEAR SIR,—I honour your zealous and enlightened exertions on behalf of our countrymen. I cordially approve the movement you announce: it will have, if successful, more good than is apparent. Whatever conduces to the sensual elegance and refinement will increase a taste in art. The fine taste of the French workman is in much owing to his participation in graceful amusements. And thus the wealth of the nation through all its manufactures will be increased in proportion as the perception of art enters into the life of the operative through music, the theatre, painting, &c. It is with great regret that I see myself deprived of the pleasure of attending your concert, the fixed. I am just going to my country house, which will be full of guests for several weeks to come; indeed, till I leave England for the winter.

Truly yours with esteem,

Park Lane, Friday. E. B. LYTTON.

It is difficult to imagine why the letter of Sir E. B. Lytton was printed if not to tempt the "people" by the assurance that its accomplished author had no intention of honouring St. Martin's Hall with his presence. Was the intention to mystify the "unwashed" with a taste of the Aramian transcendental boo? If so, the committee had better have quoted George de Barnwell, who asks, "What is the Unintelligible but the Ideal? What is the Ideal but the Beautiful? What is the Beautiful but the Eternal?" Those uninitiated with a knowledge of the Truthful, and who wander rarely by the *thina poluphloisboio thalasses* might demand— What is the letter of Sir Edward B. L. but an expedient to preserve his reputation as a philanthropist without being obliged to hear Mr Frank Bodda sing "Largo al factotum," or Mr Henry Mayhew hold forth on his darling topic?

MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

UNDER the auspices of our spirited *entrepreneur*, Mr Frederick Wright, an excellent concert was given on Saturday night, which attracted a brilliant and fashionable audience to the Town Hall. The "bright particular star" of the entertainment was that new and twinkling operatic phenomenon, Marietta Piccolomini, who has found as many devoted worshippers in England as in sunnier Italy the land of her birth. As far as I myself am concerned, a *fanatico* although an amateur, it is a matter of profound indifference whether she be noble or plebeian by birth, the niece of a cardinal or the grand-niece of a pope—enough that she is *by nature* noble, since she is by nature an artist. I shall not pretend to discuss her merits as a vocalist in a purely technical sense, satisfied that she possesses the quality of *charming*, and that in a degree seldom attained by public singers. She is neither an Alboni nor a Jenny Lind, if you please; but she is Piccolomini, which means something quite irresistible. The people here were pleased with her beyond measure, in everything she did, but most of all in the pathetic *andante* from the first finale of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, "Convien partir," where Maria takes leave of her early associates. This was sung with a feeling that could only have come straight from the heart. There were tears in the voice of the young and beautiful artist; and the sentiment thus exquisitely suggested by the plaintive strains of the music, and thus truthfully interpreted by the tremulous accents of the singer, touched the audience to the quick, and created an impression as legitimate as it was profound. There was first a half-suppressed murmur of delight, and then a loud and general demand for a repetition, with which Mdlle. Piccolomini, who is always anxious to content her admirers, readily and gracefully complied, when, if possible, her singing was better and her expression more touching than before. And this, you must understand, was the last performance but one in by no means a short concert, which made both the efforts of the singer and the sensation produced on the audience the more extraordinary.

Mdlle. Piccolomini did not sing any other solo, which, considering the *prestige* attached to her name, was somewhat strange. She joined Signor Belletti, in the duet from *Don Pasquale*, "Pronto io son," which created so unprecedented an effect at the recent Bradford Festival. Nothing could be more sparkling and overflowing with comic humour. The admirable fluency of Belletti added no little to the effect of this performance. The *brindisi* from *La Traviata*, in which Mdlle Piccolomini was assisted most efficiently by Mdlle. Finoli, Signori Belletti Beneventano, and Mr Charles Braham terminated the first part of the concert with great spirit, and was unanimously encored. The other performances of Mdlle Piccolomini were in the famous quartet from the last act of *Rigoletto* (with Mdlle. Finoli, Mr C. Braham, and Signor Beneventano), and the tuneful duet from *Maria Padilla* (Donizetti) with Mdlle Finoli, which both ladies sang with the proper sprightliness and animation.

There was some other capital singing—by Signor Belletti, who was loudly encored in Ricci's "Sulla poppa," a compliment thoroughly merited by his highly spirited performance. Mdlle. Finoli, who in the well known "Tu che accendi" and "Di tanti palpiti" its *cabaletta* displayed a fine-toned *mezzo-soprano* full and even throughout its register besides a style at once graceful and easy (to say nothing of her very prepossessing personal appearance), and the lady and gentleman together in "Dunque io son," a composition singularly well suited to the fluent vocal execution of Signor Belletti. The *buffo* duet for basses, from Ricci's *Chiara di Rosenberg* ("Vedi te questa pistola"), sung and acted with great vivacity by Signori Belletti and Beneventano (the last of whom had already been encored in "Il balen"), was a very successful performance, and elicited a re-demand which was accepted *instanter*. To conclude, the last duet for Azucena and Manrico (one of the gems of *Il Trovatore*), was sung carefully and with good expression by Mdlle. Finoli and Mr C. Braham (whose "Good night, beloved," would, if we are not mistaken, have more than satisfied both Balfe and Longfellow); two brilliant pianoforte solos were executed with great vigour by Herr Kuhe, the fashionable pianist here*; and the concert concluded with the eternal *preghiera* from *Mosè in Egitto*. Signor Pilatti was the accompanist.

From Brighton the Piccolomini party proceeded to Bury St. Edmunds, where they were to give a concert on Monday night.

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* Who has announced a capital concert for the 7th of October, when he will be assisted by the Boosey tour party, whose names may be seen in the advertising columns of the *Musical World*.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

SEPT 19.—The musical season this year has been unusually brilliant, and was brought to a climax on Monday last, when the local Philharmonic Society gave a concert, at which Thalberg made his only appearance in public before returning to America. The room was absolutely crammed, and the great pianist performed three of his grand pianoforte solos, and a *morceau* on a theme from the *Puritani* on the harmonium. The latter excited the most unbounded enthusiasm. It was M Thalberg's first public performance on the harmonium, and Messrs. Berlioz and Fiorentino came from Paris, in order to be present on the occasion. Ernst has been here all the season, and gave a concert on the 23rd August, when he met with the success he never fails to command here, as everywhere he is heard. Mad. Ernst recited two scenes, and a young pianist, Madlle. Darjou, was much applauded for her graceful and elegant execution of one of M. Prudent's pieces. Bazzini was here for some time, and gave a concert shortly before that given by Ernst. Madame Ristori appeared three times at the theatre. The first performance was thinly attended, but the other two, when the Boulogne public knew better what they had to expect, were crowded. The theatre, which is only temporary, during the rebuilding of the one destroyed by fire in 1854, is small, but neatly arranged. The concert-room in the Rue Siblequin is very spacious, but low, ugly, badly arranged, and in every way unworthy of so prosperous a town, and one where the arts are so much appreciated. The orchestra of the Philharmonic Society has made considerable progress under the direction of M. Chandard, who is himself a flautist of considerable merit. Much regret has been expressed at Boulogne at the non-appearance in public this season, in consequence of ill health, of Mdlle. Blahetka, who has for many years been resident at Boulogne, and who is much admired as a correct and brilliant pianist, and much esteemed, particularly among the English families, as an instructress of the pianoforte. Happily, she is now recovering her health. Among the celebrities who are passing the season here it would not be right to omit Jacques Herz, who generally comes for part of each year. Taken altogether, the season has been less brilliant than the last. This is owing to several causes, the principal of which are the raising of the camps and the absence of those royal visits and progresses which gave such an especial animation and interest to the season of 1855. The rebuilding of the bathing establishment is spoken of previous to the next season. It is intended to construct a concert-room with it, although it would seem hardly possible to complete it in so short a time as a year.

Mdlle. Rachel is about to leave France for Grand Cairo, where, by order of her medical advisers, she intends to pass the winter months to recruit her health. It is to be hoped that change of air and new scenes, together with repose and quiet, will help to restore the celebrated *tragédienne* to that art of which she is the greatest ornament, and in which it is impossible to supply her place.

Mdlle. Caroline Duprez was married, on the 17th inst., at the Church of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, Paris, to M. Amedée Van der Heonel.

Dramatic Intelligence.—After being shelved for upwards of twenty years Farquhar's comedy the *Inconstant* was revived at the Haymarket on Monday night for the purpose of introducing a new American comedian in the character of young Mirabel. Taking it for granted that we have seen Mr Murdoch to the greatest advantage—since he was likely to select one of his most favourite parts for his first appearance—we may pronounce him a clever and intelligent, careful and experienced actor—accomplished, in short, without possessing genius. His figure is large and well-proportioned and his features expressive and well-worked, declaring, *à priori*, the owner to be better adapted by nature for tragedy than comedy, an opinion indeed somewhat borne out by his performance on Monday night, in which his last scene, entirely removed from the lighter regions of comic acting, was by far the best. Mr Murdoch achieved a decided success, and will fill up a vacuum left on the London stage by the withdrawal of Mr James Wallack. The *Inconstant*, in its present form, is so hacked and hewed, so abbreviated and "purified," as it is called, so attenuated in the dialogue and dissipated in the thought, that the reader of Farquhar can hardly recognise him. Had Mr Buckstone, however, presented the play to his audience as originally written, the outcry against the *Traviata* would have been nothing to what the *Inconstant* would originate, and the Haymarket manager, like his brother over the way, would have brought a nest of hornets round his head. So Farquhar, per force, was sacrificed. Enough remains, nevertheless, to exhibit the author in his liveliest and most vigorous moods, and to show how few of the ancient or modern comic-writers have approached him in brilliancy of dialogue or in humorous delineation of character.—A burlesque on *Pizarro* has been produced at Drury-Lane, and, though neither very witty nor very funny, promises to run on merrily towards the Christmas holidays—thanks to the Keeleys and some admirable scenic displays. Mr Keeley in a full suit of blazing armour with his face imbedded in a bush of fine black whiskers, is alone worth paying to see. At the Sadler's Wells, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* which was revived about five years ago, for the appearance of Mr Phelps in Falstaff was reproduced on Wednesday, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments. Mr Phelps's delineation of the fat knight, like all his comic characters, is entirely his own. In the two scenes with Ford, in disguise (his best), his contemptuous banter of his supposed victim in the first and his description of his immersion in the Thames in the second were given with immense force and vivacity. His rush on to the stage, blowing and wheezing on the second proposal to put him into the buck basket, produced a shout of laughter from all parts of the house. The Pistol of Mr C. Fenton deserves mention as a clever and original sketch. The house was as crowded as it always is on the occasion of novelties and revivals. Shakspere's *Timon of Athens* is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced.

A LETTER OF MOZART

The Bandmaster of the 50th regiment of Austrian Infantry, Herr Zawerthal, was presented, in the year 1849 at Milan, with the original of the following letter of the immortal W. Amadeus Mozart, by the latter's sole surviving son, Carl Mozart, and has most kindly sent it us for publication.

The letter is directed by Mozart to his wife, at the period of the production of his wonderful *Zauberflöte*, and runs thus:—

"Saturday night, half past 10 o'clock.

"My dearest, best little Wife,

"It was with the greatest pleasure and feeling of joy that I found your letter at home on my return from the opera.—The opera, although Saturday (on account of its being post-day) is always a bad day, was produced before a house quite full, and with the usual applause and *repetitions*;—it will be played again to-morrow, but the performance will be suspended on Monday; consequently Süssmayer must bring Stoll over on Tuesday, when it will be again produced *for the first time*. I say *for the first time* because, in all probability, it will again be played several times in succession. I have just finished a splendid piece of sturgeon, which D. Primus (who is my faithful valet,) brought me, and as my appetite to-day is rather large, I have sent him out again to get me, if possible, something else. In the interval I continue, therefore, to write to you. This morning I wrote so industriously that I went on until it was half past one o'clock; I then ran in the greatest hurry to Hofer (in order not to have to dine alone), and there I found the mamma as well. Directly after dinner I returned home, and wrote again until opera time. Leitgeb asked me again to pass him in and I did so. To-morrow I pass in the mamma; Hofer has already given her the book to read. In her case, no doubt, we shall be able to say she *sees* the opera, and not she *hears* the opera. N. N. had a box to-day. N. N. manifested their approbation very strongly at everything, but *he* who knows everything, showed so much of the Bavarian, that I could not stop, for I should have been compelled to call him an ass; unluckily I was in the box at the commencement of the second act, that is to say at the grand scene. He turned everything into ridicule; at first I had sufficient patience to direct his attention to certain phrases,—but—he turned everything into ridicule; this was too much for me—I called him *Papageno* and went away—I do not think, however, that the idiot understood me.—I went, therefore, into another box, in which were Flamm and his wife; with these I experienced nothing but pleasure and remained to the end. I then went up on the stage at Papageno's aria with the bells because I felt to-day impelled to play it myself. I indulged in a joke. As Schikaneder had a rest, I struck an arpeggio; he started—looked across the stage, and saw me—when it came a second time—I did not repeat the action—he stopped, and would not go on. I guessed his thoughts, and struck another chord—he then struck the bells and said, '*Shut up!*'—every one laughed. I think that, through this joke, many persons learned for the first time that he did not play the bells himself. By the way, you cannot conceive how charmingly one can hear the music in a box near the orchestra—far better than in the gallery—directly you return, you must make the experiment.

"Sunday morning, 7 o'clock.—I have had an excellent night's rest, and hope that you have had the same. I greatly enjoyed my half capon, which friend Primus brought me. At ten o'clock, I go to the Piarists to mass, because Leitgeb told me that I can then speak to the Director. I shall, also, remain to dinner."

Unfortunately, a part of the letter (about twelve lines) is wanting, about half a sheet being cut away. On the second half-page is the following postscript:—

"Kiss Sophie in my name; to Süssmayer I send a couple of good fillips and a fine *Schopfbeutler*; to Stoll, a thousand compliments. Adieu—the hour is striking—farewell!—we shall meet again!"

We hope that whoever has the missing part of this letter will publish it, in order to complete the whole. Herr Zawerthal informs us that the said part, from one margin to the other, may be spanned by an ordinary sized hand, and, in all probability, has about nine or twelve lines written upon it. The signature, also, is on the missing part. A third of the address, however, and half the seal, are in the possession of Herr Zawerthal, who considers himself very fortunate to possess these relics.—*Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung.*

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE ELEMENT OF BEAUTY IN NATURE, ART AND LIFE.

That mind, the fountain of whose meditations is the physical aspect of nature, will at length become conscious of the remarkable truth that, in her spacious stage and vast stores, there exists nothing, however useful, that is not at the same time ornamental, nor anything, however fair and graceful, that does not simultaneously fulfil a function serviceable and indispensable.

This total merger of the useful into the beautiful, in nature, exists no less for the credit and glory of the Maker and for the happiness and comfort of man, than for the guide, edification, and appeal of man in all the works and results, on an inferior scale, that it is his peculiar office to accomplish. Now, there appears to exist a very prevalent idea that, for the satisfactory accomplishment of the every-day works of life, and that such works may effect their due influence upon man, it is by no means necessary and absolutely essential that the element of beauty should pervade them; that, in organising what is to produce a practical result on humanity, it is amply sufficient if the definite material, and, as we term it, the useful result is solely considered; and that, when this influence assumes an ornamental and beautiful character, the latter qualities are to be considered more as the consequence of a whim or playfulness in the constructor, than of his conviction of their essentialness.

But if we turn to nature, and mark the influences most immediately necessary and indispensable for man, that the Creator himself has organised, we shall see that He considered it by no means sufficient that they should produce solely the palpable and immediately available effects. In gazing upon her ample stores, we behold the elements of usefulness and beauty so equally pervading all things, that, as we examine their construction and composition, the attainment of beauty seems so clearly to be the natural and unforeseen consequence produced in the formation of the useful, and the attainment of utility the obvious and unpremeditated result caused by the formation of the beautiful, that in most cases we find it wholly impossible to trace which of these two elements was the more prominent idea in the original intention.

How great an importance, then—how high a value—must our Maker have attached to the employment of the element of beauty, since He used it so profusely and unsparingly in the creation of all his works. Since we cannot gaze either up or down, we cannot look in any direction, we cannot proceed either far or near, we cannot penetrate to any recess, however hidden and remote, we cannot behold any particle in the great universe without meeting—without joyfully meeting—the all-pervading spirit of deep and exquisite charm; and as it is obvious that in all things the world contains there can be perceived an adaptation of one to the other, how necessary and indispensable to the state of man therefore must the Creator have considered this great influence, since He appears to have deemed not any of his mighty works complete without it.

It has often been remarked as a melancholy and ungrateful fact, how many there are who, in their walk of life through the exuberant garden of the universe, never direct their intelligent gaze to the beauties that beam around; but, on the other hand, allow it to become totally absorbed in the necessary regard they are forced to pay to those few objects that materially and personally affect them, even as cattle are obliged to observe the grass they eat. Of such individuals it has frequently been remarked, that for them the flowers bloom, the heavens glow, and all the brightness of nature shines in vain. It does, indeed, seem a pity that man, for whom alone the book of nature was written, who alone, of all its Maker's works, possesses the faculty to intelligently regard it, who alone is conscious of its Author, should yet neglect to read such an eloquent page. Still, when we find this is truly the case, are we, therefore, justified in concluding that for such a man the eloquence of this great volume does peal forth in vain? Can we reasonably conclude that, because he sees no beauty therein—that because he is not conscious of it producing any effect upon him—that therefore it really does not produce any effect?—yes, that it does not produce a very material and important effect? I do not think we are justified in arriving at such a conclusion; for as the apparently most unimpressible nature we cannot remove to any spot on the earth where he would not be exposed to this influence, or where it might not latently dwell in his memory, so are we unable to pronounce how closely dependent he is upon it, or what he would become without it.

For it is by no means certain that those actions of the reason and of the discrimination that we exercise consciently and voluntarily are all the actions of a such like character that take place within us; for there may be some operations of our reason and discrimination so vitally necessary for our welfare, as not to be left for execution to the wavering and unsteadfast will of man. May not the depressing accusation of conscience in the breast of the most stolid and ignorant criminal be the result of rapid, unconscious, but *perfect reasoning*? And, therefore, may there not likewise take place in the mind of the most tasteless and unimpressible sojourner amidst creation a similar action of taste and discrimination, if such an action be essential to his invisible good?

And although we cannot ascertain to what extent we are indebted for our present condition of happiness to this remarkable influence of beauty, still we can form some idea when we consider the phenomenon—that whenever in the human heart the spirit of evil enters—whenever bad thoughts and dark passions arise—wherever the moral nature has been shaken by the shock of crime—there and at such a time does this elevating nature become senseless to the influence in question. That in the same hour that virtue and happiness depart from the breast of man, so with them also departs the impression and appreciation of the pure and chastened element of grace. From this, it appears to me, we may justly conclude that this sacred influence of beauty the Creator esteemed so high an element in promoting the happiness of his creatures, that He regarded it of such elevated usefulness to man—insomuch that he has ordained the loss of *intelligently* beholding it to become one of the sorrows of sin, and the faculty of responding to its influence one of the joys of virtue.

If, then, we must conclude that the Creator considered so totally necessary and indispensable (as from the above consideration He appears to have deemed it) the employment of the element of beauty in constructing whatever in his universe was to influence man—and if, as I remarked before, the great traits in nature exist for the guide and edification of man in all the inferior works that it is his peculiar office to accomplish—does it not naturally follow that man, in constructing works on an inferior scale which are to influence his fellow men, should also consider the employment of this important element seemly, fitting, and indispensable? Is it not reasonable analogy to assume that as we cannot measure the benefits we continually receive from the constant presence of this spirit of beauty in nature, so also we cannot limit the extent to which we should be further benefitted and improved from the constant presence of the same element in human life, under the consistent ministration of man?

I consider myself that, as the Creator ordained this element of pervading charm to constitute an important part of the source of happiness in our walk through nature, even so also, He at the same time designed it to become, reflected by man, a leading influence of joy in our walk through human life.

I consider, further, that as those are in error who totally limit the efficaciousness of this influence in nature to the *few* who happen to be more immediately conscious of it than others, that those also are equally in error who, under human ministration, would likewise wholly confine the application of this important element to a certain class, and amidst certain circumstances. I consider that as upon the great action of beauty in nature the curtain never falls—that as its influence is never even temporarily withdrawn—that as there can neither exist period nor position throughout all creation in which we can conclude we are out of its influence; that even so, also, its reflection from the works of man should shine at every time and in every place. And that, although there are times and places wherein the smile upon the works of nature is more peculiarly radiant and intense than in others; still (as it is not wholly limited to such circumstances, but still beams in genial warmth at every moment, and from all things), so likewise I consider that, although there are certain occasions and circumstances in social life wherein the radiance of this chastened element is peculiarly warm and vivid, such brightness should not be exclusively contracted to such occasions, or beam exclusively from such objects, but, as in nature, shine more or less from all things, and thus, over all men, extend its genial influence.

I think it will be worthy of the consideration of all those who are interested in the influence of art upon social life to follow further and mark more closely the line of contrast between the employment of the element of beauty in nature and in human life.

In nature, as I said before, we find no object whatever where the elements of usefulness and beauty do not simultaneously and conjunctively exist. Now although it will be observed we here find some objects (such as flowers) where the intention of grace is, to us, more conspicuous, and seems consequently to occupy a more prominent position in the original idea than the intention of utility; and other objects wherein the intention of utility is more readily discernible by us than that of beauty, and seems in like manner to be the dominant portion of the original idea; still, we shall at the same time perceive that neither of these class of objects ever appears to us to totally lack the apparently more subordinate design.

But on turning to the works of human life, we cannot see in many cases a reflection of this peculiarity. For here we behold those objects (and even institutions) that are necessary and that are designated to produce directly useful results, to be totally graceless and repulsive through the absence of the complementary intention. And at the same time, on the other hand, we also see (in the response to the demands of that requirement of humanity for what is beautiful) attempted emendments of this quality equally repulsive, through the complete absence of the element of usefulness. For I employ the term usefulness in a more extended sense than is customary. I consider that that which imparts knowledge, that that which imparts feelings, however elevated and impalpable in essence, to be useful; and as I consider all true works of art impart more or less of such phenomena, so I deem that all true works of art contain the elements of utility. And who can tell how essential to the hidden progress of the moral world such a function as this that is occupied by art may be? Is it too much to say that, as of those objects in nature wherein the element of beauty is most conspicuous, we still cannot pronounce all their utility—we cannot tell how essential they are to the full efficacy of the material world—so too of those efforts of human genius wherein the element of beauty appears likewise to be most conspicuous, that we here also are still unable to pronounce all their importance, and how deeply needful they may be for the due fulfilment of the impenetrable cycle of the moral universe.

I must here, with regard to the contrast before remarked, except from any share in forming it, all those high and true works of art just referred to; for between them and their corresponding objects in nature, the parallel is unbroken. I must also extend this exception to those arrangements for usefulness in life that still betray the element of grace.

But, as I have before hinted, we may apply the truth-exposing test of this principle in nature to even the social condition of life, and in many cases discover the fatal contrast. For referring once more to this principle in nature, how [illegible] the functions of necessity and usefulness proceeds simultaneously with the exhibition of ornament; then turning our observation upon social life, we soon become conscious that here in many cases, the functions of necessity are carried on wholly unaided and ungraced by the ameliorating influence of beauty—carried on in secret and dismal departments, over which the curtain of domestic privacy hurriedly falls, to conceal the comfortlessness and deformity on one side; and at the same time to expose, on the other side, insipid and unnatural refinement, without meaning and without use, that renders social life tedious and uninteresting, and gives the character of falseness to society.

In regarding the peculiar relationship between nature and social life revealed in these considerations, it must not be supposed that, whilst comparing, in this respect, the condition of physical to social life, I expected to find in the latter the easily perceived, pervading consistency, as in the former.

I am aware that complex and profound as is the design of the physical universe, still we can penetrate so far, and discover such conditions existing in what of it that we can see, as to enable us to form some reasonable idea of the extent, meaning, and character of that which is (as regards any complete elucidation) truly beyond us. From the character of the curve of the known arc of the great circle of nature, we can, figuratively speaking, surmise the centre from which it emanated; and thus, knowing the conditions of its destiny, trace, in imagination, its stupendous revolution. But in moral nature in human history, life, and actions, much that we may discover—deep as we may penetrate—we still in our longest and intensest gaze, find that our sight is by far too limited, weak, and wavering—we find that it cannot grasp by far sufficient—we find that it does not command by far that breadth of range—as to behold the long and augmenting torment of human actions and sufferings fall into a definite process and betray a consistent meaning, thus describing that wondrous, undiscovered moral curve that, when eventually accomplished, must assuredly balance every one of them, and render these all harmonious. Though the human eye cannot discern the curve of earth, yet the mental one can perceive it. Though the mind cannot embrace the whole of the physical universe, yet the part immediately before its vision being bright and clear, it can faintly conceive the obscurer portion of the lunar orb of nature. But neither bodily eye nor mental eye, neither mind nor imagination, has as yet been able either to see or conceive the slightest bend in the ever-onward, overpowering tide of life; that long-looked-for consoling bend which, if we could behold, would reveal even to human reason the Centre and Creator from whom it emanated, who is striking unseen the stupendous circle, who is guiding it unerringly in its path through countless time, and bringing it gradually and surely to the harmony of eternity.

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For some time past, a gradual improvement has been visible in the architectural structures of this city, more particularly as developed in the warehouses of our merchant-princes. In nothing, however, we may confidently aver, has such a marked advance been achieved as in the edifice we now propose to describe. It may be questioned whether there was any public building in the provinces more generally known to the inhabitants of this country than the Manchester Free-Trade Hall. However, after answering the great purpose for which it was erected, and promoting many other objects of a useful and elevating tendency, its unostentatious walls were demolished. We may here record, as interesting in an historical point of view, that the old hall was completed, and the first great meeting held within its walls, on the 30th January 1843, Mr Mark Philips, the senior member for the borough, presiding. It was built by Messrs Bowden and Edwards, the dimensions being 135 feet by 105 feet, and the height 27 feet. The new building is erected by a joint-stock company in 3,500 £10 shares, realising a capital of £35,000; and in pursuance of a resolution unanimously passed at a meeting held in the League Rooms, on the 19th of July 1853. At a meeting held in the same place on the 27th of December following the directors made choice of the plans and designs for the building by Mr Edward Walters.

The site of the new fabric is the same as that occupied by the original hall, only somewhat extended. The plot is bounded on the north by Peter-street, to which it has a frontage of 65 yards; on the east by South-street, facing the Theatre Royal, having a measurement of 63½ yards; on the southern side by Windmill-street, along which it extends 68 yards 2½ feet. The area occupied by the building is 2,300 superficial yards.

The architect has disposed of the irregular site so as to secure not only a grand hall, of ample dimensions, suitable for the accommodation of large audiences, but also a spacious concert-room, assembly room, supper-room, etc., with the necessary ante-rooms. The old hall abutted immediately upon Peter-street, the platform being at the western end (next to the chapel). The new grand hall, however, occupies a different position, being placed considerably beyond the front of the building, and has one of its sides parallel to and adjoining Windmill-street, which ranges nearly east and west. The platform in the present hall is at the eastern end (next the Theatre Royal); consequently the speakers from it will look in the direction of the former platform. Beneath the concert room and drawing-room, in front of the building, there are on the ground-floor an arcade and gentlemen's waiting-rooms; over these a suite of ladies' waiting-rooms; and above the assembly and drawing-rooms are the supper and billiard rooms.

The whole of the basement is occupied by vaulted cellars. The part next Peter-street is intersected by walls, but the crypt of the grand hall is very spacious. The floor above it, giving an elevation to the cellaring of 16 feet, rests upon four rows of seven massive metal columns. As the floor of the grand hall is about 16 feet above the level of the street, the basement receives ample light from windows in Windmill-street, towards which are also the entrances.

The front, in Peter-street, rests upon nine arches, each about ten feet wide, supported by eight massive piers and the two terminal walls. Within this piazza (reached by a few steps) there is an open space, nine feet deep, the entire length of the frontage. The object subserved is not merely of an architectural character; it will also afford shelter, a necessary consideration in our humid atmosphere; and besides this, admit of the building being approached from the street at many points. On crossing the piazza through the central arch, the spacious entrance hall is reached, in front of which is a niche, which may be supplied with a bust or a statue. On each side is a massive Ionic column. Access to the floor of the ground-hall, 16 feet above the level of the street, is gained by two ample flights of steps. One to the left leads to a door at the side of the hall; the other, branching to the right, conducts to the corridor at the western end, whence there are three entrances to the area of the grand hall. The greater length of the site in the direction of South-street than in the line by the side of the chapel, leaves a considerable space between the concert room and the grand hall. This space is occupied by waiting rooms, which are available separately or conjointly in connection with the grand hall or the assembly room. Through the arches at this angle of the building is the staircase leading to the concert or assembly room, and to the supper room above it. At the lower end of Peter-street there is also a staircase, leading to the semicircular corridor surrounding the front of the gallery.

The assembly, or concert-room, occupies a position in front of the building over a suite of ladies' waiting rooms. In shape it resembles the grand hall, having one end semi-circular, in which there is a small gallery or orchestra, the front of which rests on two large columns reaching to the ceiling. The other end of the room is square, and toward South-street, with its side fronting to Peter-street. In length it is 70 feet, by 37 feet 6 inches, and 30 feet high, with neatly panelled ceiling. The western extremity of its southern side abuts upon the wall of the grand hall, but there is a gradual divergence, and in the space thus created there is an ante-room, and then a staircase leading down to the area of the grand hall. On a landing here there is a doorway to the hall, which entrance, although intended generally to be kept closed, will be opened whenever it is necessary to occupy the concert-room and its ante-rooms simultaneously with the grand hall. The concert-room extends about half the length of the Peter-street frontage, from which it receives light by four windows. It is calculated that this room will accommodate about six hundred persons. As already remarked, it has an independent staircase, through the eastern end of the arcade in Peter-street.

Upon the same level as the concert-room is a drawing-room, 40ft. 6in. by 14ft. In the north west angle is a commodious card-room. A portion of the space between this angle of the building and the side near the chapel, running from Peter-street, is of irregular form, having a segment cut out of its inner portion by the gallery corridor; one part of this is formed into a ladies' waiting-room. Next to it is the gallery staircase. The two corridors are semicircular, corresponding with the form of the western end of the grand hall, which they surround, and are eight feet wide. The lower one is reached by a staircase from the right of the entrance hall and has three openings into the front of the grand hall. The upper corridor is of similar form and dimensions, giving access to the gallery. The staircase conducting to this corridor is through the western end of the arcade in Peter-street. On a fourth level, in the front of the building, and over the concert, drawing, and card rooms, there is another suite of apartments. Immediately above the assembly room, and of equal dimensions, is the supper-room, 14ft. high, lighted from the roof. To the west of this, and over the drawing room, are waiting and ante-rooms, and also a billiard room. This abuts upon the upper part of the gallery corridor, and has a skylight in the ceiling. The intervening space between the upper room and the grand hall is occupied by the staircase and ante-rooms.

The following is the relative height of the several storeys:—Gentlemen's waiting-rooms, 10ft. 6in.; ladies' waiting-rooms, 12ft.; assembly or concert-room, &c., 28ft.; supper-room, 17ft. These (exclusive of the thickness of the floors) give a total height of 67ft. 6in. The total height of the front of the building is 75ft.

It is impossible to stand for a moment upon the platform of the magnificent hall—the principal and distinguishing feature of the whole fabric—without being deeply reminded of the serious inconvenience to which the inhabitants of this locality have been subjected for the last two years, owing to the want of a capacious assembly room. The length of the hall, from the semicircular end to the square of the opposite wall, is 123 feet; there is, however, in addition a recess (receiving part of the platform) 35 feet wide and 12 feet deep; including this, the length is 135 feet. It is 78 feet wide; and the height from the floor to the ceiling is 52 feet. Compared with the old hall the new hall is 24 feet narrower, but the more in length. The former was of course disproportionately wide. The total area is 1,[illegible]78 superficial yards, estimated (in the body of the hall) to afford accommodation for 3,156 persons. This is on a calculation of 1 ft. 8 in. for each person in width, and [illegible] ft. [illegible] in. for knee room. There is a slight sloping gallery continued along each side, and around the semicircular end. The sides of the gallery are thirteen feet deep, containing four rows of seats. The front is twenty-one feet deep, with an additional row of forms, and the whole is surrounded by an ample aisle. The gallery space is calculated at 468 square yards, and intended to seat 754 individuals. This number, with 3,156 for the area of the hall, gives accommodation for 3,910 persons, practically 4,000; and will afford standing room for an audience of at least 6,000. The gallery rests on 16 neat metal columns, placed considerably backward from the front. There are no other columns in the hall, the roof being self supporting. The position in which the gallery is placed in the room, cannot fail to convey a vivid impression of the judicious taste of the architect. It is, to our mind, a perfect antithesis to the Bradford St. George's Hall, in which the walls are crowded by two galleries, to which the hall itself appears to be quite subordinate. In the Free Trade Hall, the gallery is kept comparatively low, so that the audience in it and the area will seem almost identical. In looking at the gallery, the eye is apt to unite it to the side walls, and regard it as an ornamental stringcourse in the deep plinth or surbase of the hall. The gallery front is enriched with much taste. The lower member is a broad convex band of laurel leaves and berries. The front then recedes in a graceful curve, with floral enrichment. The walls above the gallery are very lofty, and has the monotony agreeably relieved by a variety of architectural and ornamental detail. The entire wall is disposed in a screen consisting of coupled engaged Doric columns, with entablatures and modillion cornices, between which are panels, surmounted by moulded archivolts, recessed, in which are introduced dolphins, in a large shell, supporting festoons of flowers, occupying the frieze of the entablature. The base upon which, in each case, the attached columns repose, extends from the dado at the rear of the gallery to a height of six or seven feet. This, when the room is empty, looks too deep, but the architect has arranged for appearance when the audience is present, who thus become an element in the architectural proportions. The ceiling is coved, and from the coupled columns spring a series of arches, cutting into the great sweep of the cove. Directly over the columns there continue through the cove broad and bold floral bands terminating with a shell. The ceiling is panelled and coffered. Along the centre there are five circular lights, each 13 feet diameter. The frames are iron (each weighing more than half a ton), and have been specially modelled, the outlines corresponding to the front of the gallery. The glass is frosted and partially stained. Light is also obtained through 17 openings in the cove. There are 17 panels, having in the centre of each a large hollow pendant flower. In these flowers are placed sun-lights, comprising some 60 burners in each. The heat from these is drawn by a flue to the centre, so as to prevent the flowers from being soiled, and the atmosphere from being vitiated. The artificial mode of lighting thus adopted is that introduced in the House of Lords with some improvements by Mr. Bradford, a local gas engineer. Over the gallery at the semicircular end, the wall which constitutes the front of the corridors is pierced, and from the openings project five balconies. These, while affording some accommodation, become an ornament to that part of the hall. The front of the gallery and ceiling, with portions of the walls, are harmoniously tinted with appropriate hues. Over the recess for the platform the royal arms are wrought in relief upon the cove. A neat screen is constructed at the front of the organ, flanked with painted drapery ornament, by Mr. Rose.

The internal decorations have been executed by Mr. Geo. Jackson, who has displayed much originality, and presented many novelties in detail, arising from the selection of a new class of type, from which the ornaments are conventionalised. We have thus a pleasing variety of effect, without any crudest interference with the recognised proportions of the best antique examples. The hall, though not so lofty as some of corresponding dimensions, looks anything but low; and we believe the aim of the architect was to construct a room on "sound" principles.

The building is of stone, and is in the Lombardo-Venetian style of Italian architecture. It presents a frontage in Peter-street 160 feet in length, and 75 feet high. The ground storey is occupied the whole length by a piazza in front, 9 feet deep. The piers (eight in number) are so massive as to satisfy the eye at a glance of their capability to support the superstructure. The impost caps, from which the arches spring bear sheaves of corn, so that as the spectator passes between the piers (each 10 feet apart) he is at once reminded of old associations, of many a thrilling speech, and glorious cheers and hearty clapping of the hands. And should he cast his glance a little higher, he will as distinctly read, in well sculptured trumpets and scrolls, "Monday Evening Concerts." The height of each pier to the spring of the arch, is 15ft. 6in., and to the soffit 20ft. 6in. This altitude has the advantage of giving light to a mezzanine story.

Besides the advantage of shelter, that of an amplitude of ingress and egress has been justly deemed a matter of great importance in a building appropriated to large assemblies. The spandrils of the arches are finely sculptured. In their centres are shields bearing the arms of neighbouring towns. The shields are enclosed in two floral branches—laurel and oak. The carving of the oak is deserving of notice, the leaves having all their natural crumples faithfully rendered. This portion of the work, and other sculptural parts of the front, have been executed by T. R. Williams of Lombard street, in this city. We may here remark that with the exception of the allegorical sculpture by Mr. Thomas, of London, in the arches over the windows, the entire works and decorations have been by local artists and artisans. The general appearance of the front extends some distance into South street, and here also the spandrils between the arches are similarly enriched.

A slightly projecting block cornice then divides the arcade from what appears externally as the second storey. This consists of nine windows, over the same arches, having enriched heads and pedestals. They light the assembly, drawing and card rooms, and are 6ft. 9in. by 13ft. high. At the bottom of each a balcony is formed by an open balustrade, and between each balcony a moulded plinth is formed. From these plinths rise coupled and engaged columns, with freely designed Ionic capitals, extending up the bays of the next storey. These support entablatures and cornices, over which spring moulded archivolts, with deep recesses, in which are introduced, well screened from the weather, a series of alto-relievos, designed and executed by Mr. John Thomas, of London. The sculpture thus enclosed by the archivolts over the heads of the nine windows, are emblematical of the general design of the building—Free Trade occupying a central position. Each recess has a large female figure in the centre, but all with different head-gear and other characteristics. As the emblem of free-trade occupies the position in the middle of the building, the countenances of the four figures nearest to the Theatre Royal are slightly turned down the street in that direction, while the corresponding four on the other side have their gaze up the street towards the presiding genius of free trade. Commencing with the one nearest to South street, we have the representation of the "Arts," the principal figure having for its accessories emblems of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, the lamp of science, &c. No. 2 typifies "Manufactures." The figure holds a distaff, and there are bales of goods, a locomotive engine, and a printing press. No. 3 indicates "Europe;" the figure is seated upon a horse, and holds the rod of Mercury, several vases, and the head of Minerva being visible. The fourth is illustrative of "Asia," the figure being seated on a camel, the cornucopia, prow of a vessel, and commodities thence imported, forming the accessories. No. 5, over the entrance, symbolises "Free Trade," and has a bold figure, looking directly in front, with arms extended, in token of readiness to receive the products of all nations. The right hand holds wheat-ears; ships appear to be arriving, and articles of commerce are in profusion. No. 6, "Africa;" the principal figure is seated on a lion, and holds an elephant's tusk. The seventh is "America," apparently a red Indian, with head-gear of feathers, and wearing moccasins, seated on a buffalo; cotton and the tobacco plant predominate. No. 8 is "Agriculture;" the presiding figure holds a spade; and around are a plough, an ox, a lamb, fruit, &c. The ninth is representative of "Commerce," in which a vessel, of ancient form, is being steered by the presiding genius. In the inner portion of the spandrils are introduced the lyre and other musical instruments indicative of one of the elevating objects which the hall is destined to subserve. Over these are wreaths of boldly cut oak leaves, each enclosing a circular block of polished Aberdeen granite. This imparts a pleasant feature of "beauty without paint," and admirably breaks the monotonous colour of the stonework. An architrave over the arches then forms a break, and above it is a deep frieze, ornamented with medallions, festoons, and drops of flowers. The cornice is remarkably bold, and is surmounted by a balustrade, in the centre of which are the words "Free Trade Hall." The rich façade produced by these combinations is enclosed between broad piers at each extremity of the front, and these give to it an air of dignity and repose often visibly wanting in the highly decorated fronts of some of the London club-houses.

Whether viewed externally as an architectural composition, or internally as affording a large amount of general convenience, we think the building will not fail to add to the fame which Mr. Walters has thereby attained. The decorative taste of Mr. Jackson will meet the eye at many points; and, perhaps, at none without affording pleasure. The whole of the works have been under the management of Mr. Harrap, the contractor, and seem to be completed in a most substantial and creditable manner. The mason is Mr. S. Hollins, and Messrs. Ward and Co., the plasterers and painters, whose work is highly creditable to them. The heating apparatus which is very elaborate, is fitted up by Mr. Robert Harlow, of Stockport.

It is to be hoped that the proprietors will realise a degree of success commensurate with the enterprise they have displayed, resulting alike in an ornament to the city, and a great convenience to its inhabitants.

ASHTON.—Dr. Mark and his little men have been visiting Ashton, and have had crowded houses. During the past week a testimonial has been got up in the town, and signed by upwards of ninety of the inhabitants. Most of the officers of the 3rd regiment of the Italian Legion, now stationed there, including the colonel and lieutenant, have signed the memorial.

BUCHAREST.—A large and magnificent theatre has been built here within the last few years, which cost the province upwards of £75,000, exclusive of timber furnished by the forests of the state to the extent of some £30,000 more, and of serf labour abundantly supplied.

LETTERS ON MUSIC IN GERMANY.

(From the Musical Critic of the "Morning Post.")

No. VI.

Salzburg, September 10.

Salzburg improves upon acquaintance. With clear sunlight sparkling upon the snow-crowned mountains, and in the merrily-bounding wavelets of the Salzach, it is indeed beautiful. Whilst telling you the other day of the most interesting buildings of the place, I should have mentioned the house of Paracelsus, which stands beside the Zur Goldnen Traube hotel, near the great bridge. It is distinguished by his portrait, which is doubtless intended to represent a man with a long nose (he was a Salzburger of course) and a wise expression. Underneath it is the following inscription:—"*Philippus Theophrastus Paracelsus qui in hac domo habitavit et mortuus est* 1541." His tombstone is in a chapel of St. Sebastian Church. The Benedictine Church on the Nuns Mountain, which takes its name from the old nuns cloister which stands upon it, is a most remarkable edifice, if only for its extraordinary antiquity. Nobody seems to know precisely when it was built, or by whom, but it is certain that the painted glass windows—perfect curiosities in their way—are of the year 1840. The Marstall and Riding-school, with its three spacious galleries hewn out of the solid rock, is also a most interesting object, and cannot fail to strike the stranger by its boldness and originality of design, and the skill with which it has been executed. In the Lyceum is a very rich collection of Roman antiquities, consisting of statues, coins, &c., discovered in and about Salzburg. But for the invasion of the Goths and Huns, who destroyed every work of art they could lay their hands upon, this town would probably boast one of the most extensive collections of Roman remains, for it is well known that Salzburg (Juvavium) was, under Septimus Severus, a first-class imperial military colony. The bravery of its inhabitants, to which Tacitus partly alludes when he speaks of the "Noricorum juventus armis assueta," and the "inclyta cohors Tauriscorum," raised them high in the estimation of the warlike Romans, and gave great importance to the colony. Even so recently as 1816, many statues, urns, pedestals, coins, &c., were discovered in the suburbs of Stein, where formerly a Roman cemetery doubtless existed. It is also very reasonably conjectured that many other valuable relics may yet be found. The noble palace of Mirabella, of which I have spoken on a former occasion, was built by an archbishop of Salzburg for a fair lady—"Honi soit qui mal y pense," but it is not my fault if history says that a great dignitary of the church of Rome had a sweetheart, and gave her a palace to live in. For some years past the Mirabella has been uninhabited except by some members of the imperial family who might be passing through Salzburg. Its spacious saloons are, however, occasionally used for grand concerts, as, for instance, they now are.

In the first grand concert, of which I have already spoken, were many fine performances worthy of a longer notice than I have yet been able to give. The Munich royal orchestra, with numerous auxiliaries from all parts of Germany, was most admirable. The "Sinfonia Concertante" for violin and viola, with orchestral accompaniments, performed last season in London by Messrs. Sainton and Blagrove, at one of the New Philharmonic concerts, was one of the most interesting because the least familiar pieces in the programme. It belongs, in fact, to the posthumous works recently published by Herr André, of Offenbach. The "Concertante" is supposed to have been composed between the years 1776 and 1780 (a rather wide space), but Mozart's German biographers are uncertain as to the precise date. One thing, however, is sure—it is one of the master's most remarkable works and in the treatment of the solo instruments, no less than in the instrumentation, bears internal evidence of an experienced hand, and unquestionably belongs to an advanced period of his brief career. It is in the usual three-movement (concerto) form, and its character rather symphonic and polyphonous, than in the so-called "brilliant" homophonous style in which everything is rendered subservient to one predominant melody and individual display. Still the leading instruments stand out sufficiently from the rest to vindicate the author's professed purpose and legitimise the title he has chosen. The concertante is in E flat, but the viola part is written in D that the instrument may be tuned half a note higher than the ordinary pitch to facilitate the fingering, and impart greater brilliancy to the tone. It was generally supposed that this proceeding was quite modern—employed first, indeed, by Paganini, and subsequently imitated by De Beriot—and others—but it plainly appears here that Mozart was before-hand with the great Italian violinist. The only objections which can possibly be raised against this masterly composition are the too frequent repetition of the same phrases by the violin and viola, and the somewhat prodigal employment of thirds and sixths between the concertante instruments, which certainly imparts an air of monotony, not to say insipidity, to some portions of the score. It appears at times that what the violin says the viola will swear to, and we are not unfrequently reminded of Levasseur's inimitable dialogue song, nearly every second line of which is "Grenadier! vous avez raison!" The concertante was very finely performed, but not a whit better than by our two eminent London professors.

Herr Lauter Bach (who, however, gave us *leader* Mozart) played the principal violin part, and Herr Mittermeier the viola. Both these artists are excellent specimens of the German school of violin playing, though the latter is perhaps open to the reproach of coldness. The concertante (which was delightfully accompanied under the direction of Herr Franz Lachner) elicited enthusiastic applause.

As our New Philharmonic directors (who are almost always in advance of other societies with respect to novelties) have introduced the "Concertante" to the British public, why not give next season the "Concertone," composed in 1773—an at least equally important work and I believe quite unknown in England? I shall have something more to say by-and-bye with reference to this interesting subject, and other remarkable features in the concert at the Aula Academica, but must cease for the present, to save the post.

Jenny Lind.—The following letter from Madme. Goldschmidt to the Rev. F. Saffery, who had sent her a copy of Mrs. Opie's "Life, by Miss Brightwell," will be read with deep interest, especially by those who desire that extraordinary gifts may be consecrated to the highest service:—"Dear sir—Allow me to thank you most sincerely for your very kind letter, which I received together with Miss Brightwell's book, at Plymouth. I would instantly have sent you a few lines, but I could not find time to do so. I do not know why you write such kind words to me. I am nothing in my own eyes, and feel so deeply the sinfulness of my poor nature; but nevertheless kind words are very encouraging when they come from sincere lips, and I therefore put yours into the same golden casket where all other kind words are preserved that I have received in life—I mean a pure bright memory of the soul! I thank the book of Mrs. Opie very sweet and interesting. It does its authoress—or, in fact, its two authoresses—great honour. Dear Mrs. Opie, she had to go through all the same struggles as I—as every one of us has to endure from the moment that the sinfulness of our heart stands in all its realisedness before us, and the love of Christ forces us to wish for nothing more than acceptance into the gates of heaven! I remember to have seen Mrs. Opie (in her quiet friendly dress) at the house of the Lord Bishop of Norwich. And how right you are, dear sir, when you believe that anything or any person known by that worthy prelate has the more value to me. Yes, Lord (Bishop) Stanley was more than kind to me, and I shall never forget his sweet benevolent expression. Forgive me for venturing to write such a long letter, although I by no means am mighty in your language; but I hope that the feeling that dictated my words will give pardon for my presumption to write thus. Once more, dear sir, accept my sincere thanks for your two gifts, and may God bless your labours, and give you the power of leading many souls to the clear spring of pure water.

I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely,
Jenny Goldschmidt
(born Lind)."

THE LIFE & CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN

BY DR HEINRICH DÖRING

(Translated from the German for Dwight's Journal.)

(Continued from p. 631.)

Beethoven's contentedness with his condition, and the cheerful mood dependent on it, were, as we have already said, darkened by his uncertain state of health, especially by his increased hardness of hearing, which ended finally in total deafness. He wrote about it in the above-mentioned letter: "That envious demon, my poor health, has thrown a bad stone in my way—to wit, my hearing for the past three years has grown continually weaker; and for this infirmity the first cause must have been furnished by my abdominal troubles, which you know are of long standing, but have here become so much worse that I have been constantly afflicted with diarrhœa and a consequent extraordinary weakness. My physician Dr Frank wanted to restore tone to my body by strengthening medicine, and to my hearing by almond oil. But *prosit* (much good may it do!). Nothing came of that. My hearing became worse and worse, and the other trouble still remained. This lasted till last autumn, when I was many times in a state of despair. Then one medical asinus prescribed to me the cold bath, and a more cautious one the usual lukewarm Danube bath. That did wonders; my bowels were better, my deafness remained, or grew still worse. This winter again it went wretchedly with me. I had frightful attacks of colic, and I again relapsed into my former condition. And so I remained until about four weeks ago, when I went to Dr Vering of the medical staff, because I thought that such a case required at once a surgeon; besides, I had always had confidence in him. He succeeded in almost entirely checking the violent diarrhœa. He ordered me the tepid Danube bath, into which I had to pour each time a little flask of strengthening matters, and gave me no medicine except four days ago some pills for the stomach, and some tea for the ear; and I can now say I feel myself stronger and better. Only my ears, they hum and roar all day and night long. I must say, I pass my life miserably. For two years I have avoided nearly all society, because it is not possible for me to say to people: I am deaf. Had I any other profession I might get on better; but in my profession it is a dreadful situation. And then my enemies, whose number is not small, what will they say to it!

"To give you an idea of this wonderful deafness let me tell you that I am obliged in the theatre to lean close against the orchestra to understand the players. The high tones of instruments, voices, when I am any ways off, I do not hear. In conversation it is to be wondered that there are people who never have remarked it. As I was often absent-minded they set it down to that. Frequently too I scarcely hear a person talking in a low voice—the tones, to be sure, but not the words; and yet, as soon as one screams, it is unendurable to me. Heaven knows what will come of it. Vering says it will certainly become better, if not entirely well. Already often have I cursed my existence. Plutarch has brought me back to resignation. I will, if possible, defy my fate, although there will be moments of my life when I shall be the most unhappy creature on God's earth. I beg you say nothing to any one of my condition. Only as a secret do I confide it to you. Should my present state continue, I will come next spring to you; you can hire me a house in some pleasant place in the country, and then I will become a peasant for half-a-year. Perhaps that will effect a change. Resignation! what a wretched resource! and yet that is all that there is left me."

Of an earlier mentioned friend of his youth in the time of his life in Bonn, Beethoven wrote: "Stephen Breuning is now here in Vienna, and we are together almost daily. It does me so much good to call up the old feelings again. He has really become a good and noble youth, who knows a little, and has his heart, as we all have more or less, in the right spot. I have very beautiful lodgings now, which look out upon the ramparts and are of double value for my health. I think I shall make it possible to have Breuning come to me. Your love of art rejoices me much. Only write me how it can be done, and I will send you all my works, which now amount to quite a pretty number which is increasing day by day. In return for the portrait of my grandfather, which I beg you to send me as soon as possible by the post-waggon, I send you here the portrait of his descendant, your ever kind and heartily loving Beethoven, which has been published here by Artaria, who has often asked me for it. I will write immediately to Cristoph Breuning and read him a bit of a lecture on account of his peevish humours. I will scream the old friendship right into his ear. Never have I forgotten one among you, ye dear and good ones, although I have not let you hear from me. But you know writing never was my forte. Even my best friends have not for years long received any letter from me. I live only in my notes, and one is scarcely down before another is begun. As I now write, I often make three or four things at the same time. Write to me oftener now. I will take care that I find time to write to you sometimes. One word of Ries, to whom my hearty greeting. As regards Ries, I will soon write you, although I believe Paris is a better place than Vienna for him to make his fortune in. Vienna is overrun with people, and even the best merit finds it hard to sustain itself. Until the autumn or the winter I will see what I can do for him, for then everybody hurries back to the city again."

Beethoven had found a patron and an active furtherer of his talent in the first period of his Vienna life in the Prince Lichnowsky mentioned in a foregoing letter, who had received him into his house, where he had remained till near the year 1800, alternating however with the country. The prince was a great friend and connoisseur of music. He played the piano, and studied diligently Beethoven's works, which he performed with more or less skill, and sought to prove to the young artist, whose attention was often called to the difficulties of his compositions, that he had no need to change anything in his manner of writing. Every Friday morning the Prince had music at his house. Besides four salaried musicians, Beethoven too was present, who willingly listened to the remarks of these gentlemen; as for instance, once when the celebrated violoncellist, Kraft, suggested to him to mark a passage of the third Trio of a symphony composed by him with *sulla corda G*, and in the second part of this Trio to change the 4-4 time, with which Beethoven had marked the finale, into 2-4 time. Beethoven's new compositions were always performed for the first time, so far as they were suitable for that, in the house of Prince Lichnowsky. Several great musical artists were generally present. There too was where Beethoven played over to the famous Haydn the three Sonatas, which he dedicated to him. It is related that Beethoven was there one day invited by the Count Appony to compose a Quartet for a stipulated sum. Thus far he had produced nothing in that form. Repeatedly reminded by his friends of this commission, he at length set himself to work. The first attempt, however, resulted in a grand violin Trio, the second in a violin Quintet. In the house of Prince Lichnowsky, too, a Hungarian Count once laid before him a difficult composition by Bach, in manuscript, which he performed with great readiness at sight. A musician by the name of Förster brought him one day a Quartet, which he had only copied out that morning. In the second part of the first movement the violoncellist got out. Beethoven stood up, and while he kept on playing his part, he sang the bass accompaniment. To a friend, who expressed his wonder at his thorough knowledge, he said, smiling: "So the bass part had to be, else the author understood nothing of composition." Whereupon the latter remarked that he had played the Presto, which he never saw before, so fast that it would have been impossible to see the single notes. "That is not necessary," replied Beethoven. "If you read rapidly, a multitude of misprints may occur; you do not see nor heed them if you only know the language."

So far Beethoven had progressed in his musical culture through the fundamental instruction which, as before mentioned, he owed to the contrapuntist, Albrechtsberger and to Haydn, after the return of that great master from England. His fame as a composer had been established in a few years through a succession of works, which did equal honour to the teachers and the scholar. To Vienna, which had been so far to his mind, he found himself tied for ever after the death of the Elector Max

France in 1801. He could not count with certainty on a support in his native city Bonn, even if he had longed to go there. He had ceased to be anxious about the means of subsistence. He had acquired so considerable a fame as a composer that he could sell his compositions to the music-dealers at high prices.

Beethoven loved best to compose in the open air, in the midst of nature, which had always from his boyhood had great charm for him. There he could give himself up undisturbed to his ideas. He fixed them upon paper at once, and went on working upon them by the way and after his return home. We have before mentioned that he was quite as great a pianist as he was composer. His virtuosity in the overcoming of great difficulties was wonderful. His most splendid exhibition of himself was in free fantasias. His musical delivery, if not always equally tender, was yet always brilliant. There he possessed an uncommon facility not only in varying a given theme with the fingers, but in really working it up. In this respect he came the nearest to Mozart, perhaps of all the modern musicians.

With his rich earnings of this time, he might (which was not always the case) have lived free from care. Brought up in straitened circumstances, and constantly kept, if only by his friends, under a sort of guardianship, Beethoven never knew the worth of money, and was anything but economical. Of this he gave a proof while he still lived in the house of Prince Lichnowsky. The dinner table was set at four o'clock. Beethoven held it an infringement of his liberty, a burthensome constraint, against which his nature rebelled, to appear there at that time. "There I must be at home every day at half past three," said he to a friend, "dress myself better, attend to my beard, &c., &c. It is more than I can bear." The result was, that he often went to a restaurant, where, as in all economical matters, he fared badly, since he neither understood the value of the articles nor that of money.

The peculiar sensitiveness of his character was in striking contrast with his ideal liberality, by which he often precipitated himself into all sorts of cares and quandaries. This led him into manifold misunderstandings with his patron, Prince Lichnowsky, so long as he was an inmate of his house, and with other friends, although they were for the most part soon healed over. When the first ebullition of rage was past, he lent a willing ear to rational suggestions and his heart was speedily inclined again to reconciliation. The consequence was, that in such times he begged pardon for far more wrong than he had done. One day he wrote as follows to a friend living in the same city with him: "In what a hideous light you have shown me to myself! O, I see it, I do not deserve your friendship! It was no consciously premeditated wickedness in me which made me treat you so; it was my unpardonable thoughtlessness." Beethoven closed the somewhat lengthy letter, full of the bitterest self-reproaches, with the words: "But no more! I will come to you myself and throw myself into your arms, and beg for the lost friend, and you will give yourself back to me, the repentant, loving thee, never *forgetting* thee Beethoven."

This irritability was partly a consequence of the gloomy humour into which he was brought by the weaker and weaker condition of his health. He had been obliged, in obedience to medical advice, to submit to the application of the bark of *Daphne Mezereum*. About this and his physical sufferings, as well as about the remedies which had proved so fruitless, he speaks particularly in a letter written at Vienna, on the 16th of November, 1801, to his friend Wegeler:

"You wish to know how I am and what I take. Little as I like to talk about the matter, I most gladly do so with you. Vering for some months past has ordered blisters continually applied to both arms, consisting as you know of a certain bark. This is an extremely disagreeable cure, since it robs me always of the free use of my arms for a couple of days, until the bark has drawn sufficiently, not to speak of the pain. It is true, I cannot deny it, the humming and roaring is somewhat weaker than formerly, especially in the left ear, with which my difficulty first commenced. But my hearing is not at all improved. I dare not determine whether it has not rather become worse. With my abdomen it goes better, especially when I use the lukewarm bath for some days, I find myself for eight or ten days tolerably well. I seldom take anything strengthening for the stomach. Of plunge baths Vering will not hear. On the whole I am very much dissatisfied with him. He has too little care and consideration for such an infirmity. If I had not first gone to him, and that too with much difficulty, I would never see him. What think you of Prof. Schmidt? I do not like to change, but it seems to me Vering is too much a man of practical routine, to get hold of many new ideas through reading. Schmidt seems to me in this regard a wholly different man and perhaps would not be so careless. They relate wonders of galvanism. What do you say to that? A physician told me he had seen a deaf and dumb child restored to hearing in Berlin, and also a man who had been deaf for seven years."

Only for moments did a more tranquil mood return to him, soon snatched from him by a glance into comfortless future. Weaker and weaker grew the hope to him of ever finding a complete relief, and he saw many of his darling plans thus thwarted. In this mood he wrote in the letter just referred to: "I am living somewhat more pleasantly again. You can scarcely believe how drearily, how sadly I have passed my life these last two years. Everywhere my weak hearing haunts me like a spectre. I fled from men, had to appear a misanthrope and am in fact so little so. This change has been brought about by a dear enchanting maiden, whom I love and who loves me. For the first time these two years I have again some happy moments, and it is the first time that I could feel marriage could make me happy. That cannot be at present. I must knock about still farther in the world. Were it not for my hearing, I should long since have travelled over half the world, and that I must do. For me there is no greater satisfaction than to pursue and show my art. Do not believe that I should be happy with you in Bonn. What should make me happier? Even your solicitude would sadden me; every moment I should read the sympathy upon your faces, and should only feel myself the more unhappy. Those beautiful scenes of my fatherland, what was vouchsafed to me in them? Nothing but the hope of a better condition. It would be mine but for this calamity. O, I would embrace the world were I but free from this! My youth, I feel it, but begins from now. Was I not always a dried-up man? My corporeal strength for some time since grown more than ever and so too my spiritual energies. Every day I attain nearer to the goal, which I feel, but cannot describe. Only in this can thy Beethoven live. Not a word about rest! I know of none but sleep, and it vexes me enough that I must give more to that than formerly. Once free but half delivery from my trouble, and then, as the completed, ripe man, I will come to you and renew the old feeling of friendship. You must see me happy, as it is allotted me to be here below, and not unhappy. No—that I could not endure. I will clutch hold of the wheel of Fate; surely it shall never bow me down entirely. Oh, it is so beautiful to live one's life a thousand times. I feel I am not made for a still life."

Almost equally as by his own condition was he troubled about the welfare of his early friend, Stephen von Breuning, living in Vienna. "The life here," he wrote, "involves too many fatigues for his health. Besides, he leads such an isolated life that I really do not see how he could improve. You know how it is here. I will not say that society would impair his relaxation. One cannot persuade him to go anywhere. I had music at my rooms a short time since, but our friend Stephen stayed away." In that Beethoven found all the more proof of his friend's melancholy, since Stephen von Breuning was an amateur who had made himself an excellent violinist, and had sometimes played in the electoral chapel at Bonn. He seldom enjoyed uninterrupted contentment, owing doubtless in a great degree to his active labours, which he kept up incessantly until his death in June 1827.

(To be continued.)

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.—"It was," said Lamartine, "the fire-water of the Revolution, which instilled into the senses and the soul of the people the intoxication of battle." The "Marseillaise Hymn" is the French Revolution set to music; and although there may be some sacrifice of sense to sound in the sentence, it is in the main true. Its author, Rouget de Lisle, was an officer in a corps of French Engineers, stationed at Strasburg in 1792. He was born amid the mountains that hem in Lons le Saulnier in the Jura, and amused himself and his soldier companions by composing and singing love ditties during the leisure of garrison life. He is said to have composed quite a number of songs, but the fame of the Marseillaise has entirely obscured his other productions. It is quite clear that no musical composition of any age has had so much influence over the minds of men as this hymn of De Lisle. In a week it had spread throughout France, kindling the most intense enthusiasm in every heart. The political club at Marseilles, by resolution, adopted it to be sung at the opening and close of their sessions, and named it after their city. Its author became obnoxious to the government, and was obliged to escape in disguise from the land of his birth. France was jubilant with the soul stirring anthem. It is like [illegible] sunlight to criticise this famous hymn. Musically its proportions are faultless as its words are glowing and spirited. It has fulness, rotundity, rhythm, ascent, progress, culmination, all in perfection.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, October 11th, 1856.

AMATEURS in the provinces will soon be as *au fait* in operatic music as amateurs in London. The rapid communication by railway between the metropolitan and county towns, and the *tours* inaugurated by enterprising managers and publishers, threaten to undermine if not altogether annihilate the *prestige* of the Opera. The names of Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and other stars of the first magnitude, are no longer halos surrounding an unknown glory and myths to rustic understandings. Their features have become as familiar and their performances as patent to criticism in Cork, Manchester, or Glasgow as in the capital. Time was, when such celebrities remained utterly unrevealed to the provincial crowd, and indeed seldom appeared out of London except in concert-rooms, when the prices of admission were exorbitant. Signor De Begnis, we believe, was the first—at least he was one of the first—who traversed the three kingdoms with a regularly organised itinerant operatic *troupe*, and transferred some of the performances of Her Majesty's Theatre to provincial cities and places. He however did not take with him the *élite* of the opera company, and had but one great artist—Donzelli—whose name had not then been sufficiently spread abroad to render him a great attraction. The successors of Signor De Begnis now-a-days know better. They fly their hawks at the highest quarry, and relinquish the smaller prey to the laggards of speculation. No less than the most renowned singers are pounced upon—Grisi, Piccolomini, Bosio, Alboni, Mario—and hurried off to the provinces to make the fortunes of the undertakers and double their own salaries. The doors of the theatres in doubtful localities are thrown open, and the boxes filled with simmering misses and obtuse bumpkins, and they who never listened to music beyond a country dance, a ditty, plain-song, or huntsman's "chevy," are now admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of science and art, and called upon to pronounce judgment on Rossini and Mario, [illegible] and Bellini, Piccolomini and Verdi. At the same time, the galleries perspire with greasy Dicks and brawling Jacks, who are not quite so appreciative nor so reverend in their attention as the lovers of opera might desire. The misses, bumpkins, and chaw-bacons all depart from the performance terribly bored, inwardly confessing that they preferred Mr Charles Mathews, or "that Wright," in a roaring farce.

But the end has been gained. A strange entertainment, backed by names of European renown cannot fail to attract even in Kidderminster or Wath, and so speculator and artists feed fat on the credulity and curiosity of Bob and Joan. Such is the history in little of art-speculation in the country. The large provincial towns and cities constitute no exception, but even they took some time to enrol themselves among the initiated.

As if sufficient had not been done in the provinces to imperil the *prestige* of the Opera—by which is understood in lofty circles, a reservation from the vulgar throng, and a monopoly in favour of rank and fashion—the manager of one of the Operas, and one of the most indefatigable and energetic of speculators, have severally announced operatic performances at Her Majesty's Theatre and Drury Lane. On the 23rd and 25th of the current month Madlle. Piccolomini will appear at the former establishment in *Don Pasquale* and *La Traviata*, while the Grisi-Mario-Gassier party in the same week will commence a series of representations at Drury Lane. To the Londoner, of course this is welcome news—delightful news. The metropolitan heart must needs bound with exultation at the prospect of beholding the gorgeous Grisi, the exhilarating and tear-drowning Piccolomini, the tender and mellifluous Mario, the florid Gassier. This is all very well and proper, so far as it concerns the [illegible]-dweller in London at the present moment, who, mollusca like, is riveted to his place and cannot move. But what will the subscribers to Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera think? What will they say? How will the news affect the Countess-Dowager of Haulfernself, who has her winter residence in the Midland Counties, and rents Box No. 000 on the first tier, or the Duchess of Ortolan of Presumption Castle in the north, who has her box within three of the Queen's? Will they be pleased that their new-fledged darling, la Contessa Marietta Piccolomini, has been exhibited throughout the length and breadth of England to country boors, and made as "common as the stairs to the Capitol," or that the theatre of their predilection should unbar its bolts out of the dog-days, and their satined *loges* be invaded by town *canaille* and unseasonable pretenders at reduced prices? We are not by any means desirous of originating a civil war between the courtly and munificent manager of Her Majesty's Theatre and his lordly and ladily subscribers. We fear, however, in a politic light, he is in the wrong, and would forewarn him. If the subscribers show no discontent, express no disapprobation and offer no opposition, why should we growl? However much Art may suffer, it is our duty, having had our say, to relapse into silence—for the nonce—satisfied that the manager will reimburse his conscience by the possession of a round sum. And so *vivat* La Piccolomini, *vivat speculatio*, *vivat pecunia*, *vivant omnia*.

In sober phraseology, as far as *prestige* and fashion are concerned, the Italian opera and its artists have for some years past been made too common, and the aristocracy, always accounted its main if not its sole, supporters, have some reason to feel offended. We are not now arguing as to whether monopoly in our great lyric theatres be right or wrong. We only "show cause" as the lawyers phrase it. He that wears his holiday costume every day when Sunday comes will feel at a loss for a change; and perhaps the Opera is too costly as well as *recherché* to be used frequently. Another argument may be brought to bear against the too great familiarisation of the Opera and its interpreters. The singers will be taxed beyond their powers. Take, for instance, the career of Grisi and Mario from their first appearance at the Lyceum Theatre in the spring up to the present time. At the close of the season—a heavy one for the two accomplished vocalists, seeing that upon their shoulders was thrown the principal support of the establishment—they were hurried off to the provinces, and have had hardly one day's repose since. This of itself is severe enough upon a class of artists who are proverbially susceptible to complaints from changes of temperature and climate; but, when it is added that the journeying from one place to another not seldom amounts to one thousand miles in the week, the risk they encounter from vocal exertion and the fatigues of travelling will be readily acknowledged. Formerly at the end of the London season, artists were accustomed to retire to the Continent, to recruit their strength with rest and seclusion. To "make hay while the sun shines" seems to be the motto of modern artists, who accordingly fly all over the country at the beck of manager or publisher, and sing and act as if lung and limb were incapable of loss or decay.

On the other hand, what is loss and pain to the aristocracy may prove acquisition and pleasure to the middle classes. The dissemination of music—even operatic music, though by no means the fittest to educate the masses—cannot fail to bring with it taste and refinement, and excite a softening influence, perhaps, beyond the operation of any other art. The London manager moreover will be compelled, even to a greater degree than heretofore, to study completeness and magnificence in the productions at the Italian house, so as to preclude the possibility of competition out of the metropolis, and thus keep up the shadow of *prestige* if not the substance. There is good on both sides of the question. To give any decided opinion one way or the other would be to proclaim ourselves aristocrats or radicals, and so mortally offend a moiety of our subscribers. We shall refrain from any such acknowledgment until we see more urgent reasons than we do at present.

ORGAN.

By way of "*pendant*," as the *Athenæum* would say, to our notice of last week, we have the satisfaction to inform our readers that the "gentlemen of Leeds"—or, at least, that part of them who constitute the municipal force of the town—have voted the expenditure of £6000 for the erection of an organ in their Town Hall; and, as may be easily inferred from its price, it is intended to be a "big organ" into the bargain. We can only congratulate the people of Leeds on their good sense and taste. It is difficult to see what very practical use can be made of so vast a hall as theirs, unless as a music-room; and it is equally difficult to understand how a large music-room can be made at all times available—especially in the north of England, where choral so greatly preponderates over instrumental strength—unless it contain an organ of proportionate capabilities.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I see by the various public papers that the Sacred Harmonic Society has recommenced its operations. But not, I hope, upon the old plan of having the *Messiah* and *Elijah* almost all the season, giving the *Creation* once or twice by way of a change. Surely Handel wrote *Saul*, *Deborah*, *Joseph*, *Hercules*, *Athalia*, and many other oratorios which the musical public wishes to hear, and I think have almost a right to demand from such a society. Again, where are Spohr's oratorios? Surely a couple of nights during the season might be given to them.

Will you do me the favour just to whisper in the ears of the Sacred Harmonic directors that this season the musical public expect to hear two or three oratorios with which they are not quite so familiar, and that one night each for the *Messiah* and *Elijah* will be sufficient.

Yours obediently, PEDALE.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET has arrived in London for the season.

THE BOOSEY TROUPE, consisting of Madame Endersohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Balfe, vocalists, and Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr George Case, instrumentalists, gave the first concert of their *tournée* on Monday at Canterbury, and performed at Herr Kuhe's concert at Brighton on Tuesday. Of the latter we extract an account in a condensed form from the *Brighton Gazette* of Tuesday:—"We have rarely heard," writes our excellent and shrewd contemporary, "solos even from the most eminent singers of the day that gave so much satisfaction. Madame Endersohn sang Frank Mori's song, 'The Vivandière,' with sweetness of tone and purity of expression. Her voice appears fresher than ever. Miss Fanny Huddart selected the aria, 'Nobil signor,' from the *Huguenots*, but it was too much for her. She requires more experience. Mr Sims Reeves was heard to great advantage in 'Spirto gentil,' in which he approached nearer to Mario than any singer we ever heard, and leaves all our other English tenors far behind. There is a delightful sweetness in the softer parts of his voice, which was heard to great advantage in the large room at the Town Hall, and his chest voice has certainly acquired more power. Mr Reeves was deservedly encored in Balfe's 'Good night, beloved.' In the instrumental department we had the pleasure of hearing Miss Arabella Goddard, whose fame as a pianist has travelled all over the continent of Europe, and we find this young artiste recently returned to England not only with honours thick about her, but improved in her art, and it was quite a treat to hear her play a duet with Herr Kuhe on airs from *L'Etoile du Nord*. The clearness with which the notes were brought out, and the execution and refined taste displayed throughout, rendered the performance highly interesting. Miss Arabella Goddard undertook, we believe, at night, in consequence of the unavoidable absence of one of the male performers, to play his part in a MS. quartett for four pianos, was performed by the lady herself, Mr F. B. Jewson, Herr Kuhe, and M. de Paris. Herr Kuhe played a solo in which he showed his lightness and elegance of touch." The concert attracted a numerous and brilliant assemblage of the rank and fashion of Brighton.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last Monday evening terminated the summer season of the above Society, at which four concerts have been given—July 7th, "Spring and Summer," from Haydn's *Seasons*, with Mozart's 12th Service; August 11th, Spohr's *Judgment*, with Beethoven's *Engedi*, or, *Mount of Olives*; September 1st, Handel's *Joshua*, preceded by Dr Elvey's anthem "In that day;" October 6th, Handel's *Saul*. All have been given in the lower hall, Exeter Hall, the above works unfortunately not being now sufficiently attractive to pay the expenses requisite to be incurred to give them on a large scale. The principal vocalists on Monday evening were the Misses Wells, Miss E. Hughes, Mr Dyson, Mr Wallworth, and Mr Lawler. The Misses Wells were encored in the duet "O fairest of ten thousand fair," and the band, led by Mr H. Blagrove, had to repeat the Dead March. Mr Surman conducted, and thanked the subscribers for the support they had given the new undertaking, and announced to the company present that the concerts for the winter season would commence in the large hall in December.

LEEDS.—The new species of entertainment called "Opera Recitals," originated by Messrs Beale and Co. of London, was inaugurated—if so strong a term may be applied thereto—at the Music Hall on Thursday evening week, under the direction of Signor La Calce. The principal vocalists were Madame Grisi, Madlle. Bellosio, and Madame Gassier; Signors Mario, Lorini, Albicini, and Rocco, and M. Gassier. The programme included selections from *Norma* and *Don Pasquale*; Madame Grisi singing in the former the recitative "Sediziose voci," and the aria "Casta Diva." The selections were much too long for a concert-room, and were unnecessarily protracted by delays between the parts of *Don Pasquale*, and created a feeling of weariness. The chorus was strengthened by the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society.—The Recreation Society resumed its customary cheap winter concerts, on Saturday evening week, in the Music Hall. Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, Mr Cooper, and Mr Delavanti, were the singers.—The sixth annual meeting of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society, William Beckett, Esq., M.P., presi dent, was held on Wednesday evening week in St. George's National School Room. The muster of the members was unusually large, there being upwards of seventy present. The chair was taken by Mr. J. Potter. Mr. H. Jenkins read the report of the committee for the past year, from which it appeared that the society is in a very prosperous state, with a considerable balance in hand. Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to Mr. Spark, the musical director, and to the honorary secretary, and to other officers of the society, which were suitably acknowledged; and after a similar vote to the chairman, the members proceeded to their first practice for the season.—The new English Glee and Madrigal Union gave a concert on Friday, the 3rd inst., in the Music Saloon. The members consist of Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. J. Wood, and Mr. Rhodes. Mrs. Sunderland was received with a burst of applause.—Mr. Spark has announced his next concert for Monday evening, the 20th of October, for which he has engaged Mad. Enderssohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. [illegible] as vocalists, and Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Geo. Case as instrumentalists.

MANCHESTER.—The New Free Trade Hall was inaugurated on Wednesday night with a meeting in the grand hall and a ball in the evening. The capabilities of the new hall for sound have not yet been fully tested, but the most sanguine expectations are formed. The meeting wisely eschewed politics altogether, and resolved themselves into a complimentary and fraternising assembly. The grand hall, fully lighted up, looked magnificent.—Mr. Beale's "Opera Recital" Company constitutes the principal musical feature of the day. The leading vocalists are Mad. Grisi, Mad. Gassier, Signors Mario, Lorini, and Rovere, M. Gassier and Herr Formes. The operas from which the selections are made are *Norma*, *Barbiere* and *Don Pasquale*. "Madame Grisi," exclaims *The Manchester Examiner and Times*, of October the 4th, "is evidently in better health than when she was last in Manchester. She looked almost as young, and beautiful as when twenty years ago the Norma first startled the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre with artistic qualities which, it must be acknowledged after listening to her cavatina "Casta Diva," last evening, she to a great extent still retains. Considering the professional toil of these many years, Madame Grisi may be fairly placed among the wonders of her day and generation." The concert hall, where the "Recitals" are given, was crowded in every part.

BIRMINGHAM.—On the evenings of Tuesday the 23rd and the 30th ult., two organ performances were given by Mr. Simms in the Music Hall, Broad-street, to test the qualities of the new organ, and to afford the public an opportunity of hearing its effects. The programme consisted of the celebrated fugue in C major known as the favourite one of Sebastian Bach; the air from *Samson*, "Honour and Arms;" an extempore performance, introducing airs from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; Handel's magnificent double chorus, "The horse and his rider;" and Rinck's variations on "God save the Queen." The second programme consisted of a selection from the *Creation*, an extempore fantasia on "Largo al factotum," an extract from one of Mozart's symphonies, and concluded with "God save the Queen," with variations. As an illustration of the powers of the organ the performances were eminently successful. In his extempore performances Mr. Simms was very successful, and the audiences by their applause testified the gratification they derived from the entertainment. The tones of the organ improve upon acquaintance, and it bids fair amply to sustain the reputation acquired by its makers.—*Birmingham Journal.*

SHEFFIELD.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The appearance of the Grisi *troupe* at the Theatre Royal created a perfect *furore*. Not only was every box-seat taken, but the greater part of the pit converted into stalls, all of which were bespoken in an incredibly short space of time. Criticism would be superfluous; suffice it to say that Grisi played Norma as she alone can play it, and was seconded by Signor Lorini as Pollio, Mdlle. Sedlatzek as Adalgisa, with M. Gassier as Oroveso. *La Diva* was recalled after the second act, and at the end was compelled to reappear, when she was greeted with a shower of bouquets. On Saturday one act of *Lucrezia Borgia* was given by way of compensating the public for Mario's not playing Almaviva as previously announced. However, he won enthusiastic applause as Gennaro, as did also Grisi as Lucrezia. M. Gassier played the Duke, and Mdlle. Sedlatzek Maffeo Orsini. The *Barbiere* succeeded, with Lorini as Almaviva, in lieu of Mario—a sorry substitute. Mad. Gassier delighted the audience as Rosina, and was encored in the singing lesson. M. Gassier was rather vivacious than funny as Figaro, and Signor Rovere's Dr. Bartolo created great merriment. The band and chorus were effective under the direction of Signor Li Calsi. Miss Arabella Goddard, Sims Reeves, Balfe, etc., are announced for Friday.

WAKEFIELD.—A concert took place at Horbury on Wednesday evening week, at which Handel's *Messiah* was performed by a band and chorus of 60 persons, including Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Forsyth, and Mr. George Ellis.—The New English Glee and Madrigal Union gave an evening concert in the Music Saloon on Friday week. The artists included Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. H. Phillips, Miss Freeman, Mr. J. Wood, and Mr. Rhodes. The concert was well attended, and the reception given to Mrs. Sunderland enthusiastic.

ATHERSTONE.—On Monday last Mr. and Mrs. Paget gave a morning concert of sacred music and an evening concert of secular in the Corn Exchange, under the patronage of Earl and Countess Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, and the surrounding nobility and gentry. The vocalists were Mrs. W. Haynes (late Miss Broad) of the Royal Academy of Music, Paris, Mrs. Paget, Mr. Buckley of Lichfield Cathedral, and Mr. Paget. The morning programme consisted of selections from the oratorios *Elijah*, *Eli*, *Creation*, with miscellaneous pieces. In the vocal department Mrs. Haynes especially distinguished herself in "Hear ye, Israel," and "With verdure clad;" Mrs. Paget in Pergolesi's air, "O Lord, have mercy;" "O rest in the Lord" (*Elijah*), and "The Morning Prayer" from *Eli*; and Mr. Paget in Handel's "He layeth the beams," and "Now heaven in fullest glory shone" (*Creation*). Among the concerted pieces must be commended Mozart's lovely "Benedictus" from the *Requiem*, and the sacred quartet, "Alla Trinita Beata" (encored) and the unaccompanied quartet from *Eli*, "We bless you." Of the evening programme it must suffice to say, the encores were Mendelssohn's duet, "O wert thou in the cauld blast," by the two ladies; Frank Mori's quartet, "The Vintager's evening song;" "Nobil Signor" (*Huguenots*) by Mrs. Paget, "The bashful young gentleman" (Glover), by Mr. Paget (for which he substituted Mendelssohn's "I am a roamer"); the *brindisi*, "Libiamo" (*La Traviata*) by Mrs. Haynes, Kücken's duet, "The [illegible]," by the ladies. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Haynes, and Mr. Partridge presided at the pianoforte and harmonium, and in the morning performed the overture to Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and the "March of Israelites," from *Eli*, and in the evening *William Tell* and *Zauberflote*.

KIRKBURTON.—On Thursday week a concert was given in the Grammar School. The principal performers were Miss Milner, Mr. H. C. Cooper, Miss Fitton, Miss Jubson, Mr. Netherwood, and Mr. Hartley, of Huddersfield, who also presided at the pianoforte. In a pecuniary point of view the concert was a failure, though there was a respectable audience. No doubt the weather deterred many from attending. Great credit nevertheless, is due to the originators of the concert, in endeavouring to cater for the public of Kirkburton. Mr. Shaw makes great exertions to raise the standard of music in this village, and it is owing to him in a great measure that the inhabitants have had the pleasure of hearing Miss Milner and Mr. Cooper twice during the last six months. It is to be hoped that the wealthier part of the inhabitants will support the next musical entertainment.

EDINBURGH.—Dr. Mark and his "little men" have been creating the greatest amount of enthusiasm in the northern metropolis. The whole of the press is loud in praise of master and pupils. "Dr. Mark," writes the *Edinburgh News* of Oct. 4, "has inaugurated another musical era in Edinburgh; and without saying anything about his new system of teaching—from a belief that there is no royal road to the acquisition of any such knowledge, however various the methods of teaching—yet we must say he has given such a delightful example of what children may be taught to do, as cannot fail to stimulate if it do not revolutionise all former ideas concerning the practical art of music as a branch of common education. In Germany children able to learn reading are sent with their violin or other instrument to school as regularly as with their primer, so that an orchestra of children is there no novelty; but in this country Dr. Mark appears in the reality of a great discoverer, showing what our children can effect in a style never before dreamt of. There have been prodigies of pianoforte players and violinist boys, whose genius was beyond all doubt, and whose dexterity was marvellous; but the performances of Dr. Mark's pupils are more pleasing if not so astounding because they shew what can be done for children without any such indisputable musical talent; and every teacher of youth and every parent anxious to give their children an elevating and refreshing source of self-enjoyment, ought to hear and thank Dr. Mark for the blaze of light he has practically thrown over the most important step towards the general elevation of the tastes and habits of the people. People may fancy twenty-six children from five to fifteen years of age being taught to sing, but few in this country would be bold enough to expect them capable of going through the works of Julien, Weber, Bellini, &c., &c. To say that all these were admirably played or cleverly sung by the children gives but a faint impression of the precision, versatility and power of the performers. The enthusiasm of the audience was more than fully justified, and we heartily wish Dr. Mark the most abundant success in that walk to which he has so successfully devoted himself."

Paris.—Sig. Verdi, who was to have left for Italy before this, remains here. It is reported that his *Trovatore*, translated into French, under the title of *Le Trouvère*, has just been put into rehearsal at the Imperial Opera House, and will be produced in the second week in December. The principal characters will be supported by Mesdames Medori and Borghi Mamo, Messrs. Guéymard, Bonnehée, and Dérivis.

Jean de Paris will shortly be revived at the Opéra-Comique. Madlle. Lhéritier, of the Conservatory will make her first appearance in the character of the Page, "created" by Madame Gavaudan, and M. Stockhausen, the barytone, in that of the Seneschal, "created" by Martin.—A musical trifle, entitled *Les Trois Dragons*, music by M. Pilati, has been favourably received at the theatre of Les Folies Nouvelles.—On hearing of Rossini's return to Paris on Thursday week Musard, with his entire orchestra, gave a serenade, at eleven o'clock in the evening, under the *maestro's* windows. The pieces performed from memory, by Musard's seventy musicians, were "La Pastorella delle Alpi," and the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*.

Worthy of Imitation.—By a recent decree of the municipal authorities in Breslau, the organ-grinders are subjected to an entirely new system of *surveillance*, which began on the 1st inst. No organ-grinder is allowed to exercise his calling in the streets earlier than six o'clock in the evening. An inspector has been appointed, and to this official must all organs be brought once every month, in order that he may see whether they are properly tuned. All the members of the police who have any ear for music have been carefully sought out, and have received strict orders not to suffer any organ which is not in perfect tune. "A like system of musical gendarmerie," observes the Breslau *Musik-Zeitung*, "would be a boon at our opera-house"—an observation which, we should say, cannot fail to be highly pleasing to the manager and artists of that establishment.

A Relic of Madame Sontag.—Henrietta Sontag's album, a present from Sir Walter Scott, is one of the most interesting collections of autographs it is possible to conceive. It is bound in red velvet; on one side are the words "Souvenir de Londres," and on the other, "Forget me not," embroidered in gold. The leaves are formed of the finest vellum paper. Among the names inscribed in it are those of 2 dukes, 21 lords, 6[illegible] baronets, 168 knights, 113 private gentlemen, and 35 authors, including Sir Walter Scott, 43 musicians and vocalists, including Moscheles, Cramer, Pixis, and Sir George Smart, and 38 other artists. It contains only the names of 26 ladies, but 22 are duchesses.

THEODORE DOHLER.

From the Florence "Armonia."

Theodore Döhler first saw the light at Naples, on the 20th April, 1814. His parents were Germans, his father being a native of Berlin, and his mother of Stuttgart. Pecuniary losses had compelled his father to quit Prussia. He went to Naples, where his acquirements and talent quickly obtained for him remunerative employment and influential patrons. But he was destined to find the greatest consolation in his son Theodore, who, even in his very earliest childhood, manifested a marvellous natural disposition for music. In his seventh year the power of genius burst through all bounds, although the boy was bodily so weak and delicate that his father was obliged to forbid his too assiduous application. He was soon, however, obliged to acknowledge the undeniable vocation of his son, and, moved by his entreaties, provided him with a master. Under the latter, Theodore made such astonishingly rapid progress that it became necessary to transfer him to a better teacher. Such a one was found in Julius Benedict, a pupil of Carl Maria von Weber and then conductor in Naples.

The boy profited so well by the lessons of his excellent instructor that the latter allowed him to appear when only ten years old at the Teatro del Fondo. The result exceeded all expectation, and Döhler's future career was decided. Not only his playing, but his compositions as well, created a sensation, on account of the little composer's age. At this period, between the age of ten and twelve, he published variations for the piano on Righini's song, "Ich lebe froh und sorgenlos;" variations on a theme of Mozart's; fantasia on a theme of Pacini's, and a duettino for two sopranos to words by Metastasio.

All the theatres and drawing-rooms vied with each other for the possession of the wonderful child. Nor was the court behind hand. King Ferdinand encouraged him, in the most friendly manner, to proceed in his artistic career. Besides studying music, he devoted himself especially to modern languages, for the acquisition of which he displayed a great facility; nor was he deficient in talent for declamatory and theatrical performances, in Italian and French, in which, as in everything else that he attempted, he gave proofs of no ordinary endowments.

In the year 1827 Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Lucca, visited Naples. He became acquainted with young Döhler and his father, for both of whom he evinced such a partiality that he took them to Lucca, where he appointed the father master to the crown prince, and furnished the son with everything necessary for developing his talent. But for this Lucca was not long the fitting place, and the Duke's intention could be fully carried out in Vienna alone, where the best pianoforte players were then to be found. The whole family set out, therefore, in December, 1829, with the approbation of the Duke, for Vienna.

Theodore now took lessons of Czerny on the piano, and of Sechter in thorough bass. In a short time he was equal to the other artists in the city. The Vienna public, who were then difficult to please, received him with enthusiasm. The report of his successes were a source of real pleasure to his munificent patron, who rewarded Döhler's progress by appointing him his chamber-virtuoso. This distinction in no way caused Döhler to repose upon his laurels. On the contrary, he worked day and night with such perseverance that, in order to divert him, Czerny often purposely took him in his walks and excursions in the neighbourhood of Vienna. It was then that the friendly relations between Döhler and Thalberg were first contracted. The two rivals became friends, and their feelings did not even subsequently, when they stood opposite each other in the lists of fame, suffer any change. It is even said that one evening, when they had played in the Salle Ventadour at Paris, and Döhler had been greeted with enthusiastic applause, Thalberg hastened up to his friend and congratulated him most heartily.

In the year 1834 Döhler quitted Vienna, and visited his native town, Naples, where he gave a series of brilliant concerts. In the year 1837 he visited, with the like success, Berlin, Dresden, &c., returning in 1838 to Vienna. Thence he proceeded to Paris and London, where he remained two years. In Paris he played at a concert of the Conservatory with immense success. It was especially his fantasia on a theme from *Anna Bolena* the introduction to which was written for the left hand alone, that excited astonishment and admiration. According to the notices published at the period in the Parisian newspapers, it seems doubtful whether it was he or Thalberg who first introduced the plan afterwards carried to excess, of playing the melody with the thumb and the fingers of the right and left hand alternately, while the others are employed in brilliant passages.

After this, he travelled through Holland, Denmark and the north of Germany—where, especially in Berlin, in the year 1844, his talent was again fully appreciated—and then went to Hungary and Poland, proceeding in 1845 to Russia.

He found in St. Petersburgh and Moscow the reception to which he was accustomed. In St. Petersburgh he wrote his celebrated *notturno* and the variations on the *Sonnambula*. The success which these productions obtained, and also external influences, made him determine to compose an opera, *Tancreda*, on a subject taken from Silvio Pellico. His stay in Moscow exercised, however, a far more decisive influence on his life: there he found the faithful wife whom heaven had destined to be the companion who was to console him in the heavy sufferings fate had in store for him. The Emperor Nicolas was at first opposed to the marriage, and forbade the union of a scion of the house of Scheremetiew with an artist of plebeian extraction. Döhler quitted Moscow in despair, and proceeded to St. Petersburgh for the purpose of embarking at Cronstadt for Germany. The imperial court was stopping at Peterhof. The empress heard that Döhler was on the point of leaving Russia. She wished to hear him once more, and a courier carried him an invitation to St. Petersburgh. Döhler excused himself by saying that his place was taken, and that the steamer left the port at midnight. Meanwhile the emperor, who had become acquainted with the wish of the empress, sent an order to the captain of the steamer to postpone his departure, and Döhler was conveyed in an imperial carriage to St. Petersburgh. The whole court was delighted with the artist, who was, perhaps, inspired by the thought of his love, and the persons before whom he played. The emperor then had him rowed in his own boat, by twelve sailors, to the steamer, and Döhler's heart was buoyed up with fresh hope.

He went to Italy and after remaining some time at Bologna with the *maestro* Rossini, returned to Lucca, to his royal patron, the only person, perhaps, who could now help him. The duke listened with sympathy to his interesting romance and—ennobled his favourite. The Baron von Döhler hastened back to Russia, the emperor was moved by his entreaties, and on the 11th May, 1846, the marriage was solemnised at St. Petersburgh.

The happy pair set off for Moscow, where Döhler put the finishing touch to his opera *Tancreda*. He would not, however, bring it out in Russia, but only in Italy. Towards the end of the year 1848, he arrived in Paris where the first symptoms of the malady which was to carry him off after nine years of severe suffering, first manifested themselves.

Although he had, properly speaking, given up playing in public, his friends and the whole artistic world of Paris would not allow him to rest until he determined on appearing a few more times on extraordinary occasions. He played seven or eight times more for the benefit of necessitous musicians, or of the poor of the city, and thus exhausted the little strength he had left. Directly he touched the keys with his fingers, his whole soul was wrapped up in his task, and the more he gave way to the sentiment and inspiration which seized on him, the more did he shorten his life.

In the following year he went to Genoa. He there played his opera over to the celebrated singer Frezzolini, who was so taken with it that she determined on using all her influence to get it produced in Venice. Döhler was delighted, and, in the course of a few days, wrote out the whole score himself (for a copyist would have been able to decipher it but slowly, and in some places would have found the task altogether impossible), but he had to pay for the exertion by excessive weakness and languor. Unfortunately, too, he had taken this trouble for nothing. In Florence, to which city he had subsequently removed in preference to Genoa, he received from Mad. Frezzolini a letter in which she informed him she was on the eve of setting out for Russia. With this intelligence vanished the hope of seeing his opera performed, and, until the present day, it has never been produced.

From the year 1852, he took up his permanent residence in Florence. He composed a few more *notturni* and *lieder ohne worte*, the dying song of the swan, the last fruit of a magnificent tree that dies before its time of an abundance of sap and productivity. Like so many other precocious geniuses, he was doomed to wither in the bloom of his life. The long sufferings of an incurable disease were supported by him with an exemplary submission to the will of Heaven; his noble wife tended him up to his last moment, with truly sublime self-abnegation and devotion. He died on the 21st February of the present year at six o'clock in the morning; his last glance rested upon her who had sweetened for him, poor martyr, the bitter cup of suffering.

The last of his compositions bears the number 75.

PASTA'S VILLA

A TRAVELLER has lately forwarded the editor of the *Paris Ménestrel* the following particulars concerning the villa which the celebrated Judith Pasta inhabits on the banks of the Lake of Como.

The lake, situated a few leagues from Milan, forms, as every one knows, one of the most beautiful pages in the rich and picturesque album of Italy. It is at the base of the green mountains, and on the edge of the blue water that the former Norma has erected her villa.

The Lake of Como consists of a series of basins separated from each other by a number of capes or promontories, singularly increasing the rich variety of views from different points. Mad. Pasta's residence is in the first basin. To reach it, the visitor has to proceed along the shores of the lake, which are most magnificent, for the villas succeed each other in perfect profusion. Some are palaces, to which the name may be applied without the least exaggeration. Such are the Palazzi Raimondi, Ala Ponzoni, Visconti, Fontana, etc.

The Villa Pasta is a short hour's row from the shore at Como. The first objects the visitor perceives are the out-houses, for the principal buildings, situated behind a terrace, is concealed by groups of trees from this part of the lake.

When the visitor is immediately opposite, the various buildings are displayed before him in a charming panorama, composed of five or six houses, of various forms and sizes, scattered among the gardens, alleys and terraces which diversify the scene.

The principal edifice, with its grooved columns, is quite monumental. In external appearance it resembles a small theatre. This is the grand residence, containing the saloons and apartments, destined for the guests which Norma assembles and holds spell-bound with such amiable cordiality. At the extremity of the first garden stands another building, inhabited specially by Mad. Pasta and her family. In another direction, at the end of the park, is the chapel, and, beyond that, the billiard room. Still further, at the extremity of a sort of jetty running out into the lake, is the house which Mad. Pasta inhabits during the autumn, on account of its advantageous position.

It is particularly during the summer, that Madame Pasta exercises, on her delicious estate, the most liberal and most amiable hospitality. Friends, artists, and foreigners of distinction are constantly the guests of this tragic and lyric queen, who gave up her sceptre to Giulia Grisi, and whose premature abdication has deprived the generation of fair young singers of one of their most precious models.

DIMENSIONS OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS:—

	Length.	Width.	Height.
Westminster Hall	228 feet.	66 feet	93 feet.
Leeds New Town Hall	190 "	72 "	71 "
St. George's Hall, Bradford	155 "	73 "	—
St. George's Hall, Liverpool	169 "	74 "	75 "
Town Hall, Birmingham	145 "	65 "	65 "
Concert Hall, Liverpool	155 "	106 "	65 "
Guild Hall, London	153 "	50 "	55 "
Exeter Hall, London	130 "	76	—
New Free-Trade Hall, Manchester	135 "	78 "	55 "

THE REGENT, PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS, AS A COMPOSER.

Philippe d'Orleans, a short time after his accession to the Regency of France, impelled by an excess of melomania, determined to brave the chances of the stage and write an opera.

For this, he required a *libretto*. There were two great noblemen who aspired to the reputation of poets, at court: Chaulieu and La Fare. The duke selected the Marquis de la Fare, so caressed and so loved by the fair beauties of Versailles.

"Marquis," said the regent, stopping him, one day, in a gallery of the palace, "I want a book for an opera."

"For one of your *protégés*, monseigneur?"

"No, for myself."

"What! for your highness?"

"Yes, does that astonish you? Whether it does or no, it is the truth however."

La Fare smiled to himself.

"How long will you give me?"

"A fortnight—a week—as short a time as possible, in fact."

"That is very little. No matter, I will set about the task immediately, since you desire it."

"May Apollo inspire you!" exclaims the Duke as he went away.

A few days afterwards, the Regent received the manuscript of the *libretto*. It was entitled *Orphée déchiré par les Bacchantes*. Immediately setting all business on one side, the Regent shut himself up in his study and set to work at the score, which was completed in three months.

The opera was produced in the private theatre of the Palais Royal and outrageously applauded. It is true that none but the persons named by the Prince were admitted to the performance. Campra, the musician, was one of the elect.

The next day, the Duke sent for the musician.

"Well, what do you think of our piece?" he inquired.

"The music," replied the composer, "is admirable, but the verses do not strike me as particularly good."

So speaking, he took a huge pinch of snuff, after the fashion of the great noblemen of the day.

The same evening at court, the Duke took the Marquis de la Fare on one side, into the recess of a window, and said to him, in a low voice—

"Campra thinks your verses execrable, but my music excellent. If you speak to him in private, he will reverse the medal. He will say that your verses are good, and my music bad."

La Fare smiled.

"Do you know the real state of the case?" added the Regent.

"Yes; there's nothing good in the whole thing."

"Bravo, my dear Marquis!" proclaimed the Duke, shaking hands with him.

History does not say they ever made a second attempt.

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Airs and Choruses, &c. arranged by E. T. CHIPP, viz.:—

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The Morning Prayer (Air) ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]
The Evening Prayer (Air) ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]
Blessed be the Lord (Chorus) ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]
If thou shouldst mock (Chorus) ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]
Woe unto us (Chorus) ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]
Blessed, Hallelujah, Amen ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]
March of the Israelites ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]

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Adapted (first time) to words by W. LOVELL PHILLIPS, &c.

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Gondolier Ballad	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oh, for some fairy wings	[illegible]	[illegible]
Silent stream	[illegible]	[illegible]
Silver rills	[illegible]	[illegible]
Voices of youth	[illegible]	[illegible]
When fancy waves her magic wand	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oh, for some peaceful vale	[illegible]	[illegible]
Twilight hour	[illegible]	[illegible]
How brightly shineth yonder star (Duet)	[illegible]	[illegible]

To be continued.

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Heart's Ease (Morceau de Salon), dedicated to Miss O'Brien	[illegible]	[illegible]
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"	60.	SEGUIDILLE sur "Mosquita la Sorcière"	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	61.	L'ORGIE, Bacchanale	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	23.	FESTA NAPOLITANA, Capriccio	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	25.	DOZIA, Mazurka-Mélodie	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	24.	DANSE ESPAGNOLE, Fragment de Salon	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	33	MARCHE BOHÈME	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	26.	UNE FLEUR DE SALON, Impromptu-Valse	[illegible]	[illegible]
	—	MARIE, Polka-Mazurka	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	28.	CHANSON STYRIENNE	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	29	RÊVE DE BONHEUR, Idylle	[illegible]	[illegible]
	—	POLKA VILLAGEOISE	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	30	DANSE ANDALOUSE	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	31	GALOP SCHERZO sur "La Tonelli"	[illegible]	[illegible]
	—	LA PERLE DU NORD, Mazurka élégante	[illegible]	[illegible]
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"	35.	STYRIENNE ORIGINALE	[illegible]	[illegible]
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DUETS.

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VAILLANCE, Polka Militaire	[illegible]	[illegible]
MAZURK DES TRAINEAUX	[illegible]	[illegible]
DANSE ESPAGNOLE, Fragment de Salon	[illegible]	[illegible]
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The rapid progress which a taste and appreciation of music have made of recent years among all classes of the community and the practical experience that even the two great theatres last mentioned were often found too narrow to accommodate the crowds that flocked to hear the performances, encouraged M. Jullien in an idea long and earnestly contemplated—that of erecting a music hall sufficiently spacious to contain at least 10,000 people, and built on certain acoustic principles, of which a long and intimate personal acquaintance with most of the larger theatres and concert rooms of Europe and America had taught him the inestimable value. Being fortunate enough to meet with a body of gentlemen ready and willing to co-operate with him, M. Jullien was enabled in a great measure to carry out his plans, and to realise many desirable improvements that were the natural and premeditated consequences. The result was successful beyond anticipation. 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Jullien's sense of gratitude for that public support which has so materially aided him in all his undertakings, and, lastly, the extreme gratification—which all who appreciate Art and the ennobling influence must share with himself—at the continually progressive estimation of Music as a vehicle of entertainment, relaxation, and, he trusts he may add, instruction to the masses. An event with which the public is well acquainted having deprived M. Jullien of the arena at which his annual series of winter performances have been most recently held, he addressed himself to the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre, who at once accorded him the use of that splendid establishment, with all its various appurtenances, including the spacious and beautiful concert-room. The whole of the interior will be arranged in the form of an immense promenade, the stage decorated and fitted up (under the superintendence of M. Marshall, principal scenic artist of Her Majesty's Theatre) so as to resemble a jardin artificiel (artificial garden); the ceilings will consist of a colossal crystal chandelier and 24 magnificent lustres; a dress circle, in the form of a large amphitheatre will be erected in front of the grand tier, the reserved seats of which will be charged 2s 6d as usual, and the concert-room and salon for reading and refreshments—the ensemble presenting a coup-d'œil as imposing and brilliant as the locale will be vast and commodious. The reading and refreshment room will be so closely connected with the orchestra and promenade that the music can be heard as distinctly there as in almost any other part of the theatre. Under these circumstances M. Jullien confidently relies upon being able to offer to the public, so far as accommodation and the general beauty of decorative details are concerned, an entertainment of a more complete and attractive nature than any he has hitherto presented. Of the wonderful adaptability of Her Majesty's Theatre for musical effect (owing to certain acoustic principles unnecessary to discuss), of the evident advantages of its situation, and of the prestige attached to its name and its position as the first lyric theatre in Europe, it is not necessary for M. Jullien to speak—these qualities having been commented upon by abler pens than his, and long been patent to the world. With regard to the exclusively musical department of his programmes, M. Jullien, thanks to the unfailing support he has received from the English public, is in a condition to speak in terms of more than ordinary confidence. The orchestra, now even on a more extensive scale than hitherto, will enjoy other manifest advantages. For the first time, and owing to the success specified, M. Jullien has found himself in a position to accomplish a project which has been uppermost in his mind from the commencement of his career. Instead of being compelled as heretofore to compose the greater part of his orchestra year after year out of new and heterogeneous elements, M. Jullien has been enabled to engage by the year a sufficiently large number of eminent executants to form the nucleus of a band of greater efficiency than any he has previously enjoyed the honour of conducting in public. During the interval between two seasons, in place of dispersing, and leaving the work of reconstruction to be done in anticipation of the coming series, these principal performers have been employed in constant practice and rehearsals, by means of which it is hoped that a nearer approach to perfection in the general ensemble, and in the execution of those instrumental compositions which the great classical masters have bequeathed to the world, has been obtained than was ever previously exhibited.

Among the Artists of celebrity enrolled as Perpetual Principals in the number of M. JULLIEN'S Orchestra are the following:—

Herr KOENIG,
M. LAVIGNE,
Mr. HUGHES,
M. SCHREURS,
M. COLLINET,
Mr JARRETT,
M. SONNENBERG,
M. LE HON,
Mr MACEY,
Herr SCHMIDT
M. J. VIEUXTEMPS,
M. LAVOSSE
M. DUHEM,
M. SINER,
M. BERNHOF,
M. BERNHOF, Jeune
Herr KLIEGEL,
Herr RICHTER,
M. BOSSEBLET,
M. LELOUP,
Herr KLEIN,
Herr JANAER
Herr HAAG
Herr VAN DER-HEUVEL.
Herr HERMANN,
Herr ENGELKE,
Mr AUGUSTUS SEIPP,
Herr POSANER,
Herr OPPENHEIM,
Herr STOEKEL,
Herr HEIBERG,
Mr SIMMONS

&c. &c. &c.

Leaders—Mr WILLY and Mons. KETTENUS **Sous-Chefs d'Orchestre—Herr KOENIG and Mons. SCHREURS.**

Maestro al Piano and Director of the Chorus—Mr. LAND,

Conductor—**MONS. JULLIEN**

Other arrangements are in progress with several Orchestral Performers of European reputation, who have promised M. Jullien the aid of their talents. The Concerts, with certain desirable modifications, will be conducted on the principles which for seventeen years have proved so invariably successful. The Instrumental Works of the acknowledged great Masters will be intermingled with and afford a grateful relief to, those of a lighter class. A number of new Compositions will be introduced, and among others several written expressly for this Series of Concerts by M. Jullien, who has arranged Operatic Selections from those Works which have recently achieved the greatest success at the principal Theatres in Europe.

On the OPENING NIGHT will be introduced (for the first time) a Grand Selection from Verdi's Opera, LA TRAVIATA, for full Orchestra, with Solos for Oboe, Viola, Trumpet, Ophicleide, and Cornet-à-Pistons—the Solos to be executed by MM. Lavigne, Schreurs, Duhem, Mr Hughes, and Herr Koenig. Several new Morceaux de Danse will be introduced; and among others a new Valse, entitled [illegible], designed as pendant to La Prima Donna, with Song and Variation, expressly composed by M. Jullien for Herr Koenig.

SIX VALSES SENTIMENTALES, entitled—1. Constance. 2. Les Soupirs. 3. La Declaration. 4. Esperance. 5. Le Billet Doux. 6. The Wedding Waltz. Two New Polkas, called the Minnie Polka and the Tambourine Polka; and a New Quadrille, under the name of the Piccolomini Quadrille. M. Jullien has also composed, as companion to the English Quadrille (which has always been received in so flattering a manner by the public), a New Grand Quadrille, entitled the French Quadrille, founded upon the most popular French National Melodies, of the convivial, pastoral, comic, dramatic, and military styles—each figure in the quadrille embodying a distinct characteristic of its own. The most renowned Orchestral Overtures and Symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, Auber, &c. will, as heretofore, be selected from time to time, and presented whole or in parts, as circumstances may suggest, but always with the care and attention due to their transcendent merits.

Vocal music having invariably been a prominent feature in M. Jullien's Concerts, he is happy to be able to announce that arrangements have been completed with a vocalist of the highest eminence, whose name will be divulged when the preliminary details are ready for publication. M. Jullien, in again respectfully tendering his grateful acknowledgments to the public, confidently trusts that the arrangements for his present series of concerts (the 18th) will in every respect give satisfaction to those who honour him with their patronage and support. The Refreshment Department will be conducted with the greatest care and attention, under the sole direction of the Concert Management, and at a moderate scale of prices. Daily papers (morning and evening), weekly papers, reviews, magazines, and periodicals of every description, and the principal journals of Europe, America, the British provinces and colonies, will be found on the table in the reading room.

Prices of admission:—Promenade, 1s.; upper boxes, 1s.; gallery, 1s.; dress circle, 2s. 6d.; private boxes, 10s. 6d., £1 1s. and upwards. Private boxes to be secured of Mr. Nugent, at the box-office of the theatre; of all the principal librarians and musicsellers; and at Jullien and Co's, 214, Regent street.

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 34—No 44. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1856 {PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—CATHERINE HAYES.—JULLIEN'S CONCERTS, WEDNESDAY Nov 5. M Jullien has the honour to announce, that with the obliging consent and invaluable aid of Mr. Mitchell, he has succeeded in effecting an ENGAGEMENT for SIX NIGHTS with the renowned Cantatrice, being her first appearance in Europe since her return from an unprecedented artistic tour to Asia, Africa, and America, Australia, Peru, Mexico, the Brazils, the East and West Indies, the United States, Canada, and Russia. The burning Tropics and the cold North have confirmed her triumphs. To her natural endowments and artistic excellence she now arrives with a rich store of National Melodies, Italian, French, Spanish, German, Dutch, Irish, English, and Scotch. At the INAUGURATION CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, Nov 5, she will sing an Italian Cavatina, a French Air, and an Irish and Scotch Melody. In announcing this engagement M. Jullien is glad to say that the support he is receiving from all quarters will not render necessary any increase in the prices of admission; promenade, 1s. as usual; and boxes, from 10s. 6d. a guinea, and upwards.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS COMPANY (Limited).—All persons having any claims or demand against this Company are requested to forward the amount thereof to the Officers of the Company, Penton-place, Walworth, on or before Saturday the 8th November 1856.

30th October 1856. (By Order.) WILLIAM ELLIS, Secretary.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will return to London on the 8th inst. All communications for engagements and Lessons to be addressed to 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

MR. W. WINN will arrive in Town for the Season on Monday next, the 3rd November. All communications to be addressed to his residence, 16, Argyle-street, Argyle-square.

WILBYE COOPER (Tenor), 93, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Teacher of Singing.

MR. NEATE, finding it generally reported that on his removal to Brighton he had quitted his profession, begs to announce to his friends that he continues to give INSTRUCTION on the PIANOFORTE, and resides at [illegible], Margaret-place, Cannon-place.

MR. BENEDICT begs to announce to the Nobility his friends, and pupils, he will return to Town for the Season on the 8th of November. All letters to be addressed to his residence, 2, Manchester-square, or at Mr Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN beg to inform their Patrons, Pupils and Friends, that they have removed to 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, where, in future, they will hold their Guitar, Concertina, and Flute Classes, and give instruction.

July 15th 1856.

THE MISSES M'ALPINE beg to announce that they have recovered from their late indisposition, and will resume their professional engagements. Communications relating to Concerts, Pupils, &c. &c., to be addressed to the Misses McAlpine, Hampstead, or care of H. Oliver, 19, Old Bond-street.

REMOVAL.—MR TRUST, Organist of St. Mary's Church, Paddington, and Principal Harpist of the Royal Italian Opera, begs to announce that he has removed from Northwick Grove, to No. 12, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale.

TO BE SOLD A FINE-TONED AELOPHON, suitable for a drawing-room or small church. It is in a handsome polished mahogany case, blown hand or foot, has general swell and one octave of pedals. It originally cost £80, and is in excellent condition. Lowest price, £35. The advertiser would not object to exchange it for a good cottage or piccolo piano. Apply to A. B. C., Messrs. Wessel and Co., 18, Hanover-square.

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PUTTICK and SIMPSON, auctioneers of literary property, will SELL by AUCTION at their great Room, 191, Piccadilly, on Monday November 3 and following day a very extensive COLLECTION of MUSIC, of all classes, ancient and curious works, full scores, curious MSS., modern publications, operas, oratorios, etc.; also Musical Instruments of various kinds.

PHILHARMONIC ROOMS, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street.—This room, capable of holding 1,000 persons, is to be let, for Balls, Concerts, or Oratorios, there being a splendid Organ, or for Lectures and Public Meetings. There is also a handsome Private Theatre for amateur performances, with new scenery, properties, and dressing-rooms. A handsome room, for private, to let in the private house.

PIANOFORTES.—Allison and Allison have the best [illegible], in rosewood, from 30 guineas.—75, Dean-street, Soho.

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"Wild Rose." Ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]

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Blessed be the Lord (Chorus) ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]
If thou should'st mark (Chorus) ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]
Woe unto us (Chorus) ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]
Blessed Hallelujah Amen ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]
March of the Israelites ditto ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]

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By WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT.

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Oh, I, on fairy wings	[illegible]	[illegible]
Silent streams	[illegible]	[illegible]
Silver rills	[illegible]	[illegible]
Voices of youth	[illegible]	[illegible]
When Jenny waves her magic wand	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oh, for some immortal strain	[illegible]	[illegible]
Twilight hour	[illegible]	[illegible]
How brightly shineth yonder star (Duet)	[illegible]	[illegible]

To be continued.

NEW MUSIC FOR THE PIANOFORTE,
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[illegible] (Valse brillante), dedicated to Miss Rose, Cambrian House, Ryde	[illegible]	0
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In offering this new arrangement of all the Overtures of Beethoven to the musical public, we beg leave to state that we have been induced to publish it, it being generally admitted that none of the previous arrangements have fully satisfied the musical connoisseur. Most of the arrangements were published soon after the overtures were composed; but since that period the Pianoforte has undergone such alterations and improvements, both in compass and tone, that the effect produced by the earlier arrangements on a Pianoforte of the present day is that of an incorrect translation of the original composition. For instance, the tremolando movement was frequently introduced to represent certain orchestral effects, but on a modern Pianoforte would be most laborious and ineffective. Nor is the tremolando the most satisfactory mode of expressing passages of orchestral force, for it often gives tiring noise instead of intelligible sounds. Moreover, in some of the former arrangements the positions of the different instruments have often been reversed, in order to render the execution easier, thereby completely altering the character of the composition.

We therefore beg to offer the present arrangement, and hope it will be found to meet the requirements of the present time, the arranger having discarded all that is not essential, while he has fully endeavoured to retain the true spirit of the original.

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ORGAN.

We have already announced the fact that the Town Council of Leeds have granted the sum of £5,000 for an organ to be placed in their magnificent Town Hall. Most people would suppose that, this being done, all difficulty was at an end, and that, from henceforth to the day of "opening," everything would run smoothly and rapidly along, either to success or failure as the case might be. Not so, however. There are other "courses" besides that of "true love," which never do, and never are, to run smooth, it seems. Formerly the question was how to get the money; and now, when thanks to the omnipotence of an Act of Parliament, this necessary commodity lies ready to the committee's hands, a fresh embarrassment has broken out,—namely, how to spend it. Not that there is any chance of the cash being changed away for anything else than an organ (and a "big" one, too); but the great question appears to be as to what this organ should be and how it may best be obtained. An "organ committee," it seems, has been nominated out of the members of the corporation, and the gentlemen composing it appear to be in no very enviable position just now. As is natural enough, they are worried and perplexed exceedingly by all sorts of remonstrances, schemes, and recommendations, from all kinds of people, possessing every shade of competence for the mentorial office, from much to nothing at all. But, over and above this, the committee seem oppressed with such a dread of responsibility as—fashionable though it now be in "departmental" affairs—was not formerly a corporation attribute. The fact is, as we understand it, that there are two influential parties struggling for the possession of the committee's ear. The one advises that competent professional assistance should be obtained for the design and superintendence of the organ, and the other insists that an organ builder should at once be selected for the unaided performance of the whole work. The first asseverates that professional opinion is absolutely necessary, and that to this arbitrament the matter sooner or later, must come; while the second as stoutly maintains that the taste of the manufacturer is all sufficient for the purpose, and hints, moreover, awful things about "jobbery"—a sin in which of course professors are naturally self-indulgent, and organ-builders as naturally immaculate. No doubt, each party is eminently conscientious in the advocacy of its own views, while the committee is, apparently, in the condition of that distinguished historical character who was always of opinion that "much might be said on both sides."

We have these little particulars from a correspondent who has also forwarded us certain Leeds journals, in which the question has already undergone a very tolerable amount of ventilation; and from these we shall now make a few extracts. First in order comes the *Mercury* of September 13th, in which there is a kind of preliminary article; but as this confines itself to a point (the necessity for having an organ in the Town hall) which was decided by the subsequent vote of the council, we need not further refer to it. Next on the list comes another article in the *Mercury* of September 20, in which the business is attacked more in detail. After a very forcible string of reasons—derived from the magnitude of its site and the variety of uses it must subserve—why the proposed organ should be of none less than first-class magnitude and completeness, we come, at length, to what is deemed the pith and marrow of the whole question,—as the writer has it, "how are we to obtain such an instrument as will fulfil all the conditions indicated?" Almost at the outset of the enquiry the one grim and particular ghost of the committee is brought out into full view,—thus:—

"From many letters addressed to us we infer that there is, in some quarters, an aversion to the employment of professional assistance in procuring an organ for our Hall. There is a disposition to believe that the organ-builder wants no advice, and that professional assistance, in fact, implies professional jobbery, and is wholly unnecessary, if not innocent. One or two of our correspondents, indeed, boldly state instances of gross peculation, under pretence of professional superintendence, and "point the moral" for the guidance of present transactions."

So then, we suppose, some of those slippery dogs, the "professors" have been, not only uselessly, but even culpably at work, somewhere or other, in pocketing large commissions, to the particular benefit of no one except themselves! All this is, doubtless, reprehensible to the last degree, and merits exposure wherever it can be proved; but the *Mercury* very sensibly and straightforwardly, as we think, declines to be impaled on the spikes of the *ex uno disce omnes* principle, and so continues,—

"With such particular instances, we can, of course, have no public concern. None of our readers will accuse us of affection for "jobbery" in the abstract; but while heartily concurring in its condemnation, we are not obliged to believe all professional men unfit to be trusted merely because a few may have failed in a very obvious duty."

The *Mercury* is strongly in favour of securing professional assistance for the design of the Town hall organ; and its arguments—although far from carried to the extent of development and illustration of which they are capable—are even in their present shape, we think, quite unanswerable:—

"The value of professional assistance in the case of our Town-hall organ may, we think, be tested by a few simple considerations. There can be no doubt that the improvements, successively effected in the manufacture of musical instruments have always been suggested and enforced by performers. Advancing executive dexterity in the player has uniformly created wants which the then condition of his instrument could not supply; and thus the art of performing has continued in perpetual advance of the art of construction. It may safely be affirmed, in short, that the skill of the player has invariably preceded and stimulated that of the manufacturer. Take, as a familiar instance, the pianoforte. There can be no question that the executive demands of the great pianists during the last quarter of a century have compelled a total change in the character of the instruments produced both here and abroad. The first grand pianoforte made thirty years since would be a mere tin-kettle compared with an Erard or Broadwood of to-day. In like manner, the organ in this country owes all its present excellences to the suggestive skill of its professors. Without this stimulant, organ builders would have clung to their old fashioned devices, secure of employment without the trouble or risk of experiment. Besides this fact of experience, there is the very obvious inference that performers must, surely, be the most acute judges of what a performer requires. In actual qualities of tone, and in the various mechanical appliances by which these may be controlled, wants must present themselves to the player's imagination, which could scarcely occur to even the most skilful constructor. In proof that this is not merely speculation, we have unexceptional authority for stating that in several large organs, of unquestionably excellent manufacture, here and on the continent, which have not been thus professionally directed, the really skilful player finds many inconveniences which greatly embarrass him, and which a mere suggestion would have obviated; and, on the other hand, that in almost every instance, the performer's convenience, and, by consequence, his power of using the instrument to the best advantage, is in direct proportion to the amount of able professional assistance contributed to its design. Professional assistance, in such a case, may of course, be more nominal than real. If the professor go no further than suggesting how many 'diapasons' and 'principals' (such we believe to be the technology of the business) the organ should contain, his 'assistance' is but of small amount. He is little more than the middle-man between the organ builder and his employer. He recommends the one to the other, sells his judgment for what it is worth on the issue, and pockets his commission. Of this kind of thing we are not now speaking. The professional skill we desire to see procured in the case of our Town hall organ, is such as an architect would interpose between the wishes of his clients and the technical practice of his builders; a professional skill which, warned by its own executive necessities, and instructed by all that is everywhere in progress, should dictate the adoption of every excellence within the given limit of price contained in the repertory of the modern organ builder's art."

On this point, also, another very important—though, perhaps, common place—question occurs to us. Suppose the idea of professional assistance discarded, and an organ-builder selected at once to design and execute the Town hall organ. Furthermore, suppose the design in this case to be accidentally as perfect as a European conclave of performers could desire it. Suppose the organ completed, and the bill presented for payment. What, now, in the absence of professional assistance, is to assure the organ committee that the work is executed in accordance with the specification, or even in any way properly performed? Nothing that we know of, unless, indeed, the committee were to undertake a preparatory course of amateur organ building, which, like most other cases of amateurship, would probably only add one more to the many verifications of that old proverb which tells us what kind of patient that man has who acts as his own physician."

"Many men, many minds," however, as teacheth the proverb. We now turn to the *per contra* side of the account; and here the first thing that comes to hand is an extract from the *Leeds Times* of October the 11th. In this case there is no "mincing" the matter. That terrible bugbear, professional "jobbery," breaks out at once, and is seized and cudgelled forthwith with a good deal of dogmatic, though perhaps, not handsome vernacular. The *Times* (Leeds) evidently thinks a "spade" is a "spade," and determines to call it one.

"We must confess, after the very handsome manner in which the Council has made the necessary and liberal grant, that it would much grieve us to find the instrument disgracefully jobbed. Such a consummation of the business would be a standing reflection on the town. We have already numerous and sufficient examples of the style of instrument we require in the noble organs of the Panopticon, York Cathedral, and in those placed in the halls of Birmingham and Liverpool. It would be absurd to suppose that the builders who were competent to supply the world-famed instruments we have indicated were not equally competent to put forward specifications for our town hall organ without the intervention of any professor whatever. Professors of music cannot have that intimate acquaintance with the interior mechanism and requirements of an organ which the builders themselves possess. Ask half-a-dozen organists in Yorkshire their ideas of an organ, and of the capacity requisite for a given locality, and you will find them all differ in opinion. Drawing but one conclusion from these incontrovertible arguments, we are decidedly of opinion that it would be far better to spend the commission a professor would require in making additions to the organ than to sacrifice time, patience, efficiency, and money, in trying extravagant and unreasonable experiments. The course we would urge upon the Town Council would be this—to apply to such builders as Hill, Gray and Davidson, or Willis, and obtain their specifications. Upon the receipt of these estimates the town council might safely delegate the choice to such men as Mr. Chipp, of London, Dr. Camidge, Mr. Simpson, of Birmingham, or Mr. Best, of Liverpool—men who are regularly occupied in the use of large organs, and who are consequently possessed of a great amount of practical information respecting them. The selection having been duly made, the further conduct of the work may be safely left in the builder's hands. The town council may rest assured that builders of the eminent rank of Hill and Messrs. Gray and Davidson will sustain their professional reputation in any engagements they may undertake. The name of a good builder is current for centuries—long after the mere organist is returned to kindred dust. By adopting such a step the town would save the professor's commission of £300 or £500, the "extras" would be kept within a reasonable and legitimate compass, there would be no errors of judgment on the one hand, or hazard or scientific experiment on the other, and the work would be better completed under the responsible direction of the contracting party. By the employment of a good builder—one whose works are acknowledged and estimated all over the world—we should be certain to get a first-rate instrument. We do not want a gaudy framework of nonsensical embellishment, but we require a handsome and efficient organ—and one that will stand the test of time. Feeling strongly that such a step as getting a professor would open the door to useless expenditure of public money—to the frivolous or fantastic experiments of theorists—that we have already examples of first-rate instruments in existence—that mere players can know but little of the requirements of such an instrument as we are contemplating placing in the new town-hall—and that the reputation of the builder is staked upon the complete success of his work—we have the greatest confidence in the plan we have indicated, and hope the town council will adopt it. We shall then be certain of securing a magnificent instrument—equal to any in the country—and one which will do honour to the public spirit of the people of Leeds, and reflect due credit on the judgment and sagacity of our local legislators."

Whether or not, all this be intended in reply to the *Mercury*, we are, of course, ignorant; but there cannot be a doubt, we imagine, that the latter has all the strength of the argument on its own side. The *Times*, indeed, deals almost wholly in assertions, and the peculiar infelicity of its assertions is that, one and all, they are susceptible of almost direct disproof. We have already said that the arguments of the *Mercury*, though conclusive to their extent, are insufficiently carried out. Their defect—arising of course from want of that thorough acquaintance with the technical history of the subject which cannot be expected in even the ablest general journalist—we shall forthwith endeavour to supply; and therein, as we hope, show reasons why the positions of the *Times* are wholly untenable. Organ builders, in general, we believe, will give the *Musical World* credit for having done something, at least, towards the advancement of their art. We need not, therefore, assure them that we design no reflection on them when we advocate the just claims of the professors.

Meanwhile the amount of space already occupied, warns us to "stay further proceedings till next week."

THE HANDEL STATUE AT HALLE.

To the Editor of "The Athenæum."

You have already, in the *Athenæum*, announced the design in progress at Halle, the birth-place of Handel, for holding a centenary festival there in 1859, with the purpose of erecting a statue to him in his native town. It was added, too, in the announcement, that the leading English musicians and professors had been, or were to be, invited to contribute their spontaneous efforts to carry out the idea. Now, a higher object of musical interest than honour to Händel could not by any means be propounded to the lovers of the greatest music; for if there be such a thing as a settled fact in the art, it is not that, with every musician's advancing experience, and by every fresh opportunity of comparison, Händel's glory rises, and heightens, and deepens, and spreads—that the majesty, no less than the sweetness of his genius becomes more and more admitted, better and better appreciated. Thus, any majestic celebration or memorial of such greatness as his should be responded to reverently, gratefully, and cordially by the people of England. But ere plans are formed or committees convened, permit a lover of Händel and debtor to the Germans to suggest some reason why, if English memorial there be, it should stand on English, not on German ground, should be raised in the place of our great fellow-citizen's labours and death, and not of his birth. Never was there a German musician who less belonged to Germany than Händel. Ere he had written a single one of the works which entitle him to statue and laurel crown, Händel's intercourse with his native country had ceased. It was during half a century's residence in England, betwixt the year 1710, when he came to the Haymarket Italian Opera to compose *Rinaldo*, and the Good Friday of 1759, when he died, that his great productions were written—in England and *for* England. Not one of them, that could be named, is with German words. They were produced to glorify our festivals—to suit our fashions—to meet our powers of appreciation as well as of execution. Nor is it asserting too much to say that in Germany, up to this day, the love of Händel has not penetrated Händel's countrymen as it has penetrated Händel's fellow-citizens; that his works are not so well known, not so frequently and never so adequately performed there as here. We English pour out our enthusiasm into "For unto us a child is born," the "Hallelujah," "The horse and his rider;" the Germans sing these choruses strictly, but without any unction of sympathy or tradition, or national preference.

There is no reasoning about these differences, no explaining why the musical pilgrim must seek in one place for Palestrina, in another for Gluck, with a certainty that there he will hear the real meaning drawn by the executants from the poet's work; but when we are raising an artistic monument should accident (for such is birth) wholly define and decide the place? should not the more important sequel of such accident be considered? Let superstition rear its memorial pillar on the spot where the cradle stood, but let Hope and Faith build their shrine on the place where the Prophet lived and struggled, taught and triumphed. Another question raises itself on the occasion, less large and generous, still not to be wholly overlooked. How is it possible to forget former instances of musical commemoration in which Germany, having appealed to England for assistance, has failed in herself contributing much beyond such appeal? The Mendelssohn Scholarship is not the only case in which German reverence has said, "Do let us dip into English purses," the while keeping her own strong box tight. This would matter nothing, were there any real feeling of confraternity in art betwixt Germany and England. But that there is little on their side, all who know the land and its men must admit. They profit by us, they respect our probity, but they love us little, and esteem our judgment less. This is no "firebrand flung about in sport." Let us have truth all round in the best courtesy or the most courteous amenity. If English artists and amateurs think it well to join Germany in erecting a statue to Händel at Halle, and not in Hanover-square or "near the Abbey," let them at least stipulate, like the "nation of shopkeepers" we are still reputed to be, that no sum shall pass across the channel for any such purpose, unless a proportionate amount—say twice as much—shall have been raised in Germany by those suing for extraneous assistance. M. F. G.

A PAPER ON THE ANALOGY EXISTING BETWEEN MUSICAL SCALES AND COLOURS.

BY GEORGE B. ALLEN, MUS. BAC., OXON.

(*Continued from p. [illegible].*)

The introduction to the *Creation* is a "representation of Chaos." It is painted in the most gloomy and murky colours, commencing with dark brown, Re minor, and, with the exception of a few short passages in crimson, Mi flat, and one or two touches of purple, Re flat major, keeps moving among its tertiaries. Out of the gloom and obscurity of the picture spring occasionally scratches of melody, played on various instruments, depicting faintly the elements leaping out of the confused mass. Then follows the recitative, "In the beginning," sung by a bass voice. This is also in dark brown, Do minor, modulating into warm russet, Mi flat minor, which melts into crimson, Mi flat major. The following chorus, "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," begins in the same key, but soon changes into dark brown, in which it remains until "light" bursts forth on the chord of Do major, white. The sudden change of colour here produces a most wonderful effect. After musing about so long in hot, dark colours, the glare of light is almost painful.

In the full blaze of the newly-created light remains the next recitative "And God saw the light." Most delicious is the effect of the contrast between this and the ethereal blue of the following solo, "Now vanish before the holy beams!" As the words describing the downfall of "hell's dark spirits" we return to the dark tertiaries brown and black, and in these keys the chorus comes dropping in "despairing, cursing rage," and after some confusion, we see, as it were, "their rapid fall," and then the "new created world" spring up. In the colouring of this world Haydn has committed an error. He has painted it blue. When we think of the earth, we think of green, because it is the predominant colour; but when we think of heaven, we think of blue. Haydn has erred more than once, as we shall presently see, in regard to these two colours, green and blue; and he has used the latter when he should have used the former. Certainly there is a great similarity of character between them, and both are equally delicious, but blue is more tranquil and heavenly. Now that Haydn and other great masters have occasionally made mistakes is no proof of the falsity of an analogy existing between scales and colours; but, on the contrary, is a proof of the truth of it; for by it we find we can transpose a piece effectively when they have failed in colouring their picture truthfully. In the present instance, if we transpose this piece, "A new created world," into Mi major, emerald green, it will convey a more perfect picture of the earth it has, although the voice does not lie well for that pitch. The same may be said of that charming little bit of a pastoral scene in the recitative, "And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature." Here we fancy we see the shepherd boy leaning against a tree, playing his pipe, while his flocks are browsing around him. The blue here certainly gives most repose to the scene, but the true colour would have been green. Another similar mistake occurs in the terzetto, "Most beautiful appear;" but though this commences in blue, it soon modulates into green, and remains chiefly in this colour. A greater mistake was made in the colouring of the song, "With verdure clad," which, according to Bombet, was a favourite of Haydn's, and he re-set it three times. This song, whose object is to describe the earth putting forth grass, and herbs, and trees, Haydn has painted red. Therefore, however beautiful it may be in form, it fails to suggest the picture he intended. The only bit of true colouring is just at the words, "With copious fruit the expanded boughs are hung." Here the luscious crimsonish purple produces an effect equal to the best bit that Lance ever painted! The following chorus, "Awake, the harp," is joyful and grand, and is therefore in the golden key Re. There is no colour that calls up such an idea of grandeur as yellow; therefore all the great masters have chosen the scale of Re for their grandest choruses. Haydn has been well called the Claude Lorraine of Music; and the next piece we shall mention proves that he well deserves the name. The introduction to the recitative, "In splendour bright," depicting the sun's rising, is as fine a bit of colouring as any *chef-d'œuvre* of that artist. It is of course in the yellow key, and commences with a soft note on the violins, a mere speck of light. One instrument after another comes gliding in, and the chords gradually spread out and increase in strength, until we have the full blaze of the sun in his glorious majesty. After some time the moon's rising is represented by the basses stealing in, and creeping up slowly "with softer beams, and milder light," in the clear, cool, grey key. Immediately after we behold "The space immense of th'azure sky, in countless numbers radiant stars adorn," in a shower of notes in the blue key. Then a little modulation prepares us for the following chorus, "The heavens are telling," in the white key, which is perhaps the next grandest to yellow; and this closes with dignity the first part of the oratorio. In the third part there is another exquisite landscape, representing "Early Morning," which we must not overlook. This is, of course, in the emerald green key.

Among other pieces which are not landscapes we find also rich colouring. For instance, the duet and chorus, "Of stars the fairest." Here we are principally dependent on colour, for we have the same form, with scarcely any variation, repeated over and over again, and yet always with effect. It begins in pink (for [illegible] preceded by a dash [illegible] in the white key), and after the subject has been repeated, it deepens into red. This modulates into purple, in which colour the subject is again repeated. It then melts into crimsonish purple, and then deepens into warm russet, after which it sinks into purplish russet and then black; and out of this mass of warm colours we emerge into a clear cool grey, which is positively refreshing; and when the same subject is once more repeated in this colour it appears quite new through the charming succession of colour. It is this rapid change of colour which constitutes the great charm in Haydn's music. The same may be said of Mozart's. Ancient composers scarcely ever ventured out of the key they started in, and consequently their music, though often beautiful in form, is monotonous in colouring. Händel, that Michael Angelo in painting, that Milton in poetry, is the great historical painter, and his pictures, like all historical paintings, depend [illegible] than brilliancy of colour. Yet none, with all their care, ever produced such marvellous effects as he did with a few touches of the most simple colours. Mozart knew this when he said, "Händel knows best of all of us what is capable of producing a great effect. When he chooses, he strikes like the thunder bolt." So also Haydn felt when he said, "That man is the father of us all."

The author of *Sacred Melodies*, speaking of Händel's chorus, "The many rend the skies with loud applause," says, "Händel mistook the properties of the key of Mi major when he used it for this chorus. Though higher than Re, it is less loud, and it stretches the voice beyond its natural powers." Read for "properties" colour, and the error is at once proved. He has painted this bold, noisy subject a delicate green.

In Beethoven's works we meet with extraordinary effects of colour, as astonishing as they are beautiful. He frequently broke through all the laws of modulation established in his time with glorious effect. His colouring is rich, deep, and dark, and, to show off its intensity, he invariably used a patch of white. May we not call him the Rembrandt of music? We will now glance through his Sonata, Op. 7. The principal colour of the first movement of this is crimson. The first motivo is in crimson, Mi flat; and according to the rule for the grand duplex form of construction, in which form this movement is written, the second motivo is in the dominant, Si flat—red. Now there is but little or no contrast between these two colours, therefore much art is required to introduce the second clearly. And this we find here. After the first subject has been exposed we have touches of purple of [illegible] hues, and other colours thrown into contrast with [illegible] the colour of the second subject, which accordingly comes in with effect. At the cadence of this, we have a heavy dash of black, and then a mass of white. This shortly softens into pink and then deepens into red. Then follow eight modulations which lead to a lovely accessory idea, purely Beethovenish, still in red, but shaded with purple, which gives it a soft, cool, mournful tone. The second part commences with incessant modulations. Here we have brown, purple, purplish russet, black, a slight touch of yellow which fades into olive green, and then soon fades into a cold greyish blue. In this colour a few bars of the first motivo appear. Then they are repeated in citrine, and then by a magical touch of warm colour they roll into crimson again, when the opening motivo returns with thrilling effect. From this to the end crimson and the warm colours reign supreme. Occasional touches of purple, red at the forthcoming passage, a little purplish russet to set off the following pink passage, and a few dark touches just before the coda are the only modulations of consequence.

Erratum.—In the first part of this article in the *Musical World*, of Nov. 1, in the first line under the table of Major Scales, *for* "only" *read* "[illegible]."

(*To be continued*).

Auber has written the music of a new ballet expressly for Mdlles. Rosati and Ferraris. It is now in active rehearsal at the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse.

AMERICA.

New York.—(*From our own Correspondent*).—After the trash that has been written about Meyerbeer by certain German, and, I am almost ashamed to add, American critics, it is pleasant to stumble over something like a sober and logical view of his merits. In reference to *L'Etoile du Nord*—which has recently been produced here by M. Maretzek's company—with Mad. de La Grange as *prima donna*—the *New York Musical World* has the following:—

"THE NORTH STAR.

"The new opera is exceedingly novel and entertaining. Its pictures of life have a wild and barbaric interest, and are new to the American public. The war with Russia has produced an undercurrent of romantic interest in this people which serves as a new basis on which to found modern stage-romance. It is a relief to see new figures in a new scene, a landscape. The Cossack looks well on the stage. The invasion of the northern horde in the first act is fresh and picturesque to a remarkable degree. Like northern bears and beasts they hurl themselves in, and with passion and greed, to be subdued by a fair young girl who appears to them superhuman—for even nature in the rough, and at the roughest, has somewhere a helm which it blindly obeys—can one but get his hand upon it.

"Like all the works of Meyerbeer this is a carefully written opera. No one probably ever took more care, or gave himself more time to hit the nail of effect precisely on the head than this writer. Mozart was impulsive. He wrote with an eye of immortality. He delayed his overture to *Don Giovanni*, fell asleep and awoke the night before the first performance, and the ink was not dry on the paper that the orchestra played from at the rehearsal the next morning. Meyerbeer would take more time than that to decide whether the *first chord* of an overture should be minor or major. He seems to aim always at full and assured consummation as to a possible immortality, and a record [illegible] or progressing in the public estimate of his powers. Pope was determined to be a poet, and coolly made up his mind to be one beforehand, and the same seems to be true of Meyerbeer as a composer. But Mozart and Beethoven were composers because they could not help it, and in spite of themselves. In the one case the men were possessed of their genius—in the other, they possessed themselves of it, apparently by main force.

"But despite all this careful elaboration and forecast, this calculation of musical and scenic effect, this bringing-to-bear of all that can dazzle the eye in scenery and costume, and this patient waiting of years for the opera to grow mellow, and to throw off its redundancies, despite all this—or rather by reason of all this—what a clear and symmetrical work is presented at the last. Great is the merit and great the recompense of industry! Life is short, but it is ever long enough judiciously to toil—and we think the life of Meyerbeer teaches this lesson. His early failures too in Germany, which were signal and repeated and complete—the discouraging contemporaneous successes of C. M. von Weber, his fellow pupil with the Abbé Vogler, his wise changing of the scene to Italy, and his study and conquest there—what capital art lessons, and life lessons, are contained in all this! We advise our friends who hear this opera (should not the unexpected close of the season prevent their ever hearing it again) to listen well to the instrumentation. It will reward them. Meyerbeer has the immense advantage over the modern Italian composers that his early education was not neglected. His melody is not the foam that tops the sluggishly rolling wave beneath—but the wave itself rolls in deep melody. For in the dark waters of his accompaniment there disport gold-fish that flash in the sunshine of his bright fancy, and illumine the depths below. Meyerbeer is no surface-composer."

Innsbruck.—The Liedertafel have been presented by Carl Mozart, son of the immortal composer, with the drinking glass which he used during the last three years of his life.

The [illegible] Messenger.—The authorities at Rome objecting to the word "devil" appearing on the walls of that holy city, have changed the title of Meyerbeer's opera from *Roberto il Diavolo* to *Roberto di Piccardia*. Moreover Bertram, the fiend, is translated into a magician, and divers other changes are effected.

The Author and the Actress.—Happening to pay a visit to Voltaire one day, Mdlle. Clairon threw herself at his feet, exclaiming in the words of Aménaïde "Oh, my tutelary God!" M. de Voltaire immediately knelt down in his turn, and inquired in the most commonplace tone, "Well, now we are both on our knees, how do you do?"

Paris, *Nov. 12th.*—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Opéra-Comique is quite in vogue just now. *Jean de Paris*, one of Boieldieu's most popular works, has been brought out for the *début* of M. Stockhausen (well-known in the concert-rooms of London) in the part of the Sénéchal. He has a barytone voice of considerable range, and he sings with taste. As an actor, M. Stockhausen is awkward and stiff—faults that may be attributed to inexperience. Mdlle Boulart, in the part of the Queen of Navarre, showed herself an agreeable vocalist. In the air "Beau troubadour," she was warmly and deservedly applauded. M. Delaunay Ricquier was not quite "the thing" in the part of Jean; the music is much too high for him. M. Lemaire was very amusing as the Aubergiste. The opera altogether was successful.

Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has nearly accomplished its two hundredth representation. A new "sensation" is experienced by the *beau Parisien* in witnessing the charming performance of Mad. Cabel in Catarina, and the Opéra Comique is crowded every night the *Etoile du Nord* is played. The parts in which the acting of Mad. Cabel is seen to the best advantage are in the *finale* to the second act, when condemned to death by the infuriated Peter she endeavours to recall herself to his remembrance and fails. The utter grief expressed in her countenance, as she is led away by the soldiers to be shot, is natural in the extreme. In the last act, when Catarina, almost bereft of her reason, is recalled to reason by the encounter with her brother &c., Mad. Cabel is equally effective and charming. In the first act, her physical capabilities are less manifestly equal to her "good intentions." The singing of Mad. Cabel throughout the opera is perfect. Her vocalisation, and the ease with which she overcomes all sorts of difficulties, place her in the first rank of those who have made the Opéra Comique one of the greatest attractions of the "metropolis of amusements."

The "star" at the *Italiens* lately has been Alboni, whose Ninetta in the *Gazza Ladra* has made a positive *furore*. It is unnecessary to describe her performance of a part in which she has been heard and admired so much in London. Suffice it that the incomparable *cantatrice* was enthusiastically applauded throughout the opera, and recalled at the end with acclamations. There is no "claque" at this theatre. Mario has arrived, and it is expected will make his *rentrée* in the *Puritani*. The next novelty will be Madlle Piccolomini in the *Traviata*. The greatest excitement prevails among the *dilettanti* and every place has been bespoken, although the precise night of her *début* has not yet been fixed. Quite the talk of the town is the visit paid by the little vocalist to the Vaudeville to witness the *Dame aux Camélias*, the original of the *Traviata*. Piccolomini was so affected by the performance of Madlle. Doche, that she "wept like a child."

At the Académie Impériale the long expected opera, *La Rose de Florence* of M. Biletta, composer of *White Magic*, was produced on Monday night in presence of the Emperor and Empress. The piece is not worthy a place in the *répertoire* of the grand opera. It would suit the Vaudeville and theatres of that calibre, or it would make a very good ballet. Indeed it bears more resemblance to a ballet produced some time since under the title of *La Jolie fille de Gand*. M. Biletta's music does not make us forget the poverty of the *libretto*. It is a succession of dance-tunes. The length of time the opera has been in preparation, and the frequent delays in its production, caused a great deal of curiosity to hear it, but "the mountain brought forth a mouse." The theatre was crowded, and the "claque" in great force.

Among the curiosities to be seen in Paris at the present moment is Vivier's winter residence in the Rue de la Ferme des Mathurins. It is situated on the roof of the building, and the ingenious cornist has contrived, with great labour, to make an entrance to it through the side wall, which, like most of those in Paris, are of great thickness. The time required, however, to reach his apartments is considerable, nearly fifteen minutes being required to make the voyage. When once however the goal is reached all fatigue is forgotten and the traveller revels in the elegance that surrounds him, and in the extensive and beautiful view of Paris which spreads out far beneath him. Among the latest visitors were MM. Rossini and Auber.

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GLUCK AND LAVATER.

At the time of Gluck's first efforts in the lyric drama, he had occasion to make a journey to Zurich, where Lavater, who was then laying the foundations of a school since so celebrated, was residing. The German musician had heard vaguely of Lavater's physiological labours, and, without precisely believing in the infallibility of his doctrines, or without putting implicit faith in his observations and prognostications, Gluck's ardent spirit and mind, so enamoured of the marvellous, had become warmly interested in all that was elevated, new, daring, and brilliant in the hypotheses of the learned innovator. He profited, therefore, by his sojourn at Zurich to pay Lavater a visit.

The master of the School of Physiognomy was in his study, a perfect museum, containing casts moulded with the most fastidious exactness of all the illustrious personages of the time. He was engaged in terminating the voluminous correspondence to which he was accustomed to devote the greater portion of his mornings. He did not so much as appear to perceive the arrival of the musician, and, carried away by his ideas, continued writing his letters, without even turning his head towards the new comer. This had lasted for upwards of half an hour and the *maestro* was beginning to grow tired of waiting so long, when Lavater, suddenly casting upon him his blue eyes, full of intelligence and tenderness, said:—

"Whom have I the honour of addressing, sir?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied the musician smiling. "Excuse me if I do not answer the question you have asked, and if I leave to you the task of doing so. There is no doubt with your penetration and sagacity the task will be an easy one. Allow me, therefore, to ask *you* who I am and what I am?"

Gluck's intention was evidently to embarrass the illustrious savant, but the latter was accustomed to challenges of this description, and, on more than one occasion, had come forth triumphantly from these difficult ordeals. Without appearing, therefore, at all shocked at the *mysterious* answer, he began to study attentively Gluck's features and physiognomy, terminating his examination by exclaiming, at the expiration of a few minutes—

"No—I am not mistaken. You are a musician."

"That is true," replied Gluck; "but it is a very vague qualification. Could you name the musical speciality which I particularly cultivate?"

At this fresh question Lavater was silent, and appeared to be plunged in profound reflection. Suddenly he interrupted his meditations.

"Yes, that is it," he said. "You are a composer—yes, a dramatic composer. The qualities distinguishing you are—vigour, energy, daring, elevated sentiments, grandeur of ideas, and—there," he continued, taking down from one of the shelves of his bookcase a volume magnificently bound, "I would lay a wager you are the author of that score."

Gluck cast his eyes upon the work and recognised one of his operas, entitled *The Fall of the Giants*, which had just achieved a colossal success all through Germany. The astonishing and prodigious sagacity of his interlocutor both amazed and terrified him.

"That is not all," continued Lavater, while his face gleamed with inspiration and his voice assumed, from minute to minute, a more solemn accent; "that is not all. You are destined for great, for magnificent things—you will leave behind you a luminous track in the career you pursue. You will be the founder of a great school, for there is within you an immense power of creation, and, moreover, that eagerness for the struggle and the combat which render chiefs illustrious, and victory certain."

Three years subsequent to the interview we have described, Gluck was in France, where he brought out his *Iphigenia in Tauride*, that *chef-d'œuvre* of inspiration and genius, and which imparted fresh youth to the forms of the lyric drama. On this occasion, the musical world divided itself into two camps, and the name of Gluck, rendered greater by the contest, has come down to us glorious and respected. Thus Lavater's predictions regarding the celebrated German composer were realised in every particular.

ALBONI'S AZUCENA.—(*From the Courier Franco-Italien*).—And now let us change pens. Let us take a new one. We are about to speak of Mad. Alboni. But why should we speak of her, and for whom? For herself? She does not read, or she has given up reading, the papers. She is not to blame. What would she learn from them? That she sings like a nightingale (if it be true that nightingales are such excellent musicians, which we are far from believing), and that she is in the enjoyment of perfect health. What news! The ovations she receives and her own mirror would enlighten her a thousand times better on those two points than all the statements of the feuilletonists. Those who have heard her would look with contempt on our vile prose and with reason. After underlining the most superlative hyperboles for the entire length of a column, should we have given the secret of that privileged organisation? Should we have recalled to our readers that shower of melodic pearls which falls from her lips? For those who have not assisted at one of those representations, of which she constitutes the whole attraction? Well, then yes! We should be quits for our exaggeration, for they would not fail to make this graceful compliment, and all would be said. But, after all, our words would have one good result, which would be to invite them to go and hear her, and to-day rather than to-morrow—to-morrow rather than afterwards; for there is a certain kind of music which, in the long run, must fatigue certain voices, and in this case it is not for the voice we fear, but for the representations, seeing that Madame Alboni is the last person in the world likely to injure her voice, and at the simple suspicion of such a crime she would not share the adoption of her new *répertoire*. To those who have not heard her, we may say that she who calls herself Alboni can sing the air of Azucena as well as the rondo from *Cenerentola*;—above all, that in the recital of the second act, in the air of the third act, and in the *scena* of the prison, Madame Alboni proved that she possessed the true instincts of a tragedian; that she knows how to *play* a character as well as to sing it; and finally, that she knows not only how to infuse a soul into her tones, but to animate in a two-fold degree that soul, by making alternately passionate and heartrending, always dramatic. It was a little surprise to which Madame Alboni, in the character of Azucena, had in store for those who had ruled her performances as too sober in *Cenerentola*. See poor Cinderella turning out as a tragedian! *She only knows how to sing "gorgheggios"*. Is it that Madame Alboni does not *sufficiently realise* the rôle of *gorgheggi*? But—once the sombre Azucena—you have seen! Fear nothing.

"Non piu mesta accanto al foco
Starò sola a gorgheggiar!"

And then what frantic bravos, what overwhelming, unanimous, and prolonged applause followed all these *morceaux!* Strange! We have found something new to applaud in Alboni! That is her greatest triumph.

A PIECE OF ADVICE.—A singer, endowed with a stentorian voice which defied every attempt at classification, was very desirous of knowing what was the best course for him to pursue, and, consequently, determined on asking Cherubini for his advice. By an extraordinary chance, the latter happened to be in a very good humour when his visitor was announced, and received him very courteously. "Sit down at the piano, and sing something," said Cherubini. The artist did not require to be told twice. Encouraged by Cherubini's kind tone, he gave his powers full scope, and sang in a manner to shake the very walls of the Conservatoire. "Have you heard me sufficiently?" he inquired. "Oh, quite!" replied Cherubini. "In that case would you be kind enough to clear up my doubts, and tell me what line of business I ought to adopt?" "Well, I should say that of town-crier," replied the celebrated but rather bearish *maestro*.

MADRID.—Amateurs here mention a tenor of the name of Señor Don Belart, who has been singing with success at the Teatro del Circo. He is stated to have a voice of the Duprez class, and to sing the national music of Spain with great effect. He is engaged at the Italian Opera House, Paris, and will soon make his *début*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. M.—*We are unable to furnish our correspondent with the desired information. He should put his question in the form of an advertisement. The publisher in request would doubtless declare himself without delay.*

J. Brooks (Glasgow).—*The soft pedal.*

Amateur.—*Mozart was born three years before Händel died.*

Handel's Works.—*The prospectus of the new and complete edition of Händel's works will be noticed next week.*

J. H. N. (Liverpool).—*The best cures for rheumatism are lemon juice and the scherzi of Mendelssohn.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1856.

If the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Handel's death which is announced to take place at Halle, in the year 1859 is to be an affair of no greater interest than that of the hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth, celebrated so recently at Salzburgh, it will be scarcely worth a journey to the borders of Saxony. Greater things, however, are anticipated, and even at this early period the event is eagerly discussed throughout the length and breadth of Germany. Should the general expectation be realised we may perhaps have to record a celebration something like the Bonn Festival in 1845 when the statue of Beethoven was inaugurated in the Munster Platz—but without, we trust, the contingent blunders which gave so absurd a color to some of the proceedings on that occasion.

The musical performances will of course be on a scale of magnitude and importance commensurate with the event, and will be devoted chiefly, if not wholly, to the works of Handel. It is not too soon even now to express anxiety about the man in whose hands is to be vested the direction of the whole. Let us hope that the near vicinity of Leipsic on one side, and Weimar on the other, will not induce the committee to invite the assistance of any of the members of a well known clique of intriguers and Jesuits, who, while they entertain but small esteem for Handel, and openly avow their contempt for oratorios, would be not the less eager to come forward on an occasion which presents them with so excellent an opportunity of increasing their notoriety, and of keeping their names and their doctrines before the world. There must be no Liszt with a mass at Halle, as at Bonn there was Liszt with a cantata. The commemoration must be in all respects serious, and worthy of Handel.

Who then should be the conductor? The question is one of infinite moment, since upon its solution depends in a very great measure the character of the proceedings. If Dr. Spohr at the period of the commemoration is still in the full enjoyment of health and strength, there can be no doubt that he will be the fittest man to assume so important a position. If the contrary we have no preference among any of the other musicians of Germany, but we sincerely hope the committee will exercise so wise a discretion in their choice as not to offend the majesty of Handel by any admixture of charlatanism with a festival got up in honour of his memory. All Europe should be attracted to Halle by this solemnity, and all Europe, in the persons of its worthiest musical children, should, if practicable, take some active part in it. If moreover it be a time of peace (which Louis Napoléon permit!) we see no reason why crowned heads should not pay the same deference to Handel at his birth place as they have already paid to Beethoven at his.

A correspondent of *The Athenæum*, (whose letter will be found in another column) warns English admirers of Händel not to subscribe money for a monument to Handel at Halle. With this warning we cannot sympathise, since we are unable to see any reason why a monument erected to the immortal composer in his native town should at all interfere with a monument being erected in or near Westminster Abbey; nor can we understand why English amateurs of music should withold their aid from such an undertaking. On the other hand, the writer has logic on his side when he suggests that whatever money is subscribed should be retained in England, in charge of a committee, until it can be satisfactorily shown that at least twice as much has been collected in Germany. It would be a little too exacting on the part of our Teutonic friends to claim our great musician for themselves, and make us raise a monument to his memory, under their inspection, and at our expense. The recollection of the Mendelssohn Testimonial scheme, and of the inexplicable conduct of the Leipsic authorities, is still fresh in England, and it behoves all who entertain the notion of giving support to the Halle speculation, in a pecuniary form, to understand thoroughly under what kind of management the funds are to be administered before parting with a single penny. As we think it more than likely that this country will be largely represented on the occasion we are not averse to its accepting a fair share of the responsibilities, and indeed we should be sorry to find any signs of indifference about a project which, after all, has for its end to do honour to the composer of *The Messiah*. That Handel the musician was more English than German, it needed not *The Athenæum* to tell us. The writer of the latter might have gone still further, and have stated that Handel was naturalised an English subject three-and-thirty years before his death. The accident of birth when weighed against this, and the fact of his having composed all his great works in England and to English texts, can hardly be worth much consideration.

The propriety of celebrating the hundredth anniversary of a great man's *death* has been canvassed, and not without a show of reason. The Halle festival, however, should be regarded in the same light as the Bonn fêtes of 1845—as a festival to celebrate the inauguration of a monument. Thus construed, the anomaly involved in the other view of it disappears.

LETTER FROM RACHEL TO HER SON*

(*Translation*)

"*Cairo, Oct. 15th, 1856.*

"Dear Little One,—My health is going on not badly. I have already gained some strength. My appetite is sufficiently good. I am as well installed as one can be in Egypt. There are two hotels at Cairo; I am in the best one. My bed room which looks due south, is as large as one of your dormitories, and elevated in proportion. So that although the heat is considerable there is no want of air. Provisions are all that need be desired. The cook who is French, provides us with little dainties, in title of being her countrywomen. I have already taken some short walks in the interior of the city and in the environs.

"This is a very curious, very interesting, and very rich country. I hope one day you will make this beautiful trip, and that God will permit me to be your cicerone (which means your devoted guide).

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* No apology is necessary for the publication of the above interesting letter from the greatest dramatic artist in the world, whose return to the stage is anxiously anticipated by all true admirers of histrionic genius.

"More than ever do I congratulate myself upon being '*une errante tragédienne*.' I meet none but people ready to oblige us, to serve us, to amuse us; in short, since my departure from Marseilles, I have everywhere encountered maternal hospitality.

"Your aunt (Madlle. Sarah) is very well; she laughs, she sings, and would even dance to make me smile, and that is not always easy, for I very often think that I am far from my dear little ones. It is true that I quickly comfort myself with the thought that I have only left my country for some months in order to return to my children, strong and healthy, never to leave them any more.

"I have made an effort to write you this long letter, since writing fatigues me and excites me—two things strictly prohibited by the doctors. Nor can I write to any one else by this mail. I hope you will thank me by writing me a long, a very long letter. Tell me all your thoughts, and some news, if you have any, as there is no French paper here.

"I shall write to my dear parents by the next boat. There was an earthquake at Alexandria during our stay. There was no accident, but it left a profound impression upon me. It is a sublime horror! At Cairo some accidents occurred. But now I must take leave of you, and put into this letter a thousand tender kisses for you. "RACHEL."

(ORIGINAL.)

"*Caire, le 16 Octobre*, 1856.

"CHER PETIT.—Ma santé ne va pas trop mal; j'ai déjà pris quelques forces. L'appétit est très-suffisant. Je suis aussi bien installée qu'on peut l'être en Egypte. Il y a au Caire deux hôtels; je suis dans le meilleur. La chambre-à-coucher, qui est en plein midi, est grande comme un de vos dortoirs et élevée proportionnellement. Donc, bien qu'il fasse une bonne chaleur, l'air ne manque pas. La nourriture est des plus convenables. La cuisinière, qui est Française, nous fait de petites douceurs à titre de compatriotes. Déjà j'ai fait quelques petites promenades dans le cœur de la ville et aux alentours.

"C'est un pays bien curieux, bien intéressant et bien riche. J'espère qu'un jour tu feras ce beau voyage, et que Dieu me permettra d'être ton cicerone (ce qui signifie conducteur dévoué).

"Plus que jamais je me félicite d'être une *errante* tragédienne. Je ne rencontre que des personnes prêtes à nous obliger, à nous servir, à nous distraire; enfin, depuis mon départ de Marseille, j'ai rencontré partout une hospitalité maternelle.

"Ta tante (Mlle. Sarah) est très-bien; elle rit, elle chante, elle danserait même pour me faire sourire, et cela n'est pas facile tous les jours, car je pense bien souvent que je suis loin de mes chers petits. Il est vrai que je me console vite en me disant que je ne me suis expatriée quelques mois que pour revenir à mes enfants forte de santé et pour ne plus les quitter jamais.

"Je viens de faire un effort pour t'écrire aussi longuement, car écrire me fatigue et m'émeut, deux choses très-défendues par les médecins. Aussi ne puis je écrire à d'autres personnes par ce courrier. J'espère que tu vas me remercier en m'écrivant une longue, bien longue lettre. Dis moi toutes tes pensées et des nouvelles si tu en sais, car ici nous n'avons aucun journal français.

"J'écrirai à mes chers parents par le bateau prochain. Il y a eu un tremblement de terre à Alexandrie pendant notre séjour. Il n'y a eu aucun malheur, mais cela m'a laissé une impression profonde. C'est une sublime horreur. Au Caire il y a eu quelques accidents. Sur ce je te quitte, et mets dans cette lettre mille tendres baisers pour toi.

"RACHEL."

MR. RICHARDSON, the eminent flautist, while attending a rehearsal at the Surrey Gardens, was seized with paralysis, and now lies in a very precarious state. It is feared he will never be able to play again.

SIR HENRY BISHOP.—The friends of the late Sir H. R. Bishop, who for many years held the office of Professor of Music to the University of Oxford, have commenced a subscription in order to raise a monument to his memory, and above all to purchase the ground which covers his remains, and thus prevent his grave from being forgotten.—*Cheltenham Examiner.*

MDLLE. STEFFANONI.

We all remember Mdlle. Steffanoni at the Royal Italian Opera in 1847-8. She came to England with Marini, the basso (who is now at St. Petersburgh). She was not accounted much at that period. But times change, and singers with them. Mdlle. Steffanoni has passed some eight years in America, where she must have made great progress, unless our neighbours in Paris are gone mad.

Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mad. Frezzolini, Signor Calzado applied to Mdlle. Steffanoni, of whom he had heard, and whom he knew to be in Paris, to undertake the part of Leonora in the *Trovatore* at a few hours' notice. The lady consented, and although the audience was ill-disposed towards the substitute (of whose name most of them had never heard) she triumphed over their prejudices, and created a *furore*. The next day all Paris was talking about her. And now Mdlle. Steffanoni forms one among the stars of the Italiens, and is regularly attached to the theatre. In one night she became famous.

Is all this justified by the merits of the new comer? That is exactly what puzzles us to know.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE principal novelty at these entertainments since our last account, has been the "French Quadrille," companion to the "British Quadrille." M. Jullien, with his usual ingenuity, has placed the most popular French melodies in a very brilliant setting, and displayed them to the utmost advantage. The introductory air, "Rendez moi ma Patrie," symphonically prefaces, as it were, the whole; after which follow the regular dance tunes. In No. 1 we have "Le Petit Tambour;" No. 2, "La voilà, cette France chérie," with variations for flute, flageolet, oboe, clarinet, and cornet, by Messrs. De Folley, Collinet, Lavigne, Lazarus, and Koenig; No. 3, "Veillons au salut de l'Empire;" No. 4, "Le Petit Caporal," variations on the ophicleide by Mr. Hughes; and No. 5, "La Manaco," an old French tune, a favorite of the Emperor Napoleon the first; the composition winding up after M. Jullien's peculiar fashion, with a peroration of which the airs "Partant pour la Syrie," and "Vive l'Empereur," constitute the main features. The French Quadrille, in a word, is a capital one, and is nightly received with the greatest applause, and when condensed for the pianoforte and stript of its symphonic costume—whose proper place is the theatre—promises to become as popular as its brother of England. Miss Catherine Hayes has sung during the week, among other things, "Voi che sapete" (*Nozze di Figaro*), "O luce di quest' anima" (*Linda di Chamouni*), "Happy Birdling," a song written expressly for her, Wallace's ballad, "Why do I weep for thee?" and the Irish song, "Savourneen deelish." The last, by the way, has been wrongly assigned in the programme to Moore, who had nothing to do with it. The words of "Savourneen deelish" were written by George Colman for Jack Johnstone, and in their simplicity and natural expression, are better fitted to the pathetic old air than the famous lyric of Tom Campbell, or the patriotic verses of Tom Moore. Miss Catherine Hayes sings it delightfully, but it loses much of its force in the mouth of a lady. The selection from *Il Trovatore* keeps its ground, and deservedly. The performance is very fine, both of the band generally and the instrumental soloists. The chorus of male voices, too, in the "Miserere," produces a powerful impression. The overture to *Egmont* must be noticed as one of the most masterly recent achievements of the band, which always plays the music of Beethoven, as M. Jullien conducts it—con amore. Nor should we overlook the new Belgian violinist, M. Le Hon, who has won the admiration of all amateurs by his brilliant execution, pure taste, and splendid tone. M. Le Hon is a great acquisition to M. Jullien's band of soloists, and his performance nightly makes a powerful impression on the audiences. We shall allude to the Belgian violinist by-and-bye at greater length.

PARISIAN AMUSEMENTS.—The receipts of the theatres, concerts, and other places of public amusement, for the month of October, have exceeded those of the previous month by 149 472f.

REVIEWS.

No. 1. "Under the Greenwood Tree"—Ballad; No. 2. "Love makes the Ocean Wild"—Ballad; No. 3. "[illegible] King's Deer"—Recitative and Air; No. 4. "In the Forest [illegible]"—Part-Song of Village Maidens. (From the cantata of *Robin Hood*.) Written by George Linley. Composed by John L. Hatton.

We find no reason to modify the opinion derived from hearing a performance of Mr Hatton's *Robin Hood* at the recent Bradford Festival. The work was unworthy of the occasion and the man. A great deal more was expected from one who had written such good songs under the pseudonyme of "Czapek," and brought out an opera (*Pascal Bruno*) in Germany. Either Mr Hatton carelessly threw away an excellent opportunity of distinction, or was incapable of anything of a higher character. In whichever case, it is a matter for regret, since every new failure made by an English composer throws further into the shade all hope of a national opera as the nucleus of a future national school.

The pieces before us are those which produced the most effect at Bradford. They are trifles at the best, and do not call for criticism in detail. No. 1 is the simple ballad in which Mr. Sims Reeves was encored. In No. 2, if we remember well, Miss Milner was similarly complimented. No. 3 is the bass song of the Bishop, which Mr Weiss sang with so much spirit; and No. 4 the part-song (for female voices) of village maidens—or "*forest-maidens*," as it stood originally, for which a contemporary suggested the substitution of "dears." Why is not the whole *cantata* printed? This would afford us a better chance of appreciating its merits, and possibly of reversing in some respects our first verdict.

"The Lime Trees by the River."—Ballad; written by T. S. Douglas—composed by G. A. Macfarren.

Both the poetry and the music of this ballad are unexceptionable. It is true the same things, or much the same things, have very often been said and given to the world by poet and musician united, but rarely with better taste, less obtrusiveness, or more elegance.

"Beautiful May"—Song with a burden; sung by Miss Sherrington in the cantata of *May Day*; written by John Oxenford—composed by G. A. Macfarren.

Is this piquant and really beautiful piece—in which the poetry and music may be likened to a young married couple, formed by heaven for each other and at their union rejoicing in every advantage mental and physical—is this *all* that the "spirited publishers" have entrusted to the engraver's hands from the cantata of *May Day* which achieved so legitimate a public success, and made so favourable an impression upon all the musical connoisseurs at the Bradford Festival, last September? *Fi donc!* This is "encouraging art" with a vengeance.

"Blue-eyed Nell." Ballad. Written and composed by George Linley.

Mr Linley appears to have as many mistresses as the Grand Turk. "Blue-eyed Nell" is only one of a hundred, whose perfections he has apostrophised in rhymes set to music, and without whose company

> "Dark would be life's dream,
> Cold this earth would seem."

Why does he not marry one of them, and have done with this lyrical rambling—instead of "roving alone," in "silent groves," "beneath the pale stars' ray," etc. It would be better for all of us—for the music-publisher, for the public, and for the poet musician himself. Mr Linley's strains are so much of a colour that any one of them would do well enough for the entire harem of fancy ladies about whom he cares so much and the world at large so little.

"[illegible]?—He's coming." Irish Cradle Lullaby. Poetry and melody by Sir John Edmond de Beauvoir, Bart.

A mother lulls her baby to sleep, with the consolation that papa, who is at sea, will soon return. The words, if not new, are smooth and pretty. The music ——.

"The Zingarella."—Composed by Venzano. Written and arranged by George Linley.

For "arranged" read "disarranged." Mr Linley has apparently *transposed* a song which M. Venzano wrote for the peculiarities of Madame Gassier, the key in which it here stands bringing it evidently too low for that lady's voice. Mr Linley has also produced verses disclosing an equally familiar acquaintance with the habits of *Bohémiennes* and of swallows—since he tells us that the "merry *Zingara*,"

> "Light of heart, and full of glee,"

roves from

> "The land whence comes the swallow."

The music, though not very original, has the merit of being sparkling and effective.

"Fair Helen"—(Schön Rohtraut)—Translated from the German of E. Mörike, by E. M. S. Composed by Louis Wallbach.

The German poem is a good specimen of the romantic ballad. The translation into English is not bad, but might have been better. The music is not sufficiently well written to atone for the common-place character of its first idea.

"[illegible]."—Duet for *Soprano* and *Contralto*. Composed by Henry Smart.

Although reminding the hearer in its general character of Mendelssohn, this is not the less a melodious and graceful duettino for the chamber, effectively voiced and harmonised with musicianly skill. There is only one theme, which is thrice repeated, but in the third verse the accompaniment is slightly varied. In the last bar of the accompaniment, on the first page, the inadvertent omission of a flat to the note B, in the transition to the seventh on G, should be rectified, since it strangely obscures the harmony. The words are simple and beautiful.

Mr. W. Vincent Wallace has left England for New York and, we learn, has taken with him the MS. score of an opera, with the intention of having it performed in the capital of the United States.

Meyerbeer.—Mdlle. Blanche Meyerbeer, the eldest daughter of the celebrated composer, has just been affianced to M. le Baron von Korff, a member of one of the oldest families of the Prussian nobility.

Conservatoire Impérial de Musique.—M. Fontana, *Maître de Chant* of the Grand-Opéra, has been appointed professor of singing in the place of the late M. Bordogni.

An American Prima Donna.—America is about to supply Europe with a *prima donna*. Miss Julia May, a lady of only twenty years of age, who has studied under the best masters in Italy and is now in Paris, destined according to general rumour, to be the star. Her voice is a *soprano sfogato*.

Mr. Benedict.—The musical directorship at Stuttgardt, vacated by the death of Herr Lindpaintner, will possibly be filled by the appointment of Mr Benedict, who is a native of the capital of Wurtemburg.

[illegible] Sacred Harmonic Society.—On Monday evening the members of the society held a musical *soirée* which was numerously attended. The Rev. H. J. Match, one of the vice-presidents, occupied the chair, and was supported by several officers of the society. In the course of the evening a selection of sacred music was performed by the Misses Wells, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Cole, Madame Stattaford, Miss Gilbert, (who was encored in "Consider the lilies," by Topliff,) Miss Pinchard, Miss Cambridge, Mr Tilly and Mr Walworth. Miss M. Wells, in "If guiltless blood," gained great applause; and the trio "Lift thine eyes," by Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Cole, and Miss M. Wells, was re-demanded. The solos were interspersed with choruses, in the style of chorales, and suited for voices alone. Mr G. Pringle was accompanyist, and Mr. Forman conductor. The concerts for the winter season commence in December.

Dresden.—On the square opposite the theatre, it is intended to erect a monument to the memory of Carl Maria von Weber. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has been performed here with the greatest success.

LIVERPOOL.—(*From our own Correspondent, Nov. 12.*)—The Saturday Evening Concerts improve. At the Concert-hall on Saturday Miss Williams, "the Welsh Nightingale," had a good attendance, and at St. George's-hall, the same evening, there there was a fair audience, the singers being Mad. Constantini, Miss Lavine, Messrs. Miranda, Scarisbrick, and Vange, with Mr W. T. Best at the organ, and Mr G. Holden at the piano. For the next Saturday concert Mrs. Sunderland has been engaged.—Miss Arabella Goddard, Miss Sherrington, and Miss Fanny Huddart are engaged for the Philharmonic Subscription Concert on the 9th December.—The threepenny organ performances in St. George's Hall are to be discontinued, and given on Saturday nights instead—a sixpenny concert taking place in the afternoon of Saturday as usual.—The Brousil family are attracting large audiences at the Clayton Hall.—Professor Anderson is nightly filling the Theatre Royal.

MANCHESTER.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The first of Hallé's Classical Chamber Concerts for the current season—the eighth—took place at the Town Hall on Thursday (Nov. 6th). The attendance was numerous. M. Hallé was assisted by Herr Ernst and Signor Piatti. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Grand Trio (in D, Op. 70, No. 1)—Beethoven. Grand Sonata, piano and violin, Ded. to Kreutzer (A minor)—Beethoven.

PART II.—Grand Trio (in C minor, Op. 66)—Mendelssohn. Theme, with Variations, piano and violoncello—Mendelssohn. Solo violin, Nocturne (in E major)—Ernst. Solo, pianoforte, "Promenades d'un Solitaire" (F sharp and D flat); "La Chasse" (Study in E flat)—Heller.

This was an admirable selection and could hardly be surpassed as a test of the merits of the three accomplished instrumentalists. The Kreutzer Sonata perhaps pleased most generally, not only on account of the beauty of the piece itself, which appeals to all hearts, but the exquisite playing of Ernst, by his pathos, intense expression and refinement of style, realizes all the composer intended on the violin. The two "grand" trios—"grand" in the legitimate sense of the word—were well contrasted, and put the executants on their mettle. All were in force, and a greater treat, perhaps, has not been afforded to M. Hallé's subscribers since the first series of concerts was given. The second movement of Beethoven's trio, and the *scherzo* of Mendelssohn's, produced the most marked sensation. But indeed, the whole was irreproachable, and the feeling created by such music, executed so magnificently, bordered on enchantment. How marvellously Ernst executes Mendelssohn's fairy-like and delicious *scherzo*, and how profoundly he interprets the passionate imaginings of Beethoven, need not be told. The great violinist, always equal to the occasion, never played better and never delighted more. With two such consummate masters as Piatti and M. Hallé to aid him, I need not say there was no failing on the part of his coadjutors. In short, it was a glorious evening, and everybody was in raptures. It would be unjust were I to leave unnoticed Ernst's charming "Solo à Nocturne"—a composition full of poetry—which, played in his impassioned manner, brought down repeated bursts of applause; nor the performance by M. Hallé of Stephen Heller's strikingly original *morceaux*, with which the amateurs of the piano were more immediately delighted; nor the delicious little *air varié* of Mendelssohn, in which the audience were fairly divided in their admiration of violoncello and piano—by Piatti and Hallé. It is pleasant to know that these sterling concerts are assuming much the same importance as those which take place in the Paris Conservatoire, of which they may be regarded as the *camera* reflection.

SWANSEA.—Mr Saary's Concert took place at the Assembly Rooms on Monday evening, in the presence of a large audience, including the mayor and several members of the Indefatigable Lodge of Freemasons. The bill of fare comprised glees, songs, duets, &c., several of which were encored. Mr. and Mrs. Saary, Master Harding, and Mr. William Merrick (of Bristol), the singers, acquitted themselves well. The last, a baritone, sang Rossini's "Pro peccatis" and Donizetti's "Vien Leonora." On the whole, the concert gave great satisfaction.

ERFURT.—Herr Reinthaler's oratorio, *Jephtha and his Daughter* was lately given at this town, his birth-place. The first performance was so crowded and so successful, that a second is demanded.

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Some differences of opinion which prevailed between the Earl of Albemarle and the committee for conducting the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival have been happily arranged, and the noble lord has consented to accept the office of chairman of the committee, which was offered to him some time since. The guarantee fund is reported to be progressing satisfactorily, and Lord Sondes and Lord Suffield have consented to act on the committee. At a meeting of the City Committee of the Town Council on Thursday it was decided to erect a new orchestra in St. Andrew's Hall, although the consideration of the details was postponed for the present. It is proposed that the orchestra should accommodate 600 persons, as it is intended to use it for the first time at the Festival.

CHELTENHAM.—(*From a Correspondent, Nov. 10*).—Mr Finlayson's concert, announced for some time, took place on Friday evening at the Assembly Rooms. The attendance was numerous, and the programme attractive. The vocalists were Misses Dolby, Amy Dolby, Messrs Montem Smith, George Dolby, and Merrick; the instrumentalists—M. Sainton, violin; Sig. Regondi, concertina and guitar; and Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and C. Elsgrove, pianoforte. The instrumental performances were admirable. M. Sainton executed the *Lucrezia Borgia* fantasia with consummate ability, and roused his audience to a high state of excitement. Mr Lindsay Sloper may be placed in the same category with M. Sainton. His pianoforte solo was very fine, and was loudly applauded. Nevertheless, the Cheltenham gentry would appear to prefer the concertina and guitar to either the violin or piano, since Signor Regondi was encored in his two solos, which, as usual, he played "to perfection." Miss Dolby sang three songs—Wallace's "If loved by thee," "Bay of Dublin," and "Heigho! Janet"—and was encored in all, a compliment she richly merited. The capacity of pleasing universally belongs to Miss Dolby in an eminent degree. Miss Amy Dolby was very successful in the ballad of "The Motherless Bairn," which she sang with true expression. Mr Montem Smith obtained a loud encore in "Good bye, sweetheart." Bishop's "Fisherman's good night" brought the concert to a termination.

DESSAU.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was given on the 3rd of October. The singers were Mesdames Michaleci and Mayer, Herr Pölke and Krüger, with a chorus and orchestra of above 900 performers, under the direction of Herr Thiele, successor and pupil of Fr. Schneider. The performance created a deep impression.

LEIPSIC.—A musical correspondent at Leipsic writes as follows:—The second of the present series of Gewandhaus concerts was particularly interesting, it being the occasion of the *debuts* before the Leipsic public of two artists already favourably known in England. Herr Reichardt obtained a very great success, being compelled to repeat his second *morceau*—an honour rarely accorded at these concerts. Mr W. G. Cusins gave an admirable performance of Sterndale Bennett's fourth concerto, which rather astonished the good Leipsicers, who are too apt to imagine that we in England do not know what good music is. The success of Mr Cusins, following upon Miss Goddard's "Merkwürdige Erscheinung" of the previous winter, may help to convince them of the contrary.—*Illustrated London News.*

BERLIN.—Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach, have announced a new quartet, by Herr Voigt, at their next Quartet Soirée. Herr Voigt was a pupil of the Academy of Music here, and carried off several prizes. Herr R. Klein's oratorio of *Jephtha* was lately produced under the direction of Herr Franz, in the Nicolaikirche. It was pretty well received, and tolerably executed, although the performers were selected from different Gesangvereine, and co-operated for the first time, probably with Herr Franz's orchestra. The first Quartet Soirée of Herren Laub, Radecke, Würst, and Braun, took place on the 29th ultimo, in Arnim's small room. The principal features in the programme were Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, and Beethoven's in E major. On the 30th ultimo, the members of the Singacademie, with the assistance of Liebig's orchestra, performed Sebastian Bach's grand mass, in B minor. The execution, however, of this fine work was far from being all that could be desired.

THE LIFE & CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Translated from the German for Dwight's Journal.)

(Continued from p. 711.)

The realm of tones snatched Beethoven in his last years almost entirely from the actual world, from which his nearly total loss of hearing separated him. He shrank back into solitude, declining almost every invitation, lest he should be, through his deafness, burdensome to others. With this tender sparing of others there was united in Beethoven a citizen of the world sense of freedom which would brook no restraint. Without regard to consequences, when he appeared in public places he expressed his opinion freely and boldly, not seldom very sarcastically, about the government, about the police, about the manners of the great, &c. Everybody understood this in Vienna, and indulged him, whether on the score of eccentricity or out of reverence for his genius. Hence Beethoven frequently maintained that, "Nowhere can one speak more freely than in Vienna." His ideal of a constitution was the English. By that he tried every political manifestation. But he knew very well how much he and his works were prized in England.

He had an unmistakable proof of that in 1817, when the Philharmonic Society in London invited him to come there and to compose some grand symphonies. Beethoven was compelled by his illness and by other circumstances to give up this journey. But the lively interest he took in the idea for a long time appears in the correspondence which he had about it with his friend and pupil Ries, who had for some years lived in London. From the fact, too, that it sheds some light upon Beethoven's otherwise not very favorable situation, this correspondence is not without interest.

Beethoven wrote to Ries from Vienna on the 9th of July, 1817: "The commissions contained in your last letter are very flattering. From this you will see how highly I esteem them. Were it not for my unlucky infirmity, which makes me require much more attendance and expense especially upon a journey and in a foreign land, I should accept *unconditionally* the proposal of the Philharmonic Society. But place yourself in my position; consider how many more hindrances I have to contend with than any other artist, and then judge whether my requirements are unreasonable. Here they are, and I beg you to communicate them personally to the gentlemen directors of the Philharmonic Society. 1. I will be in London in the first half of the month of January, 1818, by the latest. 2. The two grand symphonies, entirely new, shall then be ready, and shall remain the property of the Society alone. 3. The Society gives me 300 guineas for them and 100 guineas for travelling expenses, which, however, will come much higher in my case, since it will be indispensable that I take a companion with me. 4. Since I begin immediately to work upon the composition of these grand symphonies, the Society (on the receipt of my draft) will send me here the sum of 150 guineas, so that I may provide a carriage and other preparations for the journey without delay. 5. The conditions with regard to not appearing in any other orchestra, to not directing, and to giving the preference to the Society, other things being equal, are accepted by me, and would by my love of honor have been understood as a matter of course. I must hope for the countenance of the Society in instituting and furthering one or more (according to circumstances) benefit concerts for me. The especial friendship of some of the directors of your estimable Union, as well as the kind interest of all artists in my works, is to me a pledge of that, and spurs me on so much the more to realize their expectations. 7. Moreover, I wish to have the acceptance or ratification of the above drawn up in the English language, signed by three directors in the name of the Society." In a postscript to this letter he adds: "I have purposely used another's hand in this letter, in order that you may be better able to read it all and lay it before the Society. Of your friendly sentiment towards me I am convinced, and hope that the Philharmonic Society will accept my proposal. You may be assured that I will use all my power to acquit myself of the honorable commission of so select a Society in the most worthy manner." In the same postscript Beethoven inquired how strong the orchestra would be? how many violins, &c.? with one or with two proportions of brass? Is the hall large or resonant? &c.

Beethoven unfortunately was obliged to postpone the intended journey. "In spite of my wishes," he wrote to Ries on the 5th of March, 1818, "it was not possible for me to come this year to London. I beg you to say to the Philharmonic Society, that my feeble health prevented me. I hope, however, to be this spring perhaps entirely cured, and then to avail myself early in the autumn of the commission from the Society, and fulfil all the conditions of the same."

The following passage in this letter affords a deep insight into Beethoven's situation, which, according to his own statements, must have been very oppressive. "I wish," he says to Ries, "that your fortunes may improve daily. Alas! I cannot say that of myself. I cannot see another starve, I must give. So you can imagine what and how I suffer. Write to me very soon, I beg you. If it is in any way possible, I will get away from here early, to escape my utter ruin, and so reach London at the latest in the winter. I know that you will stand by an unfortunate friend. Had I been in the possession of my strength, and had I not been here, as always, bound by circumstances, I surely should have done far more for you."

Over a year had passed, when Beethoven, in a letter to Ries (April 3, 1819) saw himself obliged once more to announce that for the present he could not possibly come to London, since he was entangled in so many circumstances. "But God will certainly," he added, "aid me to come to London, next winter, when I will bring with me the new symphonies. I expect very soon the text for a new oratorio, which I write here for the Musical Society, and which perhaps will also serve us in London. Do what you can for me, for I need it. Orders from the Philharmonic Society would have been very welcome. The accounts which Neate has sent me from London about the almost total failure of the three overtures, distressed me. Here each of them in its way not only pleased, but those in E flat and C major made a really great impression. The fate of these compositions with the Philharmonic Society is incomprehensible to me. You will already have received the arranged quintet and the sonata. Have both these works, especially the quintet, engraved at once. With the sonata there is less need of haste; yet I should like to have it appear within at least two, or at the most, three months. That earlier letter of which you speak I did not receive. Hence I did not hesitate to sell these two works here also—that is to say, merely for Germany. Meanwhile it will take three months before the sonata appears here. But do make haste with the quintet. As soon as you remit me the money here, I will send you, for the publisher, a certificate as proprietor of these works for England, Scotland, Ireland, France, &c."

About a fortnight later, on the 19th of April, 1819, Ries received from his old friend and teacher a very discontented letter. "It is incomprehensible to me," wrote Beethoven, "how so many errors could occur in the copy of the sonata. The incorrect copying may have arisen from the fact that I no longer have a copyist of my own. Circumstances have brought all this about, and God must better it, until there comes a different state of things. This has lasted now a whole year. It is frightful how the thing has gone on, and what has become of my material, and yet no one can say what will come of it, until the promised year is passed. Should the sonata[*] not suit London, I could send another, or you could leave out the largo, and begin at once with the fugue in the last place. I leave it to your discretion. The Sonata has been written in depressing circumstances, for it is hard to write almost for bread's sake. To this then have I come! To go to London were certainly the sole salvation for me to free me from this wretched, irksome situation, in which I never can be well, and never do the work I could in better circumstances." In a later letter (25th May 1819) Beethoven confessed, "I was confined by cares, as never before in my life, and that by excessive kindness towards other men."

Beethoven excused his long silence in a letter of the 6th of April 1822 with the confession that he had been sick again for more than a whole year. "Still," he wrote, "I cherish the thought of coming yet to London, if only my health permit, perhaps next spring. You would find in me, dear Ries, the true appreciator of my dear scholar, now great master; and who knows what new good thing for art may yet spring up in union with you. I am, as always given up entirely to my muse, and find in that alone the happiness of my life."

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[*] Op. 106, in B flat.

In this same letter Beethoven mentioned a grand Mass, (*Missa solennis*) which he had not long before written. To his inquiry to Ries, whether something might not be made of it in London, he had received no answer. Accordingly he turned (in a letter of the 26th of July 1822) to the music dealer, Peters, in Leipzig, the head of the Bureau de Musique there. "I hereby inform you," he wrote, "that I will give you the Mass together with the piano-forte arrangement, for the sum of 1000 florins in Convention coin. By the end of July you will receive this work well written off in score, perhaps a few days earlier or later, since I am always very busy and have been sick now for five months. But since one has to go through a work very attentively when it is going to a distance, it becomes a slow operation with me. The competition for my works is at present very strong, for which I thank the Almighty, for I have also lost much. Besides I am foster-father to my brother's helpless child. As this boy of fifteen shows so much talent for the sciences, it not only costs a great deal for the instruction and support of my nephew, but his future must be thought of, since we are neither Indians nor Iroquois, who leave all to the dear God, and it is a sad life, that of a *pauper*. In relation to one expression in your letter, I assure you on my honor that it has always been my principle never to offer myself to any publisher, not out of pride, but because I like to see how far the domain of my little talent reaches."

On the 3rd of August, 1822, Beethoven wrote to Peters in Leipzig: "I have already told you of my not yet being wholly restored to health. I require baths, as also mineral water and medicine besides. Hence things are somewhat deranged with me, the more so, that I must still write. Corrections, too, cost some time. In regard to the songs and the other marches and little things, I am not yet decided on the selection, but all may be ready to send by the 15th of this month. I wait for your directions, and will make no use of your remittance. So soon as I know that the price for the Mass and for the other works is here all can be delivered by the 15th of this month. But after the 15th I must go to a mineral bath which is in this neighbourhood. Hence it is important for me to avoid all business for a while."

About his physical condition Beethoven wrote some three months later, on the 22nd of November, 1822: "My health is not indeed fully restored by my bathing, but on the whole I have gained. I had one special evil here which was hard to overcome; another person had sought me out a dwelling place which did not suit me, and this put back my business not a little. [illegible] can get on well so."

A letter of Beethoven to Peters in Leipzig (20th December 1822) contains the confession: "It is impossible for me in all cases to make a percentage arrangement. I find it very hard to reckon in that way, oftener than is absolutely necessary. Besides, my situation is not so brilliant as you suppose. I am not in a condition to give an immediate hearing to all orders. There are too many of them; and there are many things which cannot be refused. Not always does the thing required accord with the author's wish. Were not my income wholly without income I would write nothing but grand symphonies, church music, at the most quintets." With these expressions in the letter another of the same date to his friend Ries, in London, harmonizes: "With satisfaction," he writes, "I accept the commission to write a new Symphony for the Philharmonic Society. If the compensation from the English cannot be compared with other nations, I would write even gratis for the first artists of Europe if I were not always the poor Beethoven. If I were only in London, what great things would I not write for the Philharmonic Society! For Beethoven, thank God! can write nothing else in the world. If God only gives me back my health again which has improved, to say the least, then I can earn the orders from all parts of Europe, nay, even from North America, and I may yet come to a green branch."

In a letter of the 25th of March, 1823, Beethoven pleaded his situation in excuse for his delay in sending some military marches to Peters, the *chef* of the *Bureau de Musique* in Leipzig. "You would not think it strange," he wrote, "that you receive the three marches only to-day, if you were here and knew my situation. A description of it would be too prolix both for you and me. But I find here something to remark on what I have sent. In the grand march there might be several regimental bands united, in order to man all the parts; and where a regimental band is not strong enough, a band master can easily manage it by leaving out some parts. In Leipzig even you may find some one who can show you how this march may be set with fewer parts, although it will pain me if it should not appear in print entirely as it is. You must pardon the many corrections in the copy. My old copyist's sight is failing, and the younger one must first be broken in. But all is at least free from errors. It is impossible for me to serve you at once with a violin and a piano quartet. In case you write me betimes, however, whether you wish both works, I will do all I can. Only I must add that I cannot take for a violin quartet less than 50 ducats and for a piano quartet 70 ducats, as otherwise I should suffer loss. Indeed, 50 ducats have been offered me more than once for violin quartets. But I do not like to be exorbitant, and hence with you I adhere to these 50 ducats, which is actually now the common price. You know how quartets have risen now to the highest point, so that one is even ashamed with a great work. Meanwhile my situation demands that I should have every advantage more or less for an inducement. It is quite another matter with the work itself. There I never think, thank God! of the advantage, but only *how* I write."

(*To be continued.*)

Cologne.—On the 4th inst., Messrs. Maurin, Chevillard, and colleagues from Paris, gave their second Quartet Soirée before a most numerous audience. The effect produced by their execution of Beethoven's quartet in A minor was very great. The audience were highly delighted and so were the artists, for, after the concert, they repeatedly exclaimed: "Oh! how well the public listens in Germany! How different it is in Paris!" The quartet was followed by Beethoven's pianoforte trio in D major, performed by Herr E. Frank, Messrs. Maurin and Chevillard. The concert was brought to a close by Mozart's violin quartet in D major No. 7. Messrs. Maurin and Chevillard left the following day for the purpose of playing in Bonn, Aix la Chapelle and Dusseldorf. A concert which has attracted considerable attention, is announced for the 11th inst. The grand feature of it will be the production of a new composition by Herr Ferdinand Hiller—a grand work in two parts, for chorus, solos, and full band. The text is taken from the tenth chapter of the twenty-second book of Livy. The same subject has already been used by Uhland, in his poem, *Ver sacrum*, and has been arranged in a lyrical dramatic form by Professor L. Bischoff. The action takes place at Alba Longa, and is mixed up with the foundation of Rome and the introduction of the worship of Mars and Vesta. The solo parts are those of the Priest of Mars (barytone), the Priestess of Vesta (soprano), a General of the Albans (tenor), and a female inhabitant of Alba (soprano). Both the soprano characters, with the exception of a quartet in the second part, may be sung by the same person. The chorus is treated sometimes in the antique style, as witnessing the action and sometimes as participating in the action, as warriors, shepherds, populace, etc.

Rachel and the Bishop.—The Bishop of Nancy, brother of a well-known actor, wished to convert the fair Jewess to the Catholic religion, and accordingly the day before her starting for Cairo, Monseigneur, by the side of the sofa where Rachel lay stretched, held forth with affectionate and persuasive discourse for hours. He was overjoyed to find that the actress listened with greedy ears, and never turning aside her gaze from his countenance. The bishop, thus encouraged, proceeded to develop all the beauties of the Christian faith; led away by the subject his argumentations and gesticulations became more and more vehement, until he was forced to pause from utter fatigue. Gradually the actress had risen from her reclining position, and was following with parted lips and glistening eyes every gesture, every movement of the speaker. It was natural enough that the latter should deem that his argument had been of some avail; and he said in a soft persuasive tone, as he pressed her thin hand between his own plump fingers, "Dear daughter, reflect; what think you of all this?" "*Pardieu*," returned Rachel, "I have been thinking that you have ten times more talent than your brother; and if I could have found such an *Orosmane*, I need not have been compelled to give up the performance of *Zaïre!*" Thus saying she sunk back again upon her cushion, and rang the bell for her maid, while the discomfited bishop withdrew. [We do not vouch for the truth of the above anecdote, which originated in a Marseilles paper, and has been greedily swallowed by our French and English contemporaries. The fact that Rachel has not for many years been of the Jewish persuasion may militate in some respect against its probability.—Ed. *M. W.*]

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HENRY SMART.

PREFACE

"Although but to-day offered to the public, this little work is, in fact, more than eight years old. At the commencement of the year 1848, the congregation of St. Luke's Church, desirous of some better performance of the musical portion of the service than is ordinarily found in the parish churches of London, instructed me to take the necessary steps towards the formation of a choir. A very early question for my decision was as to the amount and kind of music to be sung under this state of things. It seemed to me that, although the service might be, to a great extent, what is termed 'choral,' it should not, on that account, cease to be congregational. We might, for instance, advantageously adopt much of the cathedral usage—such as singing the responsive parts of the service, and chanting the Canticles and Psalms of the day—in which the congregation would speedily learn to take part, and we might even have an Anthem in the place allotted to it in the Prayer Book; but we must notwithstanding retain the *Metrical Psalmody*, if we would not both destroy a characteristic feature of the Parochial Service, and deny to the people a kind of music which, according to my experience, and in spite of some modern opinions on the subject, they can easily sing, [illegible] with more and and effect than any other. Having decided on the maintenance of Metrical Psalmody, my great difficulty was in selecting or arranging [illegible] of tunes for the use of my choir. I may have been hasty in my [illegible], but I must confess that, after making an extended acquaintance with books of the sort, I found none entirely to fulfil my purpose. Most, doubtless, I should be able to recommend them for their peculiar objects; but none was set in accordance with the [illegible] I have always held on the matter, to adopt the pretty glee-like harmonisation of some, or the Gothic severity of 'note against note'—both tiresome to the singer and not necessarily of devotional character—[illegible] others. I, therefore, as many have done before, determined to arrange a Tune-Book for myself, and hoped—as, doubtless, did my predecessors—to advance Parochial Psalmody one step, at least, in the right direction.

The same reasons which induced me to undertake the work—added to the kind solicitations of many friends—amateur and professional—have now led to its publication. The style of the vocal arrangement answered my expectation. The choir sang their parts with spirit and satisfaction, while the congregation speedily ceased to find any difficulty in bearing their share in the general harmony; and I trust, and believe, that similar results will follow wherever it is adopted.

Having thus given the history of this little book it is necessary to say something as to its contents. The object has been, not to accumulate the greatest possible number, but to present a fair selection of ordinary and useful tunes, put into the best shape I could devise for choral and congregational purposes. Many of the melodies have been, probably, much corrupted by long use. The extent to which they are so, however, it would be now very difficult to ascertain; and I have, therefore, taken the least objectionable versions I could procure, that were at the same time, still reconcileable with the prevailing traditional habit of singing them. There are, also, several melodies in this collection of which I by no means approve; but [illegible] spite of their demerits, it seems probable that they will always continue in congregational use, I thought it well to [illegible] them—clothed, however, with such dignified harmony as might, in some degree, compensate for their original meanness or triviality of character. The number of absolutely new tunes is very small, being limited to two, composed by a former pupil of mine, Mr. Aspinwall, of Bolton, (and which for their musical merit, and the scarcity of good ones in their peculiar metres, are well worthy a place in any collection), with two or three contributions of my own composed to metres not otherwise very adequately provided with appropriate melodies. The tunes marked as *German Melodies* are taken—with certain slight, though necessary alterations—from the 371 [illegible] of Sebastian Bach.

Several of the tunes are harmonised in two different ways. The use of these [illegible] diversities, will be found of service in the progress of a long psalm, not only as affording relief to the ear, but as a means of following, in some degree, such variety of sentiment as may exist in the words. A few of the [illegible] appear in a third shape—namely, sung in unison and octaves by the choir, and supported by an independent organ-part; and from this mode of treatment, judiciously applied, the choral will be found to yield some of the finest effects of which it is capable. It would have been impossible to have given this triple form to every tune [illegible] all were properly susceptible of it, without swelling the bulk of the volume. The examples given are, therefore, rather offered as practical hints to organists who may feel disposed to carry out the same idea. With the same view I have inserted, at the end of the book, an example of four methods of giving out a psalm-tune,—the aim of all being to keep the melody [illegible] under an [illegible] form of accompaniment.

The organ part, throughout, it will be seen is not simply a compression of the vocal score. It will serve as a guide to the less experienced class of organists as to what additional notes can be advantageously introduced into accompaniment without damage to the progress of the vocal harmony. No further explanation is necessary as to the organ part, except that the pedal are to be employed throughout, unless as an independent part (as happens in a few places) or in doubling the lowest notes of the bass staff.

"It would certainly never have occurred to me to undertake the defence of anything in such very general use as Metrical Psalmody, but for the violent attacks latterly made on it in many clerical quarters, and with [illegible]. A contemporaneous publication, for instance, rejoicing in all the mechanical barbarism of the four-line staff and diamond notes, makes its appearance on the assumption [illegible] that Metrical Psalmody is found no longer to satisfy either the spiritual wants or musical tastes of Christians. What may be the spiritual want of the Christians here alluded to, it is needless to inquire; but there can be no difficulty in deciding that 'musical taste' must be indeed at the lowest ebb in any who can really prefer the meaningless and uncouth plain song of the church to any other combination of sound whatever. Few who have listened to a choral in the Lutheran churches of the Continent, will have failed to notice the zeal and earnestness with which it is sung, or the grand and solemn effect it produces; and although the music used in the Dissenting chapels of this country is too commonly of a trivial and even vulgar description, it is invariably sung with a fulness of energy and good-will to show both the hold Metrical Psalmody has on the affections of people habituated to sing, and the large musical effect it would yield under the corrective discipline of good taste.

Psalmody has, undoubtedly, many faults, but I hold it to be the far wiser course to endeavour to correct these by narrowing the selection of tunes, and imparting more vigorous tone to their harmonisation, than to attempt to supplant it by a style of music utterly barbarous in itself, antagonistic to the grammatical structure of our language, and as wholly opposed to the feeling of the people that it can never come into general use, except on the incredible supposition of a second [illegible] ascendancy of the Church which invented it.

HENRY SMART."

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 34—No. 47 SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856 { PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Jullien's Concerts.—Last week but Two. Fourteenth time of the new grand French Quadrille, and Fifth time of the grand valse on from "La Traviata." Fifth appearance this season of Miss Dolby and Signor [illegible]. First appearance this season of the celebrated Pianist Miss Arabella Goddard, who has just returned to London after a most successful musical tour on the continent of Europe and the principal cities of Germany and Ireland.—Programme for MONDAY, Nov. 24th. Part I. Overture—"Guillaume Tell" (first time this season), Rossini. Polka—"Fireflies," Jullien. Symphony—Andante from the Symphony in E flat (first time this season), Mozart. Song—"The green trees whispered low and mild" (words by Longfellow), Balfe, Miss Dolby. Solo—Trombone, "Lieder ohne Worte," Mendelssohn, Signor [illegible]. Polka—"My Mary Ann" (fifteenth time), Jullien (dedicated to Mrs. Barney Williams). Fantasia—Pianoforte, "The Recollections of Ireland," Moscheles, Miss Arabella Goddard. Varsovienne—"The Warsaw," Jullien (first time this season). Cavatina—"Una furtiva lagrima," Donizetti, Signor [illegible]. The French Quadrille, Jullien, (fourteenth time of performance), with variations for Flute, Flageolet, Oboe, Clarinet, and Cornet, performed by MM. de Folly, De Yong, Collinet, Lavigne, Sonnenberg, and Koenig. Finale—"Partant pour la Syrie," "Vive l'Empereur."

Part II. Opera—Grand Operatic Selection from Verdi's Opera LA TRAVIATA (fifth time of performance), with Solos for Violin, Oboe, Flute, Clarinet, Trumpet, Ophicleide, and Cornet, performed by MM. Le Hon, Lavigne, De Folly, Sonnenberg, Duhem, Hughes, and Koenig. Scotch Song—"Comin' thro' the rye," Mrs. [illegible]. Valse—"Prima Donna," Jullien (second time this season), Cornet Obligato, Herr Koenig. Solo, "Les Patineurs" (Le Prophète), Liszt, Miss Arabella Goddard. Valse—[illegible], Koenig. Galop—D'Albert.

To commence at Eight o'clock: an interval of twenty-five minutes between the parts.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Mr. Costa. On Friday, 28th November, "Handel's Solomon." Vocalists—Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Sherrington, Miss Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Thomas; with Orchestra of nearly 700 Performers. Tickets 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d.; or [illegible] Subscriptions, One, Two, or Three Guineas each, may be had at the Society's Office, No. 6 in Exeter Hall.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.—The Orchestral Members are hereby informed that the Fourth and last preliminary Rehearsal will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday evening next, November 24, at half-past seven o'clock precisely. The tickets are now ready for delivery at Robert W. Ollivier's, music seller and publisher, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly.

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MR. BENSON'S ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on Tuesday evening next, November 25th, at the New Beethoven Rooms, 76, Queen Anne-street. Vocalists—Mesdames [illegible], [illegible], and Dolby. Messrs. Foster, Cummings, Lawler, and Benson. Instrumentalists—Miss R. Day, Messrs. Pratten and Hancock. Conductor—Mr. Harold Thomas. Several popular English glees and madrigals will be performed. Tickets 10s. 6d. each, or Three for One Guinea, to be had at the principal music sellers, and of Mr. Benson, 47 Gloucester-street, Warwick-square, Pimlico.

MISS DOLBY begs to announce that the first of three Soirées Musicales will take place at her residence, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, on Tuesday, Nov. 25, to commence at 8 o'clock precisely, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artistes:—Mrs. Tennant, Miss Amy Dolby, Messrs. Tennant, [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], and [illegible]. Subscription tickets for the three soirées, one guinea; single tickets, half-a-guinea each; to be had of Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street; and of Miss Dolby at her residence.

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TURIN IN FRESH CONVULSIONS.

(From the Piedmontese Correspondent of the Times.)

For the last week or ten days this habitually most impassive population has been excited in a manner for which, I believe, that venerable individual the oldest inhabitant could only instance one precedent, and that is when Mdlle. Piccolomini was acting here twelve months since. Whatever scruples may be entertained in England as to Verdi's opera of the *Traviata*, there can be no doubt they are not shared by the theatre-going public of Turin. However incorrect the tendency of the tale may be, or however questionable the merits of the music, it is a fact that here, as everywhere else in Italy, the opera itself is a particular favourite, and Verdi's music in general so much liked that for some time past it has been almost impossible to hear any other. Until within the last fortnight I think I should have been justified in saying that there existed a profound conviction in the mind of the Turin public that there was but one artist of the present age who had received the mission of personifying the heroine in that opera, and that she was Maria Piccolomini, whom they pelted with bouquets, and made sonnets to, and carried home, and serenaded, and pilloried in her own balcony till she made speeches to them in return. "*Les Piedmontais s'Italianisent*" was the observation of an intelligent foreigner who witnessed that popular ebullition, and it seems now as if the habit were about to grow into second nature, for this season the self-same indications are beginning to manifest themselves in a way that if Signor Ronzani, the lessee of the Royal theatres, be allowed to continue his system of administration, the Subalpine capital is threatened with annual riots of a similar kind. The present movement has not yet reached the height of the Piccolomini furor. It is true; but that is a consummation that may be rightly apprehended, and every one is, I believe, prepared for the worst.

The lady who now claims the suffrages of the Turin public is the Signora Virginia Boccabadati, of Modena, youngest daughter of the late celebrated cantatrice of the same name. She had commenced her theatrical career some years ago, but was obliged from illness to abandon it, so that the present season at Turin may be looked on as her *début* before the world, and much to her own dismay, she found herself cast in the first season for the part which was commonly supposed to be the exclusive property of the Piccolomini. In immediately succeeding the Piccolomini in the same field, and in the same character in which that young lady so fairly won and so blushingly bore her bouquets, the Boccabadati evidently had great difficulties in the way of preconceived notions and pre-engaged sympathies to contend with; but, on the other hand, she had been more fortunate than her predecessor in having far better support, especially from that most excellent baritone, Signor della Sedie, who sings the part of the father. Her voice is a soprano, and not very powerful, but she manages it with infinite skill, and her execution and acting have been declared by competent judges to be faultless. In fact so completely has she captivated the general public, that if the Piccolomini should ever revisit the scene of her former triumphs she would find that, although her "*cari Torinesi*" still cherish the notions raised by her, a very formidable rival has meanwhile crossed her path in the person of Virginia Boccabadati.

From what has been said you will readily have imagined, without my attempting to describe them, the crowded houses and vociferous applause, and all those premonitory symptoms which usually foreshadow a period of great public excitement. No positive breach of the peace has yet occurred. People still return home from the theatre in a state of great agitation, contenting themselves with snatches of the *Traviata* as they go, and quiet citizens are still able to repose without danger of being serenaded by mistake; but from what I learn of the state of public feeling this tranquillity is very precarious. There is much reason to fear that the National Guard is far from firm to the principles adopted last year. Neither the students of the University nor of the Military Academy have yet declared themselves *en masse*, but individually the majority are suspected of Boccabadatism, although so lately ultra-Piccolominists to a man. This may perhaps in part be accounted for by the annual changes which take place in the members of those institutions, but from whatever cause it arises, it is my duty to note the alarming fact that the allegiance sworn to Maria Piccolomini a year ago by those bodies is no longer to be depended on, and therefore the smallest spark may now at any moment subject this peaceful city to just such another turmoil of enthusiasm as it suffered from in the autumn of 1855. "*Sapiens dominabitur astris.*"

THE BRADFORD FESTIVAL, MRS. SUNDERLAND AND MR. SAMUEL SMITH.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—After a total silence for nine weeks, Mr Samuel Smith, of Bradford, essays, on the 22nd of October, to reply to my communication of the 22nd of August, regarding the Bradford Festival, and the treatment which I, as one of the principals engaged to appear at that festival, received at his hands; treatment which necessitated me to decline appearance in the orchestra on that occasion. Had Mr Smith's letter appeared immediately after the publication of mine, when the facts of the case (as set forth in the correspondence which had passed between us) were fresh in the public recollection, there would have been no necessity for me to have again appealed to the public on the subject; for the discrepancies in Mr Smith's statement, and the inconclusiveness of his excuses, would have been sufficiently apparent; but now that he has, on calculation, permitted such a lengthened period to transpire between the appearance of my letter to the public and his reply, in the hope that his present version of the transaction will find a more ready credence than would otherwise have been the case, I must crave permission again to correct Mr Smith's mis-statements, and to strip off the veil of excuse and inconsistent reasoning in which that gentleman endeavours to envelope his extraordinary conduct.

Mr Smith states that his visit, in the latter end of June, to engage me as one of the principals for the festival at the end of the then succeeding August, partook more of a friendly and confidential than professional character. What idea Mr Smith had of the business he came upon of course it is not for me to say. I can only aver that his communication asking for the interview stated that he desired to see me on business; and when he did meet me at my residence, he stated that he had come to engage me for the purpose and in the character above set forth. It is true that at this interview I so far acceded to Mr Smith's desire as to engage to "get up" and sing a part in Jackson's new Psalm; but it is also true—what Mr Smith does not state, though it was essential in the case—that I stipulated that I should also appear in the oratorio; the grounds of that stipulation being my own feelings of preference for that description of music above all others, and my knowledge that the public, in assigning me a position in my profession, have been kind enough to associate my name more intimately with the performance of oratorio than any other branch of the vocal art. For an appearance at what are termed "selections" I had no desire and preferred no request, my sole stipulation being that I should have a part in oratorio. When informed that as all the parts were assigned I could have nothing in *Eli*, I acquiesced—but then distinctly asked that I might have something in the *Elijah* and in the *Messiah*, my request assuming this form: "In both if possible; but certainly in the *Messiah* if not in both." I was informed by Mr Smith that he could not then say what was open in either one or both of these oratorios, because the several parts had been sent to the other principals for their selection. I made no difficulty of the undue preference thus already shown, but placed myself in Mr Smith's hands thus far—that he was to secure me something in these two oratorios, if possible, and if not in both, certainly in the *Messiah*. On this understanding we parted, I trusting and understanding the matter as Mr Smith had put it, purely as a matter of business.

To prevent the possibility of misunderstanding as to the stipulation on my part regarding my appearance in oratorio, on the 4th of July I wrote to Mr Smith, reminding him of his promise to assign me parts in those stated; and in reply from him on the 7th July, I was informed that, "as to *Elijah*, it was altogether too late—everything in it being promised and allotted;" and that "in the *Messiah* there was undisposed of but the last song, 'If God be for us,' which," said Mr Smith, "you can have the refusal of." Nay, Mr Smith went further than this. In the same letter he said, "There is no objection to your singing this song, but that you took it at the last festival, and sung it well too. Yet there ought to be no objection here; and remember I make none; otherwise, if such a rule was carried out, Sims Reeves could not sing 'Comfort ye,' or 'Thou shalt dash,' again this time, or Clara Novello beauty, a humid and brilliant dust, a nothing which is everything.

I due Foscari is more learned and less popular; this is a disadvantage on the stage. As for *Jeanne d'Arc*, I am not acquainted with it; it is the first step in a fantastic direction.

(*To be continued.*)

GIULIETTA GRISI.

(*From the "Times" of April 9th, 1834.*)

"The clouds which, during the earlier part of the season, lowered upon the King's Theatre, are rapidly dispersing; the fog of mediocrity is fast melting away before the genial sun of real talent. To the list of performers of established reputation whose appearance we have already announced, we have now to add the name of Mdlle. Giulietta Grisi, who last night made a most successful *début* as Ninetta, in Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra*. The fame which this young lady achieved in Paris—and that it was justly earned the English public may now satisfy themselves—had long preceded her arrival. So much had been said of her abilities, that some might have been led to doubt lest her reputation was merely one of those which hot-house had "improvised," and which rested only on the very suspicious basis of personal partiality. If any such doubts existed, they must now be at an end. Mdlle. Grisi has been much praised, but certainly not more than her deservings called for. When, in 1832, the young artist first appeared in Paris—to which city she came from Venice—she did not create immediately any powerful sensation in the musical world, at least in the minds of those who are, perhaps not very correctly, so denominated. The powers of Malibran were fresh in the recollection of the dilettanti; and, says a French critic,—*Nos dilettanti sont exclusifs, ils n'aiment pas à changer d'idoles.* At length, however, Mdlle. Grisi appeared in *Anna Bolena*, and she, in her turn, became, and has ever since remained, an idol among the Parisians. She is likely to become one here. Mdlle. Grisi is of moderate stature, her features are eminently handsome and full of intelligence; her bust is perfect; it would form a beautiful study for Chantrey or Behnes. Her voice is a soprano, pure, brilliant, powerful and flexible. Taking it simply in its character as an unassisted soprano, it is one of the finest we ever heard. That admirable voice is generally guided by the dictates of an exquisite taste; and if the singer does sometimes soar a little too far into the regions of art, we forgive her, because she presents us with some new combinations of sound. Many of Mdlle. Grisi's cadences delighted us extremely. Her tones, in the first instance full and powerful, were gradually softened down—they became

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less,"

until they almost imperceptibly died away upon the ear. As an actress Mdlle. Grisi exhibits histrionic powers of no common order. Various are the emotions connected with the character of Ninetta. Pleasure at the return of her lover—apprehension for the safety of her father—indignation at the villany of the magistrate—grief at the accusation, which she knows to be unfounded, but which she is forbidden by filial piety from successfully repelling, as urged against her—despair when she is consigned to an ignominious death—and finally, a glorious burst of joy when her innocence is made apparent. All these emotions must the representative of Ninetta pourtray, and Mdlle. Grisi pourtrayed them with almost literal truthfulness and power. Her execution of the well known 'Di piacer' delighted the house. It was indeed the impassioned outpouring of a happy heart. But it was not in this, or in other equally celebrated parts of the opera, that we especially marked the genius of the artiste. We saw it in isolated points, where the beauty was less obtruded on the general eye. As an instance of this, we would quote the manner in which she delivered the three lines which occur in her prison interview with Giannetto:—

'[illegible] il vostro errore;
Ma quel pianto io non vedrò,
Là fra l'ombre allor sarò.'*

"Mdlle. Grisi imparted a heart-touching melancholy to this passage, which may perhaps be imagined, but cannot easily be described. The whole of the scene in which these sentences occurs was admirably sustained by her and Sig. Rubini. It was rapturously encored. Mad. Grisi's denunciation of the vicious old magistrate:—

'Benchè sola, vi potrei
Far gelare di spavento,'

was given with electric force, and commanded a torrent of applause. In truth, throughout the opera the fair *débutante's* talent shone forth most brightly, and at its conclusion the audience expressed their satisfaction most enthusiastically. Signor Rubini, as Giannetto, displayed his accustomed taste and science. His opening air, "Vieni fra queste braccia," possessed all the warmth of a young and ardent lover's appeal to his long-absent mistress. We have seen the part of the Podesta represented by many performers, some of them, too, men of mark and likelihood; but Tamburini leaves them all far behind. In the *buffo* part he is inimitable, and when the plans of the old debauchee are defeated, and he is sinking under shame and degradation, he took up the opposite character with equal skill and ability.* The performance, taken as a whole, was an uncommon treat."

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* (*Note.*) In the duet "Taci, taci, io so far" now generally omitted.—Ed. *M. W.*

* Signor Tamburini, a few nights subsequently, changed parts with Signor Zuchelli, and played Fernando, the father of Ninetta.

After singing three consecutive nights in *La Gazza Ladra*—each time elevating her higher in the estimation of the public—Giulietta Grisi appeared in *Anna Bolena*. On this performance the *Times* had a long and elaborate article, the pith of which is contained in the remark, that "her singing and acting of the character are both so truly beautiful that it is difficult to say which of them stands in the higher rank or displays the greater genius." Ivanhoff made his first appearance as Percy. No great hit. Tamburini's Henry well spoken of.

Grisi's next parts were Desdemona, April 22nd; and Donna Anna, 24th—immense hits. Friday, May 23rd, Elena, *Donna del Lago*. June 7th, Pamira, *L'Assedio di Corinto*. First time in *Barbiere*, June 21; success tremendous; Rhodes' air introduced in the lesson scene. *Il Barbiere* repeated three times in succession. June 12th, *Semiramide*. Of this the *Times* says:—"There may now be no doubt that upon the retirement of Pasta, her only successor is Grisi. Her voice is beautiful, and her acting perfect enough to surpass even the highest imaginings of the dilettanti critic, because these imaginings are based and builded upon a long-admired excellence, and Grisi has gone beyond, far beyond, all that was ever heard and seen before, excepting only that which Pasta has achieved, and that was more than the most exacting of modern amateurs ever dreamed of seeing accomplished."

The critic, in this notice, twice recommends Grisi to play Medea. Thursday, July 10, first time, Amina in *Sonnambula*. No notice in *Times*—though played often.—Ed. *M. W.*

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH IN THE NORTH WEST BY NORTH.—Professor Anderson is nightly filling the Theatre Royal and delighting his audiences. All that we need say of his skill and success is, that we have divided the 40,000 persons who he states have visited his performances by the number of the performances, and we find the result to be, that into a house which will contain three thousand people he has contrived to pack five thousand persons. Perhaps this is as great as any other thing he performs. But if he can get any imaginable quantity of glasses of wine out of a quart bottle, what should he not be able to do when filling a large theatre, and cramming the coulisses!—*Liverpool Times.*

BALFE IN THE CHURCH.—On visiting Boston Cathedral lately, we were not a little surprised to observe engraved on a handsome pedestal the words and music of Balfe's song "When other lips." The monument is to John Phillips, late a resident of Boston, whose age, virtues, faith in Jesus Christ and the Resurrection of the Dead, are chronicled thereon, followed by the well known tune, "Then you'll remember me." We were unable to learn if it were addressed by the deceased to his Saviour or to some dear object of this earth. It is evident, however, that this engraving of the song is a violation of Mr. Chappell's copyright.

PAPER ON THE ANALOGY EXISTING BETWEEN MUSICAL SCALES AND COLOURS.

BY GEORGE F. ALLEN, MUS. BAC., OXON.

(Continued from p. 725.)

On looking over the colours employed in this movement we find the warmest greatly predominate. Crimson, red, pink, crimson-purple, and purple, are the principal; brown, citrine, russet, and black (and we must remember that black is only the nearest colour we have in music to black—it is a rich, warm, deep colour), are used freely as shades; and the others, grey, olive-green, and yellow, are touched in lightly, merely to show off the depth of the principals. The use of the patch of crimson in this, and nearly every other piece of Beethoven's, is very remarkable.

The colour of the adagio is white. It is like a beautiful engraving coloured in one part with some rich purple.

The minuetto is in crimson. The motive modulates through some black brown touches into red. The second part commences in purple-russet, and after some eighteen bars, the motive is repeated—the first half in crimson, and the second in purple-russet, which, by an exquisite touch, modulates into orange, Do flat (or Si) major; thus soon returns to purple-russet, and then terminates in crimson slightly shaded with purple. The trio remains chiefly in the dark warm tertiaries. Warm russet is followed by russet blue-purple, which modulates into red. Then we plunge into very warm russet, and continue in hot dark colours until the da capo.

The finale, a rondo, is also crimson. The colours of this movement are also, like the rest, of a rich warm tone. But there is one remarkable exception which we will notice after observing the extraordinary bit, like the roaring of mighty waves and the crashing of a violent storm which comes in after the motive is repeated the second time. This is painted in harsh browns and blacks and other gloomy tertiaries. The exception is where the motive comes in the fourth time. Here, in the middle of it, we come to a sudden pause, and then a portion of it is repeated in——emerald green! What a contrast have we here! How surpassingly fresh this delicious colour appears after its long banishment, and after we have remained so long in crimsons and purples! Here we see how all laws for modulation in music may be broken through with effect. This is the only spot of green in the entire sonata. Indeed, we may say the primaries, yellow and blue, and their compound green, are entirely excluded from the work, except in combination with the other primary, red. After dwelling a short time in this lovely key, behold a magical touch and the subject is brought back again to crimson, and a charming coda in this, the principal colour of the sonata, brings this masterpiece to a fine conclusion.

To describe by words all the minor gradations of colour made by the introduction of accidentals would be impossible, but it is unnecessary. My musical brethren whom I presume I am chiefly addressing will at once perceive these. When we think of this colour-work, what a beautiful *picture* rises up in our imagination! There are "no false notes" here. No harsh crude colouring, but a *painting* in which there is a particular warm *tone* carried throughout. To expatiate on the beauties in the *form* of this composition would be presumptuous in me, therefore I confine myself exclusively to its colouring.*

If, then, the above examples prove there is an analogy existing between scales and colours, it follows that musicians ought to study the harmony of colours as well as the harmony of sounds. Painters make use of our art as a stepping-stone to theirs; and when they see a misplaced colour, they say, "There is a false note." So ought we to draw what assistance we can from their art, and when we hear a disagreeable modulation, we may say, "That is bad colouring." The arts of painting and music are indeed intimately connected, and therefore it is not surprising that we generally find artists musicians, and musicians artists, though not practically so.

Composers ought to study the harmony of colours to enable them to select the proper key for their subject, and to modulate with effect.

Colouring depends on the knowledge of the harmonic laws. An artist who understands these will be able to make an agreeable picture, although he possess but little talent; but *form* depends on *genius*. To excel or even equal, many of the great masters in form, we may be unable; but we may surpass them in colouring, if we can find the key to unlock the mysteries of modulation. Is the discovery of this analogy that key?

In selecting the key for a piece of music, regard ought to be had to the colour of the building it is to be performed in, as well as to the subject. That is, the colours employed should harmonise with the colours of the place. In Westminster Abbey, where the colours are all sombre tertiaries, greys, browns, and blacks, save the slight touches of crimson in the cushions, and the stained windows, which are chiefly painted in warm colours, the services of Tallis in D minor, of Farrant in G minor, and of Aldrich in G major, harmonise perfectly; but they do *not* with St. Paul's. Here everything should be brilliant and grand. Händel surely wrote his Dettingen *Te Deum* for St. Paul's. This would never do for the Abbey, unless its old crumbling grey stones were partially dressed in crimson and gold, as for a coronation. Then when crowds of peers and peeresses, and military were there in their splendid robes and varied uniforms—when everything was gorgeous in colouring, then would this glorious *Te Deum* be in perfect harmony with all around.

As the warm colours harmonise best with all interiors, the most suitable keys for church music are Fa, Si flat, and Mi flat. Gibbons in F, and Travers in F, harmonise equally well with St. Paul's and the Abbey. The keys which do not harmonise are Mi, green, Si, orange, and La, blue.

When we have determined on our key a knowledge of the harmony of colours is necessary to enable us to select the most harmonious keys for modulation, particularly for instrumental music, in which we modulate freely. If our first motive be in Re, we need only modulate slightly to bring in the second in La, because the contrast between these two keys is delightful; but if our first be in Si flat, we ought to modulate considerably to introduce the second in Fa with effect. But in every step a knowledge of colours is necessary for the production of an agreeable work, the more so as the laws in music for modulation are rather indefinite.

Not so the laws of harmony in colours. These may be learnt without much difficulty, and the musician should make himself master of them, by doing so he would find a more certain guide to modulation in keys than any at present known.

I must not finish this paper without alluding to the theory of a gentleman before quoted, the author of "Sacred Melodies." This is that there is an analogy existing between musical instruments and colours. Here is his table:—

Violin—Pink.
Viola—Rose.
Violoncello—Red.
Contrabasso—Deep Crimson Red.
Trombone—Deep Red.
Trumpet—Scarlet.
Clarionette—Orange.
Oboe—Yellow.
Bassoon (Alto)—Deep Yellow.
Flute—Sky Blue.
Diapason—Deeper Blue.
Double Diapason—Purple.
Horn—Violet.

And he says, "The Sinfonia to the Creation, which represents the rising of the sun, is an exemplification of this theory. In the commencement of this piece, our attention is attracted by a soft streaming note from the violins, which is scarcely discernible, till the rays of sound which issue from the second violins diverge into the chord of the second, to which is gradually imparted a greater fulness of colour as the violas and violoncellos steal in with expanding harmony.

"At the fifth bar, the oboes begin to show their yellow lustre, while the flute silvers the mounting rays of the violins. As the notes continue ascending to the highest point of brightness, the orange, the scarlet, and the purple, unite in the increasing splendour; and the glorious orb at length appears refulgent with all the brightest beams of harmony."

All this is very poetically conceived; but that there is any analogy between the violin in E and pink, or between the contrabasso in A and deep crimson red, I am unable to perceive. The *colour* depends on the *scale*, and the *shade* on the instrument. As the notes descend and run throughout the whole bass, so does the shade of the colour deepen. The utmost that can be said for this theory is that there is a quality about some instruments that renders them best capable of bringing out certain colours. Thus instruments with reeds produce a more brilliant yellow in D than other wooden instruments without reeds; the latter a softer and sweeter blue in A than the former.

But there is one circumstance which completely overturns this theory, which is, we should have *all colours mixed up in one spot*. For, observe the difference between a picture on canvas and a picture in sounds. In one we see all the forms and colours at once, but in the other they gradually unfold themselves and follow in succession. This is, therefore, a sufficient refutation.

The laborious life of a teacher of music, which gives me little leisure, must be my excuse for treating of the analogy which I have here endeavoured to prove, in such a cursory manner. I have, however, brought forward the principal points of this theory; and if I have opened up a new path to the composer and a new field to the amateur, I shall have done some good to the art which I love so dearly and which has lightened many a heavy hour.

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* In Beethoven's Sonata Pastorale, describing, of course, pastoral life—out of door scenes—red is not used, except when mixed with the other primaries. To analyse it further here or produce any other works, might be tedious.

"LA TRAVIATA" AND VIRGINIA BOCCABADATI.

The following account, extracted from *La France Musicale* (edited by MM. Escudier, *publishers of all the works of Verdi*), of the first appearance of Madlle. Virginia Boccabadati, who has lately created such a sensation in Signor Verdi's *Traviata*, may prove interesting to such of our readers as admire that famous opera.

"The Piedmontese press informs us of the success which has greeted, for the second time, *La Traviata* at the Carignano Theatre. Scarcely, says one of the Turin papers, were the bills announcing the first representation of this opera, posted on the walls, before the whole town was in a state of commotion, and the event formed everywhere the staple of conversation. People recollected with what enthusiasm this score of Verdi had been welcomed last year, and were delighted at thinking they were again to experience the same pleasure. As a natural consequence, never had such a crowd been seen around the theatre, and, in an instant, all the places were carried by assault. The boxes, pit, stalls and corridors overflowed with spectators, and the number of those who were turned back equalled the number of those who had obtained admittance.

"This is the ordinary effect of Verdi's music. Few masters possess in the same degree as he does the gift of rousing curiosity and exciting the passions.

"But the artist who was to play the part of Violetta excited as much or more curiosity than the music, by the recollections connected with this exceptional character. People still remembered the unheard-of triumphs, achieved last autumn, by Mdlle. Piccolomini during thirty-five representations of *La Traviata*: never had any artist so charmed the public by the truthfulness of her performance, the grace of her person, and the brilliancy and variety of her inspirations.

"The name of Piccolomini was on every tongue, and the sound of her voice vibrated in every ear. This splendid and sweet reminiscence was reflected upon the magic mirror of the spectators who pressed forward into the Carignano theatre, the other evening, to hear *La Traviata*.

"At last the solemn hour arrived, and a profound silence pervaded the house. The orchestra attacked the overture, while the public listened with a sentiment of respect and secret joy, manifested, at the conclusion, by a burst of general applause.

"The curtain rose; a low murmur shot through the house like an electric spark. Violetta was on the stage. Every eye sought her out, examined her, and studied her with a kind of solicitude mingled with sympathy. How changed she was!

"The Violetta of last year possessed the freshness of the rose which has just burst into blossom; the Violetta of this year was pale and weak, while her features were stamped with fatigue, moral and physical. Her look was veiled with melancholy, and marked by discouragement. The sight of the one extorted tears of pity, while the death of the other pierced the heart and plunged it into despair. The first was more ideal, the second more true.

"Madlle. Boccabadati had thus to struggle against the overwhelming recollection of Piccolomini, who had raised the public to a pitch of enthusiasm unexampled in the annals of the stage. She had to conquer the terrible disadvantage of a first impression, so profound that it seemed impossible to efface or equal it. Let us state at once that Virginia Boccabadati issued triumphant from the difficult ordeal.

"The audience began by frequently applauding the *brindisi* of the first act, which she sang with exquisite grace and supreme good taste.

"From that moment their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The recollection of Piccolomini was confounded with the soft sensations which Boccabadati excited in every heart at each glance, and at each note. The applause redoubled—the audience hurrahed—strewed the last act with bouquets, and recalled her an infinite number of times, when she appeared all agitated, with her eyes bathed in tears, doubting her triumph as she would doubt a dream.

"In the first act Boccabadati was less reserved and less ingenuous than Piccolomini. If, in the second, she did not rise to the same dramatic elevation, in the third she was sublime in the fullest acceptation of the word. She was almost too true, so much expression did she exhibit in her portrayal of Violetta's last moments.

"Mdlle. Piccolomini was a young girl who died the victim of love rather than illness; Mdlle. Boccabadati, modest and resigned, is a woman whose existence is destroyed by love, following upon a violent passion, which has undermined her organisation. The former was a saint, the latter a martyr.

"In every respect Mdlle. Boccabadati may be proud of the enthusiastic demonstrations of which she was the object, the whole evening. She is the Piccolomini of this season.

"Every place is already taken for an indefinite series of representations of *La Traviata*."

THE LIFE & CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(*Translated from the German for Dwight's Journal.*)

(*Continued from p. [illegible]33.*)

Beethoven often complained that he was obliged, for the sake of gain, to have recourse to giving lessons. On the 25th of April, 1823, he wrote to Ries, in London:—"The stay of the Archduke Rudolph here in Vienna lasted nearly four weeks. Then I had every day to give two and a half or three hours lessons, and lost much time by it. After such lessons, on the next day one is hardly in a state to think, much less to write. But my continually sad condition requires that I shall write for the moment that which brings me so much money, which is needed for the moment. What a gloomy revelation you have here! Even now I am not well of many troubles I have suffered; indeed, I have bad eyes. But do not be concerned; you shall have the symphonies very soon. Nothing but this miserable condition causes the delay."

Beethoven had dedicated some pianoforte variations to the wife of his friend Ries, and had sent them to London. "They have perhaps already arrived," he wrote on the 16th of July 1823. "The dedication to your wife I could not make myself, since I did not know her name. Do you then make it in the names of your own and your wife's friend. Surprise her with it. The fair sex loves that. Between ourselves, what is surprising as well as beautiful is the best. As to the *Allegri di bravura*, I must first see yours. Candidly I am no friend of such things, since they demand too much mechanism, at least those which I know. I will send you some choruses, if I succeed in composing any new ones. It is just my darling passion. Whatever you can get for the variations, take. I am content in any case; only I must stipulate, that for the dedication to your wife there shall be absolutely no other pay taken but a kiss, which I have to receive in London. You frequently write *guineas*, and I receive only *sterling*, but I hear there is a distinction. Be not angry about it with a *povero musicus Austriaco*; really my condition is still oppressive. I am writing now a new violin quartet. Might one perhaps offer this to the London musical or unmusical Jews—*en vrai Juif*?"

Beethoven's melancholy condition troubled him the more, since it everywhere set limits to the disinterestedness and liberality which were fundamental traits in his character. In a letter to Ries, Sept. 5, 1823, he confessed: "Were I not so poor that I have to live by my pen, I would take nothing from the Philharmonic Society. I must really wait until the price for the symphony has been remitted. But to give a proof of my love and confidence for this society, I have already sent them a new overture. I leave it to the society to do as it pleases with the overture. My brother Johann, who supports an equipage, has also wished to draw from me profit; without asking me, he has offered the said overture to a publisher, Boosey, in London. Just say that my brother was mistaken about the overture. He [illegible] of me to speculate upon, as I perceive. *O frater!* Of your symphony, dedicated to me, I have received nothing. Did I not consider the dedication as a sort of challenge, upon which I should have had to give you satisfaction, I should already have dedicated some work to you. But I thought all the time that I must first see your work, and how gladly I would testify my thanks to you by something of the sort. I am deeply your debtor for so much devotion and obligingness which you have shown to me. If my health should be improved by the mineral bath, then I will kiss your wife in 1824 in London."

The portrait which is sketched of Beethoven by an Englishman, who visited him about this time, is interesting in many ways. "The 28th of September, 1823," wrote that traveller, 'will always be remembered by me as a *Dies faustus*. In fact I do not know that I ever lived a happier day. Early in the morning we went to Baden, a village near Vienna, where Beethoven was residing. As Herr H., one of his most intimate friends, accompanied me, I could not feel embarrassed at appearing before Beethoven. At first he looked steadily at me, and then he shook my hand as heartily as if I were an old acquaintance; for he remembered clearly my first visit in the year 1816, although that had been a very brief one—a proof of his excellent memory. I found to my deep regret a great change in his exterior, and it occurred to me at the moment that he seemed to be very unhappy. His complaints to H. afterwards confirmed my apprehension. I feared that he would not understand a word of what I said. But I was mistaken, for he comprehended all that I said to him aloud and slowly. From his answers it appeared that nothing of what H. said was lost, although neither he nor I used the hearing trumpet. Yet I must mention that when he played the piano, he as a general rule began so that twenty or thirty strings had to pay the penalty. Nothing can be more full of life and yet so, to use an expression which characterizes his symphonies so well, more energetic, than his conversation when one has once got him in a good humour. But an unlucky question, a bad piece of advice, for instance in relation to the cure of his deafness, is enough to alienate him forever. He wished for a composition upon which he was just then engaged to know the utmost possible compass of the trombone and asked Herr H. about it, whose reply, however, did not satisfy him. Thereupon he told me that he had made it a rule to inform himself through the different artists themselves about the construction, character and compass of the leading instruments. He presented to me his nephew, a handsome young man of about eighteen years, the only relative with whom he lived upon a friendly footing. He added: 'You can, if you will, give him a puzzle in Greek,' by which he meant to inform me of the young man's intimate acquaintance with that language. The history of this relation places Beethoven's goodness of heart in the clearest light. The most affectionate father could not have made greater sacrifices for him than he did.

After we had been more than an hour with him, we took our leave, to meet again at one o'clock at table in the romantic Helenenthal. We visited the baths and other notabilities, went about noon again to Beethoven's house where he was already awaiting us, and then set out on our way to the valley. Beethoven is a good walker, and takes delight in walks of several miles, especially through a wild and romantic country. Indeed they told me that he passed whole nights on such excursions, and often staid away from home several days. On our way to the valley he frequently stopped suddenly and showed me the beautiful points, or remarked the want of new buildings. Another time he seemed entirely buried in himself and merely hummed to himself in an unintelligible manner. I heard, however, that this was his way of composing and that he never wrote down a note until he had made himself a definite plan of the whole piece. As the day was singularly beautiful, we ate in the open air and what seemed particularly to please Beethoven was, that we were the only guests in the hotel and had the whole day alone to ourselves. The meal prepared for us was so luxurious that Beethoven could not help making remarks about it. 'Wherefore so many different dishes?' he exclaimed. 'Man stands but little above other animals if his chief enjoyments are limited to the table.' Such reflections he made several times more during the repast. Of meats he is only fond of fishes, and among them the trout is his favourite. He hates all constraint, and I do not believe there is a person in Vienna who speaks of everything, even of political subjects, with so little reserve as Beethoven. He hears poorly, but he speaks extraordinarily well, and his remarks are as characteristic and original as his compositions. During the whole course of our table talk nothing was more interesting than what he said of Handel. I sat next to him, and I heard him most distinctly say in German: 'Händel is the greatest composer who has ever lived.' I cannot describe with what impression, I might say with what inspiration he spoke of the *Messiah* of that immortal genius. Every one of us felt deeply moved when he said: 'I would uncover my head and kneel upon his grave.' Repeatedly I sought to turn the conversation upon Mozart, but in vain. I only heard him say: "In a monarchy we know who is first," which might or might not refer to this subject. I heard afterwards that Beethoven is sometimes inexhaustible in his praise of Mozart. It is remarkable that he cannot bear his own earlier works praised, and I learned that it was the surest way to vex him, if one complimented him upon his Septuor and the Trios. He is most fond of his last creations, among the rest his second Mass which he considers his best work. He is now engaged in writing a new opera, called *Melusina*, of which the text is by the poet Grillparzer. Beethoven is a great admirer of the ancients. Homer especially the Odyssey and Plutarch, he prefers to all others. Of his own country's poets he has studied particularly Schiller and Goethe. He has the most favourable opinion of the British nation. "I like," said he, "the noble simplicity of the English manners," and added other praise besides. It seemed to me as if he still cherished a hope of visiting England with his nephew. I must not forget that I have heard a trio by him, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello while it was still in manuscript. It impressed me as very beautiful and I hear it will soon appear in London. I could tell much more of this extraordinary man who after what I have seen and experienced has filled me with the deepest reverence. The friendly way in which he treated me and bade me farewell has made an impression on me, which will last for life."

Of not less interest than the preceding is the account by an English lady of a visit to Beethoven in October 1825. Then also he was living in the little town of Baden, near Vienna. "I had been told," writes the lady, "that I must be prepared for a rough and forbidding reception. When we arrived Beethoven had just come home in a shower and was about to change his coat. From what I had heard of his *brusque* character, I was apprehensive that he might not receive us so heartily as with hasty steps he came out from a side chamber. He accosted us in a very polite friendly and agreeable manner. He is very short-built and haggard, but attentive enough to his personal appearance. He remarked that Herr H. was very fond of Handel, said that he loved him also, and went on for a long time praising that great composer. I conversed with him by writing, since I found it impossible to make myself heard, and though this was an awkward mode of communication, it did not require much, since Beethoven always talked so freely and without prompting, and neither replied to questions nor seemed to expect long answers. I ventured to express to him my admiration for his compositions, and praised amongst other things his *Adelaide*. He remarked very modestly, that this poem of Matthison was very beautiful. He spoke French well. He would have learned also, he said, to speak English, but his deafness had prevented him from going farther into that language than to learn to read it. He preferred the English writers to the French. *Ils sont plus vrais*, said he. Thomson is his favourite author, but particularly great is his admiration of Shakspere. When we rose to take our leave Beethoven begged us to stay longer. *Je veux vous donner un souvenir de moi*, said he. Whereupon he went into a side-chamber, and wrote a short canon for the pianoforte, which he handed to me in a very friendly manner. Then he requested me to spell my name to him, so that he might superscribe his impromptu correctly. Then he took me by the arm and led me into the chamber where he had written so that I might see the whole of his quarters, which were altogether those of an author but perfectly neat. Although they betrayed no sign of abundance or of wealth, yet they showed no want of useful furniture or nice arrangement. I led him cautiously back into a chamber on the other side, in which stood his Broadwood grand piano, but he seemed to me to grow melancholy at the sight of the instrument. Also he remarked that it was not in a fit condition, for the tuner in the country was extraordinarily bad. He struck a few keys, to convince me of it. In spite of that, I laid the manuscript which he had given me upon the desk, and he played it simply through after he had preluded with three or four chords. Thereupon he stopped, and I would not for any price have urged him more since I found that he himself had no pleasure in playing. We then took leave of one another, and Beethoven told me that if he ever came to England he would certainly visit us."

One of his brother artists, Carl Maria von Weber, describes the reception which he found a few years earlier (1823) with Beethoven, in these words: "We went several times to see him. He was in bad humour, and fled all human society. But finally we succeeded in finding the favourable moment. We were conducted in, and we saw him sitting at his writing desk, from which, however, he did not rise to welcome us. Beethoven had known me for some years, so that I could enter into a conversation with him. Suddenly he sprang up, stood upright before me, and laying his hands on my shoulders, shook me with a sort of rough heartiness, saying: 'You have always been a clever fellow!' Whereupon he embraced me in an extremely kind and affectionate manner. Of all the marks of distinction which I received in Vienna, of all the fame and praise which I reaped there, nothing has so touched my heart as this brotherly kiss of Beethoven."

(*To be continued.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE REYNOLDS—HOWELL—HEADLAND—HULLAH CONTROVERSY.—*Can Mr. Reynolds favour us with another copy of his pamphlet.*

J. G.—*Amatory poetry is unsuited to our pages.*

E. F.—*Our correspondent must be very charitable. We too, have our troubles. Nevertheless, he shall soon have ample satisfaction.*

THE LIME-TREE BY THE RIVER.—*We are requested by the author of the words of this song to state that his name is J. F. Douglas, not T. S. Douglas, as appeared in our impression of last week.*

JAMES ONIONS.—*We have no composers on our staff, which is entirely made up of critics—reporters, historians, and abridgers of fancy, if Mr. Onions is aware of what "fancy" signifies. We have even dismissed our poets. Our correspondent should send his elegant verses to Mr Half's Queen's Hotel, Cork-street, Burlington Gardens.*

The complete pianoforte scores of the cantatas of Robin Hood *and* May Day *have been received, and will be noticed shortly in extenso.*

☞ THE continuation of our "Organ" article of last week is, although in type, unavoidably postponed until our next number.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND, 1856.

A PRINTED correspondence has been forwarded to our office which bears indirectly upon a point we have more than once had occasion to discuss in the columns of *The Musical World*. The persons whom this correspondence concerns are Mr Thomas Reynolds, a performer on the viola; Mr Howell, the well-known contrabassist; Mr John Hullah, founder and proprietor of St. Martin's Hall; and Mr Headland, his secretary. Mr Reynolds is complainant, and his case may be briefly stated.

Last spring—in or before the month of April—Mr Hullah instituted under the title of Saturday Evening Concerts, a series of vocal and instrumental performances, on the same plan as those which were given by Mr Alfred Mellon in 1854-5. The first two (as we gather from the correspondence before us) did not pay. It was thereupon suggested by certain parties connected with the orchestra, that the members of the band should play gratuitously at the following concert, in order to lighten the responsibilities of Mr Hullah. Mr Reynolds, the violist, demurred, and, in a letter addressed to Mr Hullah, first explained his views of the impropriety of such a proposition and then his conviction that Mr Hullah himself was unaware of its having been made, and that, on the other hand, had Mr Hullah been aware, he would have declined to countenance it. Thus much for the moral objections of Mr Reynolds, who adds a practical reason for not complying with the demand upon his gratuitous labours, the force of which will hardly be denied, and which can best be set forth in the writer's own words:—

"That I am not induced thus to address you, sir, by selfish motives, you will be convinced, when I inform you that I shall be compelled to give up an engagement on the Friday morning (in order to attend your rehearsal), for which I should receive 7s. 6d.; and I shall have to relinquish an engagement of the same value on the Saturday evening; thus leaving me (provided you pay me for my services) a profit of 1s. 6d. I should not, therefore, be expected to play gratuitously; and consequently cannot be justly accused of selfishness, or of a greed of gain, in addressing these lines to you. No, Sir! it is the *principle* that I contend against; and I am thoroughly convinced you will heartily join me in reprobating it."

To this letter Mr Reynolds received no answer; but the project was soon after abandoned. It was revived, however, two months later, and (we gather from the correspondence) Mr Howell went even so far as to inform Mr Hullah, that the members of the orchestra were desirous of presenting him with a gift of their services, at a concert, to be held on July 2nd, as a token of respect, and with a hope of relieving him in some measure from the loss he had sustained by the speculation. When apprised of this Mr Reynolds waxed exceeding wroth, and (being fond of letter writing) addressed a lengthy epistle to Mr Howell, in which he rates the offending contrabassist in set terms, and voluminously lays down his own notions with respect to the principle in dispute. From this letter (which covers four pages of small type) we can only find room for one or two extracts. The subjoined is to the point:—

"In the first place, then, *has* Mr Hullah experienced a loss by his concerts? You will answer immediately, 'Yes'; and will remind me of the fearfully long rows of empty benches that met our view on the occasion of several of his earlier concerts. This is, I admit, a conclusive proof that he is a loser *by these speculations*. But, in return, I must call to your recollection the many, many occasions, principally at the performance of the oratorios, when the whole of his large room has been most inconveniently crowded. I must also remind you of the fact, that, instead of Mr Hullah having to pay the members of his chorus for singing at his concerts, they *pay him* to be permitted to do so; and also, that he pays the members of his band about one-fourth less than is paid by any other concert-giver."

As a bit of rough logic we may also cite the following:—

"But if we, Mr Hullah's workmen, are to consider ourselves bound to share with him any loss he may sustain, why should not he feel bound to share with us the superabundance of the proceeds of a more than ordinarily successful concert? It would, I confess, be most unjust to expect this of him; but, surely, it is not more unjust than is the arrangement, made by you in our names, to assist Mr Hullah."

Mr Howell treated Mr Reynolds after the same disdainful fashion as Mr Hullah has already done, and would not condescend to answer his letter. He (*Mr Howell*), nevertheless, informed Mr Headland of the epistle, and Mr Headland immediately wrote to Mr Reynolds, to the purport, that his (Mr Reynolds') money was waiting for him (Mr Reynolds) at St. Martin's Hall. The *cacoethes scribendi* having completely laid hold of the ill used performer on the viola, he resolved to let Mr Secretary Headland have a bit of his mind, and accordingly bombarded that active official with another letter of formidable dimensions, in which the case is set forth with accurate minuteness. From this third epistle we quote the concluding paragraph:—

"With regard to the 15s. due to me, I feel bound to accept it from Mr Hullah; but, at the same time, I wish to prove both to you and to him, that I am not actuated in this matter by personal considerations (although I should, I maintain, be perfectly justified in desiring to be remunerated for my services), I, therefore, wish you to be kind enough to make a present of the money to the most deserving object you may meet with (to one who is really in need of it)."

The placing of so large a sum as 15s. in the hands of Mr. Headland—to be used, at that gentleman's discretion, for charitable purposes—deserved, we should have thought, some acknowledgment; but Mr. Headland, emulating the lofty bearing of his predecessors in the receipt of Mr. Reynolds' "favors," left it unnoticed. The sequel is thus narrated:—

"To this, also, no answer was given; nor did I hear anything further upon the subject until the latter part of October; when, finding that all the other members of Mr. Hullah's orchestra were re-engaged for the coming season, I called upon Mr. Hullah, taking with me a copy of my letter to him (No. 1) and the following explanatory note, both of which I placed in his hands. He acknowledged having received my letter and admitted that I had a right to form an opinion upon such matters and to express it; but, he informed me, the cause of his not re-engaging me was my having written a *most insulting letter* to his friend, Mr. Howell."

Further application, by writing, to Mr. Hullah induced the following communications, addressed to Mr. Reynolds by that gentleman:—

"St. Martin's Hall, Nov. 5th, 1856.

"Sir,—At your particular request I have read the enclosed letter, a copy of which came to my hands some time since. If anything could surprise me more than the letter itself it would be the fact that the writer expected an answer to it.

"Your acts and opinions are your own affair, in which I have no concern or interest whatever; and I must absolutely decline answering or even reading any further communication in respect of them.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"John Hullah."

"St. Martin's Hall, Nov. 5th, 1856.

"Sir,—My letter written this morning had hardly reached the post-office, when the enclosed [the copy of my letter to Mr. Howell] came to my hand. You will perhaps, on reflection, be surprised to learn that I have read it. I have but this answer to make:—

"Three or four gentlemen of the orchestra of St. Martin's Hall thought as you did in respect to the last Orchestral Concert—one and all so—and were paid for their services; but they did not accuse others of acting unfairly, nor did they write offensive letters to me, or to anybody else. It is needless for me to say that those gentlemen are re-engaged, or will be, whenever their services are required. I am, sir, your obedient servant,
John Hullah."

Space, however, warns us here to desist; and as we have something ourselves to say on both sides, we shall resume the question next Saturday. Meanwhile we may conclude by suggesting, that, while we wholly concur with the *principle* advocated by Mr. Reynolds we are not of opinion that he went the right way to enforce it. Nevertheless, orchestral performers are in general so scantily rewarded—their individual deserts, and their musical importance, as a body taken into consideration—that we consider them entitled to a certain degree of sympathy, even when they are partly in the wrong.

Mr. Charles Salaman's Amateur Choral Society inaugurates the winter season on Wednesday next with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini.—The *début* of this young artist at the Théâtre Italien, which was announced for Tuesday, has been postponed until Saturday, Signor Mario, who plays Alfredo, not being quite ready with his part.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The season commences at Exeter Hall with Handel's *Solomon*, on Friday the 28th instant. The anticipation of the great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, in May, 1857, will impart additional interest to the performances of Handel's Oratorios during the present season.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

The production of *Il Don Giovanni* on Saturday evening was highly creditable to the management, and the performance, indeed, was altogether one of the most satisfactory we have witnessed away from the regular Italian stage. The principal drawback was in the orchestra, to which some additional string instruments would be a valuable accession. This provided for there would in reality have been little left for animadversion.

The cast was as follows:—Donna Anna, Madame Grisi; Donna Elvira, Madame Rudersdorff; Zerlina, Madame Gassier; Don Ottavio, Signor Lorini; Don Giovanni, M. Gassier; Leporello, Signor Rovere; Mazetto, Signor Gregorio; Commendatore, Herr Formes. We need not say a word about Grisi's Donna Anna, which has always been reckoned among her grandest impersonations, and which after the lapse of more than twenty years, has lost little of its beauty, and nothing of its power. Madame Gassier made a charming Zerlina, and looked the very picture of an Andalusian peasant girl. She was costumed to perfection. The audience were delighted with the "Batti, batti," which would have pleased the most scrupulous of Mozart's admirers. Not a note was altered, nor did the singer avail herself of any of the common artifices of embellishment (save in one trifling instance at the end of "La ci darem"). An enthusiastic encore was the natural result. Madame Gassier was almost equally happy in the duet "La ci darem," but hardly so in "Vedrai carino"—why we cannot say. Hypercriticism apart, however, Madame Gassier's Zerlina must be pronounced an entire success. We never heard Madame Rudersdorff to so much advantage as in Donna Elvira. We have frequently had to rate her for indulging in a habit of dragging the time, by which she did injustice both to herself and the music she had to sing. On Saturday night her singing generally was beyond reproach, and occasionally faultless. The grand air "Ah! chi mi dice mai," with its sequel "Mi tradì quell' alma ingrata," after Leporello's catalogue song, were both brilliant specimens of vocalisation and showed that the artist possessed the true feeling for Mozart's music. The singer who can master these grand airs should command all styles of music. The gentlemen were by no means so unexceptionable. Signor Lorini sang the music of Ottavio fairly but did not produce any sensible effect on the audience, even in "Il mio tesoro." M. Gassier, the Don Giovanni, is a careful and conscientious artist, as was abundantly evidenced in his rigid adherence to the text of the composer, and his singing was in every respect praiseworthy; but the realisation of the character is beyond his grasp, and if even he had the talents of Ambrogetti, Garcia, and Tamburini put together he could not *look* the part. This, however, is saying nothing against M. Gassier, whose specialty lies in another way, and who only failed where greater artists than himself have failed before him. Signor Rovere's Leporello was after the best models of Italian *buffo* acting and singing. This gentleman possesses a good deal of dry humour and is by no means deficient as a singer. His voice, however, is neither powerful nor of fine quality. Herr Formes is entitled to the highest praise for resigning Leporello—one of his finest performances—to another. Nothing more incontestably proves the true artist than this disdain of personal vanity for the general good. By virtue of his reputation and by prescriptive right, Herr Formes might have insisted on appearing as Leporello—or even Don Giovanni, which he has played, according to the German journals, with great effect; but this would have weakened the cast, since none of the artists of the company, except himself, had power of voice sufficient for the music of the Commendatore. What might have been a loss in one respect was a gain in another, for certainly the music of the Commendatore, more particularly in the last scene, was never given with grander effect. Sig. Gregorio was the Mazetto.

The *Trovatore*, even after the secession of Signors Mario and Graziani, still proves attractive. This, no doubt, is in a great measure due to Grisi's Leonora, which in some respects may be classed with her Lucrezia, Anna Bolena, or the Leonora of the *Favorita*. Those who have not seen Grisi in the "Miserere" scene can have but little notion of what the situation is capable. For our own part, we admit that we were more than ever asto-

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rushed at the consummate genius of the artist, to which all styles seem to come gracefully. On Monday Sig. Volpini essayed the arduous part of Manrico. His voice is high and strong—a favourable voice for Verdi's music—and he displays a good deal of energy. Verdi, nevertheless, appears to have spoiled any sweet quality his voice may have once possessed since the *mezza voce* is defective and to produce his best effects, Signor Volpini is obliged to sing loud. His success, however, was established both on Monday and Tuesday night, when *Il Trovatore* was repeated, and the audiences of Drury Lane have taken him into their good graces. The performance should not be named without a passing word to M. Gassier's Fernando, which is excellent and to Madame Amadei's Azucena, which had its many vocal beauties.

After *Il Don Giovanni* on Saturday night, the bustling Lyceum farce of *Trying it On* was performed and it is needless to state that the indomitable vivacity of Mr Charles Mathews carried the entire house with him from beginning to end, in a general and continuous roar of laughter as he shot about the stage and poured forth his speeches with that natural but marvellous volubility which is so diverting. He was excellently seconded by Miss M. Oliver—a young lady who is quietly assuming—if indeed she has not already done so—a very superior position in her profession. Without aspiring to any very high range of characters, her performances are always marked by extreme propriety and intelligence and a combination of natural advantages with an unaffected and ladylike manner, fit her admirably for the portrayal of that class of young lady characters so difficult to depict with simple truth. We doubt if we have yet seen all that Miss Oliver can accomplish.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

Miss Catherine Hayes took her leave on Tuesday evening, and sang four times. Her performances were "Casta Diva" (*Norma*), "The Harp that once through Tara's halls," "Comin' thro' the rye," and a new song called "The fisherman's return," the composition of Mr G. A. Osborne, a well written and characteristic ballad. These four pieces, so different in style, exhibited Miss Catherine Hayes's versatility to the greatest advantage. Few modern sopranos would have had the boldness to attack Italian, Irish, Scotch and Marine songs, as it were, at a breath. In one night the singer may be said to have conciliated three great nations and the whole sea board of England. Miss Catherine Hayes's secession from M. Jullien's company was a serious, but not irreparable loss, as was demonstrated the following night, when that highly popular vocalist, Miss Dolby, occupied her place. We seldom lay a wager and never but when winning is almost a certainty. Miss Dolby has won our wager. When we heard of her engagement by M. Jullien, we offered to wager that she would sing "Over the sea," on the first night. The wager was accepted, and as will be seen, we came off winners. Miss Dolby's second performance on the first night of her appearance at M. Jullien's concerts was "Over the sea!" Miss Dolby's partiality for this very silly ballad is unaccountable. Her other song was "Mille volte sul campo d'onor," from *Pia di Tolomei* of Donizetti, which is well suited to her voice, and which she sang very finely.

On the same evening M. Jullien introduced for the first time his Grand Selection from *La Traviata*. This met with immense approbation from the audience, who hailed the favourite airs with cheers. The solos for violin, oboe, flute, clarinet, trumpet, ophicleide, and cornet, were executed to admiration by MM. Le Hon, Lavigne, De Folly, Sonnenberg, Duhem, Hughes, and Koenig. They included some of the most popular melodies in the opera, although the duet, "Parigi, O cara," was unaccountably excluded. We shall recur to the *Traviata* selection in our next. The principal overtures of the last week have been *Egmont* and *Euryanthe*, and the symphonic selections from Beethoven's *Pastoral*, Spohr's *Power of Sound*, and the slow movement in E flat from Mendelssohn's first Symphony.

On Wednesday Signor Millardi (who was Mr Millard of the Surrey gardens), made his first appearance, and sang "La donna è mobile," to which he was encored, in spite of strong opposition. The audience were less indulgent the second time than the first, and Signor Millardi would have done more wisely to refrain from attempting a repetition of the song.

Miss Harriet May, of whom mention was made last week, has been engaged, and will appear on Tuesday. Miss Arabella Goddard is also, we hear, engaged for several performances.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

Mr. Hullah commenced his winter season on Wednesday evening with Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. The performance, while creditable to Mr Hullah and all concerned, yet, like all the performances of this grand work up to the present moment, left much to be desired. In one or two of the choruses, the singers did not display that precision to which they have accustomed us in the *Messiah* and *Elijah*; and, occasionally, their intonation was anything but good. Instance, "The people shall hear," and "With the blast of thy nostrils." On the other hand, several of the finest choruses were given with great effect, and the encore awarded to "He gave them hailstones" was well merited.

The principal singers were Mad. Rudersdorff, Misses Banks and Palmer, Messrs. G. Calkin, Thomas, and H. Barnby. Madame Rudersdorff distinguished herself in the chief *soprano* music, more especially in the air, "Thou didst blow with thy wind," which was an example of real Handelian singing. Mr George Calkin (tenor) made his first appearance with success. His voice is not one of remarkable power but he has command over it. He was encored in the air "The enemy said, I will pursue," in spite of many dissentient voices. The duet for basses, "The Lord is a Man of war," was declaimed with the stereotyped force and energy by Messrs. Thomas and Barnby, and also encored. Miss Banks, as second *soprano*, and Miss Palmer as *contralto*, both acquitted themselves carefully. The hall was very full—a good sign, the oratorio being *Israel in Egypt*.

Réunion des Arts.—At the third concert of the winter season, on Wednesday, the 20th ult., Miss Freeth, a young pianist, made her first appearance in public with great success. Miss Freeth is a pupil of M. Alexandre Billet, and does infinite credit to her eminent master. She played Mendelssohn's grand trio in D minor (with MM. Goffrie and Paque), and Thalberg's fantasia on the prayer from *Mosè in Egitto*. Her execution is brilliant, and her touch firm and decided. Miss Freeth was loudly applauded in both pieces.

Messrs. Arcedeckne, Frank Talfourd, W. R. Markwell, and Captain Disney Roebuck, with the amateurs who played with so much success for the Crimean and Patriotic Funds, are about to give a benefit, at the St. James's Theatre, on Friday, Dec. 5th, for the relief of destitution in the Metropolis during the winter season. Mr S. E. Pack Barber, secretary of the Samaritan Institution, is the impresario on the occasion.

On Tuesday morning last Mr Andrew Arcedeckne, High-Sheriff of Suffolk, entertained a party of friends and neighbours, at his seat, Glevering Hall, near Ipswich on the occasion of the presentation of two silver claret cups, double magnums. The Rev George Turner, of Kettleburgh, in a brief and purpose-telling manner, proposed the Squire's health, which was responded to in a style which is popularly supposed to make the welkin ring. He then ordered the cups to be placed upon the table and, in the name of the contributors, handed them to Mr Arcedeckne, who, *comme de juste*, had them immediately filled with "1834" Lafitte—not to see if they would hold water. One plethoric old yeoman, having freely imbibed doubtless in order to test the hall mark at the bottom of one of the cups, assured the squire and his guests, that the subscriptions had all been limited and all voluntary and restricted to the immediate neighbourhood, otherwise the presentation would have rivalled in size and durability, the largest of Egypt's pyramids. That the company separated (never mind the hour), and that they reached home, (notwithstanding the darkness of the night!) at least some of them, are established facts, or your correspondent would not have been here to tell the tale. "Soda and brandy, and a delicate cinder for one!"—(*From a Correspondent.*)

REVIEWS.

No. 1. "A CHILD AT PLAY"—Song; No. 2. "A STAR"—Ballad; No. 3. "MY PRETTY STEED"—Lied; No. 4. "SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY"—Hebrew melody; No. 5. TWO PARAPHRASES FUGITIVES—pour Piano; No. 6. "CANZONETTA"—pour Piano; No. 7. "SCHNEEPERLEN"—Morceau de Salon, pour Piano; No. 8. "NEAR THE LIMPID WATERS BRINK"—*Zuleika and Hassan*; Duet by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy; transcribed for the Pianoforte; No. 9. "LOUISA"—Notturno Cantabile, pour le Piano; No. 10. "ROMANCE MIA DOLOROSA"—pour le Piano; No. 11. "SONG OF THE HIGHLANDS"—Berglied for the Pianoforte; No. 12. "SCANDINAVIAN SONG"—Berglied for the Pianoforte; No. 13. "LA [illegible]"—Morceau caractéristique pour Piano; No. 14. "TRANSCRIPTION FANTASTIQUE"—pour le Piano, sur un air Allemand populaire. Composed by Wilhelm Schulthes.

There is merit in all the above pieces, vocal and instrumental. The writing alone declares the hand of a musician, while the thoughts, though never very fresh or new, could only have suggested themselves to an elegant mind.

A great and prevailing fault which strikes us in the compositions of Herr Schulthes is diffuseness. Several of the pianoforte pieces, though short, are nevertheless much too long. The diffuseness goes far to spoil some of the most graceful among the whole. Let us instance, as a case in point, No. 10, the romance called *Mia Dolorosa*, the opening of which, in F sharp minor, is very pleasing; but the episode beginning in the major (at the foot of page 3), passing by an enharmonic change (a device to which Herr Schulthes is far too partial) into F flat minor, and thence to the relative major, where it remains (or thereabouts) for four mortal pages of Thalbergian or Henseltian arpeggios, is prolix and monotonous, and the return to the first theme becomes quite a relief. We have hinted at Thalberg and Henselt; and to speak truth, Herr Schulthes is by far too fond of these masters, and especially of the latter, whom he evidently (without copying his thoughts, be it understood), takes as a model in his briefer pieces, of which a remarkable example appears in No. 13—*La [illegible]*, a graceful little romance in B flat. Some of Herr Schulthes' less ambitious pieces we like the most; and among these we may single out the *first** of the *Paraphrases Fugitives*, an expressive *andantino* in B major, noticeable for good harmony no less than for natural tune. But best of all perhaps—because most spontaneous—is the sparkling *morceau de salon* in B flat, No. 7, called *Schneeperlen* or *La Neige des Perles*, (in emulation, we suppose, of Mr. Osborne's notorious *Pearl-shower*), which we should have liked still better under any other less nonsensical title.

In the *Transcription Fantastique* of a popular German song (No. 14) we find nothing whatever "fantastic;" on the contrary all is plain and straightforward enough, even to the [illegible] of the harmony in arpeggios for the left hand, at pages 6 and 7. Another "bit," *à la* Henselt, with the melody for the thumb, between treble and bass, entitled *Berglied*, (No. 11, in G flat,) is less to our taste. It is occasionally crude. The composer has entitled this capriciously enough, which the publishers have translated into "*Song of the Highlands*." This will make English purchasers look out for something Scotch, which they will not find. No. 6, a *canzonetta* in D flat, may be named for its unaffected simplicity, and recommended for its facility. Another *Berglied*, (No. 12,) entitled "Scandinavian Song" (!) is as little to our liking as the first, and the tune bears little resemblance to the bold melody of the Norsemen. The "transcription" of Mendelssohn's duet, (No. 8,) is able, both harmony and melody being well preserved. We cannot, however, see the use of such things. No. 9, a notturno in D flat, christened "Louisa" by the publishers, is of a colour with some ten thousand other notturni, more or less, but like nearly all the compositions of Herr Schulthes, it is well written.

The songs are in some measure superior to the pianoforte pieces. They certainly have sprung from the contemplation of a healthier school, as the admirers of Mendelssohn must well at once perceive in Nos. 2 and 4,—"A Star," and "She walks in beauty"—both of which are charming, if not preposterously new. The words of the first, by G. Gerard, Esq., have a devotional tinge which Herr Schulthes has been able to shadow forth in the music without having recourse to what are termed ecclesiastical harmonies (suspensions, &c.). The last is by no means the worst setting we have seen of Lord Byron's exquisite and familiar verses, to which, however, it does not quite render justice. No. 3, "My pretty steed," is an excellent specimen of German romance, with a bustling, well-sustained accompaniment; but for genuine beauty of expression, No. 1—"A child at play" (the words by J. C. Lyons, LL.D.)—must bear away the palm from the rest, as a song which in every way does credit to the musical sentiment and experience of its composer.

"THE VIVANDIÈRE"—Song; written by Palgrave Simpson, Esq.; composed by Frank Mori.

Without presenting any original feature—except one, which is not to be commended (we mean the return to the subject—*vide* the last two bars of the second page—which is odd, coming from a subtle-eared musician like Mr. Mori)—this song may pass muster as a pretty trifle, during the process of giving birth to which, we should imagine, there was not much "fine frenzy rolling" in the eye either of poet or musician. There is, however, a very good point, if not a new, at the close of each verse, where the voice sustains the note F, and the stereotyped sevenths of the French school (which Auber has so often and elegantly used) may be found, playing their accustomed part gracefully enough.

"THE EMMELINE MAZURKA." Composed by C. M.

Simple, yet graceful—easy to execute, yet brilliant—this unpretending dance-piece is likely to meet with a host of admirers among the fair sex, whose delicate fingers it is calculated to exercise gently without at all puzzling their understandings. There are three *motivi*, all taking, and all strictly in the rhythm of the mazurka.

"ST. PATRICK'S QUADRILLES." Composed by Henri Laurent.

When we have described this as a set of quadrilles founded upon some of the liveliest and most familiar Irish melodies—from among which "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" stands out conspicuous—our task is accomplished. We may add, however, for the satisfaction of the [illegible], that the pianoforte arrangement is facile to the very extreme of facility—so that anybody who can play at all can play it without difficulty.

"THE MISERERE, and "AH! CHE LA MORTE," from *Il Trovatore*. Arranged as a dramatic scene for the pianoforte, by Rudolf Nordmann.

This piece is neither more nor less than what is conventionally termed a "transcription" of the tower-scene from Verdi's opera, set in the key of C, with some few embellishments, to suit the genius of the pianoforte. It is done very well, although not exhibiting much invention on the part of the "transcriber," and is suited to the capacity of moderately advanced performers.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF MENDELSSOHN'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." Fantaisie de Concert for the Pianoforte, by W. H. Holmes.

Mr. Holmes begins with a snatch from the opening of the overture, which leads to a fragment of the *notturno*, afterwards treated at full length, stripped naked, and exposed to a shower-bath of arpeggios, *à la* Thalberg. The duet, with chorus—"Ye spotted snakes"—succeeds, and ultimately gives way to the "Wedding March," with which (the shake for the clarinet elaborately sustained) the piece concludes, very brilliantly. A first-rate pianist (like Mr. Holmes himself) would doubtless produce a great effect with these "Recollections," which we cannot, however, except from the *Index Expurgatorius* to which we would consign, had we the power, all such treatments of the music of great and inspired masters.

"OH! SING NO MORE THAT TENDER AIR"—Song. "THE CHAMOIS POLKA"—composed by Henry K. Morley. "LA REINE DES FLEURS"—polka. Composed by H. Morley, jun.

The ballad "Oh sing no more" is very pretty. Both the poet

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[*] The second, in B flat, begins well, but is damaged at the end (page 6, *a tempo leggiero*), by a very common-place expedient of effect.

(the Rev T Dale) and the musician have succeeded in being sentimental on a trite subject, without being maudlin—by no means so easy a matter as some may feel inclined to believe

The two polkas are lively, but why one should be called *Chamois* and the other *Reine des Fées*, we leave to the consideration of the curious—which said, we have said more than enough

YORK.—The festival soirée took place on Thursday evening, in the concert-room, Goodramgate. The concert was opened by the National Anthem Müller's madrigal, "Spring's delights" followed, and was a tolerable performance Mr Shaw sang "My pretty Jane" and "Good bye, sweetheart" Mr Crosser "My bonny Jean" and Mr Lambert "The village blacksmith" which was encored. The madrigals, "O, who will o'er the downs" (Pearsall) and "Now is the month of maying" (Morley) might have been more effective Mr Lambert also sang Schubert's "Wanderer," and Balfe's inimitable song, "The first kiss," in which he received a uproarious encore. Mr Whitehead's band attended. After the concert there was a ball, Master Hunt officiated at the pianoforte.

PERTH.—We have again been favoured with a visit from Dr Mark and his talented little band of instrumentalists. They gave two performances in the City-hall on the evenings of Thursday and Friday last, to large audiences. The programmes consisted of selections from the works of the great masters. The vocal music was sustained by Miss Leila Mark and Mr E. M'Keena. Miss Mark possesses a good contralto voice Mr M'Keana's voice is a high tenor He sang "My pretty Jane" with much feeling. The performances of the children are remarkable, and to those who have not heard them they can form but a faint idea of the precision, variety, and power of these young musicians. At the close of the concert on Friday evening Dr Mark was presented with a testimonial, signed by a number of influential gentlemen of the county and city to the following effect —

"Perth, 7th November 1856.—We, the undersigned, have much pleasure in expressing our admiration of the astonishing performances of Dr. Mark's Little Band—their perfect intonation, accuracy of time, and beauty of tone fully testify that the youngest children may, by an efficient system of instruction, be trained to be partakers and dispensers of high musical enjoyment The Doctor's method of teaching the science of music is most simple, and has removed that great difficulty which formerly stood in the way of communicating musical instruction to the young mind. We earnestly hope that institutions will soon be established in this country and the principles of music taught on Dr Mark's system as a common branch of education; for we are convinced that this is the only way to bring about that musical reformation of which this country stands so much in need. We feel it our duty to support and recommend to the public a man who has taken such an important step in a science so long neglected."—Signed, &c.—(*Perth Constitutional* Nov 12.)

CORK—(*From a Correspondent*).—The Sims Reeves' Company has given two concerts at the Athenæum The artists who assisted the great English tenor were Mr and Mdme Weiss, Mdme. Endersohn, and Mr Irving. I was surprised indeed to find Mr Reeves's name down for songs of all countries but Ireland. There was "Tutto e sciolto," (Italian) "Good-bye, sweetheart" (English), and "Bonnie Jean" (Scotch), or more properly would be Scotch To be sure, Mr Reeves introduced a new serenade (and a very charming one) by Mr Alexander Roche, of Cork, "I watch for thee in starless nights," and created the greatest sensation of the night, but Mr. Roche's song is not "national," and everybody desired and expected one of the Irish melodies, which Mr Sims Reeves sings better than any one living—"The last rose of summer," to wit. Mr Alexander Roche is the author of "Oh, twine me a bower," once so popular in London, and several other pleasing ballads. The singing of Madame Endersohn was much admired, but she should avoid such frigid platitudes as "Over the Sea." She sang the scena, "Ah, fors' è lui" from *La Traviata* with great taste and ability Madame Weiss was loudly encored in "The meeting of the waters," when she gave instead, "The harp that once thro' Tara's halls." Of course Mad. Weiss has made herself a favorite with the Corkonians for ever Mr Weiss specially signalised himself in "The Miller" I am sorry to state that when the audience were dispersing an accident which might have been attended with serious consequences, was occasioned by the giving way of the banister rails from the stairs leading to the north gallery on which there was at the moment a large number of persons No personal injury, however was sustained The attention of the directors of the building should be given to the propriety of having large accommodation for the egress of the crowds who, from time to time, frequent the Athenæum

PARIS.—The event of last week was the *rentrée* of Mario at the Italiens, in the *Barbiere* which took place on Saturday the 15th instant. So triumphant a success was hardly ever before achieved at the Salle Ventadour, even by the great tenor himself He was received with enthusiasm on his entrance, and when he appeared at the end the audience broke out into a furor Mario had hard work in the provinces after the close of the Royal Italian Opera, but he was careful in his selections of course, and eschewed operas which were likely to strain his voice, so that what he did was more properly exercise than work. By all accounts he sang magnificently on the night of his first appearance, and his voice seemed as fresh and delicious as ever Alboni was the Rosina, and of course participated in the triumphs of Mario. When both artists were recalled at the fall of the curtain, the stage was covered with bouquets, and wreaths were projected from all parts of the house. *La Gazza Ladra* has proved another success for the Italiens. Alboni's Ninetta was praised even more than her Rosina. Signor Corsi, the new barytone, who comes with a high reputation from Italy, was nevertheless only partially admired as the Father *I Due Foscari* has been revived with little or no success. This is the third attempt made to naturalise this opera at the Bouffes, but without success It was first performed in 1846, with Mario, Coletti, and Grisi the second time in 1848, with Bordas, Morelli, and Mdme Bosio. The present cast includes Mdme Calzolari Signors Ballestra and Corsi. The soprano and tenor have disappointed expectation, but Signor Corsi appears to have made a powerful impression in the character of the Doge *I Due Foscari*, by the way was composed in 1844, for the Opera at Rome, for Mad Barbieri Nini, Signors Roppa and Debassini.—At the Grand-Opéra the *Trovatore* is in rehearsal and will be produced early in the new year under the title of *Le Trouvère*. Mad Deligne-Lauters, who appeared about a year ago at the Théâtre Lyrique, and subsequently went to Italy to study has been engaged and will make her *début* as Leonora. Her voice—for which we have the authority of our correspondent—is beautiful, and she is said to have made great improvement as a singer

PARIS—(*From a Correspondent*).—One of the most brilliant audiences of the season was attracted to the Théâtre-Italien on Saturday last, to witness the performance of *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* with Madame Alboni as Rosina, and Signor Mario as Count Almaviva (who made his *rentrée* on the occasion) Alboni was in splendid voice, and sang magnificently In "Una voce" she was rapturously encored and in the "lesson scene," her wonderful execution of Hummel's variations excited the audience to a degree of enthusiasm seldom given way to by the aristocratic *abonnés* of the *Théâtre-Italien* and Madame Alboni was encored and recalled again and again with acclamations of applause. Mario has seldom been in better voice than he was on Saturday His reception was very cordial and after he had been encored in "Ecco ridente" which he sang to perfection he was recalled to receive again the applause of the audience. Signor Corsi made a very intelligent Figaro Signors Zucchini and Angelini, as Dr Bartolo and Don Basilio assisted materially in strengthening the ensemble and the opera of *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* has rarely been better played in the ancient Salle Ventadour than on the present occasion. Signor Bottesini presided in the orchestra. The *Traviata* is in rehearsal, and Mdlle Piccolomini is expected to make her *debut* this day week, assisted by Signors Mario and Graziani Expectation is on tiptoe and not a place is to be had, for "love or money" for the evening.

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Berlin.—The principal event, this week, at the Royal Opera-house has been the *début* of Mdlle. Jenny Bauer from London. The part she selected for her first appearance before a Berlin public was that of Susanna, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Her performance gave great satisfaction to a very numerous audience, and she was called on during the fourth act.—*Iphigenia in Aulis* was performed on the 15th inst. in celebration of Her Majesty's birthday.—Concerts have been most numerous lately. The little Arthur Napoleon gave one, his last, in the Englisches Haus, on the 4th inst., when he played, with Herren Espenhahn, Rial, and Wendt, a quartet in G minor by Mozart. He also performed Schulhoff's "Airs Bohémiens," Chopin's Notturno in F minor, and A. Schmidt's Allegro Scherzo.—On Thursday the 6th inst., Herr Liebig gave his third *soirée* for classical orchestral music in the Singacademie. The programme included Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*, Haydn's Symphony in F major, Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture, and Mozart's symphony in C major with fugue.—On Friday, the 7th, Herren A. Grünwald and R. Radecke, gave their first soirée of Chamber Music in the Englisches Haus. They were not particularly successful in Mozart's sonata in A major, for piano and violin, but Herr Radecke made up for this by his artistic execution of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 111. The same composer's serenade, for violin, viola, and violoncello, was splendidly played by Herren Grünwald, Wendt, and Espenhahn, and greatly applauded.—On Saturday the 8th inst., Herren Zimmermann, Ronneberger, Richter and Espenhahn commenced their Quartet Versammlung in the Singacademie with a quartet of Haydn in B major, Op. 11 No. 3. This was followed by Mozart's quintet in A major, and Beethoven's seventh quartet in F major. The last was certainly the great attraction of the evening. A concert in memory of Mendelssohn has been given by Stern's Gesangverein in Arnim's Rooms. Herr Stern himself accompanied on the piano. The ninety-fifth Psalm was first sung. This was followed by the "Walpurgisnacht," and Herr Laub performed the celebrated violin concerto in a masterly style. Billert's Gesangverein will perform two grand oratorios this winter: on Friday, the 5th December, Ferdinand Hiller's *Zerstörung Jerusalems*, and on Friday, the 20th February, 1857, Dr. Louis Spohr's *Letzte Dinge*. Liebig's orchestra will furnish the accompaniment.

St. Petersburg.—The Théâtre Italien opened with Verdi's *Macbeth*. The company—in the main the same as last year—includes the following artists:—Mesdames Bosio, Lotti, Meric-Lalande and Tagliafico, Signors Calzolari, Bettini, G. Bettini, Debassini, Bartolini, Lablache, Marini, Tagliafico, etc. *Macbeth* was to have been followed by *Ernani*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*. The audiences appear not to have forgotten Tamberlik, for whom loud cries are raised every night. The Emperor doubtless should issue an imperial ukase to the effect, that Signor Tamberlik being several thousand miles distant from St. Petersburg, it would be impossible for the sounds to reach him, whereby his liege subjects might be spared much useless expenditure of breath.

Coburg.—Baron Wangenheim, the Intendant of the theatre has done all in his power to render the coming opera season as attractive and brilliant as possible. Mr. H. Litolff is engaged as conductor, while the chorus and ballet have been considerably augmented. Mesdlles. Anna Zerr and Raymond are the two *prime donne*. The season began with *Santa-Chiara*.

Stuttgart.—The king has given his permission for a festival in memory of Herr Lindpaintner to be held in the Theatre Royal. The receipts will be devoted to the erection of a monument over the grave of the deceased.

Big Ben of Westminster.—On Thursday, the clapper for "Big Ben" of Westminster arrived at the New Palace of Westminster; it weighs, as it is understood, 13 cwt. 10lbs., and in the course of the ensuing week, Ben will be raised to the summit of the massive frame at the foot of the Albert Tower, and have his tone tested. The place where Ben is to be finally hung in the Albert Tower is immediately near the clock, and he will be so fixed that, when worn in one place, he can be turned so as to offer a fresh place to receive the blow of the clapper.

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ORGAN

We continue our review of the little controversy at Leeds relative to the advisability of professional intervention in the design for the Town Hall Organ.

To take the easiest part of our work first,—having taxed the *Leeds Times* with dealing almost entirely in assertions easily susceptible of disproof, we proceed to make out our case. The following sentences, thus:—

> "We have already numerous and sufficient examples of the style of instrument we require in the noble organs of the Panopticon, York Cathedral, and in those placed in the halls of Birmingham and Liverpool. It would be absurd to suppose that the builders who were competent to supply the world-famed instruments we have indicated, were not equally competent to put forward specifications for our Town Hall Organ without the intervention of any professor whatever. Professors of music cannot have that intimate acquaintance with the interior mechanism and requirements of an organ which the builders themselves possess. Ask half-a-dozen organists in Yorkshire their ideas of an organ, and of the capacity requisite for a given locality, and you will find them all differ in opinion."

and further on:—

> "Feeling strongly that such a step as giving a commission would open the door to useless expenditure of public money—to the frivolous or fantastic experiments of theorists—that we have already examples of first-rate instruments in existence—*that mere players can know but little of the requirements of such an instrument as we are contemplating placing in the new Town Hall*, &c. &c."

contain a string of assertions, which, in fact, involve another assertion, namely—that professors do not know enough about organ building to be intrusted with designing a large organ, and that organ builders will get on better without them. To all this, in the first place, we do not scruple to oppose a third assertion (only we shall by and bye endeavour to prove it)—namely, that the entire history of the instrument shows that *there are two classes of men, distinct from organ-builders—professed organists, and constructive amateurs, being, at the same time, skilful mathematicians—to whom the organ is indebted for nearly every feature that is recognized in its present state of development.* Having thus, then, put our plea on the record as to what may be termed "the general issue," we come next, to a few necessary particulars. The very first sentence above quoted is, certainly, a most unfortunate shot on the part of the *Times'* essayist. He selects as "sufficient examples" of what the Leeds organ should be, the instruments at the Panopticon, York Minster, and the Halls of Birmingham and Liverpool. Now if, just for argument's sake, we concede to the writer all that he primarily contends for—viz., that these instruments are all-sufficient models for anything that may be intended at Leeds—he is manifestly ensnared in his own toils—he is the "engineer hoist by his own petard," since three out of the four were designed and superintended by professors! Were our object a mere victory of words, we might well rest satisfied with such odds as three to one in our favour, and so let this part of the matter drop here. We seek, however, an honest establishment of our position, and, therefore, in the sequel waive all this advantage by expressly declaring that no one of the instruments the *Times* selects for admiration is really a pattern for imitation in the Leeds Town Hall. The success of the Liverpool organ is still a much debated and debateable question, while the failure of those at York and Birmingham is extraordinary and notorious. No one can more heartily admire, than we do, the many and great beauties of the Panopticon organ; still we cannot admit it to be, either in dimensions or completeness, the model instrument for the Leeds Hall. Very sure are we that its eminent builders would not permit it to go there if an opportunity were needed for improving it. With reference to York and Birmingham, it is necessary to state that both these organs were constructed at a period when neither professors nor builders knew anything, practically, of really large work. Science had not, here then, been admitted to even the narrowest bearing on the subject, and the old-fashioned prejudices of the time were of too self-satisfactory a character to be at all shaken by the few stray lights let in by wandering organ hunters on the continent. It is not, therefore, very surprising that the organist of York Minster should have obstinately insisted on a totally wrong starting point for both the manuals and pedals of his new instrument, and committed a host of similar absurdities which, with "additions and improvements" in later times, have rendered the York organ the most cumbrous, uncouth, and graceless piece of musical furniture extant. It is, however, wonderful that the Chevalier Neukomm, who, a German, must have known how grand organs were made in his own land, could have borne so large a share as he did in the repetition, at Birmingham, of the prominent blunders committed at York. The failure at Birmingham was so complete that, a few years afterwards, great efforts were made to surmount it by extensive alterations. Unfortunately the only efficient remedy—i.e., total reconstruction, was not undertaken, and, though much improved, the organ, despite many isolated beauties, remains a very unsatisfactory affair. In both these cases we admit—and let the *Times* make the most of it—that the professors were far more to blame than the builders. But the period of general ignorance has long passed away. Very few professors would now be found willing to commit themselves to such preposterous designs as those just spoken of, and still fewer builders, we hope, would be exposed to the injustice then suffered by Messrs. Elliott and Hill in being obliged to execute them.

The paragraph commencing "Professors of music cannot have that intimate acquaintance," etc. is just one of those random assertions which can never be admitted into the field of argument. That the weight of evidence is on the other side, we hope to show before the conclusion of this paper. The following sentence about the "organists in Yorkshire" is a simple begging of the question, and not a very complimentary one either to the professional neighbours of the *Times*. The point at issue has nothing to do with this or that particular county or district. Were the allegation against the "organists in Yorkshire" strictly true—which we sincerely do not believe—the *Times* would not have established a fact of the slightest value in its favour. Yorkshire, important though it be, is not the whole of England; neither do its organists necessarily represent the totality of professional intelligence. We have good reason to think the assertion (for such, in fact, it is) that not half-a-dozen professors in Yorkshire are competent to offer an opinion about a large organ, to be most unfounded; and yet, were it entirely substantiated, not one single step would be gained thereby towards proving professional unworthiness in the abstract. The answer to the assertion that "mere players can know but little of the requirements," etc., seems to us to be scarcely worth printing. Players, we imagine, are precisely the people to know best what are the "requirements" of the instruments they play on. Whether they know best how to obtain these "requirements" is another question. By "mere players," must, of course, be signified people who can do nothing else than play, and of these we willingly make the *Times* a present. But that there nearly always have been, and still are, players who understand the mechanical structure of their instruments sufficiently well to know not only what they require, but also how to obtain it, is a fact which can only be doubted by those who are entirely ignorant of the history of musical instruments. The oddest paragraph in the whole article is that which recommends that the builders' plans, to be prepared without any professional assistance, should be submitted, when complete, to the judgment of four professional men—Dr. Camidge, and Messrs. Chipp, Stimpson and Best. It is odd on account of the professors selected, since three out of four have never, to our knowledge, made any pretence of accurate knowledge of organ-structure, while the doings of the fourth at York Minster ought, certainly, to put his claims of this nature satisfactorily at rest. But it is still more odd as a matter of principle, since it here insists on that very system of professional intervention between the builders and their employers, which the whole article has evidently been manufactured for the purpose of condemning!

We have already said that the strong and, indeed, so far as it goes, invincible line of argument is that adopted by the *Mercury*. Its position—to use its own words—that—

> "Advancing executive dexterity in the player has uniformly created

wants which the then condition of his instrument could not supply; and that the art of performing has exercised an perpetual action on the art of construction. It may safely be affirmed, in short, that the skill of the player has invariably preceded and stimulated that of the manufacturer."

is unquestionably true, and the illustration offered in the progress of the pianoforte is unquestionably appropriate. Had the *Mercury*, however, chosen to go somewhat more deeply into the matter, it might easily have shown that there is scarcely an instrument of any description of which the present improved condition is not greatly more due to players than to manufacturers. That single innovation, for instance, which converted the old military trumpet into the present elegant orchestral and solo instrument—the chromatic slide—was the work of Norton, a celebrated player of the last generation. The whole tribe of wood wind-instruments have been successively ameliorated in intonation and mechanical facility almost entirely by the inventive skill of performers. The various kinds of flutes, for example—the Boehm, the Clinton, the Siccama, and several others—are directly the work of professors, and display not only an intimate knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome, but often considerable mechanical skill in the choice of means for the purpose. More than any other instrument, however, is the organ indebted for its present advanced condition, to persons not engaged in the business of its manufacture. We might, indeed, fill many columns with examples in proof of this statement; but a few must, at present, suffice. Who, then, invented that mechanical arrangement which, under the title of the "simplification system," is now winning so much favour with our provincial builders? The Abbé Vogler, a professed musician and amateur mechanist. Who originated that novel method of "voicing" of which, we understand, the organ of the Leeds parish church does now, or shortly will, exhibit such a wonderful specimen? M. Toepfer, a professor at a German university. The "inverted rib" principle applied to equalise the air-pressure during all positions of the bellows—an invention the beautiful simplicity and efficacy of which has never been approached by any other means—was the production of one Cummings, by trade a working clock maker. The pneumatic lever, an apparatus which may be said to have revolutionised the structure of the organ, is unquestionably due to Mr. Barker, who, though he has since become a professed organ-builder, was, we believe, formerly a medical student, and certainly at the period of his celebrated invention was merely an amateur organist. The introduction into England of the German compass for both manuals and pedals, by which the organ at once exchanged its old anomalous condition for the essential germ of its present symmetrical form, was the work of professors. The adoption, here, of the pneumatic lever and of the system of "equal temperament," was, again, the work of professors; and the same may be said of the Toepfer style of voicing before mentioned, and of the various French novelties of tone and mechanism which are fast finding their way into use. In fact, it may be safely affirmed that for one improvement introduced wholly by organ builders, at least three may be quoted as originating with persons unconnected with the business. And this is, really, not different to what might have been surmised. The history of all manufactures shows them to be eminently conservative in character. Permanency of type is a powerful element in manufacturing success; and the makers of all machines, therefore, have invariably been unwilling to admit improvements until the necessity has been forced on them by the demands of their customers.

Again, the literature of the organ is another case in point. Out of twenty authoritative treatises on the subject that might be quoted, there are not three, perhaps, in which organ-builders had any share. The oldest and most complete practical treatise extant is that of Dom Bedos, a Benedictine monk, and who, though probably largely mixed up in the making of organs at his time, was certainly not an organ-builder by calling; while the most scientific works on the subject in modern times are, beyond all doubt, those of M. Toepfer, before mentioned, and M. Hamel, a French avocat. The only modern English book of the kind, is that of Messrs. Hopkins and Rimbault, which, though rather a *resumé* of the ordinary methods of practice, than a treatise pretending to any accurate theoretical research, is still the work of two musical professors.

The sneers at "theorists" and "experimentalists," which occur more than once in the *Times* article, come with an exceedingly ill grace from a journal established in one of the great *foci* of our manufacturing industry. Most certain is it that a person entrusted with the design of a large work should previously have carried his own researches so far as not to need experiments at the cost of his employers; but to slight—as does the *Times*—the value of theory and experiments, is simply to ignore the entire history of mechanical progress.

The position taken by the *Times*, if enlarged to its legitimate consequences, in reality stands thus: "That no man can benefit or improve any article or machine who is not directly engaged in its manufacture;" and this is contradicted on nearly every page of manufacturing history. The first great invention in mechanical cotton-spinning is due to Arkwright, a barber in Preston; and the next and most important step on the same road—"the mule"—was the work of Crompton, who was certainly not a machine-maker. The steam-engine itself, affords a whole chain of facts in our favour. Beginning with a nobleman and amateur mechanist—the Marquis of Worcester—who invented and made the first water-raising steam-engine, we come next to two men who converted this mere water-raising machine into a real motive-power engine—these were Newcomen and Cawley, the one a blacksmith and the other a glazier. Next on the list stands a regularly educated engineer—Smeaton; but, strangely enough, while doing as much, perhaps, as an accurate and technical mind could in improving the proportions of the existing machine, he did not one jot in the way of invention for its real progress. While, last and greatest, stands the giant James Watt, who, at the period of his great discovery which revolutionised the whole machine, and made it, in fact, what it is now, was simply a philosophical instrument-maker in Glasgow; and who, nearly all through his subsequent life, as all the world now knows, was opposed and sneered at by people who called themselves "professional engineers!"

In parting, let us remind the Leeds *Times*, that in doing us the favour to conclude its article by a quotation from the *Musical World* as an authority on organ matters, it is dealing somewhat of a heavy blow to its own arguments. The *Times* can scarcely be unaware that this department of our paper is conducted by professors of music and not by organ-builders.

York.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Choral Society of this city gave their first concert for the season on Wednesday evening. There was a large audience, who seemed to appreciate the efforts of the performers. The principal vocalists were Miss Whitham, Miss Newbound, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lambert. The first part consisted of an organ solo played by Mr. Shaw, and Mozart's Twelfth Mass. The second part opened with the overture to *Il Turco in Italia* by Rossini, and was followed by the aria, "[illegible] barbara," sung by Miss Newbound. The madrigal, "Oh who will o'er the downs," was effectively given, as was "Softly sighs the voice of evening" by Miss Whitham. "The happiest land" by Balfe, was well sung by Mr. Lambert. The glee "Blow gentle gales," by Bishop, would have been more effective had there been a more efficient second tenor. The concert was brought to a close by the band playing "God save the queen." Mr. Allen was leader, and Mr. Hopkinson conductor.

Poor Claqueurs.—Madame Ristori relates quite openly in conversation, that she received in Paris a bill of 600l. from the chief of the *claque*, which she felt herself obliged to pay, as she had to come again before the public. When, in 1844, a certain Auguste, chief of this establishment, died, his book of receipts proved that he had received from Nourrit annually 2,000f., from Mdlle. Taglioni monthly 300f., from Fanny Elssler, for the first performance 500f., for the second 300f., and for each of the following performances 100f.—*Canard.*

GIUSEPPE VERDI.*

(*From La France Musicale.*)

(*Concluded from p. 740.*)

In the midst of these campaigns, full of well-disputed combats, but brilliant, and, taken all in all, successful, Verdi increased in grandeur and power. There still remained, however, many enemies for him to overcome. I do not allude to those among the scattered but chosen body of obstinate pedants or jealous rivals—let these brave individuals die without surrendering. I allude to whole populations assembled in the Italian capitals.

We know that the principal obstacle to the unity of Italy is the hegemony claimed by each city in that divided country. Naples says: "I am the greatest and most populous." Turin exclaims: "I am the first in the path of freedom." Milan murmurs: "I possess the iron crown of the ancient kings." Florence hums, in choice Italian: "I am Athens," while Rome replies, "I am Rome," and they are all right.

But what each of these cities claims in politics, it claims, also, in art, and this is a great evil. Thus Naples, under the singular pretext that one of its inhabitants, named Scarlatti, and born in 1650 invented modern music, and that, as pre-eminently the musical city, she had, since then, produced excellent masters, such as Durante, the regulator of the study of counterpoint, Leonardo Vinci, not the painter but the melodist, Cimarosa, Paisiello, and a thousand others up to Mercadante, who at present directs her Conservatory—Naples asserted that Verdi, who was born in Parma and had hitherto written only for Milan and Rome, was nothing but a mere revolutionist, without regard for law or gospel. Now the Neapolitans possess a vote in musical conclaves, and so the *maestro* determined to conciliate them, and wrote for their benefit, in a short space of time, *Alzira*, the most unfortunate one that ever appeared on the stage.

Verdi revenged himself in the fashion of conquerors, by fresh triumphs. *Alzira* failed at Naples in 1845 and *Attila* was lauded to the skies in 1846. The latter is an unequal work written during illness, but captivating, spirited, and full of those broken rhythms which people like so much when they like them at all. At last, in 1847, the master boldly grappled with Shakspere, and that, too, in one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*, namely *Macbeth*. This was one of those struggles in which it is glorious to engage. The assailant is invariably conquered, but he becomes twice as strong as before. We may say of *Macbeth* what a Frenchman has said of another personage, no less dramatic:—

"Il n'est pas de poëte
Qui ne l'eût soulevé dans son cœur et sa tête,
Et pour l'avoir tenté, ne soit resté plus grand."

At certain moments, and by fits and starts, the musician rises in this work to a level with the poet. (!) There was an instant that I fancied he was going to surpass him. (!!) But Shakspere has distances and depths into which no one can follow him.

However this may be, the opera of *Macbeth* was a daring but perfectly successful attempt. It was first produced at Florence and Verdi was called on more than thirty times at each of the first three representations. Excited crowds escorted him when he left the theatre, and the people of Florence—a people of nobles—presented him with a gold laurel wreath, intertwined with a ribbon, on which were inscribed all the titles, even then numerous, of the young *maestro's* operas. This national offering was conceived, carried out, and paid for, in two days. Verdi was only thirty-three years old.

The curse of composers are the writers of the librettos,—just as the curse of the writers of the librettos are the composers. The subjection and almost fatal annihilation of one art by the other in those productions, where the above personages would work in concert, had made me despair of the possibility of any alliance between music and poetry—at least, as far as the drama was concerned. I had concluded from this that the stage ought to be closed against musicians. I went too far, I confess. The drama is found in all the arts; in the group of Laocoon, and the pictures of Delacroix as well as in the tragedies of Sophocles and Shakspeare. Only in order that operas should be perfect productions, collaboration, which, I believe, is the ruin of the modern theatre, should be abolished. The musician of the present day ought to be a poet, as the poet of former times used to be a musician.—(Wagner in Paris.—Ed. *M. W.*)

I confess that, for my own part, (and many more competent men than myself share my opinion) all my esthetical feelings are shocked and frozen in the midst of my most fervent admiration, when, while listening to some adorable piece of music, I suddenly got a glass of water, like the following Alexandrine, dashed into my ear:—

"Tes jours sont menacés, *rien ne peut t'y soustraire*."

Now Verdi has had wretched librettos from the *Lombardi* down to the present day. Disheartened at being continually disappointed by the writers of his librettos, the *maestro*, as I have said, went to Shakspere for a subject, and had *Macbeth* translated, scene for scene, and almost word for word. Alas! even in this servile and literal translation, the poetical workman succeeded in introducing verses like the following:—

"Spesso l'empio spirto d'inferno
Parla, e c'inganna, veraci detti,"

which signifies in English that the Devil tells us truths when he tells us lies. On hearing pretty things of this kind, the Italians, who understand their own language, used to burst out into a Homeric fit of laughter, while Verdi, who with a year's practice, would have written verses better than any one—Verdi, who is a man capable of conceiving immense dramas, who knows by heart the English and German writers, the real modern classics as far as the stage is concerned, and who invents new prosodiacal measures, in a manner to disconcert Rückert and the most daring innovators (!!) Verdi has spent all his life in looking for some one exercising the business of poetry!

When I say that he would have written verses better than anyone else, I invent nothing. I have before me a letter from him, in which I find this passage:—

"I should like two strophes of six verses, each, for instance, as (laugh at me):—

'Siede la sampe la folla, adombra
Urli di gioja al cielo innalza,
Cinti di ghirlande giunge la vittima
Bianca vestita, danzante, scalza.'"

The poet laughed at him so little, that he introduced all these verses in the two strophes required.

Verdi, however, like all musicians, does not care so much for the words; it is the drama about which he is most particular. "I want new subjects," he writes confidentially, "grand, fine, varied, bold subjects—bold to the last degree—with new and, at the same time, musical forms, etc., etc. When a person says to me: 'I have done this because Romani, Cammarano, etc. have done so,' we no longer agree. It is precisely because these great men have done so, that I should like to see people do something else." Thus does he sweep away all routine with a single stroke of the pen.

And this is Verdi's ruling characteristic: thorough, daring innovation. He does not think it indispensable to add a frisky tail to a languishing air, ushered in by a piece of recitative in livery. He has even risked having for a finale, instead of the immovable quintet or sextet, a simple recitative; he has carried his temerity so far as to write an entire opera without reserving a part for the tenor; and I think him even capable of suppressing waltz and tarantella motifs in pathetic moments. Some have greatly praised, while others blame him for this; as for myself I say nothing, not being a musical critic. I will merely repeat the remark made by a Parisian composer, a very competent judge, whose opinion is sought by the papers, in which indeed he writes very pleasing articles. "What do you think of *Il Trovatore*?" I asked, as we were coming out of the Salle Ventadour. "Well, really I do not know," he replied, "whether Verdi is a revolutionist or a reformer; at any rate his music is not like that of everyone."—(Gustave Héquet.)

Those who do not like him, reproach him with sometimes plundering others, with frequently repeating himself, with

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* From the point of view, be it understood, of *La France Musicale*.—Ed. *M. W.*

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obtaining certain effects after which he strives exclusively; with supplying by extravagant rhythms the wanting melody; with materialising everything, including even fancy itself; with drowning the voices of the singers by the uproar in the orchestra; with attracting attention to the secondary parts, such, for instance, as the choruses (!) and thus diverting it from the cavatinas, duets, etc.; with being, in reality, simply a violent anarchist, as the revolution in music was effected before his time; with spoiling the public by the employment of extreme means, and, in spite of this lavish use of resources, with not obtaining the simple victories simply obtained by the kings whom he wishes to dethrone.

Those who like him are thankful to him for taking his beauties where he can find them; for repeating, when he likes, certain of his own phrases which we like; for striving after effect which he always obtains; for possessing fertility of imagination; for finding new melodies in the palpitations of the rhythm and not in the evolution of sounds alone; for remaining human, even in his fantastic wanderings; for smothering, when necessary, by skilful orchestration and as if by a deluge of thought, the frequently insufficient expression of the words and music; for composing concerted pieces and choruses worthy of Germany (!); for making his operas regular works and not simply albums of fragments, bound together in a slipshod kind of manner; for still finding reforms to be accomplished after the revolution has been effected; for raising his public by multiplying their wants; and lastly for satisfying these multiplied wants by employing all his strength.

I repeat, once more, I make no pretension to the character of a biographer. Taking up Verdi's life where my *cicerone*, M. Henri Montazio left off (he wrote in 1847) I spring from *Macbeth* to the *Masnadieri*, played for the first time at London in the same month of the above year, by Jenny Lind, Gardoni, Coletti, and Lablache. Italy welcomed this opera still more heartily than the *dilettanti* on the other side the Channel.* After this, France felt a wish to make the acquaintance of the new *maestro*, and Gustave Vaëz and Royer translated for him *I Lombardi* and christened it *Jérusalem*. This also took place in 1847, during the autumn.

The revolution in Italy now broke out; this brings us down to the autumn of 1848.

It was at this period that *Il Corsaro*, a solemn failure, was produced at Trieste. "It is not a happy inspiration," the *maestro* wrote. The publisher Lucca, of Milan, had purchased the opera beforehand, and furnished the *libretto*, as is the custom in Italy. The music-sellers there buy a score and let it out to the theatres. They frequently order it, as they would a coat. The association of dramatic authors and composers is still unknown among the Italians: hence a far less degree of liberty for the masters. Verdi was not contented with the *libretto*, but Lucca insisted on having his music. He did so at the expiration of a month, and lost 24,000 francs.

Others, on the contrary, were more fortunate. Verdi's ordinary publishers, both in Italy and France, have, as we know, made large profits out of his works.

After *Il Corsaro* came *La Battaglia de Legnano*, produced at Rome. The political tone of the poem caused the opera to be interdicted; but the music will re-appear some day or other, adapted to a more inoffensive text, which is now being arranged by a poet of talent, M. Leone-Emmanuele Bardare. If there is no cabal, the work will be lastingly listened to, for we know that cabal and love have been in a permanent state of hostility for six thousand years. Schiller has written a charming comedy on the subject. On this comedy Cammarano constructed a poem which he called *Luisa Miller*, and on the poem, Verdi constructed an opera, played at Naples, in 1849, with a success which has, since then, gone on increasing in every theatre in the world. This was followed by *Stiffelio*, at Trieste, in 1850, and by *Rigoletto*, at Venice in 1851.

Rigoletto is the opera which Verdi looks upon as his *chef-d'œuvre*, and competent judges say it is really fine. It contains a scene of vengeance capable of exciting whole nations, a tempest which alarms you, and a quartet which cured me of the prejudice that music is powerless in distinguishing various characters; it is a contrast between two duets, each of which, taken separately, is a dispute; fancy a struggle between two duets. In *Rigoletto*, too, we meet with the song which has become as popular as *Marlborough*.

"La donna è mobile."

Rigoletto is nothing more or less than Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*. The poet and the musician will always meet. Those who like the one must like the other, and if I did not wish to preserve my humble character of a biographer I would say that Verdi might be regarded as a musical Hugo. There are the same defects in the two men, the same excellencies, the same powerful love of effect, colour, contrast, shocks and outbursts; the same symmetry in disorder, intentional inequality, singular mixture of violence and tenderness, and genius, floating incessantly above and below mankind, but still human in its force and in its gentleness. Verdi has never disguised his predilection for our poet. "In nearly all French dramas," he writes to his friend, "we perceive the effort made to obtain success. Ever since the powerful effects produced by Victor Hugo's dramas, every one has sought similar results, without remarking, to my way of thinking, that in Victor Hugo there are always an object, and powerful passions, but, above all, original characters. Observe what characters Silva, Marie Tudor, Borgia, Marion, Triboulet, François, etc. are. Great characters produce great situations, and the effect follows of its own accord."

After *Rigoletto* two operas followed in quick succession. At Rome, during the Carnival of 1853, Verdi threw the public that chaplet of jet and pearls entitled *Il Trovatore*; he then got into the diligence and extemporised upon the road *La Traviata* to enliven the Lent of the Gondoliers. *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, represented at Paris, during the period of the Great French Exhibition, came next, and will be followed shortly by *King Lear*, for the possession of which France, England,* and Italy are already contending. Twenty-one operas in seventeen years!

Of *King Lear* I have nothing to say, except that the subject is splendid, and that the management of the Opera-house at Naples has offered the maestro 6,000 ducats for the privilege of representing it first, leaving him his property in the work for every other country. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* On the *Vêpres* and *Il Trovatore* I can add nothing to the exclamations, not yet calmed down, of the Parisian press: *mutatis quantum ab illo!* These two works reign at present in all the theatres of that half of Europe which embraces and condenses the world between Paris and Vienna, London and Naples, Berlin and Madrid. "*Il Trovatore* did not go badly," writes Verdi from Rome on leaving the theatre; while on the *Vêpres*, in the midst of his triumph, he scribbled the phrase, "Five hours of music! Ouf!"

But I beg permission to dwell for an instant upon *La Traviata*, which is yet less familiar than his other works to our Franco-Italian pit. You know *La Dame aux Camélias* by Alexander Dumas, junior. Whatever people may think of the subject, they cannot deny that the comedy possesses a great deal of sentiment and nature. Well, increase this sentiment until it *becomes* passion, and this nature until it becomes human truth; note down the happy observations, and make of them (I know not how to express myself) sparkling melodies, broken off here and there, lit up and scattered in warm sweeping blasts, an ardent, immense and haughty love (I am quoting the poem), a love the soul of the world and of the drama, bursting out in fits of passion, dreaming in dreams, flowing, like an inundation (I cannot express myself better) from the stage into the orchestra, when it becomes extra-human and song is no longer sufficiently long, and then returning to the stage to die—do this, and you will have Verdi's *Traviata*, the most charming, to my mind, of his creations.

"But," Alceste will, no doubt, object, "What can an opera be worth, when it was knocked together in a fortnight?" To which

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* The *Masnadieri*, in spite of Jenny Lind, was a complete *fiasco* in London.—Ed. *M. W.*

* England, "not by no means."—Ed. *M. W.*

Phillich will very sensibly reply: "The tune has nothing to do with the matter."

Shall I now tell you that Verdi is an artist in his actions as well as in his works? Yes, I will do so, for it is never useless to ennoble great minds. The musician one loves, and his friends adore him. His poet, Piave, tended him during a long illness, with more than brotherly love. Verdi possesses as much modesty as genius, for these two virtues go hand in hand, just like the opposite vices, servility and vanity. Do you recollect those courtiers described by La Bruyère, who would be slaves in one place in order to gain sufficient strength for domineering elsewhere? or those painted by Voltaire, who

"Vont en poste à Versailles essuyer des mépris,
Qu'ils reviennent soudain rendre en poste à Paris?"

But Verdi neither puts himself forward nor crawls on the ground. He never makes a step to gain a friend, nor ever does the slightest thing to avoid an enemy; he says so openly in one of his letters. The Neapolitan, P. A. Fiorentino, thinking to launch an epigram against the composer of *Il Trovatore*, said:—"Meyerbeer himself comes to recommend his works to my care, while Verdi has never deigned to send me even a line."

If therefore the maestro is an officer of the Legion of Honour, and Knight of St. Maurice and Lazarus, he owes it only to his talent, and does not boast of his chivalry. On going to pay my respects to him at Paris after *Les Vêpres*, I found him in a simple room* at an hotel—the Hôtel Violet—very well known to commercial travellers. I saw a man with a sunken face, pressed down, as it were, by suffering and work; with brown or chestnut hair; blue eyes clear and wandering; a mouth without a smile; and an air of carelessness and resolution, at the same time. He talked to me, in an Italian of the north of Italy, about drama and prosody, for more than an hour in his room, and for half-an-hour at the door, as if I were somebody and he were no one. I left full of thoughts.

I saw him afterwards at the Théâtre-Italien one evening that they were playing *Otello*, between the acts, not in the midst of the *foyer*, where great luminaries generally station themselves well surrounded by their planets, who, in their turn, are accompanied by their satellites, but alone, removed from everyone and immersed in his reflections. I spoke to him about Rossini and he answered me with Shakespere. He never misses a representation of *Il Barbiere*, or any *chef-d'œuvre* of this description.

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* Gracious heavens! Verdi in a "simple room." Impossible!—Ed. M. W.

Miss Catherine Hayes gave her first concert since her return from America, at the Pavilion, Brighton, on Thursday evening week. She was assisted in the vocal department by Madlle. Corelli, Mr. Charles Braham, and Sig. F. Lablache; and in the instrumental by MM. Osborne and Paque, and Herr Ernst. Miss Hayes sang "Come per me sereno," "Ah! mon fils," and "The harp that once." The Irish song pleased most. Mr. Charles Braham appears to have made quite a sensation in his father's song, "Never despair." The gem of the instrumental performance was the duet from *Guillaume Tell*, by Messrs. Osborne and Ernst, on piano and violin.

Mr. Angus B. Reach.—This gentleman, whose literary exertions were prematurely terminated about two years since, by paralytic affection, expired at his residence at Denmark-hill on Tuesday last. He had not quite completed his 35th year. Mr. Angus Reach's amiable qualities, no less than his intellect, had endeared him to a large circle of friends, and we had occasion to record that the most successful of amateur theatrical performances was given for his benefit. Later Her Majesty was pleased to confer upon him the gift of £100. He leaves a widow, but was childless, and his remains will be deposited in the cemetery at Norwood.—*Times.*

Elberfeld.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, *Die Zerstörung von Jerusalem*, was produced here on the 17th, under the direction of the composer, and was received with the warmest enthusiasm.

REYNOLDS *versus* HULLAH, HOWELL, AND HEADLAND.

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

Sir,—I must trouble you with a *few* remarks on your criticism of my pamphlet relative to Messrs. Hullah and Howell; which criticism appeared in your paper of November 22nd, and for which I sincerely thank you.

You appear to have mistaken the meaning of that portion of my letter to Mr. Hullah wherein I speak of the engagements I had to relinquish in order to attend his rehearsals and performances. You seem to look upon it as exhibiting a "*practical* reason for not complying with the demand upon my gratuitous labours;" thereby leading your readers to imagine that I was prompted to oppose the proposed "gift" by a very natural and proper anxiety to be rewarded for my services; whereas the object of the passage referred to (which, fortunately, you place before your readers) was to prove that such was *not* my aim; that "it was the *principle* that I contended against," and against the principle alone; for, having given up by the engagements, all that I should have had to do would have been to go to Mr. Headland and inform him that I had given my 13s. 6d. in order to attend Mr. Hullah's performances, when he would have immediately handed over to me my salary, and no angry feeling would have existed.

Then you accuse me of "rating in set terms the offending contrabassist." Now I find, in a much esteemed dictionary, the verb "to rate" thus defined: "to chide hastily and vehemently." ("Chiding" meaning "clamouring, scolding, quarrelling audibly.") As an example then of my hastily and vehemently chiding, clamouring, scolding and quarrelling, take the following extracts from my letter to Mr. Howell. I tell him that "such is the opinion I entertain of his *justice* and *good sense*" that I was "convinced I should have been able very *easily* to convince him of the impropriety of his proposition." I tell him I was sure that it was "the *sincere respect* he entertains for Mr. Hullah," "the *regret* he experienced at Mr. Hullah's loss," and "the *belief* that all the other members of the orchestra participated with him in his respect and regret, which caused him to act as he did." Then I express my conviction that he was *not influenced* in the matter by "such an *unworthy consideration*" as that of pecuniary gain; and I conclude my letter with these words: "Excuse me, I beg of you, Sir; it is a most unjust proceeding, and one which, I am sure, both you and Mr. Hullah will repudiate when you come to reflect upon its evil and unjust tendency." At all events, it was my intention to have written a very respectful letter to Mr. Howell; and I still am of opinion, in my own belief, that I did write a most respectful letter to him. As it is your intention to "resume the question next Saturday," you would greatly oblige me by informing me what it is that you look upon as "rating" in my letter to Mr. Howell.

With regard to the "bit" of rough logic I shall say no more than this (I not professing to be a logician): the logic was sufficiently smooth to convince the reader of the justice of my argument—and that was all I aimed at.

Then you appear to consider that it was my *love of letter-writing*, and my pugnacious disposition, which led me to "bombard Mr. Secretary Headland with a letter of formidable dimensions"—(just two pages). Now oblige me by reading that letter once more, and say if you really think it contains one word which the circumstances in which I was then placed did not render absolutely necessary. And permit me to inform you that, so far from "being fond of letter-writing," few of the duties of life cause me more annoyance than that of writing a letter.

The expressions, "as *large* a sum as 13s.," and "to be used at that gentleman's (Mr. Headland's) discretion for charitable purposes" are apt to lead your readers to imagine that I considered I was performing a most noble and charitable action in thus devoting the 13s. due to me by Mr. Hullah. Such was not the case. I merely desired it to be so disposed in order that Messrs. Hullah and Headland should be convinced that I was actuated by *principle*, not by selfishness. I should have acted and spoken in the same manner had the sum been but sixpence.

Then, although you "*wholly concur* with the *principle* "advocated" by me, you are of opinion that I did not go "the right way to enforce it." Now, it is my opinion that I not only went the *right* way to enforce that principle, but that I went the *only* way which was at all likely to lead to its general adoption.

Thanking you, Sir, in the name of the profession, for your advocacy of the cause of justice, and, on my own part, for your kind attention to

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the well-intended, though illiterate, production of my pen, I shall conclude by subscribing myself your obedient servant,

Library, Church Row, Aldgate, THOMAS REYNOLDS.
Nov. 25th, 1856.

[And yet Mr Reynolds is not partial to that "duty of life" which involves the act of "writing a letter." We have inserted the above, as we do not wish the author (whose sense of irony would appear somewhat dead,) to imagine that we would willingly misrepresent his meaning; but we shall not be able to find space for any more communications on the same subject.—ED. *M. W.*]

TO CORRESPONDENTS

ORGANIST.—*The organ at Lincoln's Inn will be noticed when our special contributor has convinced the* Leeds Times *of its errors.*

[The following letter has been sent to the Office of the *Musical World*.]

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION

MR. EDWARD J. LODER has been suffering for some time from a severe mental illness, which has incapacitated him from pursuing his profession. The doctors hold out every hope of his ultimate recovery, but in the meantime he is without the means of support.

A few friends have commenced a subscription to aid him until able to resume his professional avocations. The cooperation of the musical profession is earnestly solicited. Any contributions will be thankfully received by the following gentlemen, who will afford the requisite information to shew the necessity of this appeal:—

MESSRS. ADDISON AND HOLLIER, Regent Street.
" BOOSEY AND SONS, Holles Street.

DEATH

On the 20th inst., Louisa, third daughter of the late Mr Richard Binfield, of Reading.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1856.

THE Society of British Musicians was instituted, more than twenty years ago, with a particular object. That particular object was to give our young composers a chance of hearing their own works at trials and rehearsals, and of having them publicly performed. By the first they were to gain experience, by the last notoriety. The object was a good one, but was speedily lost sight of.

After an appeal to which the public responded with great warmth, and consequently a season successful both in an honorary and pecuniary sense, the constitution of the new society was disturbed, and before long it was transformed into a society for the benefit of the purely executive class—singers, players upon instruments, and more especially orchestral performers. This was equally a good thing in its way; but it had nothing whatever to do with the first scheme; and, as might naturally be expected, dissensions arose. The composers were of one mind (particularly those not players to the bargain); instrumental performers were of another; and singers were indifferent to the pretensions of either and both. This could not last long.

Soon the Society of British Musicians split into factions; influential members retired one by one, from its ranks; and, after a period of impotent struggling against inevitable decay, the institution dwindled down into what it has remained for many years past—a snug quartet-party, meeting half-a-dozen times annually, in an out-of-the-way harp-saloon, and about whose proceedings the musical world at large is wholly careless.

Our readers may be puzzled to guess what has led to this untimely *oraison funèbre* upon the Society of British Musicians, which, although three-quarters paralysed and utterly helpless for good or for evil, has still a flicker of life in it. They will understand when we refer them to the pamphlet by Mr Reynolds, which was noticed in our leading columns last week, and about which we have nothing more to say at present.[*] How is it that our orchestral performers are no better off than when they first upset, for their own imaginary benefit, the original constitution of the society? How indeed is it that they are rather worse off than better?—that they get fewer engagements and lower terms?—that bare existence is now a struggle to many of them (to the majority we fear)?—and that, with some few creditable exceptions, unnecessary to signalise more plainly, they are the mere tools of speculators—the slaves of hard and heartless task-masters?

The answer is clear. They have themselves to thank. Had they allowed the acorn to grow into the oak—had they generously aided the young society, instead of selfishly sowing the seed of discord among its members, they might by this time have possessed a stronghold which would have sheltered them at need, but which few of them are now likely ever to behold. There was not one, it seems, to recite for their consideration the fable of the bundle of sticks. They quarrelled among themselves, divided, and committed moral suicide. There is no knowing into what the Society of British Musicians might have expanded, had it been properly tended and fostered by those whose especial interest it was to see it prosper. But the cooks were too many; and instead of roasting the sirloin they set about basting each other!

We should be charmed to think that there was any possible method of raising the condition of our orchestral performers. But at present we see none. Clubs and other expedients have from time to time been proposed, and abandoned as impracticable almost as soon as suggested. There must be something in the orchestral element inimical to union. Why should not a society be projected for the establishment of a tariff of prices, to which—and this would be imperative—only competent artists would be eligible? If such a body was instituted, no competent performer on any instrument need give his services for less (to adopt a minimum) than a guinea, at a concert or other musical entertainment. The dramatic authors and operatic composers have a protective society; why not the orchestral players? We do not wish to stir up (just now) the stale question of the exorbitant terms demanded by singers, terms which, being paid, must either leave the members of the orchestra to starve, or the management to be ruined, unless—as in the instance of a great theatre at the present moment—the alternative of having a totally inadequate band be resorted to. No one will be inclined to deny that good music on a grand scale is impossible without a strong and efficient orchestra. What reason, then, can be morally or logically adduced why an element so essential should not be purchased at its proper value? We shall never be persuaded that the services of any one singer (not to say of any two, or even three singers) can be equivalent to the services of an entire body of players, each a master of his particular instrument; and the less so since—however great the endowments, however wide the popularity of the singer—an opera without an orchestra is impossible, and the unassisted tones of the vocalist would be of scarcely more avail than the feats and postures of a dancer who ventured on a *pas seul* without music. In this instance Jenny Lind and Carlotta Grisi would be much in the same predicament—almost equally bound to admit that the harmony of the orchestra is the atmosphere from which they draw breath and without which the one would be comparatively speechless, the other utterly motionless. Fancy, reader, the *scena* in *Der Freischütz*, or the *Truandaise* in *Esmeralda* to an empty orchestra! Were such an eventuality at hand there would soon be an end to trills and pirouettes; Euterpe and Terpsichore would lose their occupation, and be Muses to no purpose. Orchestral players, then, should know their value; unite, consider their position, and act upon it discreetly and honestly, openly and without compromise.

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[*] Mr Reynolds—to speak in metaphor—has garotted us.

Miss Dolby commenced her usual series of winter *Soirées Musicales* on Tuesday evening, at her residence, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square. She was assisted by Miss Amy Dolby, Mrs. Tennant; Messrs. Tennant, H. Barnby, H. Blagrove, Lucas, Heinrich Bohrer and Lindsay Sloper. These entertainments (like the accomplished lady who instituted them) appear to have lost none of their attraction.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—Händel's *Solomon* was performed last night at Exeter Hall. The principal singers were Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Sherrington, Miss Dolby; Messrs. Montem Smith and Thomas. Mr. Costa conducted. The hall was crowded.

Madame Oury has announced two *Séances Musicales* to take place at her residence in the course of December. The performances will be devoted exclusively to classical modern pianoforte music.

SCENE FROM AN UNWRITTEN DRAMA.

((*Office of La France Musicale.*)

Enter *due Fanatici per la musica di* Verdi.

1st Fan.—"Have you heard *Il Trovatore?*"
2nd Fan.—"No; but I have heard *La Traviata.*"
1st Fan.—"Have you heard *Ernani?*"
2nd Fan.—"No; but I have heard *Rigoletto.*"

[*Exeunt* (severally) *due fanatici per la musica di* Verdi.

A TREMENDOUS MUSICAL PUN

(*From Punch.*)

"In an article on the *Children of Great Men* in a well-known periodical, we have stumbled over the following paragraph:—

'The most striking example known to us is that of the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach[*] (Brook) as the culminating illustration of a musical genius which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred Bachs (Brooks).'

"We think we may call the above instance of assiduity the longest game at leap-frog that was ever played in the world. Fancy Genius leaping perseveringly 'over three hundred Bachs' (Brooks) regularly one after another, until at last it came panting and out of breath, to Jean Sebastian.[†] No wonder it alighted, as it did, on his shoulders, for Genius must have been fairly tired of clearing so many 'Bachs (Brooks),' without finding a suitable resting-place where it would worthily settle."

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The attraction of these entertainments becomes greater and greater as they draw towards a close. "The appetite grows with what it feeds on." They are now about to enter on their fourth week, and their vogue increases instead of diminishing. This cannot be attributed to the novelty of the performances so much as to their general excellence. M. Jullien knows the force of a good thing, and when it "takes" he is cautious in withdrawing it. The *Trovatore* selection,[*] with its magnificent solo displays, being approved of, was retained in the bills for a fortnight, as were other popular pieces. These gave way to *morceaux* only which M. Jullien had reason to suppose would become equally great favourites. The "selection" from *La Traviata* was, for many reasons, a judicious substitute for that from *Il Trovatore*. In this, M. Jullien has produced one of his most pleasing orchestral *pots-pourris*. With the exception of the duet, "Parigi o cara," all the most familiar airs have been retained and variously distributed as instrumental solos, etc. Among the most striking we should name "Ah fors' è lui," by M. Lavigne, on the oboe—a really inimitable performance; the air for barytone, "Di Provenza il mar il sol," by Mr. Hughes, on the ophicleide—almost as admirable; "Un di felice," by Herr Koenig, cornet; and the *bravura*, "Sempre libera," by M. Le Hon, on the violin. The *brindisi*, "Libiamo, libiamo," by MM. Duhem (trumpet) and Hughes (ophicleide), with chorus, is also effective, and the chorus also are well employed in the *finale* to the second act. M. Jullien has arranged the melodies of *La Traviata* in his accustomed effective manner.

One of the most crowded audiences of the season was that of Monday night, when Miss Arabella Goddard made her first appearance at these concerts. She played Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland," and Liszt's "Patineurs Fantasia." The former is one of the most admirable pure fantasias ever written for the pianoforte with orchestra, and is too much neglected by modern pianists, who prefer compositions of far less sterling merit. The effect Miss Goddard produced was what she has been habituated to, and the demonstration after the "Last rose of summer," which she played most exquisitely, was warm and unanimous. The difficulties to be surmounted in the *fantasia* of Dr. Liszt, on themes in the skating scene of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, are *hors ligne*, but were mastered with incomparable ease by Miss Goddard, who judiciously abridged the *morceau*, which with all its brilliancy is lengthy and prolix. The audience were enchanted with both performances, and recalled Miss Goddard after Liszt's piece with enthusiasm.

On Tuesday evening Miss Juliana May—styled in the programme "*prima donna* from the Grand Opera House at Verona"—made her first appearance before an English audience. The lady who, we believe, comes from America, as yet has no pretensions to be called a "*prima donna*." Miss May possesses a high *soprano* voice pleasing in quality, extremely pure in the upper register, clear, liquid, and apparently flexible, but certainly not strong. She wants self-reliance, which is as much as to say she lacks experience. She sang the *brindisi*, from Donizetti's *Betly* and "Ernani involami" from Verdi's *Ernani*. The former was ill chosen, not being suited either to the lady's voice, or to her style of singing. She was encored, nevertheless, and repeated the air again. We were more pleased with the air from *Ernani*, which, though altogether wanting in force and expression, displayed the purity of the upper tones of the voice to very great advantage, and justified the belief that Miss Juliana May, with study and perseverance, may be capable of much better things.

Miss Dolby, having recovered from her recent indisposition, re-appeared on Wednesday evening and charmed her hearers in Balfe's charming setting of Longfellow's words, "The green trees whispered low and mild," which obtained a loud and general encore.

Miss Arabella Goddard re-appeared on Thursday, and played the same *morceaux* with even greater success, the "Patineurs" being encored with the utmost enthusiasm.

A new quadrille by Balfe, founded on the subject of his Longfellow songs, is in rehearsal, and will be shortly produced.

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[*] *Bach* is the German for *brook*.—Ed. *M. W.*

[†] *Sebastian*, according to some curious authorities, is an epithet, of which, with reference to the substantive *Bach* (brook), *shady* is a burlesque synonyme.—Ed. *M. W.*

[*] Transplanted from the Surrey Gardens.

MR. SIMS REEVES IN DUBLIN.

The announcement of Mr. Harris's concerts created no small amount of pleasing anticipation amongst all the musical circles in Dublin. The pure and brilliant tones of Mr. Sims Reeves' matchless tenor were heard on the evening of the 12th inst. by a vast audience, which filled to its uttermost extent the Rotunda Round Room. The concert opened with a duet by Nicolai, "O du geliebte," which was admirably sung by Mr. and Madame Weiss. Mr. Allen Irving, a high barytone, sang the cavatina "Il balen," from *Il Trovatore*. Madame Endersohn next came forward and sang Balfe's aria, "Oh! my heart still fondly waking," with much sweetness and pleasing effect. Mr. Sims Reeves then came out to sing the celebrated "Fra poco," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. His reception was enthusiastic in the extreme. We have often heard him sing, and sing his best, before now, but it seemed to us as if his superb voice had gained in richness, resonance, and power since we last enjoyed his performance in Dublin. He was rapturously encored, and he repeated the latter part of the scena with renewed and vehement applause. He was also encored in the ballad "My pretty Jane," which he sang to his own pianoforte accompaniment with inimitable taste and sweetness. In the second part of the concert he sang with Madame Endersohn the duet from *La Traviata*, "Parigi o cara," in a style which drew forth unanimous plaudits; but his version of Braham's "Death of Nelson" was distinguished by beauty of expression and a grandeur of vocal effect such as we confess we have never heard exceeded, or perhaps equalled. The term so often used of *furore* will scarcely express the enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. Reeves was called forth again, but the audience seemed to feel that it was too much to expect the repetition of such an effort, and the courteous bow of the great tenor was replied to by renewed applause. Amongst the other good things of the concert, we may mention the song of the "Village Blacksmith," by Mr. Weiss—"Bonnie Prince Charlie," by Madame Endersohn—the aria, "Selva opaca," from *Guillaume Tell*, by Madame Weiss—a trio from *Don Giovanni*, by Madame and Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Irving—and another trio by the same, from *La Gazza Ladra*. This truly brilliant entertainment concluded with the National Anthem. The conductor was Mr. O'Rourke. No pains were spared to render the audience comfortable; and we were glad to perceive our old friend and favourite, Mr. Joy, officiating as *impresario*.—*Freeman's Journal*.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Mr. Albert Smith is not only the most active and indefatigable of *entrepreneurs*, but also the most vigilant and discriminating; he knows not only what to provide for the amusement of the public, and what is requisite to make it palatable even to the least easily satisfied, but possesses the rare virtues of prudence and forbearance, knowing exactly how far to go, and when to stop. Thus, surmising that it was possible the section of his entertainment which comprised a description of the "Ascent of Mont Blanc," might have somewhat faded in attraction—more indeed through the frequent excursions up the mountain by late aspiring tourists than through any lack of interest—he has withdrawn it from the present version, so that the "Ascent" is now merely indicated by a series of *tableaux*. The vivid description which Mr. Albert Smith has so often given of his perilous adventure, is, however, recalled to memory by the graphic pencil of Mr. Beverley.

The Mont Blanc Entertainment is divided into three parts; the first and third are familiar, and include, in the former, the *route* up the Rhine from Cologne to Basle, and, in the latter, the journey from the Lake of Geneva to Boulogne. The second part is entirely new, and introduces the visitor to Baden Baden, initiating him in all the characteristics of that busy and enchanting resort. The descriptions of the various localities are picturesque and forcible. The *table d'hôte* of the Badischer Hof is one of Mr. Albert Smith's best sketches, and the Huckleberrys, Boulter, Spong, Mrs. Flinn, Baby Simmons, and Brown jun., are all equally natural and entertaining. Brown, jun., is a highly amusing personage, and his song, "The young English traveller," is in its way irresistible. Many, doubtless, will be most taken with the "Visit to Baden Fair," in which Mr. Albert Smith shines forth the veritable "showman." The voyage of the German Punch, Kasperl, to America, with pictures, is exceedingly happy, and the Cheap Jack inimitable. The account of the play-tables, *rouge-et-noire*, and the Chances of Brown, "Moses," and Company, is also in the lecturer's happiest vein. On the whole, the manners and personages at Baden cannot fail to enlist universal favour.

The season opened on Monday night, and as usual, the crowd exceeded the accommodation. The interior of the room has been cleaned and renovated, and sundry additions have been made to the ornaments and decorations. Mr. Albert Smith was welcomed with the heartiest cheers, and addressed his patrons in that easy off-hand manner which is the very antithesis to the "slow," and, as it declares a confidence on the entertainer in the goodwill of the audience to be entertained, and of his own ability to entertain them, seldom or never fails of its effects. This dual faith in the public and in himself is indeed one of the secrets of his unprecedented success.

DRURY LANE.

We have nothing new to record of the Italian company this week, except the first appearance of Herr Reichardt on Thursday as Count Almaviva in the *Barbiere*. Unfortunately, Mad. Gassier was too ill to sing, and no other performance being possible at the moment, a young lady, Mdlle. Leonti, who had never been on the stage before, most courageously volunteered to play Rosina. The young lady was entitled to the utmost forbearance under the circumstances, and received it from the audience, who behaved gallantly. Of Mdlle. Leonti it is impossible to speak. She was so nervous that she could scarcely sing or articulate a word. She is highly interesting and lady-like in appearance, and her looks and deportment at once enlisted universal sympathy. We learn that in private she charms everybody with her voice and singing, and that her incompetency on Thursday night is entirely attributable to fear.

Herr Reichardt is heard to great advantage in Rossini's music, more especially in the florid style of the master's earlier operas. The flexibility of his voice was abundantly shown in his performance of the tenor part in *Tancredi* at Her Majesty's Theatre last season. But the music of the *Barbiere* is far beyond that of *Tancredi*, and Herr Reichardt's singing rises in proportion. His voice is peculiarly adapted to tender melodies, and as these abound in Rossini's masterpieces, perhaps no part is better suited to him, vocally speaking, than Count Almaviva. His singing is characterised by invariable finish, and his style is graceful and natural. He has a good *mezza voce*, and his taste is undeniable. With so many recommendations, Herr Reichardt cannot fail to prove an acquisition to the company, and as he is master both of the German and Italian repertories, he will be doubly useful. Herr Reichardt's next appearance will be as Florestan in *Fidelio*, a part which he played with remarkable success some years since at the same theatre, under Mr. Jarrett's direction. He is also announced for Raoul in the *Huguenots*, another of his most popular parts. His performance of Count Almaviva, on Thursday evening, was entirely successful. The rest of the characters were well sustained—M. Gassier being Figaro, Herr Formes, Don Basilio, and Sig. Rovere, Doctor Bartolo.

A word must suffice to chronicle the appearance of Signor Volpini as Edgardo, in *Lucia*, which took place on Wednesday. In his last character, the new tenor did not exhibit any very new feature either in his acting or singing to induce us to qualify our first impression. Madame Gassier sang the music of Lucy with great brilliancy, and M. Gassier was extremely effective as Enrico.

Dramatic.—A new farce, called *Jones the Avenger*, taken from the French piece, *Le Massacre d'un Innocent*, was produced on Monday, and has proved another triumph for Mr. Robson. Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, *Wives as they were and Maids as they are*, was also produced the same night.—At the Lyceum, *Fabien; or, La Mesalliance*, continues a highly successful career. A new "original English play," to be called *The Cagot*, is in rehearsal.—*The Honeymoon* was revived at the Haymarket on Wednesday, for Miss Talbot's benefit, Mr. Murdoch appearing as Duke Aranza, and Miss Talbot, Juliana.

REVIEWS.

"A Choral Book"—containing a selection of tunes employed in the English Church, newly harmonised for four voices and organ, by Henry Smart.

Every singing-master of any note thinks it indispensable at one period of his career to compile and publish a vocal "method." This, however, is not nearly so great a nuisance as the "Tune-Book" mania. Not only our organists of reputation, but even our clergymen think it necessary to prepare "psalmodies" of their own, supposed (by themselves) to possess qualities that entitle them to a place apart from the rest. We should not be surprised if one fine day the "Sexton's" or the "Beadle's Tune Book" were to appear, or to find in it fewer commonplaces than in one half of the books of congregational psalmody which have appeared within the last quarter of a century. If anyone has a prescriptive right, however, to come forward with a special psalm book, it is Mr. Henry Smart, who is not only a first rate organist, but a first-rate musician, and enjoys large and long experience in such matters. *He* need not fear the rivalry of sexton or beadle, however enthusiastic, zealous, and meddling. What induced Mr. Henry Smart to undertake his *Choral Book* may be best explained in his own words:—

"At the commencement of the year 1848, the congregation of St. Luke's Church, desirous of some better performance of the musical portion of the service than is ordinarily found in the parish churches of London, instructed me to take the necessary steps towards the formation of a choir. A very early question for my decision was as to the amount and kind of music to be sung under this state of things. It seemed to me that, although the service might be, to a great extent, what is termed "choral," it should not, on that account, cease to be congregational. We might, for instance, advantageously adopt much of the cathedral usage—such as singing the responses as parts of the service, and chanting the Canticles and Psalms of the day—in which the congregation would speedily learn to take part; and we might even have an Anthem in the place allotted to it in the Prayer Book; but we must, notwithstanding, retain the *Metrical Psalmody* if we would not both destroy a characteristic feature of the Parochial Service, and deny to the people a kind of music which, according to my experience, and in spite of some modern notions on the subject, they certainly sing, when favourably circumstanced, with more zeal and effect than any other. Having decided on the maintenance of Metrical Psalmody, my great difficulty was in selecting an arrangement of tunes for the use of my choir. I may have been fanciful or hypercritical, but I must confess that, after making an extensive acquaintance with books of the sort, I found none entirely to suit my purpose. Most, doubtless, had merits to recommend them for their peculiar objects; but it was not in accordance with the views I have always held on the matter to adopt the pretty glee-like harmonisation of some, or the Gothic severity of 'note against note'—both tiresome to the singer and not necessarily of devotional character—found in others. I therefore, as many have done before, determined to arrange a Tune-Book for myself, and hoped—as, doubtless, did my predecessors—to advance Parochial Psalmody one step, at least, in the right direction."

The result, it appears, was so satisfactory, that—"added to the kind solicitations of many friends," &c.—it led to the publication of the work, in order that St. Luke's might not be the only gainer by its contents. We are glad to have to welcome something healthy and fresh in what we have long been obliged to regard as a used up field, which no kind of manuring, however ingenious, could ever again render fertile. In his selection of the 52 tunes which make up the volume Mr. Smart has displayed the taste that might have been expected from a gentleman of his known judgment and experience; while the style of the harmonisation does not less realise the anticipations which the great musical proficiency of the author would have justified. Mr. Smart has avoided (to employ the language of his preface) "the pretty glee-like harmonisation" of one party and "the Gothic severity of *note against note*" of another; and we cannot but applaud the wisdom of a decision which alike rejects the platitudes of insipid moderns and the pedantry of blind past worshippers. With regard to the general plan of his work let Mr. Smart once more speak for himself, since what he advances is concise and to the purpose:

"The object has been not to accumulate the greatest possible number, but to present a fair selection of ordinary and useful tunes, put into the best shape I could devise for choral and congregational purposes. Many of the melodies have been, probably, much corrupted by long use. The extent to which they are impure, however, would be now very difficult to ascertain; and I have, therefore, taken the least objectionable versions I could procure that were, at the same time, at all reconcilable with the prevailing traditional habit of singing them. There are, also, several melodies in this collection of which I by no means approve; but since, in spite of their demerits, it seems probable that they will always continue in congregational use, I thought it best to admit them—clothed, however, in such a style of harmony as might, in some degree, compensate for their original meanness or triviality of character. The number of absolutely new tunes is very small, being limited to two, composed by a former pupil of mine, Mr. Aspinall, of Bolton (and which, for their musical merit, and the scarcity of good tunes in their peculiar metres, are well worthy a place in any collection), and two or three contributions of my own composed in metres that are at present very scantily provided with appropriate melodies. The tunes marked as *German Melodies* are taken—with certain slight though necessary alterations—from *371 Vierstimmige Choralgesänge* of Sebastian Bach.

"Several of the tunes are harmonised in two different ways. These, used at the organist's discretion, will be found of service in the progress of a long psalm, not only as affording relief to the ear, but as a means of following, in some degree, such variety of sentiment as may exist in the words. A few of the melodies appear in a third shape—namely, sung in unison and octaves by the choir, and supported by an independent organ part; and from this mode of treatment, judiciously applied, the *choral* will be found to yield some of the finest effects of which it is capable. It would have been impossible to have given this triple form to every tune (even if all were properly susceptible of it) without unduly swelling the bulk of the volume. The examples given are, therefore, rather offered as practical hints to organists who may feel disposed to carry out the suggestion. With the same view, I have inserted, at the end of the book, an example of four methods of giving out a psalm tune—the object in all being to keep the melody palpably distinct under a [illegible] form of accompaniment.

"The organ-part, throughout, it will be seen, is not simply a compression of the vocal score. It will serve as a guide to the less experienced class of organists as to what additional notes can be advantageously introduced in accompaniment without damage to the progress of the vocal harmony. No further explanation is necessary as to this organ-part, except that the *pedals* are to be employed throughout, whether as an independent part (as happens in a few places) or in doubling the lowest notes of the bass staff."

With the doctrine of admitting bad melodies, because they are always likely to "continue in congregational use," we cannot agree—since it upsets Mr. Smart's theory of progress altogether. Either the author of the *Choral Book* is a teacher, or he is nothing; and if in his teaching he winks at corrupt examples, he forgets the importance of his office. For our own parts, we think a large majority of the tunes accepted as models in our English metrical psalmody are but sorry stuff ("either sad or silly," as the *Athenæum* would say); but Mr. Smart, like other labourers in the same vineyard, is evidently not of that opinion, and rather exults in the imaginary wealth of melody at the disposal of our conventicles. On this point we refrain from arguing; but we cannot, in strict justice, admit of anything like tampering with what is avowedly objectionable. At any rate, Mr. Smart should have pointed out the tunes of which he by no means approves, in order that others might be enabled to judge how far he has really "compensated for their original meanness and triviality" by his own pure harmonic clothing.

Among the new tunes in the *Choral Book*, there is a very good one by Mr. Aspinall (a former pupil of the author's), entitled "Bolton," but this is rendered weak by the harmony of bar 6, where the full close on the tonic (F major) appears in such a manner as to spoil its effect at the end. The other tune of Mr. Aspinall (in E flat), entitled "Farnworth," is not so frank in a rhythmical sense, but the harmony is finer, and there is no such feeble anticipation of the full close in its second section.

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Without, however, entering into a detailed description of the various tunes, we may mention, among the so-called "German melodies" (from Bach's *Vierstimmige Choralgesänge*, or four-part choral songs), the one called "Fribourg," which is very striking in both the harmonic dresses under which Mr. Smart has presented it. In bars 7-8 of this the harmony of the two is worth comparing. That of page 46 is in the Bach style; that of page 47 is more in Mr. Smart's manner; and yet—without, of course, making any comparison between the living Englishman and the dead giant of Leipsic—we should almost prefer the harmony of the latter—in this particular case be it understood—but for the hidden octaves between melody and bass (bar 7, first two chords), which have been, oddly enough, overlooked. From the tunes wholly new to us we would point to "Blackborne" (page 53)—to be sung to the 110th Psalm—as a decided beauty both of melody and harmony.

We must, however, desist. The analysis of every tune would be an agreeable though unnecessary task; but it is enough, in conclusion, to state that we have never before read through a collection of harmonised psalm tunes with such interest; and we should indeed be sorry to think that any well-intending, *music-loving* organist, once acquainted with Mr. Smart's *Choral Book* could hesitate for one instant in giving it a preference over all its predecessors.

"HANDBOOK FOR THE ORATORIOS"—"MESSIAH"—arranged from Mozart's score; by John Bishop, of Cheltenham.

This is an abridgement of another edition of the same work. The appendix is omitted. All the rest remains in *statu quo*; and as *The Messiah* is performed in general at the present time, here we have it—compressed into vocal score, with pianoforte accompaniment. Its utility is undeniable; and its extraordinary cheapness (2s for 200 pages of music), added to its genuine value as a reduction from the score suited to ordinary capacities, authorises us in recommending it strongly.

"THE CAPTIVE OF AGINCOURT"—The Poetry translated from the French of Charles Duke of Orleans (A. D 1415) by Louisa Stuart Costello The music by G A. Macfarren.

This ballad has gained considerable and well-merited popularity through the public singing of Mdme. Clara Novello. It is exceedingly unpretending; but, like all the trifles of its composer, it shows the hand of a musician, as well in the graceful flow of its melody as in the perfect neatness and propriety of its accompaniment. The words, and their origin, have more than once been described.

"LA BELLE ORIENTALE"—Quadrille; "LA COQUETTE"—Schottische; "LA TROMPETTE,"—Polka Composed by Antony Lamotte.

M Lamotte's dance music will find one recommendation with connoisseurs; it is *remarkably* well written—better indeed than ordinary dance-music for the pianoforte in nine cases out of ten. On the score of originality however, there is not much to say. The third figure in the quadrille, *La Belle Orientale*, is extremely graceful. *La Coquette* would be, and is indeed, a perfect *Schottische*; but as the subject (M. Lamotte does not conceal it) is entirely Mozart's (from *Zauberflöte*), we are scarcely justified in giving the arranger any credit on its account. *La Trompette* is a spirited polka. What chiefly puzzles us, however, is to find these bagatelles written with such correctness that not a single bar of any of the tunes is without the precise harmony that belongs to it. As much can be said of very few compositions of the sort.

BRISTOL.—On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Isaac Snary gave a Farewell Concert at the Athenæum. He was supported by Mrs. Snary and Mrs. Pyne, and by Messrs. Merrick, Pyne, and J Smith. Mr W. E. Salmon also favoured the audience with a solo on the violoncello, comprising popular airs from the *Bohemian Girl*. The programme consisted of glees, songs, and concerted pieces. Encores were plentiful, and among them we may specify "The magic wove scarf" (Barnett), by Messrs. Merrick and Snary, and Mrs. Pyne; and Mozart's *terzetto*, "My sweet Dorabella," by Messrs. Merrick, Snary, and Smith. Mrs. Pyne was encored in "Gin a body meet a body." An air from *La Favorita* was also given with energy and taste by Mr. Merrick. The encore was unanimous, but, instead of repeating the song, Mr. Merrick gave "Come, O Sleep" (Barry). Mr. Snary sang in his own manner, two ballads, "There's no pang," and "When o'er the mountain day is beaming," and was much applauded. The Hall was crowded—which may be accepted by Mr. Snary as an expression of the general desire that he may be prosperous in his new engagement at Winchester Cathedral.—*Bristol Advertiser*, Nov. 22.

MOZART'S "COSI FAN TUTTE."*

Dresden, 10th November

Idomeneo was revived a few years ago in Dresden, and now, very lately, *Così fan Tutte* has alighted, like a phœnix, upon the repertory. Thus the complete number constituting the Pleiades of Mozart's classical operas is shining on us. This has at last been rendered possible since we have possessed Mad Bürde-Ney, whose voice we must call a heroic-soprano first, because she overcomes every task, however difficult, and, secondly, because, with the said voice, she has won back for us the above operas. This, also, justifies us in hoping for the re-appearance of Gluck. Meanwhile we rejoice at what we actually possess, and as we have already had an opportunity of giving an account of *Idomeneo*, we will now speak of *Così fan Tutte*. The text of this opera, which has long been condemned by the critics, has, it is true, not become any better; it is shallow and insipid, but still it is not pretentious, while, in many of our modern operas, the elements of insipidity and shallowness are draped with dramatic tatters, or an attempt is made to rouge them up poetically, and thus only renders them more repulsive; consequently, although, on the whole, the text must be condemned, the music belonging to it is still nectar and ambrosia, by which whatever is unpalatable in the text is not alone simply rendered palatable, but really altogether dissolved. Literally speaking, we are standing before a miracle of Mozart's creative power; for how would any one have ever thought it possible to compose such blameless music to a *libretto* which was less than mediocre? Whoever is not yet acquainted with this opera may, perhaps, fancy that under such unfavourable circumstances Mozart had endeavoured to extricate himself from his difficulty by adopting the same method as many Italian composers, who, very frequently, do not trouble themselves at all about the text, and express in their melodies something diametrically opposed to the meaning of the words accompanying them. But no, Mozart acted otherwise; and it is this very fact which is so wonderful. He painted into the flimsy sketch of the words with characteristic strokes and delicious colours, music exactly adapted to the given outlines, and yet infusing into them a very different substance. Out of the raw material furnished him, he sculptured a perfect full length statue; on a parched and desert soil he conjured up a *fata morgana*. If you will not believe this, just think of genial singers, who, by their execution, lend importance to dull and unimportant songs—of genial actors, who raise a secondary part to one of high rank. This was exactly the case with Mozart, when he composed the music for *Così fan Tutte* and a great many other things. Hence it comes that, in the present case, the actors seem to be entirely merged in the music, or, at least, that we completely lose sight of the coarse thread which serves to suspend so delicate a web. Considered apart, the action is something to the following effect Two cavaliers Ferrando and Guglielmo are betrothed to two sisters, Dorabella and Fiordiligi. The lovers are enchanted with their fair ones, while an old friend Alphonso, in the spirit of contradiction, doubts, once for all, woman's truth, and clings fast to the motto, *Così fan Tutte*. This gives rise to a wager between the three gentlemen. We see, moreover, the betrothed sisters happy and busied in showing to each other and praising the portraits of their respective lovers, when the old Alphonso enters with the intelligence that the latter are obliged to take part in the war and must depart. Hereupon the gentlemen themselves appear with long faces which enable them, also, completely to deceive their future wives. The ladies sob out good bye, and look after them, when they are gone, with heartfelt glances and sorrow. When the sisters are left alone, they are seized with melancholy and despair, and we hear them lamenting to each other. Their waiting maid, Despina, endeavours to console them with witty remarks, but they withdraw, full of grief, into their own room. Alphonso now comes for the purpose of announcing to the girl the arrival of two strangers, intimate friends of his, and of begging for them a friendly welcome. Ferrando and Guilelmo, rendered as unrecognizable as possible, then appear, and the astonished Despina does not know whether she is to look upon them as pirates or something worse. A few pieces of gold, which she receives from them, quiet her, and, at the same time, Alphonso undertakes to initiate her in the scheme, and even assign her an active part. When the sisters again appear, the two gentlemen in disguise immediately make an attempt to carry their hearts by storm, but the ladies repel them with affright and indignation. On their second attack, however, when these new and supposed unhappy lovers pretend to engage, in the garden before the ladies' eyes, in a deadly struggle brought about by their broken hearts, a feeling of sympathy is excited, at first slight, but gradually growing stronger. The Doctor is sent for to save them. Despina appears, disguised in that character, and radically restores the dying men by the application of the magnet. The ladies now find it impossible to repress their sympathy, although their sense of honour is again offended by the unbecomingly precipitate request of their new lovers for a kiss. Finally, however, Dorabella listens to Guilelmo's prayers, and Fiordiligi to those of Ferrando, though, at the commencement, Ferrando is Dorabella's lover, and Guilelmo, Fiordiligi's. Alphonso thus wins his bet, but immediately advises the indignant lovers to look upon the whole matter as a joke, repeating once more that *Così fan Tutte*. His advice is taken, and, everyone having laid aside his mask, the ladies, startled and ashamed, entreat forgiveness, which, after some delay, is accorded them, and a universal reconciliation takes place. From this scarcely fashioned text handiwork Mozart's genius gathered several hints for effecting some magnificent combinations. The music exhibits an uninterruptedly progress in intrigue, the thread of which is never snapt, while in the text we perceive it merely a monotonous line. A person must convince himself with his own ears of all these touching conceits, and himself get soaked with this poetical shower, to believe it possible. The concerted pieces, of which there are a great number in the opera, are perfect models as regards the simultaneous representation of the most different characters and feelings—they are all groups of various persons and situations harmoniously united in one picture. In the first act, for instance, there are two farewell-quintets almost close to each other, and yet there is no repetition in their phrases; they resemble each other only in their great musical value. In the sestet, Despina's part is the counter-movement to the parallels of the two other female voices, while Alphonso remains independent, by the side of the regular interests of the two lovers. A person hearing the opera must devote his undivided attention to it, in order not to lose anything, for it is one uninterrupted overflowing strain of harmony, which finds utterance in silly phrases of the vocal parts and orchestra alternately. The various relations frequently run so quickly into each other, that it is a difficult task to retain them in one's mind and, in many instances, sentences personified seem to pervade all the instruments, and to move about to its heart's content, under the light curls of Grace. There is a perfect profusion of riches! In addition to this, over the whole is spread a harmonious charm, a romantic colouring, so that we cannot help feeling ourselves, without cessation, in some beautiful mental climate. Besides the greater concerted pieces, all the details of the opera are fresh and full of important meaning, as, for instance, the charming duets of the two sisters, and their airs; the light but graceful arietta of Despina; the delicious trio, between the two sisters and Alphonso; the laughing-trio of the gentlemen, etc. In musical treatment, there is a sisterly resemblance between *La Nozze di Figaro*, and *Così fan Tutte* because, in the one as in the other, intrigue plays its sparkling game, and affords an opportunity for the most artistic concerted pieces. It cannot be denied, however, that, besides giving scope for far greater dramatic development and gradation, *Figaro* contains a greater change of situations for the concerted pieces, and lastly, in the various airs allows more leisure for the expression of depth of feeling and passion, of which neither the ear nor the soul can have sufficient.

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* Translated from the correspondence of the *Niederrheinische Musikzeitung*.

The consideration of every one of Mozart's classical works leads to the same result—namely, that as a musical poet he is unsurpassed, and *Così fan Tutte* especially proves that he was able to compose magnificent music to a text compared to which *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, etc., are really poetical works of art.

L. NITZSCHE, *née* KIRCHNER.

THE LIFE & CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Translated from the German for Dwight's Journal.)

(Continued from p. 744.)

WITH the physical sufferings, which he was never altogether spared, and which came home to him in increased measure in the last years of his life, was coupled the humiliation of seeing all Vienna intoxicated by the voluptuous melodies of Rossini, apparently almost forgetting him and his works. Then a few real friends of art addressed a memorial to Beethoven, full of the most admiring recognition of his talent, and containing an urgent request that he would soon bring out his last two great works, the Ninth Symphony and the *Missa Solemnis*. The concert in which these works were produced took place. But their creator heard them not. Only by turning round was his attention called to the storm of applause from the audience, which seemed as if it never would end. Yet at the repetition the house was empty. It was scarcely to be expected otherwise of a public enthusiastic about Rossini's melodies. (Fudge!)

Beethoven had resolved to offer his *Missa Solemnis* in manuscript to the European courts for the price of 50 ducats, but only the Emperor of Russia, and the kings of France, Prussia, and Saxony accepted Beethoven's offer. Besides these, Prince Anton von Radzivil in Vienna, and Herr Schelble, Director of the Cecilia Society in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, subscribed. The Prussian ambassador at Vienna had the question privately put to Beethoven whether perhaps an order would not be more welcome to him than the fifty ducats. But Beethoven decided, without a moment's hesitation, for the latter. The King of France sent him a large golden medal, with his bust on one side, and the inscription *Donné par le Roi à M. Beethoven*, upon the other. Beethoven also wrote to Cherubini upon this occasion, but received no answer. Still his works, especially the later ones, commanded a very respectable price from publishers. For every one of his last sonatas and quartets he got from forty to eighty ducats, but for many other works much too little. There were not wanting cases in which he was cheated out of his well-earned reward. Thus, among others, a Russian prince, Nicolaus von Galitzen, in 1824 had ordered three quartets for stringed instruments for a stipulated price of 125 ducats; yet, after receiving the quartets, he never sent the money, although repeatedly reminded.

But Beethoven had to suffer a still deeper wound, in the latter portion of his life, through the extremely culpable behaviour of his nephew, for whose education, as we have before seen, he had shrunk from no sacrifice, often depriving himself to do for him whatever lay within his power. It was on the 2nd of December, 1826, that Beethoven returned to Vienna with his ungrateful *protégé* in an open carriage, because his brother Johann, at whose country seat he had spent some time, would not let him use the covered one. The inclement season and the bad weather had the most injurious consequences for Beethoven's health. He was taken with a lung fever, which soon passed into dropsy. In vain did he send for his old physicians, Braunhofer and Staudenheim. Only some days afterwards did Dr. Wawruch hear by accident of Beethoven's illness, and that he was in want of a physician. He went to him immediately. Nearly two months later was Beethoven's former physician and friend, Dr. Malfatti, moved to visit him, and join Dr. Wawruch in his treatment. Meanwhile the disease had made such rapid progress that Beethoven had at short intervals to undergo four operations.

In this melancholy condition he became anxious about the means of providing for the most necessary wants, since his entire stock of money only amounted to 100 florins, Convention coin. It occurred to him to turn to the Philharmonic Society in London, and ask their assistance. Accordingly he wrote to Moscheles in London, whose reply described the sad impression which his melancholy situation had produced. This letter was accompanied by the sum of £100, sent him by the Philharmonic Society. They begged him to accept this sum for the time being, and to apply to them farther should he be in need.*

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* How much gave the wealthy and prosperous Moscheles?—Ed. *M. W.*

Beethoven viewed the approach of death with resignation. Whatever he left behind him he bequeathed to his nephew, little as he had deserved it. Upon his yet remaining original scores he wrote with his own hand, that he left them to one of his friends, who had especially assisted him in the last period of his life by word and deed. In the midst of various plans for newly projected works, amongst others an oratorio, 'The Triumph of the Cross,' he yielded, after many sufferings, to the final fate, surrounded by his brother Johann and a few of his most intimate friends. During a fearful thunderstorm accompanied with hail, upon the 26th of March, 1827, a quarter before six o'clock in the evening, he rendered up his spirit.

An eye-witness informs us of his last days. "When I came to him on the morning of the 24th of March, I found his whole face disturbed, and himself so weak that he could scarcely with the greatest effort utter two or three words. Soon after came his physician, Dr. Wawruch. He looked at him a few moments, and then said to me, 'Beethoven is rapidly hastening towards dissolution.' Since we had concluded the business of his will, as well as could be, the day before, one longing wish alone remained to us—to make his peace with Heaven, and at the same time to show to the world that he had closed his life as a true Christian. Dr. Wawruch begged him in writing, in the name of all his friends, to receive the holy sacrament, to which he answered perfectly composed and calmly, 'I will.' The priest came about four o'clock, and the service was performed with the greatest edification. He now seemed to be convinced himself of his near end, for scarcely had the clergyman gone, when he said to me and the surrounding friends, '*Plaudite amici, comedia finita est!* Have I not always said that it would so come?' Towards evening he lost his consciousness and began to wander. This continued until the evening of the 25th, when visible symptoms of death showed themselves. Yet he did not die until a quarter before six in the evening of the 26th."

Beethoven's early friend, so often mentioned, Stephen von Breuning, together with the music director, A. Schindler, took charge of the funeral. It took place on the 29th of March. An almost innumerable multitude of men of the most different conditions, followed the hearse in long procession from the house to the neighbouring church, where the consecration of the corpse took place. Beethoven's earthly remains were then borne to the burial-ground before the Währing line. There the actor Anschuetz pronounced a funeral discourse composed by Grillparzer. A silver medal was stamped to Beethoven's memory, and soon his bust adorned the hall where the tones of his masterworks resounded.

Of Beethoven's outward appearance, one of his friends sketches a visible portrait in these words: "He was five feet four inches (Vienna measure) in height, of compact and sturdy frame, as well as powerful muscles. His head was uncommonly large, covered with long, snarly, almost entirely grey hair, which not seldom hung in disorder about his head. His forehead was high and broad; his small brown eye in smiling drew back almost into his head; but suddenly it dilated to uncommon size, and either rolled and flashed about, the pupil almost always turned upwards, or it did not move at all and looked fixedly before him, if any idea got possession of him. At such times his whole outward appearance underwent a sudden change, and wore a visibly inspired and imposing aspect, so that his little form seemed to lift itself upward like a giant."

In this insignificant bodily husk dwelt a beautiful soul. From the indications already given of Beethoven's character, it is plain that he was a thoroughly noble man, endowed with the most loving heart. All that appeared to him false, low, immoral or unjust, he hated in his deepest soul. But on the other hand worldly prudence and knowledge of men were wholly strange things to him. It has already been mentioned several times how easily he flew into a passion, and thereby did crying injustice to his best and truest friends, merely because he either saw things in a false light or he had been excited and made mistrustful by ill-meaning persons. Fortunately, however, he soon recognised his own injustice, and was the first to hold out the hand of reconciliation.

(*To be continued.*)

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